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**THE HYMNS OF THE
ATHARVA VEDA**

Ralph T. H. Griffith

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Book I

HYMN I

A prayer to Vāchaspati for divine illumination and help.

Now may Vāchaspati assign to me the strength and powers of
 Those Who, wearing every shape and form, the triple seven, are wandering round.
 Come thou again, Vāchaspati, come with divine intelligence.
 Vasoshpati, repose thou here. In me be Knowledge, yea, in me.
 Here, even here, spread sheltering arms like the two bow-ends strained with cord.
 This let Vāchaspati confirm. In me be Knowledge, yea, in me.
 Vāchaspati hath been invoked: may he invite us in reply.
 May we adhere to Sacred Lore. Never may I be reft thereof.

HYMN II

A charm against dysentery

We know the father of the shaft, Parjanya, liberal nourisher,
 Know well his mother: Prithivī, Earth with her manifold designs.
 Do thou, O Bowstring, bend thyself around us: make my body stone.
 Firm in thy strength drive far away malignities and hateful things.
 When, closely clinging round the wood, the bowstring sings triumph to the swift and
 whizzing arrow,
 Indra, ward off from us the shaft, the missile.
 As in its flight the arrow's point hangs between earth and firmament,
 So stand this Munja grass between ailment and dysenteric ill!

HYMN III

A charm against constipation and suppression of urine

We know the father of the shaft, Parjanya strong with hundred powers:
 By this may I bring health unto thy body: let the channels pour their burthen freely as of old.
 We know the father of the shaft, Mitra, the Lord of hundred powers:
 By this, etc.
 We know the father of the shaft, Varuna, strong with hundred powers:
 By this, etc.
 We know the father of the shaft, the Moon endowed with hundred powers:
 By this, etc.
 We know the father of the shaft, the Sun endowed with hundred powers:
 By this may I bring health unto thy body: let the channels pour their burthen freely as of old.
 Whate'er hath gathered, as it flowed, in bowels, bladder, or in groins,
 Thus let the conduit, free from check, pour all its burthen as of old.
 I lay the passage open as one cleaves the dam that bars the lake:
 Thus let, etc.
 Now hath the portal been unclosed as, of the sea that holds the flood:
 Thus let, etc.
 Even as the arrow flies away when loosened from the archer's bow,
 Thus let the burthen be discharged from channels that are checked no more.

HYMN IV

To the waters, for the prosperity of cattle

Along their paths the Mothers go, sisters of priestly ministrants,
Blending their water with the mead.

May yonder Waters near the Sun, or those wherewith the Sun is joined,
Send forth this sacrifice of ours.

I call the Waters, Goddesses, hitherward where our cattle drink:
The streams must share the sacrifice.

Amrit is in the Waters, in the Waters balm.

Yea, through our praises of the Floods, O horses, be ye fleet and strong, and, O ye kine, be
full of strength.

HYMN V

To the waters, for strength and power

Ye, Waters, truly bring us bliss: so help ye us to strength and power
That we may look on great delight.

Here grant to us a share of dew, that most auspicious dew of yours,
Like mothers in their longing love.

For you we fain would go to him to whose abode ye send us forth,
And, Waters, give us procreant strength.

I pray the Floods to send us balm, those who bear rule o'er precious things,
And have supreme control of men.

HYMN VI

To the waters, for health and wealth

The Waters be to us for drink, Goddesses, for our aid and bliss:

Let them stream health and wealth to us.

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

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

The Waters bless us, all that rise in desert lands or marshy pools!

Bless us the Waters dug from earth, bless us the Waters brought in jars, bless us the Waters of
the Rains!

HYMN VII

To Indra and Agni, for the detection and destruction of evil spirits

Bring the Kimidin hither, bring the Yātudhāna self-declared

For Agni, God, thou, lauded, hast become the Dasyu's slaughterer.

O Jātavedas, Lord Supreme, controller of our bodies, taste

The butter, Agni, taste the oil: make thou the Yātudhānas mourn.

Let Yātudhānas mourn, let all greedy Kimidins weep and wail:

And, Agni, Indra, may ye both accept this sacrifice of ours.

May Agni seize upon them first, may strong-armed Indra drive them forth:

Let every wicked sorcerer come hither and say, Here am I.

Let us behold thy strength, O Jātavedas. Viewer of men, tell us the Yātudhānas.

Burnt by thy heat and making declaration let all approach this sacrifice before thee.

O Jātavedas, seize, on them: for our advantage art thou born:

Agni, be thou our messenger and make the Yātudhānas wail.

O Agni, bring thou hitherward the Yātudhānas bound and chained.
And afterward let Indra tear their heads off with his thunder- bolt.

HYMN VIII

To Indra, Brihaspati, Soma and Agni, for the destruction of sorcerers

This sacrifice shall bring the Yātudhānas as the flood brings foam:
Here let the doer of this deed woman or man, acknowledge it.
This one hath come confessing all: do ye receive him eagerly.
Master him thou, Brihaspati; Agni and Soma, pierce him through.
O Soma-drinker, strike and bring the Yātudhāna's progeny:
Make the confessing sinner's eyes fall from his head, both right and left.
As thou, O Agni Jātavedas, knowest the races of these secret greedy beings,
So strengthened by the power of prayer, O Agni, crushing them down a hundred times
destroy them.

HYMN IX

Benediction on a King at his inauguration

May Indra, Pūshan, Varuria, Mitra, Agni, benignant Gods, maintain this man in riches.
May the Ādityas and the Vive Devas set and support him in supremest lustre.
May light, O Gods, be under his dominion, Agni, the Sun, all; that is bright and golden.
Prostrate beneath our feet his foes and rivals. Uplift him to the loftiest cope of heaven.
Through that most mighty prayer, O Jātavedas, wherewith thou broughtest milk to strengthen
Indra,
Even therewith exalt this man, O Agni, and give him highest rank among his kinsmen.
I have assumed their sacrifice, O Agni, their hopes, their glory, and their riches' fulness.
Prostrate beneath our feet his foes and rivals. Uplift him to the loftiest cope of heaven.

HYMN X

Absolution of a sinner after intercession with Varuna

This Lord is the Gods' ruler; for the wishes of Varuna the King must be accomplished.
Therefore, triumphant with the prayer I utter, I rescue this man from the Fierce One's anger.
Homage be paid, King Varuna, to thine anger; for thou, dread
God, detectest every falsehood.
I send a thousand others forth together: let this thy servant live a hundred autumns.
Whatever falsehood thou hast told, much evil spoken with the tongue,
I liberate thee from the noose of Varuna the righteous King.
I free thee from Vaisvānara, from the great surging flood of sin.
Call thou thy brothers, Awful One! and pay attention to our prayer.

HYMN XI

A charm to be used at child-birth

Vashat to thee. O Pūshan At this birth let Aryaman the Sage perform as Hotar-priest,
As one who bears in season let this dame be ready to bring forth her child.
Four are the regions of the sky, and four the regions of the earth:
The Gods have brought the babe; let them prepare the woman for the birth.
Puerpera (infatem) detegat: nos uterum aperimus. Lexa teipsam, puerpera. Tu, parturiens!
emitte eum non carni, non adipi, non medullae adhærntem.
Descendat viscosa placenta, cani, comedenda placenta; decidat placenta.
Diffindo tuum urinae ductum, diffindo vaginam, diffindo inguina.

Matrem natumque divido, puerum a placenta divido: decidat placenta.
Sicut ventus, sicut mens, sicut alites volant, sic, decem mensium puer, cum placenta
descende: descendat placenta.

HYMN XII

A prayer to Lightning, against fever, headache, and cough

Born from the womb, brought forth from wind and from the cloud, the first red bull comes
onward thundering with the rain.

Our bodies may he spare who, cleaving, goes straight on; he who, a single force, divides
himself in three.

Bending to thee who clingest to each limb with heat, fain would we worship thee with offered
sacrifice,

Worship with sacrifice the bends and curves of thee who with a vigorous grasp hast seized on
this one's limbs.

Do thou release this man from headache, free him from cough which has entered into all his
limbs and joints.

May he, the child of cloud, the offspring of the wind, the whiz- zing lightning, strike the
mountains and the trees.

Well be it with my upper frame, well be it with my lower parts.

With my four limbs let it be well. Let all my body be in health.

HYMN XIII

A prayer to Lightning, for happiness

Homage to thee, the Lightning's flash, homage to thee, the
Thunder's roar!

Homage to thee, the Stone which thou hurlest against the undevout!

Homage to thee, Child of the Flood whence thou collectest fer- vent heat!

Be gracious to our bodies, give our children happiness and joy.

Yea, homage be to thee, O Offspring of the Flood! Homage we pay to thee, the dart and fiery
flame:

For well we know thy secret and sublimest home, where thou as central point art buried in the
sea.

Thou, Arrow, which the host of Gods created, making it strong and mighty for the shooting,
Be gracious, lauded thus, to our assembly. To thee, that Arrow,. be our homage, Goddess!

HYMN XIV

A woman's incantation against a rival

As from the tree a wreath, have I assumed her fortune and her fame:

Among her kinsfolk long may she dwell, like a mountain broadly- based.

King Yama, let this maiden be surrendered as a wife to thee:

Bound let her be meanwhile within, her mother's, brother's, father's house.

Queen of thy race is she, O King: to thee do we deliver her.

Long with her kinsfolk may she sit, until her hair be white with age.

With Asita's and Kasyapa's and Gaya's incantation, thus

As sisters pack within a chest, I bind and tie thy fortune up.

HYMN XV

A prayer for the prosperity of an institutor of sacrifice

Let the streams, flow together, let the winds and birds assembled come.
 Let this my sacrifice delight them always. I offer it with duly mixt oblation.
 Come to my call, Blent Offerings, come ye very nigh. And, singers, do ye strengthen and
 increase this man.

Hither come every animal: with this man let all wealth abide.
 All river founts that blend their streams for ever inexhaustible—
 With all these confluent streams of mine we make abundant riches flow.
 All streams of melted butter, and all streams of water and of milk
 With all these confluent streams of mine we make abundant riches flow.

HYMN XVI

A prayer and charm against demons

May potent Agni who destroys the demons bless and shelter us.
 From greedy fiends who rise in troops at night-time when the moon is dark.
 Varuna's benison hath blessed the lead, and Agni strengthens it.
 Indra hath given me the lead: this verily repels the fiends.
 This overcomes Vishkandha, -this drives the voracious fiends away:
 By means of this have I, o'erthrown all the Pisāchi's demon brood.
 If thou destroy a cow of ours, a human being, or a steed,
 We pierce thee with this piece of lead so that thou mayst not slay our men.

HYMN XVII

A charm to be used at venesection

Those maidens there, the veins, who run their course in robes of ruddy hue,
 Must now stand quiet, reft of power, like sisters who are brother- less.
 Stay still, thou upper vein, stay still, thou lower, stay, thou midmost one,
 The smallest one of all stands still: let the great vessel e'en be still.
 Among a thousand vessels charged with blood, among a thousand veins,
 Even these the middlemost stand still and their extremities have rest.
 A mighty rampart built of sand hath circled and encompassed you:
 Be still, and quietly take rest.

HYMN XVIII

A charm to avert evil spirits of misfortune and to secure prosperity

We drive away the Spotted Hag, Misfortune, and Malignity:
 All blessings to our children then! We chase Malignity away.
 Let Savitar, Mitra, Varuna, and Aryaman drive away Stinginess from both the hands and feet:
 May Favour, granting us her bounties, drive her off. The Gods created Favour for our
 happiness.
 Each fearful sign upon thy body, in thyself, each inauspicious mark seen in thy hair, thy face,
 All this we drive away and banish with our speech. May Savitar the God graciously further
 thee.
 Antelope-foot, and Bullock-tooth, Cow-terrifier, Vapour-form,
 The Licker, and the Spotted Hag, all these we drive away from us.

HYMN XIX

A prayer for protection from arrows and for the punishment of enemies

Let not the piercers find us, nor let those who wound discover us.
 O Indra, make the arrows fall, turned, far from us, to every side.

Turned from us let the arrows fall, those shot and those that will be shot.
 Shafts of the Gods and shafts of men, strike and transfix mine enemies:
 Whoever treateth us as foes, be he our own or strange to us, a kinsman or a foreigner,
 May Rudra with his arrows pierce and slay these enemies of mine.
 The rival and non-rival, he who in his hatred curses us
 May all the deities injure him! My nearest, closest mail is prayer.

HYMN XX

A prayer to Soma, the Maruts, Mitra, and Varuna, for protection
 May it glide harmless by in this our sacrifice, O Soma, God!
 Maruts, be gracious unto us.
 Let not disaster, let not malison find us out; let not abominable guiles discover us.
 Mitra and Varuna, ye twain, turn carefully away from us
 The deadly dart that flies to-day, the missile of the wicked ones.
 Ward off from this side and from that, O Varuna, the deadly dart:
 Give us thy great protection, turn the lethal weapon far away.
 A mighty Ruler thus art thou, unconquered, vanquisher of foes,
 Even thou whose friend is never slain, whose friend is never over- come.

HYMN XXI

A prayer to Indra for protection
 Lord of the clans, giver of bliss, fiend-slayer, mighty o'er the foe,
 May Indra, Soma-drinker, go before us, Bull, who brings us peace.
 Indra, subdue our enemies, lay low the men who fight with us:
 Down into nether darkness send the man who shows us enmity:
 Strike down the fiend, strike down the foes, break thou asunder
 Vritra's jaws.
 O Indra, Vritra-slayer, quell the wrath of the assailing foe.
 Turn thou the foeman's thought away, his dart who fain would conquer us:
 Grant us thy great protection; keep his deadly weapon far away.

HYMN XXII

A charm against jaundice
 As the Sun rises, let thy sore disease and yellowness depart.
 We compass and surround thee with the colour of a ruddy ox.
 With ruddy hues we compass thee that thou mayst live a lengthened life:
 So that this man be free from harm, and cast his yellow tint away.
 Devatyās that are red of hue, yea, and the ruddy-coloured kine,
 Each several form, each several force—with these we compass thee about.
 To parrots and to starlings we transfer thy sickly yellowness:
 Now in the yellow-coloured birds we lay this yellowness of thine.

HYMN XXIII

A charm against leprosy
 O Plant, thou sprangest up at night, dusky, dark-coloured, black in hue!
 So, Rajani, re-colour thou these ashy spots, this leprosy.
 Expel the leprosy, remove from him the spots and ashy hue:
 Let thine own colour come to thee; drive far away the specks of white.
 Dark is the place of thy repose, dark is the place thou dwellest in:

Dusky and dark, O Plant, art thou: remove from him each speck and spot.
 I with my spell have chased away the pallid sign of leprosy,
 Caused by infection, on the skin, sprung from the body, from the bones.

HYMN XXIV

A charm against leprosy

First, before all, the strong-winged Bird was born;; thou wast the gall thereof.
 Conquered in fight, the Asuri took then the shape and form of plants.
 The Asuri made, first of all, this medicine for leprosy, this banisher of leprosy.
 She banished leprosy, and gave one general colour to the skin.
 One-coloured, is thy mother's name, One-coloured is thy father called:
 One-colour-maker, Plant! art thou: give thou one colour to this man.
 Sāmā who gives one general hue was formed and fashioned from the earth:
 Further this work efficiently. Restore the colours that were his.

HYMN XXV

A prayer to fever, as a charm against his attacks

When Agni blazed when he had pierced the Waters, whereat the
 Law-observers paid him homage,
 There, men assever, was thy loftiest birthplace: O Fever, yield- ing to our prayer avoid us.
 If thou be fiery glow, or inflammation, or if thy birthplace call for chips of fuel,
 Rack is thy name, God of the sickly yellow! O Fever, yielding to our prayer avoid us.
 Be thou distress, or agonizing torment, be thou the son King Varuna hath begotten,
 Rack is thy name, God of the sickly yellow! O Fever, yielding to our prayer avoid us.
 I offer homage to the chilly Fever, to his fierce burning glow I offer homage.
 Be adoration paid to Fever coming each other day, the third, of two days running.

HYMN XXVI

A prayer for protection, guidance, and prosperity

Let that Destructive Weapon be far distant from us, O ye Gods; far be the Stone ye wont to
 hurl.
 Our friend be that Celestial Grace, Indra and Bhaga be our friends, and Savitar with splendid
 Wealth.
 Thou, Offspring of the waterflood, ye Maruts, with your sun- bright skins, give us protection
 reaching far.
 Further us rightly, favour ye our bodies with your gracious love.
 Give thou our children happiness.

HYMN XXVII

A charm to obtain invisibility

There on the bank those Vipers lie, thrice-seven, having cast their skins:
 Now we with their discarded sloughs bind close and cover up the eyes of the malicious
 highway thief.
 Far let her go, cutting her way, brandishing, as it were, a club:
 Diverted be the new-born's mind: ne'er are the wicked prosperous.
 Not many have had power enough; the feeble ones have not prevailed,
 Like scattered fragments of a reed: ne'er are the wicked pros- perous.
 Go forward, feet, press quickly on, bring to the house of him who pays.
 Unconquered and un plundered, let Indrānf, foremost, lead the way.

HYMN XXVIII

A prayer to Agni for the destruction of evil spirits

God Agni hath come forth to us, fiend-slayer, chaser of disease,
 Burning the Yātudhānas up, Kimidins, and deceitful ones.
 Consume the Yātudhānas, God! meet the Kimidins with thy flame:
 Burn up the Yātudhānis as they face thee, thou whose path is black!
 She who hath cursed us with a curse, or hath conceived a murderous sin;
 Or seized our son to take his blood, let her devour the child she bare.
 Let her, the Yātudhāni eat son, sister, and her daughter's child.
 Now let the twain by turns destroy the wild-haired Yātudhānis- and crush down Arāyis to the earth!

HYMN XXIX

A charm to secure the supremacy of a dethroned King

With that victorious Amulet which strengthened Indra's power- and might
 Do thou, O Brāhmanaspati, increase our strength for kingly sway.
 Subduing those who rival us, subduing all malignities,
 Withstand the man who menaces, and him who seeks to injure- us.
 Soma and Savitar the God have strengthened and exalted thee:
 All elements have aided thee, to make thee general conqueror.
 Slayer of rivals, vanquisher, may that victorious Amulet
 Be bound on me for regal sway and conquest of mine enemies.
 Yon Sun hath mounted up on high, and this my word hath mounted up
 That I may smite my foes and be slayer of rivals, rivalless.
 Destroyer of my rivals, strong, victorious, with royal sway,
 May I be ruler of these men, and King and sovran of the folk.

HYMN XXX

A benediction on a King at his consecration

Guard and protect this man, all Gods and Vasus. Over him keep- ye watch and ward, Ādityas.
 Let not death reach him from the hands of brothers from hands of aliens, or of human beings.
 Listen, one-minded, to the word I utter, the sons, O Gods, among you, and the fathers!
 I trust this man to all of you: preserve him happily, and to length of days conduct him.
 All Gods who dwell on earth or in the heavens, in air, within. the plants, the beasts, the waters,
 Grant this man life to full old age, and let him escape the hundred other ways of dying.
 You, claiming Anuyājas or Prayājas, sharers, or not consumers, of oblation,
 You, to whom heaven's five regions are apportioned, I make companions at his sacred sessions.

HYMN XXXI

A prayer for protection and general prosperity

Here will we serve with sacrifice the great Controllers of the world,
 The four immortal Warders who protect the regions of the sky.
 Ye, Guardians of the regions, Gods who keep the quarters of the heavens,
 Rescue and free us from the bonds of Nirriti, from grief and woe!
 I, free from stiffness, serve thee with oblation, not lame I sacri- fice with oil and fatness.
 Let the strong Warder God, who keeps the regions bring to us hither safety and well-being.

Well be it with our mother and our father, well be it with our cows, and beasts, and people.
Ours be all happy fortune, grace, and favour. Long, very long may we behold the sunlight.

HYMN XXXII

In praise of Heaven and Earth

Ye people, hear and mark this well: he will pronounce a mighty prayer:
That which gives breathing to the Plants is not on earth nor in, the heaven.
Their station, as of those who rest when weary, is in midmost air:
The base whereon this world is built, the sages know or know it not.
What the two trembling hemispheres and ground produced and fashioned forth.
This All, is ever fresh to-day, even as the currents of the sea.
This All hath compassed round the one, and on the other lies at rest.
To Earth and all-possessing Heaven mine adoration have I paid.

HYMN XXXIII

To the Waters, for health and happiness

May they, the golden-hued, the bright, the splendid, they wherein
Savitar was born and Agni,
They who took Agni as a germ, fair-coloured, the Waters, bring in the midst whereof King
Varuna moveth, viewing men's righteous and unrighteous dealing.
They who took Agni as a germ, fair-coloured,—those Waters bring felicity and bless us!
Whom the Gods make their beverage in heaven, they who wax manifold in air's mid-region,
They who took Agni as a germ, fair-coloured,—those Waters bring felicity and bless us!
Ye Waters, with auspicious eye behold me: touch ye my skin with your auspicious body.
May they, the bright and pure, distilling fatness, those Waters, bring felicity and bless us.

HYMN XXXIV

A young man's love-charm

From honey sprang this Plant to life; with honey now we dig thee up.
Make us as sweet as honey, for from honey hast thou been produced.
My tongue hath honey at the tip, and sweetest honey at the root:
Thou yieldest to my wish and will, and shalt be mine and only mine.
My coming in is honey-sweet and honey-sweet, my going forth:
My voice and words are sweet: I fain would be like honey in my look.
Sweeter am I than honey, yet more full of sweets than licorice:
So mayst thou love me as a branch full of all sweets, and only me.
Around thee have I girt a zone of sugar-cane to banish hate.
That thou mayst be in love with me, my darling never to depart.

HYMN XXXV

A charm to ensure long life and glory to the wearer of an amulet

This Ornament of Gold which Daksha's children bound, with benevolent thoughts, on
Satānīka,
This do I bind on thee for life, for glory, for long life lasting through a hundred autumns.
This man no fiends may conquer, no Pisāchas, for this is might of Gods, their primal
offspring.
Whoever wears the Gold of Daksha's children hath a long lengthened life among the living.
The light, the power, the lustre of the Waters, the strength of
Trees, and all their forceful vigour,

We lay on him as powers abide in Indra: so let him wear this
Gold and show his valour.

With monthly and six-monthly times and seasons, with the full year's sweet essence do we
fill thee,

May Indra, Agni, and all Gods together, showing no anger, grant thee what thou wishest.

Book II

HYMN I

Glorification of the prime cause of all things

Vena beholds That Highest which lies hidden, wherein this All resumes one form and fashion.

Thence Prisni milked all life that had existence: the hosts that know the light with songs extolled her.

Knowing Eternity, may the Gandharva declare to us that highest secret station.

Three steps thereof lie hidden in the darkness: he who knows these shall be the father's father.

He is our kinsman, father, and begetter: he knows all beings and all Ordinances.

He only gave the Gods their appellations: all creatures go to him to ask direction.

I have gone forth around the earth and heaven, I have approached the first-born Son of Order.

He, putting voice, as 'twere, within the speaker, stands in the world, he, verily is Agni.

I round the circumjacent worlds have travelled to see the far-extended thread of Order.

Wherein the Gods, obtaining life eternal, have risen upward to one common birthplace.

HYMN II

A charm to ensure success in gambling

Lord of the World, divine Gandharva, only he should be honoured in the Tribes and worshipped.

Fast with my spell, celestial God, I hold thee. Homage to thee!

Thy home is in the heavens.

Sky-reaching, like the Sun in brightness, holy, he who averts from us the Gods' displeasure.

Lord of the World, may the Gandharva bless us, the friendly

God who only must be worshipped.

I came, I met these faultless, blameless beings: among the Apsarases was the Gandharva.

Their home is in the sea—so men have told me,—whence they come quickly hitherward and vanish.

Thou, Cloudy! ye who follow the Gandharva Visvā-vasu, ye,

Starry! Lightning-Flasher!

You, O ye Goddesses, I truly worship.

Haunters of darkness, shrill in voice, dice-lovers, maddeners of the mind

To these have I paid homage, the Gandharva's wives, Apsarases.

HYMN III

A water-cure charm

That little spring of water which is running downward from the hill

I turn to healing balm for thee that thou mayst be good medicine.

Hither and onward! Well! Come on! Among thy hundred remedies

Most excellent of all art thou, curing disease and morbid flow.

The Asuras bury deep in earth this mighty thing that healeth wounds.

This is the cure for morbid flow, this driveth malady away.

The emmets from the water-flood produce this healing medicine:

This is the cure for morbid flow, this driveth malady away.
 Mighty is this wound-healing balm: from out the earth was it produced.
 This is the cure for morbid flow, this driveth malady away.
 Bless us the Waters! be the Plants auspicious!
 May Indra's thunderbolt drive off the demons. Far from us fall the shafts they shoot against us!

HYMN IV

A charm to ensure health and prosperity by wearing an amulet
 For length of life, for mighty joy, uninjured, ever showing strength.
 We wear Vishkandha's antidote, the Amulet of Jangida.
 Amulet of a thousand powers, Jangida save us, all around.
 From Jambha, and from Viara, Vishkandha, and tormenting pain.
 This overcomes Vishkandha, this chases the greedy fiends away:
 May this our panacea, may Jangida save us from distress.
 With Jangida that brings delight, Amulet given by the Gods,
 We in the conflict overcome Vishkandha and all Rākshasas.
 May Cannabis and Jangida preserve me from Vishkandha,— that
 Brought to us from the forest, this sprung from the saps of husbandry.
 This Amulet destroys the might of magic and malignity:
 So may victorious Jangida prolong the years we have to live.

HYMN V

Invitation to, and praise of Indra

Indra, be gracious, drive thou forth, come, Hero, with thy two bay steeds.
 Taste the libation, hither, enjoying meath and the hymn, come, fair, to the banquet.
 O Indra, even as one athirst, fill thee with meath as 'twere from heaven.
 Sweet-toned, the raptures of this juice have come to thee as to the light.
 Swift-conquering Indra, Mitra like, smote, as a Yati, Vritra dead.
 Like Bhṛigu he cleft Vala through, and quelled his foes in Soma's rapturous joy.
 O Indra, let the juices enter thee. Fill full thy belly, sate thee, mighty one! Let the hymn bring thee.
 Hear thou my call, accept the song I sing, here, Indra, with thy friends enjoy thyself, to height of rapture.
 Now will I tell the manly deeds of Indra, the first that he achieved, the thunder-wielder.
 He slew the Dragon, then disclosed the waters, and cleft the channels of the mountain torrents.
 He slew the Dragon lying on the mountain: his heavenly bolt of thunder Tvashtar fashioned.
 Like lowing kine in rapid flow descending the waters glided downward to the ocean.
 Impetuous as a bull he chose the Soma, and quaffed the juices in three sacred beakers.
 Maghavan grasped the thunder for his weapon, and smote to death this first-born of the dragons.

HYMN VI

A prayer to Agni for protection

Half-years and seasons strengthen thee, O Agni, the years, and all the Verities, and Rishis!
 Flash forth with thy celestial effulgence: illumine all four regions of the heavens.
 Kindle thee, Agni, and make this man prosper: rise up erect for high and happy fortune.
 Agni, be those uninjured who adore thee, and may thy priests be glorious and no others.

These Brāhmans have elected thee, O Agni: be thou propitious in our sacred chamber.
 Slayer of rivals, Agni, quell our foemen: watch in our house with care that never ceases.
 Seize, Agni, on thy power and firmly hold it: contend thou with the Friend by way of
 friendship.

Placed in the centre of our fellows, Agni, flash forth to be invoked by kings around thee.
 Past those who slay, past enemies, past thoughtless men, past those who hate,
 Yea, Agni, hear us safe past all distresses: give thou us opulence with men about us.

HYMN VII

A counter-charm against imprecation and malignity

Hated by sinners, sprung from Gods, this Plant that turns the curse away
 Hath washed from me all curses, as water makes clean from spot and stain.
 All curses of a rival, each curse of a female relative, Curse uttered by an augry priest, all
 these we tread beneath our feet.
 Spread on the surface of the earth, downward from heaven thy root depends:
 With this that hath a thousand joints keep thou us safe on every side.
 Guard on all sides this woman, guard my children, us, and all our wealth!
 Let not malignity o'ercome, nor adversaries conquer us.
 Upon the curser fall his curse! Dwell we with him whose heart is true!
 We split the cruel villain's ribs whose evil eye bewitches us.

HYMN VIII

A charm against hereditary disease (kshetriya)

Twin Stars of happy omen, named Releasers, have gone up.
 May they
 Loose, of inherited disease, the uppermost and lowest bond.
 Vanish this Night, extinct in Dawn! Let those who weave their spells depart.
 So let the plague-destroying Plant remove inherited disease.
 With straw of barley tawny-brown in colour with its silvery ears, with stalk and stem of
 Sesamum-
 So let the plague-destroying Plant remove inherited disease.
 Let homage to thy ploughs be paid, our homage to the pole and yokes.
 So let the plague-destroying Plant remove inherited disease.
 Homage to men with blinking eyes, homage to those who hear and act! To the Field's Lord
 be homage paid.
 So let the plague-destroying Plant remove inherited disease.

HYMN IX

A charm to cure dangerous disease

Free this man, Dasavriksha! from the demon, from Grāhi who hath seized his joints and
 members,
 And raise him up again, O Tree, into the world of living men.
 He hath arisen and come once more, rejoined the band of those who live.
 May he become the sire of sons, and of all men most fortunate.
 He hath returned to consciousness, rejoined the living's firm abodes,
 For hundred leeches are in this, yea, and a thousand healing herbs.
 The Gods, the Brāhman-priests, and plants observed the way to gather thee:
 All deities described the way men gather thee upon the earth.

Let him who made it also heal: he, truly, is the deftest leech.
Pure, with a leech he verily shall give thee medicines that heal.

HYMN X

Absolution and benediction

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I free
and save thee.

With spell and prayer I make thee pure and sinless: to thee be both, the Earth and Heaven,
auspicious!

Gracious to thee be Agni with the Waters, let Soma with the
Plants be kind and bless thee.

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

May kind Wind strengthen thee in air's mid-region, to thee may heaven's four quarters be
auspicious.

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's curse I thus
release thee.

These Goddesses, four regions of the heavens, on whom the
Sun looks kindly, wives of Vāta—

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

For long life, in the midst of these I set thee. Away pass Nirriti, away Consumption!

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

Thou hast been freed from Phthisis and from trouble, from shame, and from the snare of Druh
and Grain.

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

Joy hast thou found, and left ill-will behind thee: thou hast attained the happy world of virtue.

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

The Gods have freed from, sinfulness, redeeming the Sun, the
Law from darkness and from Grāhi.

From family sickness, kinsmen's curse, Destruction, from Druh, from Varuna's noose I thus
release thee.

With spell and prayer I make thee pure and sinless: to thee be both, the Earth and Heaven,
auspicious!

HYMN XI

Counter-charm, with an amulet, against an enemy's spell

Dart against dart, destroyer of destruction, thou art the missile sent to meet the missile.

Reach thy superior, thou; surpass thine equal.

Sraktya art thou, an Amulet art thou, a counter-charm of spells,

Reach thy superior, thou; surpass thine equal.

Use spells against the man we hate, against the man who hateth us.

Reach thy superior, thou; surpass thine equal.

A prince art thou, giver of speech, thou art our bodies' strong defence.

Reach thy superior, thou; surpass thine equal.

Fulgent art thou, and splendid, thou art heavenly lustre, thou art light.
Reach thy superior, thou; surpass thine equal.

HYMN XII

A prayer for vengeance on a malicious rival worshipper

The spacious Firmament, and Earth and Heaven, the Field's
Queen, and the wonderful Wide-Strider,
Yea, the broad middle air which Vāta guardeth, may these now burn with heat while I am
burning.

Listen to this, ye Gods who merit worship. Hymns here are sung for me by Bharadvāja.
Bound in the noose may he be doomed to trouble whoever mars this that our mind hath
purposed.

Hear this my call, O Indra, Soma-drinker, as with a burning heart I oft invoke thee.
I smite, as 'twere a tree felled with a hatchet, the man who marreth this my plan and purpose.
Together with thrice-eighty Sāma-singers, Angirases, and Vasus, and Ādityas,
May the felicity of the Fathers guard us. I seize that man with fire that Gods have kindled.
O Heaven and Earth, regard me with your favour, and, all ye
Gods, stand on my side and help me.

Angirases, Fathers worthy of the Soma! woe fall on him who, caused the hateful outrage!
Whoever either scorns us, O ye Maruts, or blames devotion which we now are paying.
Let his own wicked deeds be fires to burn him. May Heaven consume the man who hates
devotion.

Thy sevenfold vital breath, thine eight marrows I rend away with prayer.
With Agni as thine envoy, go, prepared, to Yama's dwelling place.
In Jātavedas kindled flame I set the place assigned to thee.
Let fire consume thy body, and thy voice go to the general breath.

HYMN XIII

A youth's Investiture ceremony (godānam)

Strength-giver, winning lengthened life, O Agni, with face and back shining with molten
butter,

Drink thou the butter and fair milk and honey, and, as a sire his sons, keep this man safely.
For us surround him, cover him with splendour, give him long life, and death when age
removes him.

The garment hath Brihaspati presented to Soma, to the King, to wrap about him.
Thou for our weal hast clothed thee in the mantle: thou hast become our heifers' guard from
witchcraft.

Live thou a hundred full and plenteous autumns, and wrap thee in prosperity of riches.
Come hither, stand upon the stone: thy body shall become a stone.
The Universal Gods shall make thy life a hundred autumns long.
So may the Universal Gods protect thee, whom we divest of raiment worn aforetime.
So after thee, well-formed and growing stronger, be born a multitude of thriving brothers.

HYMN XIV

A charm to banish vermin and noxious creatures

Forth from the hall the bold, the sharp, the greedy one, the single-voiced,
Sadānvās, and all progeny of Chanda we exterminate.
We drive you forth from cattle-shed, from axle, from within the wain,
Ye daughters of Magundi, we frighten and chase you from out homes.

Yonder let the Arāyis dwell, there where that house is down below.
 Let utter indigence and all the Yātudhānis settle there.
 May Bhūtapati drive away, and Indra, the Sadānvās hence.
 Let Indra with his bolt quell those who sit upon our dwelling's floor.
 Whether ye be of farm and field, or whether ye be sent by men,
 Or be ye sprung from Dasyu race, vanish, Sadānvās, and begone.
 I have gone round their homes as runs a fleet-foot racer round the post,
 And in all races conquered you. Vanish, Sadānvās, and begone.

HYMN XV

A charm against fear

As Heaven and Earth are not afraid, and never suffer loss or harm,
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.
 As Day and Night are not afraid, nor ever suffer loss or harm,
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.
 As Sun and Moon are not afraid, nor ever suffer loss or harm.
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.
 As Brāhmanhood and Princely Power fear not, nor suffer loss, or harm,
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.
 As Truth and Falsehood have no fear, nor ever suffer loss or harm,
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.
 As What Hath Been and What Shall Be fear not, nor suffer loss or harm,
 Even so, my spirit, fear not thou.

HYMN XVI

A prayer for general protection

Guard me from death, Inhaling and Exhaling! All bliss to you!
 Guard me from overhearing, Earth and Heaven! All hail to you!
 Do thou, O Sūrya, with thine eye protect me! All hail to thee!
 Agni Vaisvānara, with all Gods preserve me! All hail to thee!
 Preserve me with all care. O All-Sustainer! All hail to thee!

HYMN XVII

A prayer to an amulet for health and strength

Power art thou, give me power. All hail!
 Might art thou, give me might. All hail!
 Strength art thou, give me strength. All hail!
 Life art thou, give me life. All hail!
 Ear art thou, give me hearing! Hail!
 Eye art thou, give me eyes. All hail!
 Shield art thou, shield me well. All hail!

HYMN XVIII

A charm against enemies, goblins, and other evil creatures

Destruction of the foe art thou, give me the scaring of my foes.
 All hail!
 The rival's ruiner art thou, give me to drive my rivals off. All hail!
 Arāyis' ruiner art thou, give me to drive Arāyis off. All hail!

Pisa-chas' ruiner art thou, give me to drive Pisāchas off. All hail!
Sadānvās' ruiner art thou, give me to drive Sadānvās off. All hail!

HYMN XIX

A prayer to Agni for aid against an enemy

Burn thou, O Agni, with that heat of thine against the man who hates us, whom we hate.
Flame thou, O Agni, with that flame of thine against the man who hates us, whom we hate.
Shine out, O Agni, with that sheen of thine against the man who hates us, whom we hate.
Blaze thou, O Agni, with that blaze of thine against the man who hates us, whom we hate.
O Agni, with the splendour that is thine darken the man who hates us, whom we hate.

It appears that hymns 20-23 were omitted

HYMN XXIV

A charm against the magic arts of fiends

O Serabhaka, Serabha, back fall your arts of witchery! Back,
Kimidins! let your weapon fall.
Eat your possessor; eat ye him who sent you forth;
Srvridhaka, O Sevridha, back fall your arts of witchery! Back,
Kimidins! let your weapon fall, etc.
O Mroka, Anumroka, back return your arts of witchery! Back,
Kimidins! let your weapon fall, etc.
O Sarpa, Anusarpa, back return your arts of witchery! Back, 'i
Kimidins! let your weapon fall, etc.
Back fall your witcheries, Jūrni! back your weapon, ye
Kimidinis, etc.
Back fall your spells, Upabdi! back your weapon, ye Kimidinis, etc.
Back fall your witchcrafts, Arjuni! your weapon, ye Kimidinis, etc,
Back, O, Bharūji! fall your charms, your weapon, ye Kimidinis.
Eat your possessor; eat ye him who sent you forth; eat your own flesh.

HYMN XXV

A charm against fiends who cause abortion

The Goddess Prisniparni hath blest us, and troubled Nirriti.
Fierce crusher of the Kanvas she: her have I gained, the mighty one.
Victorious in the olden time this Prisniparni was brought forth:
With her I cleave, as 'twere a bird's, the head of the Detestables.
The hateful fiend who drinks the blood, and him who take away the growth,
The Kanva who devours the germ, quell, Prisniparni! and! destroy.
Drive and imprison in a hill these Kanvas harassers of life:
Follow them Prisniparni, thou Goddess, like fire consuming. them.
Drive thou away these Kanvas, drive the harassers of life afar.
Whither the shades of darkness go, I send the fiends who feed on flesh.

HYMN XXVI

A benediction on homeward coming cattle

Let them come home, the cattle that have wandered, whom Vāyu hath delighted to attend on,
Whose forms and figures are well known to Tvashtar. These cows let Savitar drive within this
stable.

Let the beasts stream together to this cow-pen. Brihaspati who knoweth lead them hither!
 Let Sinivāli guide the foremost homeward. When they have come, Anumati! enclose them.
 Together stream the cattle! stream together horses and the men!
 Hitherward press all growth of grain! I offer sacrifice with mixt oblation.
 I pour together milk of kine, with butter blending strength and juice.
 Well sprinkled be our men, as true to me as cows are to their herd!
 Hither I bring the milk of cows, hither have brought the juice of corn.
 Hitherward have our men been brought, hitherward to this house our wives.

HYMN XXVII

A charm against an opponent in debate

Let not the enemy win the cause! Strong and predominant art thou.
 Refute mine adversary's speech. Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 The strong-winged bird discovered thee, the boar unearthed thee with his snout.
 Refute mine adversary's speech. Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 Yea, Indra laid thee on his arm, to cast the Asuras to the ground.
 Refute mine adversary's speech. Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 Indra devoured the Pātā plant that he might lay the Asuras low.
 Refute mine adversary's speech! Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 With this I overcome my foes as Indra overcame the wolves.
 Refute mine adversary's speech! Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 O Rudra, Lord of Healing Balms, dark-crested, skilful in thy work!—
 Refute mine adversary's speech. Render them dull and flat, O
 Plant.
 Indra, defeat the speech of him who meets us with hostility.
 Comfort us with thy power and might. Make me superior in debate.

HYMN XXVIII

A prayer for a boy's long and happy life

This Child, Old Age! shall grow to meet thee only: none of the hundred other deaths shall
 harm him.
 From trouble caused by friends let Mitra guard him, as a kind mother guards the son she
 nurses.
 Mitra or Varuna the foe-destroyer, accordant, grant him death in course of nature!
 Thus Agni, Hotar-priest, skilled in high statutes, declareth all the deities' generations.
 Thou art the Lord of all terrestrial cattle, of cattle born and to be born hereafter.
 Let not breath drawn or breath emitted fail him. Let not his friends, let not his foemen slay
 him.
 Let Heaven thy father and let Earth thy mother, accordant, give thee death in course of
 nature,
 That thou mayst live on Aditi's bosom, guarded, a hundred winters, through thy respirations.
 Lead him to life, O Agni, and to splendour, this dear child,
 Varuna! and thou King Mitra!
 Give him protection, Aditi! as a mother; All Gods, that his be life of long duration;

HYMN XXIX

A benediction on a sick man

Gods, give him all that earth hath best with bodily strength and happy fate.
 Agni and Sūrya grant him life, Brihaspati give him eminence!
 Bestow thou life on him, O Jātavedas. Store him with future progeny, O Tvashtar.
 Send him, O Savitar, full growth of riches. Let this thy servant live a hundred autumns.
 May this our prayer bring strength and goodly offspring. Give, both of you one-minded,
 strength and riches.
 Let him with might win fields and victory, Indra! setting beneath his feet the rest, his rivals.
 As Indra's gift, by Varuna instructed the fierce one came to us sent by the Maruts.
 Let him, O Heaven and Earth, rest in your bosom. Let him not hunger, let him not be thirsty.
 Ye twain endowed with vigour, grant him vigour. Ye who are rich in milk, give milk to feed
 him.
 These twain have given him vigour, Earth and Heaven, and all the Gods, the Maruts, and the
 Waters.
 With health-bestowing drops thine heart I comfort: all-bright again, and undiseased, enjoy
 them.
 Drest in like robes let these two drink the mixture, wearing the Asvins' form as an illusion.
 Erst Indra, wounded, made this strengthening portion, eternal food: thine is it, here presented.
 With this live full of vigour through the autumns. Let not thy strength be drained. Leeches
 have helped thee.

HYMN XXX

A man's love-charm

As the wind shake this Tuft of Grass hither and thither on the ground.
 So do I stir and shake thy mind, that thou mayst be in love with me, my darling, never to
 depart.
 Ye, Asvins, lead together, ye unite and bring the loving pair.
 Now have the fortunes of you twain, now have your vows and spirits met.
 When eagles, calling out aloud, are screaming in the joy of health,
 Then to my calling let her come, as to the arrow's neck the shaft.
 Let what is inward turn outside, let what is outward be within:
 Seize and possess, O Plant, the mind of maidens rich in every charm.
 Seeking a husband she hath come! and I came longing for a wife:
 Even as a loudly-neighing steed may fate and fortune have I met.

HYMN XXXI

A charm against all sorts of worms

With Indra's mighty millstone, that which crushes worms of every sort,
 I bray and bruise the worms to bits like vetches on the grinding stone.
 The Seen and the Invisible, and the Kurūru have I crushed:
 Alāndus, and all Chhalunas, we bruise to pieces with our spell.
 I kill Alāndus with a mighty weapon: burnt or not burnt they now have lost their vigour .
 Left or not left, I with the spell subdue them: let not a single worm remain uninjured.
 The worm that lives within the ribs, within the bowels, in the head.
 Avaskava and Borer, these we bruise to pieces with the spell.
 Worms that are found on mountains, in the forests, that live in plants, in cattle, in the waters,
 Those that have made their way within our bodies,—these I destroy, the worms' whole
 generation.

HYMN XXXII

A charm against worms or bots in cows

Uprising let the Sun destroy, and when he sinketh, with his beams.
 The Worms that live within the cow.
 The four-eyed worm, of every shape, the variegated, and the white
 I break and crush the creature's ribs, and tear away its head besides.
 Like Atri I destroy you, Worms! in Kanva's, Jamadagni's way:
 I bray and bruise the creeping things to pieces with Agastya's spell.
 Slain is the sovran of these Worms, yea, their controlling lord is slain:
 Slain is the Worm, his mother slain, brother and sister both are slain.
 Slain are his ministers, and slain his followers and retinue:
 Yes, those that seemed the tiniest things, the Worms have all been put to death.
 I break in pieces both thy horns wherewith thou pushest here and there:
 I cleave and rend the bag which holds the venom which is stored in thee.

HYMN XXXIII

From both thy nostrils, from both eyes, from both thine ears, and from thy chin,
 Forth from thy brain and tongue I root Consumption seated in thy head.
 Forth from the neck and from the nape, from dorsal vertebrae and spine.
 From arms and shoulder-blades I root Consumption seated in thine arms.
 Forth from thy heart and from thy lungs, from thy gall-bladder and thy sides,
 From kidneys, spleen and liver thy Consumption we eradicate.
 From bowels and intestines, from the rectum and the belly, I
 Extirpate thy Consumption, from flanks, navel and mesentery.
 Forth from thy thighs and from thy knees, heels and the fore- parts of thy feet.
 Forth from thy loins and hips I draw Consumption settled in thy loins.
 Forth from thy marrows and thy bones, forth from thy tendons and thy veins
 I banish thy Consumption, from thy hands, thy fingers, and thy nails.
 In every member, every hair, in every joint wherein it lies,
 We with the exorcising spell of Kasyapa drive far away Consumption settled in thy skin.

HYMN XXXIV

A prayer accompanying an animal sacrifice

May this, of all the beasts that Pasupati rules, Lord of animals, quadruped and biped,
 Come, purchased, to the sacrificial portion. May growth of wealth attend the sacrificer.
 Loosing the seed of future-time existence, give good success, O
 Gods, to him who worships.
 May what is present, duly brought, the victim, go to the deities' beloved region.
 Those who are looking, deep in meditation, on the bound animal with eye and spirit
 To them, the first, may Agni, God, give freedom, rejoicing in his creatures, Visvakarman.
 Tame animals of every shape, though varied in colour, manifold, alike in nature
 To them, the first, may Vāyu, God, give freedom, Prajāpati, rejoicing in his creatures.
 Let those who know receive before all others the vital breath proceeding from the body.
 Go to the sky. Stay there with all thy members. By paths which
 Gods have travelled go to Svarga.

HYMN XXXV

Expiation for an imperfectly performed sacrifice

We who enjoying it have grown no richer, for whom the sacred altar-fires have sorrowed,
 We who compounded with deficient worship,—may Visvakarman make our service prosper.
 Rishis have called the sacrifice's patron amerced through sin, sorrowing for his offspring.
 Those drops of meath whereof the missed enjoyment,—may
 Visvakarman with those drops unite us.
 Regarding niggard churls as Soma-drinkers, skilful in sacrifice, weak at the meeting,
 Whatever sin the captive hath committed, do thou for weal release him, Visvakarman!
 Awful are Rishis: unto them be homage, and to their eye and truthfulness of spirit!
 Loud homage to Brihaspati, O mighty! Homage to thee, O
 Visvakarman! Guard us.
 The eye of sacrifice, source, and beginning—with voice, ear, spirit unto him I offer.
 To this our sacrifice wrought by Visvakarman may the Gods come gracious and kindly-
 hearted.

HYMN XXXVI

A charm to secure a husband for a marriageable girl

To please us may the suitor come, O Agni, seeking this maid and bringing us good fortune.
 Approved by wooers, lovely in assemblies, may she be soon made happy with a husband.
 As bliss beloved by Soma, dear to Prayer, and stored by Arya- man,
 With the God Dhātār's truthfulness I work the bridal oracle.
 O Agni, may this woman find a husband. Then verily King Soma makes her happy.
 May she bear sons, chief lady of the household, blessed and bearing rule beside her consort.
 As this lair, Maghavan! that is fair to look on was dear to wild things as a pleasant dwelling,
 So may this woman here be Bhaga's darling. Loved by her lord and prizing his affection.
 Mount up, embark on Bhaga's ship, the full, the inexhaustible,
 Thereon bring hitherward to us the lover whom thou fain wouldst wed.
 Call out to him, O Lord of Wealth! Make thou the lover well- inclined.
 Set each on thy right hand who is a lover worthy of her choice.
 Here is the Bdeium and the gold, the Auksha and the bliss are here:
 These bring thee to the husbands, so to find the man whom thou. wouldst have.
 May Savitar lead and bring to thee the husband whom thy heart desires.
 O Plant, be this thy gift to her!

Book III

HYMN I

A prayer or charm for the defeat and destruction of enemies in battle

Let the wise Agni go against our foemen, burning against ill-will and imprecation
 Let him bewilder our opponents' army, Let Jātavedas smite and make them handleless.
 Mighty are ye for such a deed, O Maruts. Go forward, overcome them and destroy them.
 The Vasus slew, and these were left imploring. Wise Agni as our messenger assail them!
 O Maghavan, O Indra, thou who slayest fiends, and, Agni, thou,
 Burn, both of you, against these men, the foeman's host that threatens us.
 Shot down the slope, with thy two tawny coursers, forth go thy bolt, destroying foes, O Indra!
 Slay those who fly, slay those who stand and follow.
 On every side fulfil these men's intention.
 Indra, bewilder thou the foemen's army.
 With Agni's, Vāta's furious rush drive them away to every side.
 Let Indra daze their army. Let the Maruts slay it with their might.
 Let Agni take their eyes away, and let the conquered host retreat.

HYMN II

A rifaccimento or recension of I

May Agni, he who knows, our envoy, meet them, burning against ill-will and imprecation.
 May he bewilder our opponent's senses. May Jātavedas smite and make them handleless.
 This Agni hath bewildered all the senses that were in your hearts:
 Now let him blast you from your home, blast you away from every side.
 Dazing their senses, Indra, come hitherward with the wish and will.
 With Agni's, Vāta's furious rush drive them to every side away.
 Vanish, ye hopes and plans of theirs, be ye confounded, all their thoughts!
 Whatever wish is in their heart, do thou expel it utterly.
 Bewildering the senses of our foemen, seize on their bodies and depart, O Apvā!
 Go meet them, flame within their hearts and burn them. Smite thou the foes with darkness
 and amazement.
 That army of our enemies, O Maruts, that comes against us with' its might, contending—
 Meet ye and strike it with unwelcome darkness so that not one. of them may know another.

HYMN III

A charm for the restoration of an expelled king

Loudly he roared. Here let him labour deftly. Spread, Agni, over spacious earth and heaven.
 Let Maruts who possesses all treasures yoke thee. Bring him who reverently paid oblations.
 Though he be far away, let the red horses bring Indra, bring the sage to us and friendship,
 Since with Sautrāmani Gods for him o'erpower Gāyatri, Brihatī, and hymn of praises.
 King Varuna call thee hither from the waters! From hills and mountains Soma call thee
 hither!
 Let Indra call thee hither to these people. Fly hither to these people as a falcon.
 May the hawk bring the man who must be summoned, from far away, in alien land, an exile.
 May both the Asvins make thy pathway easy. Come, and unite yourselves with him, ye
 Kinsmen.

Let thine opponents call thee back. Thy friends have chosen, thee again.
 Indra and Agni, all the Gods have kept thy home amid the tribe.
 He who disputes our calling thee, be he a stranger or akin.
 Drive him, O Indra, far away, and do thou bring this man to us.

HYMN IV

A benediction at the election of a king

To thee hath come the kingship with its splendour: On! shine as lord, sole ruler of the people.
 King! let all regions of the heavens invite thee. Here let men wait on thee and bow before thee.

The tribesmen shall elect thee for the Kingship, these five celestial regions shall elect thee.
 Rest on the height and top of kingly power: thence as a mighty man award us treasures.
 Kinsmen, inviting thee, shall go to meet thee, with thee go

Agni as an active herald.

Let women and their sons be friendly-minded. Thou mighty one, shalt see abundant tribute.
 First shall the Asvins, Varuna and Mitra, the Universal Gods, and Maruts call thee.

Then turn thy mind to giving gifts of treasures, thence, mighty one, distribute wealth among us.

Speed to us hither from the farthest distance. Propitious unto thee be Earth and Heaven.
 Even so hath Varuna this King asserted, he who himself hath called thee: come thou hither.
 Pass to the tribes of men. O Indra, Indra. Thou the Varunas hast been found accordant.
 To his own place this one hath called thee, saying, Let him adore the Gods and guide the clansmen.

The Bounteous Paths in sundry forms and places, all in accord, have given thee room and comfort.

Let all of these in concert call thee hither. Live thy tenth decade here, a strong kind ruler.

HYMN V

A King's address to an amulet which is to strengthen his authority

This Parna-Amulet hath come, strong and destroying with its strength my rivals.
 The power of the Gods, the plants' sweet essence, may it incite me ceaselessly with vigour.
 O Parna-Amulet, in me set firmly might and opulence.
 Within the compass of my rule may I be rooted and supreme.
 That dear mysterious Amulet which Gods have set within the tree,
 May the Gods grant to me to wear together with extended life.
 As Indra's gift, by Varuna instructed, Parna hath come, the mighty strength of Soma:
 This would I, brightly shining, love and cherish for long life lasting through a hundred autumns.

The Parna-Charm hath come to me for great security from ill.
 That I may be exalted, yea, above the wealth of Aryaman.
 Sagacious builders of the car, cleaver and skilful artisans,—
 Make all the men on every side, Parna, obedient to my will
 The kings and makers of the kings, troop-leaders, masters of the horse,
 Make all the men on every side, Parna, obedient to my will.
 Thou, Parna, art my body's guard, man kin my birth to me a man.
 With splendour of the circling year I bind thee on me, Amulet!

HYMN VI

Address to an amulet which is to secure the defeat of the wearer's enemies

Masculine springs from masculine, Asvattha grows from Kha- dira,
 May it destroy mine enemies, who hate me and whom I detest.
 Crush down my foes, Asvattha! Rend, O Burster, those who storm and rage,
 With Indra, slayer of the fiends, with Mitra and with Varuna.
 As thou hast rent and torn apart, Asvattha! in the mighty sea,
 So rend asunder all those men who hate me and whom I detest.
 Thou who like some victorious bull displayest thy surpassing might,
 With thee, with thee, Asvattha! we would overcome our enemies.
 Nirriti bind them with the bonds of Death which never may be loosed.
 Mine enemies, Asvattha! those who hate me and whom I detest.
 As thou, Asvattha!, mountest on the trees and overthrowest them,
 So do thou break my foeman's head asunder and o'erpower him.
 Let them drift downward like a boat torn from the rope that fastened it.
 There is no turning back for those whom He who Cleaves hath driven away.
 With mental power I drive them forth, drive them with intellect and charm.
 We banish and expel them with the branch of an Asvattha tree.

HYMN VII

A charm with an amulet of buck horn to drive away hereditary disease
 The fleet-foot Roebuck wears upon his head a healing remedy.
 Innate disease he drives away to all directions with his horn.
 With his four feet the vigorous Buck hath bounded in pursuit of thee.
 Unbind the chronic sickness, Horn! deeply inwoven in the heart.
 That which shines yonder, like a roof resting on four walls, down on us,—
 Therewith from out thy body we drive all the chronic malady,
 May those twin stars, auspicious, named Releasers, up in yonder sky.
 Loose of the chronic malady the uppermost and lowest bond.
 Water, indeed, hath power to heal, Water drives malady away.
 May water—for it healeth all—free thee from permanent disease.
 Hath some prepared decoction brought inveterate disease on thee,
 I know the balm that healeth it: we drive the malady away.
 What time the starlight disappears, what time the gleams of
 Dawn depart,
 May evil fortune pass from us, the chronic sickness disappear.

HYMN VIII

A charm to secure the submission, love, and fidelity of kinsmen
 Let Mitra come, arranging, with the Seasons, lulling the Earth to rest with gleams of
 splendour.
 And so let Agni, Varuna, and Vāyu make our dominion tran- quil and exalted.
 May Indra, Tvastar hear my word with favour, may Dhātār,
 Rāti, Savitar accept it.
 I call the Goddess Aditi, heroes' mother, that I may be the centre of my kinsmen.
 Soma I call, and Savitar with homage, and all the Ādityas in the time of contest.
 Long may this fire send forth its splendour, lighted by kinsmen uttering no word against me.
 Here, verily, may you stay: go ye no farther. The strong Herd,
 Lord of Increase, drive you hither!
 To please this man may all the Gods together come unto you and be as dames who love him.
 We bend together all your minds, your vows and purposes we bend.

We bend together you who stand apart with hopes opposed to ours.
 I with my spirit seize and hold your spirits. Follow with thought and wish my thoughts and wishes.
 I make your hearts the thralls of my dominion; on me attendant come thy way I guide you.

HYMN IX

A charm against rheumatism (vishkondha)

Heaven is the sire, the mother Earth, of Karsapha and Visapha.
 As ye have brought them hither, Gods! so do ye move them hence away.
 The bands hold fast without a knot: this is the way that Manu- used.
 I make Vishkandha impotent as one emasculateth bulls.
 Then to a tawny-coloured string the wise and skilful bind a brush.
 Let bandages make impotent the strong and active Kābava.
 Ye who move active in your strength like Gods with Asuras' magic powers,
 Even as the monkey scorns the dogs, Bandages! scorn the
 Kābava.
 Yea, I will chide thee to thy shame, I will disgrace the Kābava.
 Under our imprecations ye, like rapid cars, shall pass away.
 One and one hundred over earth are the Vishkandhas spread abroad.
 Before these have they fetched thee forth. Vishkandha quelling
 Amulet.

HYMN X

A new year prayer

The First hath dawned. With Yama may it be a cow to pour forth milk.
 May she be rich in milk and stream for us through many a coming year.
 May she whom Gods accept with joy, Night who approacheth. as a cow,
 She who is Consort of the Year, bring us abundant happiness
 Thou whom with reverence we approach, O Night, as model of the Year,
 Vouchsafe. us children long to live; bless us with increase of our wealth.
 This same is she whose light first dawned upon us: she moves established in the midst of
 others:
 Great powers and glories are contained within her: a first-born bride, she conquers and bears
 children.
 Loud was the wooden pass-gear's ring and rattle, as it made annual oblation ready.
 First Ashtakā! may we be lords of riches, with goodly children and good men about us.
 The shrine of Ilā flows with oil and fatness: accept, O Jātavedas, our oblations.
 Tame animals of varied form and colour—may all the seven abide with me contented.
 Come thou to nourish me and make me prosper. Night! may the favour of the Gods attend us.
 Filled full, O Ladle, fly thou forth. Completely filled fly back again.
 Serving at every sacrifice bring to us food and energy.
 This Year hath come to us, thy lord and consort, O Ekāshṭakā.
 Vouchsafe us children long to live, bless us with increase of our wealth.
 The Seasons, and the Seasons' Lords I worship, annual parts and groups.
 Half years, Years, Months, I offer to the Lord of all existing things.
 I offer to the Seasons, to their several groups, to Months, to
 Years.
 Dhātār, Vidhātār, Fortune, to the lord of all existing things.
 With fatness and libation we sacrifice and adore the Gods.

Wealthy in kine may we retire to rest us in our modest homes.
 Ekāshṭakā, burning with zealous fervour, brought forth her babe the great and glorious Indra.
 With him the Gods subdued their adversaries: the Lord of
 Might became the Dasyus' slayer.
 Indra's and Soma's mother! thou art daughter of Prajāpati.
 Satisfy thou our hearts' desires. Gladly accept our sacrifice.

HYMN XI

A charm for the recovery of a dangerously sick man

For life I set thee free by this oblation both from unmarked' . decline and from consumption:
 Or if the grasping demon have possessed him, free him from her,.
 O Indra, thou and Agni!
 Be his days ended, be he now departed, be he brought very near to death already,
 Out of Destruction's lap again I bring him, save him for life to last a hundred autumns.
 With sacrifice thousand-eyed and hundred-powered, bringing a hundred lives, have I restored
 him,
 That Indra through the autumns may conduct him safe to the farther shore of all misfortune.
 Live, waxing in thy strength a hundred autumns, live through a hundred springs, a hundred
 winters!
 Indra, Agni, Savitar, Brihaspati give thee a hundred! With hundred-lived oblation have I
 saved him,
 Breath, Respiration, come to him, as two car-oxen to their stall!
 Let all the other deaths, whereof men count a hundred, pass away.
 Breath, Respiration, stay ye here. Go ye not hence away from him,
 Bring, so that he may reach old age, body and members back again.
 I give thee over to old age, make thee the subject of old age.
 Let kindly old age lead thee on. Let all the other deaths, whereof men count a hundred, pass
 away!
 Old age hath girt thee with its bonds even as they bind a bull with rope.
 The death held thee at thy birth bound with a firmly-knotted noose,
 Therefrom, with both the hands of Truth, Brihaspati hath loose- ned thee.

HYMN XII

A benediction on a newly built house

Here, even here I fix my firm-set dwelling; flowing with fatness may it stand in safety.
 May we approach thee, House! with all our people, uncharmed and goodly men, and dwell
 within thee,
 Even here, O House, stand thou on firm foundation, wealthy in horses, rich in kine and
 gladness.
 Wealthy in nourishment. in milk and fatness, rise up for great felicity and fortune.
 A spacious store, O House, art thou, full of clean corn and lofty-roofed.
 Let the young calf and little boy approach thee, and milch-kine streaming homeward in the
 evening.
 This House may Savitar and Vāyu stablish, Brihaspati who knows the way, and Indra.
 May the moist Maruts sprinkle it with fatness, and may King
 Bhaga make our corn-land fruitful.
 Queen of the home! thou, sheltering, kindly Goddess, wast sta- blished by the Gods in the
 beginning.
 Clad in thy robe of grass be friendly-minded, and give us wealth with goodly men about us.

Thou Pole, in ordered fashion mount the pillar. Strong, shining forth afar, keep off our foemen.

House! let not those who dwell within thee suffer. Live we with all our men, a hundred autumns.

To this the tender boy hath come, to this the calf with all the beasts,

To this crock of foaming drink, hither with jars of curdled milk.

Bring hitherward, O dame, the well-filled pitcher, the stream of molten butter blent with nectar.

Bedew these drinkers with a draught of Amrit.

May all our hopes' fulfilment guard this dwelling.

Water that kills Consumption, free from all Consumption, here I bring.

With Agni, the immortal one, I enter and possess the house.

HYMN XIII

A benediction on a newly cut water channel

As ye, when Ahi had been slain, flowed forth together with a roar,
So are ye called the Roaring Ones: this, O ye Rivers, is your name.

As driven forth by Varuna ye swiftly urged your rolling waves,
There Indra reached you as you flowed; hence ye are still the
Water-floods.

Indra restrained you with his might. Goddesses, as ye glided on
Not in accordance with his will: hence have ye got the name of
Streams.

One only God set foot on you flowing according to your will,
The mighty ones breathed upward fast: hence; Water is the name they bear.

Water is good, water indeed is fatness. Agni and Soma, truly, both bring water.

May the strong rain of those who scatter sweetness come helpful unto me with breath and vigour.

Then verily, I see, yea, also hear them: their sound approaches me, their voice comes hither.

Even then I think I am enjoying Amrit, what time I drink my fill of you, gold coloured!

Here, O ye Waters, is your heart. Here is your calf, ye holy ones.

Flow here, just here, O mighty Streams, whither I now am lead- ing you.

HYMN XIV

A benediction on a cattle pen

A Pen wherein to dwell at ease, abundance and prosperity,
Whate'er is called the birth of day, all this do we bestow on you.

May Aryaman pour gifts on you, and Pūshan, land Brihaspati,
And Indra, winner of the prize. Make ye my riches grow with me.

Moving together, free from fear, with plenteous droppings in this pen,
Bearing sweet milk-like Soma-juice, come hither free from all disease.

Come hither, to this place, O Cows: here thrive as though ye were manured.
Even here increase and multiply; let us be friendly, you and me.

Auspicious be this stall to you. Prosper like cultivated rice.

Even here increase and multiply. Myself do we bestow on you.

Follow me, Cows, as master of the cattle. Here may this Cow- pen make you grow and prosper,

Still while we live may we approach you living, ever increasing with the growth of riches.

HYMN XV

A merchant's prayer for success in his business

I stir and animate the merchant Indra; may he approach and be our guide and leader.
 Chasing ill-will, wild beast, and highway robber, may he who hath the power give me riches.
 The many paths which Gods are wont to travel, the paths which go between the earth and
 heaven,
 May they rejoice with me in milk and fatness that I may make rich profit by my purchase.
 With fuel. Agni! and with butter, longing, mine offering I present for strength and conquest;
 With prayer, so far as I have strength, adoring—this holy hymn to gain a hundred treasures.
 Pardon this stubbornness of ours. O Agni, the distant pathway which our feet have trodden.
 Propitious unto us be sale and barter, may interchange of merchandise enrich me.
 Accept, ye twain, accordant, this libation! Prosperous be our ventures and incomings.
 The wealth wherewith I carry on my traffic, seeking, ye Gods! wealth with the wealth I offer,
 May this grow more for me, not less: O Agni, through sacrifice chase those who hinder
 profit!
 The wealth wherewith I carry on my traffic, seeking, ye Gods! wealth with the wealth I offer,
 Herein may Indra, Savitar, and Soma, Prajāpati, and Agni give me splendour.
 With reverence we sign thy praise, O Hotar-priest Vaisvānara.
 Over our children keep thou watch, over our bodies, kine, and lives.
 Still to thee ever will we bring oblation, as to a stabled horse, O
 Jātavedas.
 Joying in food and in the growth of riches may we thy servants,
 Agni, never suffer.

HYMN XVI

A Rishi's morning prayer

Agni at dawn, and Indra we invoke at dawn, and Varuna and
 Mitra, and the Asvins twain:
 Bhaga at dawn, Pūshan and Brāhmanaspati, Soma at dawn, and
 Rudra we invoke at dawn.
 We all strong Bhaga, conqueror in the morning, the son of
 Aditi, the great Disposer,
 Whom each who deems himself poor, strong and mighty, a king, addresses thus, Grant thou
 my portion!
 Bhaga, our guide, Bhaga whose gifts are faithful, favour this hymn and give us wealth, O
 Bhaga.
 Bhaga, augment our store of kine and horses. Bhaga, may we be rich in men and heroes.
 So may felicity be ours at present, and when the Sun advances, and at noontide;
 And may we still, O Bounteous One, at sunset be happy in the
 Gods' protecting favour.
 May Bhaga verily be bliss-bestower, and through him, Gods! may happiness attend us.
 As such with all my might I call and call thee: as such be thou our leader here, O Bhaga.
 To this our sacrifice may the Dawns incline them, and come to the pure place like
 Dadhikrāvan.
 As strong steeds draw a chariot may they bring me hitherward
 Bhaga who discovers treasure.
 May the kind Mornings dawn on us for ever with, wealth of kine, of horses, and of heroes.
 Streaming with all abundance, pouring fatness,
 Do ye preserve us evermore with blessings!

HYMN XVII

A farmer's song and prayer to speed the plough

Wise and devoted to the Gods the skilful men bind plough-ropes fast,
And lay the yokes on either side.

Lay on the yokes and fasten well the traces: formed is the furrow, sow the seed within it.

Virāj vouchsafe us hearing fraught with plenty!

Let the ripe grain come near and near the sickle.

The keen-shared plough that bringeth bliss, furnished with traces and with stilts,
Shear out for me a cow, a sheep, a rapid drawer of the car, a blooming woman, plump and strong!

May Indra press the furrow down, may Pūshan guard and cherish her.

May she, well stored with milk yield milk for us through each succeeding year.

Happily let the shares turn up the ploughland, the ploughers happily follow the oxen.

Pleased with our sacrifice, Suna and Sira! make the plants bring this man abundant produce.

Happily work our steers and men! May the plough furrow happily,

Happily be the traces bound. Happily ply the driving-goad.

Suna and Sira, welcome ye this laud, and with the milk that ye have made in heaven,

Bedew ye both this earth of ours.

Auspicious Sitā, come thou near: we venerate and worship thee.

That thou mayst bless and prosper us and bring us fruits abundantly.

Loved by the Visvedevas and the Maruts, let Sitā be bedewed. with oil and honey.

Turn thou to us with wealth of milk, O Sitā, in vigorous strength and pouring streams of fatness.

HYMN XVIII

A jealous wife's incantation against a rival

From out the earth I dig this Plant, and herb of most effectual power,
Wherewith one quells the rival wife and gains the husband for one's self.

Auspicious, with expanded leaves, sent by the Gods, victorious
Plant,

Drive thou, the rival wife away, and make my husband only mine.

Indeed he hath not named her name: thou with this husband dalliest not,

Far into distance most remote we drive the rival wife away.

Stronger am I, O stronger one, yea, mightier than the mightier;

Beneath me be my rival wife, down, lower than the lowest dames!

I am the conqueror, and thou, thou also art victorious:

As victory attends us both we will subdue my fellowwife.

I've girt thee with the conquering Plant, beneath thee laid the mightiest one.

As a cow hastens to her calf, so let thy spirit speed to me, hasten like water on its way.

HYMN XIX

A glorification of the office of a king's household priest

Quickened is this my priest rank, quickened is manly strength and force,
Quickened be changeless power, whereof I am the conquering
President!

I quicken these men's princely sway, the might, the manly strength and force;

I rend away the foemen's arms with this presented sacrifice.

Down fall the men, low let them lie, who fight against our mighty prince,

I ruin foemen with my spell, and raise my friends to high estate.

Keener than is the axe's edge, keener than Agni's self are they,
 Keener than Indra's bolt are they whose Priest and President am I.
 The weapons of these men I whet and sharpen, with valiant heroes I increase their kingdom.
 Victorious be their power and ever ageless! May all the Gods promote their thoughts and wishes.
 Let their fierce powers, O Maghavan, be heightened, and upward go the shout of conquering heroes.
 Apart and clear, let shout and roar and shriek and lamentation rise!
 Let the Gods led by Indra, let the Maruts with our army go.
 Advance and be victorious, men I Exceeding mighty be your arms!
 Smite with sharp-pointed arrows those whose bows are weak.
 With your strong arms and weapons smite the feeble foe.
 Loosed from the bowstring fly away, thou Arrow, sharpened by our prayer.
 Assail the foemen, vanquish them, conquer each bravest man of theirs, and let not one of them escape.

HYMN XX

A prayer for riches and general prosperity

This is thine ordered place of birth whence sprung to life thou shinest forth.
 Knowing this, Agni, mount on high and cause our riches to increase.
 Turn hither, Agni, speak to us, come to us with a friendly mind.
 Enrich us, Sovran of the Tribes! Thou art the giver of our wealth.
 Let Aryaman vouchsafe us, wealth, and Bhaga, and Brihaspati,
 The Goddesses grant wealth to us, Sūnritā, Goddess, give me wealth!
 We call King Soma to our aid, and Agni with our songs and. hymn,
 The Ādityas, Vishnu, Sūrya, and the Brāhman-priest Brihaspati.
 Do thou, O Agni, with thy fires strengthen our prayer and. sacrifice.
 Incite thou us, O God, to give, and send us riches to bestow.
 Both Indra here and Vāyu we invoke with an auspicious call,
 That in assembly all the folk may be benevolent to us, and be inclined to give us gifts.
 Urge Aryaman to send us gifts, and Indra, and Brihaspati,
 Vāta, Vishnu, Sarasvati, and the strong courser Savitar.
 Now have we reached the ordering of power, and all these worlds of life are held within it.
 Let him who knows urge e'en the churl to bounty Give wealth. to us with all good men about us.
 May heaven's five spacious regions pour their milk for me with all their might.
 May I obtain each wish and hope formed by my spirit and my heart.
 May speech that winneth cows be mine. With splendour mount thou over me.
 May Vāyu hedge me round about May Pūshan make me prosperous.

HYMN XXI

In honour of fire in all shapes, to appease Agni of the funeral pile and to quench the flames of cremation

All Fires that are in water and in Vritra, all those that man and stones contain within them,
 That which hath entered herbs and trees and bushes—to all these Fires be this oblation offered.
 That which abides in Soma and in cattle, that which lies deep in birds and sylvan creatures,
 That which hath entered quadrupeds and bipeds—to all these
 Fires be this oblation offered.

The Fire that rideth by the side of Indra, the God Vaisvānara, . yea all-consuming,
 Whom, as the victor, I invoke in battles—to all these Fires be this oblation offered.
 The all-devouring God whom men call Kāma, he whom they call the Giver and Receiver,
 Invincible, pervading, wise, and mighty—to all these Fires be this oblation offered.
 To thee, strength-giver, glorious, rich in pleasant strains, whom. in their minds the thirteen
 creatures of the world,
 And the five sons of man regard as Hotar-priest—to all these-
 Fires be this oblation offered.
 To him who feeds on ox and cow, sage, bearing Soma on his back,
 To all Vaisvānara's followers—to these be this oblation paid.
 All fiery flames that follow after lightning, flashing o'er earth, through firmament and
 heaven,
 All that are in the wind and skyey regions—to all these Fires be this oblation offered.
 The golden-handed Savitar and Indra, Brihaspati, Varuna,
 Mitra, and Agni,
 The Angirases we call, the Visve Devas: let them appease this
 Agni, Flesh-devourer.
 Flesh-eating Agni is appeased, appeased is he who hurteth men.
 Now him who burneth every thing, the Flesh-consumer, have I stilled.
 The mountains where the Soma grows, the waters lying calm and still,
 Vāta, Parjanya, Agni's self have made the Flesh-consumer rest.

HYMN XXII

The taming and training of an elephant for a king to ride on
 Famed be the Elephant's strength, the lofty glory, which out of
 Aditi's body took existence!
 They all have given me this for my possession, even all the Gods and Aditi accordant.
 On this have Mitra, Varuna, Indra, and Rudra fixed their thought.
 May those all-fostering deities anoint and balm me with his strength.
 The strength wherewith the Elephant was dowered, that decks a
 King among the men, in waters,
 O Agni, even with that strength make thou me vigorous to-day.
 The lofty strength which sacrifice brings, Jātavedas! unto thee,
 What strength the Sun possesses, all strength of the royal Ele- phant—such strength
 vouchsafe to me the pair of Asvins lotus-garlanded!
 Far as the heaven's four regions spread, far as the eye's most distant ken.
 So wide, so vast let power be mine, this vigour of the Elephant.
 Now hath the Elephant become chief of all pleasant beasts to ride.
 With his high fortune and his strength I grace and conscorate myself.

HYMN XXIII

A charm to remove a woman's sterility, and to assure the birth of boys
 From thee we banish and expel the cause of thy sterility.
 This in another place we lay apart from thee and far removed.
 As arrow to the quiver, so let a male embryo enter thee.
 Then from thy side be born a babe, a ten-month child, thy hero son.
 Bring forth a male, bring forth a son. Another male shall follow him.
 The mother shalt thou be of sons born and hereafter to be born.
 With that auspicious general flow wherewith steers propagate their kind,

Do thou obtain thyself a son: be thou a fruitful mother-cow.
 I give thee power to bear a child: within, thee pass the germ of life!
 Obtain a son, O woman, who shall be a blessing unto thee. Be thou a blessing unto him.
 May those celestial herbs whose sire was Heaven, the Earth their mother, and their root the ocean.
 May those celestial healing Plants assist thee to obtain a son.

HYMN XXIV

A song of harvest

The plants of earth are rich in milk, and rich in milk is this my word,
 So from the rich in milk I bring thousandfold profit hitherward.
 Him who is rich in milk I know. Abundant hath he made our corn.
 The God whose name is Gatherer, him we invoke who dwelleth in his house who sacrifices not.
 All the five regions of the heavens, all the five races of man-kind,
 As after rain the stream brings drift, let them bring increase hitherward.
 Open the well with hundred streams, exhaustless, with a thousand streams.
 So cause this corn of ours to be exhaustless, with a thousand streams.
 O Hundred-handed, gather up. O Thousand-handed, pour thou forth.
 Bring hither increase of the corn prepared and yet to be prepared.
 Three sheaves are the Gandharvas' claim, the lady of the house hath four.
 We touch thee with the sheaf that is the most abundant of them all.
 Adding and Gathering are thy two attendants, O Prajāpati.
 May they bring hither increase, wealth abundant, inexhaustible.

HYMN XXV

A man's love-charm

Let the Impeller goad thee on. Rest not in peace upon thy bed.
 Terrible is the shaft of Love: therewith I pierce thee to the heart.
 That arrow winged with longing thought, its stem Desire, its neck, Resolve,
 Let Kāma, having truly aimed, shoot forth and pierce thee in the heart.
 The shaft of Kāma, pointed well, that withers and consumes the spleen.
 With hasty feathers, all aglow, therewith I pierce thee to the heart.
 Pierced through with fiercely-burning heat, steal to me with thy parching lips,
 Gentle and humble, all mine own, devoted, with sweet words of love.
 Away from mother and from sire I drive thee hither with a whip,
 That thou mayst be at my command and yield to every wish of mine.
 Mitra and Varuna, expel all thought and purpose from her heart.
 Deprive her of her own free will and make her subject unto me.

HYMN XXVI

A charm to win the favour of all serpents

Ye Gods who dwell within this eastward region, entitled
 Weapons, Agni forms your arrows.
 Be kind and gracious unto us and bless us. To you be reverence, to you be welcome!
 Ye Gods who dwell within this southward region, entitled Eager,
 Kāma forms your arrows.
 Be kind, etc.
 Ye Gods who dwell within this westward region, whose name is

Radiant, Water forms your arrows.

Be kind, etc.

Ye Gods who dwell within this northward region, whose name is Piercers, Vāta forms your arrows.

Be kind, etc.

Ye Gods whose home is in this firm-set region—Nilimpas is your name—Plants are your arrow.

Be kind, etc.

Ye Gods whose home is in this upmost region, Yearners by name, Brihaspati forms your arrows.

Be kind and gracious unto us and bless us. To you be reverence, to you be welcome!

HYMN XXVII

A charm consigning an enemy to the serpents for punishment

Agni is regent of the East, its warder is Asita, the Ādityas are the arrows.

Worship to these the regents, these the warders, and to the arrows, yea, to these be worship!

Within your jaws we lay the man who hateth us and whom we hate.

Indra is regent of the South, its warder Tiraschirāji, and the shafts the Fathers.

Worship to these the regents, these the warders, and to the arrows, yea, to these be worship!

Within your jaws we lay the man who hateth us and whom we hate.

Of the West region Varuna is ruler, Pridāku warder, Nourish-ment the arrows.

Worship, etc.

Soma is ruler of the Northern region, Svaja the warder, lightning's flash the arrows.

Worship, etc.

Vishnu is ruler of the firm-set region, Kalmāshagriva warder,

Plants the arrows.

Worship, etc.

Brihaspati controls the topmost region, Svitra is warder, and the Rain the arrows.

Worship to these the regents, these the warders, and to the arrows, yea, to these be worship,!

Within your jaws we lay the man who hateth us and whom we hate.

HYMN XXVIII

A charm to change the ill-omened birth of twin calves into a blessing

This cow was born to bring forth offspring singly, though they created kine of every colour.

When she produces twins in spite of Order, sullen, with groan and grudge she harms the cattle.

She brings destruction on the beasts, turned to a flesh-devouring worm.

Yes, give her to the Brāhman that she may bring luck and happiness.

Be thou auspicious to our folk, bring luck to horses and to kine.

Auspicious unto all this farm, bring luck and happiness to us.

Let there be rain and increase here, here be thou most munificent.

Mother of twins, prosper our herd.

Where, having left all sickness of their bodies, the pious lead, as friends, their lives of gladness

Nigh to that world approached the twin calves' mother. Let her not harm our people and our cattle.

Where lies the world of those dear friends, the pious, those who have brought due sacrifice to Agni

Nigh to that world approached the twins calves' mother. Let her not harm our people and our cattle.

HYMN XXIX

On the means to obtain immunity from taxation in the next world

When yonder kings who sit beside Yama divide among themselves the sixteenth part of hopes fulfilled,

A ram bestowed as sacrifice, white-footed, frees us from the tax.

He satisfies each hope and want, prevailing, present and prepared.

The wish-fulfilling ram, bestowed, white-footed is exhaustless still.

He who bestows a white-hooved ram, adequate to the place he holds.

Ascends to the celestial height, the heaven where tribute is not paid to one more mighty by the weak.

He who bestows a white-hooved ram, adequate to the place he holds.

Offered with five cakes, lives on that, unwasting, in the Fathers' world.

He who bestows a white-hooved ram, adequate to the place he holds,

Offered with five cakes, lives on that, wasteless, while Sun and.

Moon endure.

Like a refreshing draught, like sea, the mighty flood, he faileth not.

Like the two Gods whose home is one, the ram white-footed, faileth not.

Whose gift was this, and given to whom? Kāma to Kāma gave the gift.

Kāma is giver, Kāma is receiver. Kāma has passed into the sea.

Through Kāma do I take thee to myself. O Kāma, this is thine.

May Earth receive thee as her own, and this great interspace of air.

Neither in breath and body nor in progeny may this acceptance do me harm.

HYMN XXIX

On the means to obtain immunity from taxation in the next world

Freedom from hate I bring to you, concord and unanimity.

Love one another as the cow loveth the calf that she hath borne.

One-minded with his mother let the son be loyal to his sire.

Let the wife, calm and gentle, speak words sweet as honey to her lord.

No brother hate his brother, no sister to sister be unkind.

Unanimous, with one intent, speak ye your speech in friendliness.

That spell through which Gods sever not, nor ever bear each other hate,

That spell we lay upon your home, a bond of union for the men.

Intelligent, submissive, rest united, friendly and kind, bearing the yoke together.

Come, speaking sweetly each one to the other. I make you one-intentioned and one-minded.

Let what you drink, your share of food be common together, with one common bond I bid you.

Serve Agni, gathered round him like the spokes about the chariot nave.

With binding charm I make you all united, obeying one sole leader and one-minded.

Even as the Gods who watch and guard the Amrit, at morn and eve may ye be kindly-hearted.

HYMN XXXI

A charm for the recovery of one dangerously ill

May Gods release from failing strength, thou Agni, from malignity!

I free from every evil, from decline: I compass round with life.

May Pavamāna free from harm, and Sakra from unrighteous deed.

I free from every evil, from decline: I compass round with life.

Tame beasts have parted from wild beasts, water and thirst have gone apart

I free, etc.

Parted are heaven and earth, and paths turned to each quarter of the sky.

I free, etc.

Tvashtar prepares the bridal of his daughter; then all this world of life departs and leaves him.

I free, etc.

Agni combines the vital airs. The moon is closely joined with breath.

I free, etc.

The Gods have lifted up with breath the Sun whose might is everywhere.

I free, etc.

Die not. Live with the breath of those who make and who enjoy long life.

I free, etc.

Die not. Stay here. Breathe with the breath of those who draw the vital air.

I free, etc.

Rise up with life, conjoined with life. Up, with the sap of growing plants!

I free, etc.

We as immortal beings have arisen with Parjanya's rain,

I free from every evil, from decline: I compass round with life.

Book IV

HYMN I

Cosmogonical and mystico-theological doctrine

Eastward at first the prayer was generated: Vena disclosed bright flashes from the summit,
Disclosed his deepest, nearest revelations, womb of the non- existent and existent.

Let this Queen come in front, her Father's daughter, found in the worlds for earliest
generation.

For him they set this radiant vault in motion. Let them prepare warm milk for him who first
would drink.

He who was born as his all-knowing kinsman declareth all the deities' generations.

He from the midst of prayer his prayer hath taken. On high, below, spread forth his godlike
nature.

For he, true to the law of Earth and Heaven, established both the mighty worlds securely.

Mighty when born, he propped apart the mighty, the sky, our earthly home, and air's mid-
region.

He from the depth hath been reborn for ever, Brihaspati the world's sole Lord and Ruler.

From light was born the Day with all its lustre: through this let sages live endowed with
splendour.

The sage and poet verily advanceth the statute of that mighty

God primeval.

He was born here with many more beside him: they slumbered when the foremost side was
opened.

The man who seeks the friend of Gods, Atharvan the father, and Brihaspati, with worship,

Crying to him, Be thou all things' creator! the wise God, self- dependent, never injures.

HYMN III

A Charm against tigers, wolves, thieves and other noxious creatures

Three have gone hence and passed away, the man, the tiger, and the wolf.

Down, verily, the rivers flow, down-goeth the celestial Tree,. down let our foemen bend and
bow.

On distant pathway go the wolf, on pathway most remote the thief!

On a far road speed forth the rope with teeth, and the malicious man!

We crush and rend to pieces both thine eyes, O Tiger, and thy jaws and all the twenty claws
we break.

We break and rend the tiger first of creatures that are armed. with teeth;

The robber then, and then the snake, the sorcerer, and then the wolf.

The thief who cometh near to-day departeth bruised and crush- ed to bits.

By nearest way let him be gone. Let Indra slay him with his bolt.

Let the beast's teeth be broken off, shivered and shattered be his ribs!

Slack be thy bowstring: downward go the wild beast that pursues the hare!

Open not what thou hast compressed, close not what thou hast not compressed.

Indra's and Soma's child, thou art Atharvan's tiger-crushing charm.

HYMN IV

A charm to restore virile power

We dig thee from the earth, the Plant which strengthens and exalts the nerves,
 The Plant which the Gandharva dug for Varuna whose power was lost.
 Let Ushas and let Sūrya rise, let this the speech I utter rise.
 Let the strong male Prajāpati arise with manly energy.
 Sicut tui surgentis (membrum virile) tanquam inflammatum palpitat, hoc illud tui ardentius
 haec herba faciat.
 Sursum (estote) herbarum vires, taurorum vigor. Tu, Indra, corporis potens, virorum
 masculum robur in hoc homine depone.
 Ros aquarum primigenitus atque arborum, Somae etiam frater es, vatum sacrorum masculus
 vigor es.
 Hodie, Agnis! hodie Savitar! hodie dea Sarasvatis! hodie
 Brahmanaspatis! hujus fascinum velut arcum extende.
 Velut nervum in arcu ego tuum fascinum extendo. Aggredere
 (mulierem) semper indefessus velut cervus damam.
 Quae sunt equi vires, muli, capri, arietis, atque tauri, illas, cor- poris potens! in hoc homine
 depone.

HYMN V

A lover's sleep-charm

The Bull who hath a thousand horns, who rises up from out the sea,
 By him the strong and mighty one we lull the folk to rest and. sleep.
 Over the surface of the earth there breathes no wind, there looks. no eye.
 Lull all the women, lull the dogs to sleep, with Indra as thy friend!
 The woman sleeping in the court, lying without, or stretched on beds,
 The matrons with their odorous sweets—these, one and all, we lull to sleep.
 Each moving thing have I secured, have held and held the eye and breath.
 Each limb and member have I seized in the deep darkness of the night.
 The man who sits, the man who walks, whoever stands and clearly sees
 Of these we closely shut the eyes, even as we closely shut this house.
 Sleep mother, let the father sleep, sleep dog, and master of the home.
 Let all her kinsmen sleep, sleep all the people who are round about.
 With soporific charm, O Sleep, lull thou to slumber all the folk.
 Let the rest sleep till break of day, I will remain awake till dawn, like Indra free from scath
 and harm.

HYMN VI

A charm to make a poisoned arrow harmless

The Brāhman first was brought to life ten-headed and with faces ten.
 First drinker of the Soma, he made poison ineffectual.
 Far as the heavens and earth are spread in compass, far as the
 Seven Rivers are extended,
 So far my spell, the antidote of poison, have I spoken hence,
 The strong-winged Bird Garutmān first of all, O Poison fed on thee:
 Thou didst not gripe or make him drunk: aye, thou becamest food for him.
 Whoever with five fingers hath discharged thee from the crooked bow,
 I from the shaft have charmed away the poison of the fastening band.
 The poison have I charmed away from shaft, cement, and feather- ed end;
 Yea, from the barb, the neck, the horn, the poison have I charmed away.
 Feeble, O Arrow, is thy shaft, thy poison, too, hath lost its strength.

Made of a worthless tree, thy bow, O feeble one, is impotent.
 The men who brayed it, smeared it on, they who discharged it, sent it forth,
 All these are made emasculate, emasculate the poison-hill.
 Thy diggers are emasculate, emasculate, O, Plant art thou.
 The rugged mountain that produced this poison is emasculate.

HYMN VII

A charm to make a poisonous plant innocuous

So may this water guard us on the bank of Varanāvati.
 Therein hath Amrit been infused: with that I ward thy poison off.
 Weak is the poison of the East, weak is the poison of the North,
 So too this poison of the South counts as a cake of curds and meal.
 When he hath made of thee a cake, broad, steaming, swelling up with fat,
 And even in hunger eaten thee, then gripe him not, thou hideous one!
 Intoxicater! like a shaft we make thy spirit fly away, Like a pot boiling on the fire, we with
 our word remove thee hence.
 We set around thee with the spell as 'twere a gathered arma- ment.
 Stay quiet like a rooted tree. Dug up with mattocks, gripe not thou.
 For coverings men have bartered thee, for skins of deer and woven cloths.
 Thou art a thing of sale, O Plant. Dug up with mattocks, gripe not thou!
 None have attained to those of old, those who wrought holy acts for you.
 Let them not harm our heroes here. Therefore I set before you this.

HYMN VIII

A benediction at the consecration of a King

The Being lays the sap of life in beings: he hath become the sovran Lord of creatures.
 Death comes to this man's royal consecration: let him as King own and allow this kingdom.
 Come forward, turn not back in scorn, strong guardian, slayer of the foes.
 Approach, O gladdener of thy friends. The Gods have blessed and strengthened thee.
 All waited on him as he came to meet them. He self-resplendent moves endued with glory.
 That is the royal hero's lofty nature: he, manifold, hath gained immortal powers.
 Stride forth to heaven's broad regions, thou, a tiger on a tiger's skin.
 Let all the people long for thee. Let heavenly floods be rich in milk.
 Heaven's waters joyous in their milk, the waters of middle air, and those that earth
 containeth-
 I with the gathered power and might of all these waters sprinkle thee,
 The heavenly waters rich in milk have sprinkled thee with power and might.
 To be the gladdener of thy friends. May Savitar so fashion thee.
 These, compassing the tiger, rouse the lion to great joy and bliss.
 As strong floods purify the standing ocean, so men adorn the leopard in the waters

HYMN IX

A charm addressed to a precious ointment for safety and wealth

Approach! thou art the mountain's eye, the living thing that saveth us;
 A gift bestowed by all the Gods, yea, the defence that guardeth life.
 Thou art the safeguard of the men, thou art the safeguard of the kine,
 Thou standest ready to protect the horses that are fleet of foot.
 Thou, also, Salve! art a defence that rends and crushes sorcerers.
 Thou knowest, too, of Amrit, thou art the delight of all who live, a jaundice-curing balm art

thou.

Whomso thou creepest over, Salve! member by member, joint by joint,
 From him, like some strong arbiter of strife, thou banishest decline.
 No imprecation reaches him, no magic, no tormenting fiend,
 O Salve, Vishkandha seizes not the man who carries thee about.
 From lying speech, from evil dream, from wicked act and sinfulness,
 From hostile and malignant eye,—from these, O Salve, protect us well.
 I, knowing this, O Salve, will speak the very truth and not a lie:
 May I obtain both horse and ox, may I obtain thy life, O man.
 Three are the slaves that serve the Salve, Fever, Consumption, and the Snake.
 Thy father is the loftiest of mountains, named the Triple- peaked.
 Sprung from the Snowy Mountain's side, this Ointment of the
 Three-peaked hill.
 Crushes and rends all sorcerers and every witch and sorceress.
 If thou art from the Three-peaked hill or hast thy name from
 Yamunā,
 These names are both auspicious: by these two protect thou us,
 O Salve!

HYMN X

A charm accompanying investiture with an amulet of shell

Child of the wind firmament, sprung from the lightning and the light,
 May this the gold-born Shell that bears the pearl preserve us from distress.
 Shell that wast born from out the sea, set at the head of things that shine!
 With thee we slay the Rākshasas and overcome voracious fiends.
 We stay disease and indigence, and chase Sadānvās with the
 Shell.
 May the all-healing Shell that bears the pearl preserve us from distress.
 Born in the heaven, sprung from the sea, brought to us hither from the flood.
 This gold-born Shell shall be to us an amulet to lengthen life.
 From ocean sprang the Amulet, from Vritra sprang the Lord of
 Day:
 May this protect us round about from shaft of God and Asura.
 Peerless 'mid golden ornaments art thou: from Soma wast thou born.
 Thou gleamest on the quiver, thou art beautiful upon the car: may it prolong our days of life!
 Bone of the Good became the pearl's shell-mother endowed with soul it moveth in the
 waters.
 I bind this on thee for life, strength, and vigour, for long life lasting through a hundred
 autumns.
 May the pearl's mother keep and guard thee safely!

HYMN XI

A glorification of the sacrificial gharma or milk caldron

The Bull supports the wide-spread earth and heaven, the Bull supports the spacious air
 between them.
 The Bull supports the sky's six spacious regions: the universal world hath he pervaded.
 The Bull is Indra o'er the beasts he watches. He, Sakra measures out three several pathways.
 He, milking out the worlds, the past, the future, discharges all the Gods' eternal duties.
 Being produced among mankind as Indra, the Caldron works heated and brightly glowing.

Let him not, with good sons, pass off in vapour who hath not eaten of the Ox with knowledge.

The Ox pours milk out in the world of virtue: in earliest time, he, Pavamna, swells it.
 Parjanya is the stream, Maruts his udder, sacrifice is the milk, the meed his milking.
 That which not sacrifice nor sacrificer, not giver nor receiver rules and governs,
 All-winning, all-supporting, all-effecting,—which of all quadru-peds, tell us! is the Caldron?
 May we, fame-seekers, reach the world of virtue by service of the Gharma and through fervour,
 Whereby the Gods went up to heaven, the centre of life eternal, having left the body.
 Prajāpati, supreme and sovran ruler, Indra by form and by his shoulder Agni,
 Came to Visvānara, came to all men's Bullock: he firmly fortified and held securely.
 The middle of the Bullock's neck, there where the shoulder-bar is placed,
 Extends as far to east of him as that is settled to the west.
 He whosoever knows the seven exhaustless pourings of the Ox,
 Wins himself offspring and the world: the great Seven Rishis know this well.
 With feet subduing weariness, with legs extracting freshening draughts,
 Through toil the plougher and the Ox approach the honeyed beverage.
 Assigned are these twelve nights, they say, as holy to Prajāpati:
 Whoever knows their proper prayer performs the service of the Ox.

At evening he is milked, is milked at early morn, is milked at noon.
 We know that streams of milk that flow from him are inexhaustible.

HYMN XII

A charm to mend a broken bone

Thou art the healer, making whole, the healer of the broken bone:
 Make thou this whole, Arundhatī!
 Whatever bone of thine within thy body hath been wrenched or cracked,
 May Dhātār set it properly and join together limb by limb.
 With marrow be the marrow joined, thy limb united with the limb.
 Let what hath fallen of thy flesh, and the bone also grow again.
 Let marrow close with marrow, let skin grow united with the skin.
 Let blood and bone grow strong in thee, flesh grow together with the flesh.
 Join thou together hair with hair, join thou together skin with skin.
 Let blood and bone grow strong in thee. Unite the broken part,
 O Plant.
 Arise, advance, speed forth; the car hath goodly fellows, naves, and wheels!!
 Stand up erect upon thy feet.
 If he be torn and shattered, having fallen into a pit, or a cast stone have struck him,
 Let the skilled leech join limb with limb, as 'twere the portions of a car.

HYMN XIII

A charm to restore a sick man to health

Gods, raise again the man whom ye, O Gods, have humbled and brought low.
 Ye Gods, restore to life again, him, Gods! who hath committed sin.
 Here these two winds are blowing far as Sindhu from a distant land.
 May one breathe energy to thee, the other blow thy fault away.
 Hither, O Wind, blow healing balm, blow every fault away, thou Wind!

For thou who hast all medicine comest as envoy of the Gods.
 May the Gods keep and save this man, the Maruts' host deliver him.
 All things that be deliver him that he be freed from his offence.
 I am come nigh to thee with balms to give thee rest and keep thee safe.
 I bring thee mighty strength, I drive thy wasting malady away.
 Felicitous is this my hand, yet more felicitous is this.
 This hand contains all healing balms, and this makes whole with gentle touch.
 The tongue that leads the voice precedes. Then with our tenfold- branching hands.
 With these two healers of disease, we stroke thee with a soft caress.

HYMN XIV

Accompanying the sacrifice of a he-goat

The Goat was verily produced from Agni. Through sorrow he beheld, at first, his father.
 Through him at first the Gods attained to godhead, and, meet for sacrifices, were exalted.
 Bearing in hands seethed viands, go with Agni to the cope of heaven.
 Reaching the sky that touches heaven, mix with the company of
 Gods.
 From earth's high ridge to middle air I mounted, and from mid- air ascended up to heaven.
 From the high pitch of heaven's cope I came into the world of light.
 Mounting the sky they look not round; they rise to heaven through both the worlds,
 Sages who paid the sacrifice that pours its streams on every side.
 First among all the deities, come forward, thou who art eye of
 Gods and men, O Agni.
 Imploring, and accordant with the Bhrigus, to heaven in safety go the sacrificers!
 With milk and butter I anoint the mighty, celestial Goat, strong- winged, and full of juices.
 Through him will we attain the world of virtue, ascending to the loftiest cope, to heaven.
 Set the Goat's head toward the eastern region, and turn his right side to the southern quarter.
 His hinder part turn to the western quarter, and set his left side to the northern region.
 Set the Goat's backbone upmost in the zenith, and lay his belly downward in the nadir; set his
 midportion in mid-air between them.
 O'er the dressed Goat lay a dressed skin to robe him prepared, in perfect form, with all his
 members.
 Rise upward to the loftiest vault of heaven: with thy four feet stand firmly in the regions.

HYMN XV

A charm to hasten the coming of the rains

Let all the misty regions fly together, let all the rain-clouds sped by wind, assemble.
 Let waters satisfy the earth, the voices of the great mist-enve- loped Bull who roareth.
 Let them show forth, the strong, the bounteous Maruts: let plants and shrubs be hung with
 drops of moisture.
 Let floods of rain refresh the ground with gladness and herbs spring various with each form
 and colour.
 Cause us who sing to see the gathering vapours: out burst in many a place the rush of waters!
 Let floods of rain refresh the ground with gladness; and herbs spring various with each form
 and colour.
 Apart, Parjanya! let the troops of Maruts, roaring, swell the song.
 Let pouring torrents of the rain that raineth rain upon the earth.
 Up from the sea lift your dread might, ye Maruts: as light and splendour, send the vapour
 upward!

Let waters satisfy the earth, the voices of the great mist-enve- loped Bull who roareth.
Roar, thunder, set the sea in agitation, bedew the ground with thy sweet rain, Parjanya!
Send plenteous showers on him who seeketh shelter, and let the owner of lean kine go homeward.

Let the boon Maruts, let the springs and coiling serpents tend! you well.
Urged by the Maruts let the clouds pour down their rain upon. the earth.
Let lightning flash on every side: from all the regions blow the winds!
Urged by the Maruts let the clouds pour down their rain upon the earth.
May waters, lightning, cloud, and rain, boon springs and serpents tend you well.
Urged by the Maruts let the clouds pour down their rain upon the earth.
May he who hath become the plants' high regent, suiting our bodies, Agni of the Waters,
May Jātavedas send us rain from heaven, Amrit and vital breath to earthly creatures.
Sending up waters from the flood and ocean Prajapati move the sea to agitation!
Forth flow the moisture of the vigorous stallion!
With this thy roar of thunder come thou hither,
Our father, Lord divine pouring the torrents. Let the streams breathe, O Varuna, of the waters.
Pour the floods down: along the brooks and channels let frogs with speckled arms send out their voices.
They who lay quiet for a year, the Brāhmans who fulfil their vows.
The frogs, have lifted up their voice, the voice Parjanya hath. inspired.
Speak forth a welcome, female frog! Do thou O frog, accost the rain.
Stretch thy four feet apart, and swim in the middle of the lake.
Khanvakhā, ho! Khaimakhā, ho! thou in the middle, Taduri!
Fathers, enjoy the rain from one who strives to win the Marutes heart.
Lift up the mighty cask and pour down water; let the wind blow, and lightnings flash around us.
Let sacrifice be paid, and, widely scattered, let herbs and plants be full of joy and gladness.

HYMN XVI

On the omnipresence and omniscience of Varuna

The mighty Ruler of these worlds beholds as though from close at hand,
The man who thinks he acts by stealth: all this the Gods perceive and know.
If a man stands or walks or moves in secret, goes to his lying- down or his uprising,
What two men whisper as they sit together, King Varuna knows: he as the third is present.
This earth, too, is King Varuna's possession, and the high heaven whose ends are far asunder.
The loins of Varuna are both the oceans, and this small drop of water, too, contains him.
If one should flee afar beyond the heaven, King Varuna would still be round about him.
Proceeding hither from the sky his envoys look, thousand-eyed, over the earth beneath them.
All this the royal Varuna beholdeth, all between heaven and earth and all beyond them.
The twinklings of men's eyelids hath he counted. As one who plays throws dice he settles all things.
Those fatal snares of thine which stand extended, threefold,
O Varuna, seven by seven,
May they all catch the man who tells a falsehood, and pass un- harmed the man whose words are truthful.
Varuna, snare him with a hundred nooses! Man's watcher! let not him who lies escape thee.
There let the villain sit with hanging belly and bandaged like a cask whose hoops are broken.
Varuna sends, and drives away, diseases: Varuna is both native and a stranger,
Varuna is celestial and is human.

I bind and hold thee fast with all these nooses, thou son of such a man and such a mother.
All these do I assign thee as thy portion.

HYMN XVII

A charm to secure freedom from various evils

We seize and hold thee, Conquering One! the queen of medicines that heal.
O Plant, I have endowed thee with a hundred powers for every man,
Still conquering, banishing the curse, mighty, with thy reverted bloom.
Thee and all Plants have I invoked: Hence let it save us! was my prayer.
She who hath cursed us with a curse, or hath conceived a murderous sin,
Or seized our son to take his blood, may she devour the child she bare.
What magic they have wrought for thee in dish unbaked or burnt dark-red,
What they have wrought in flesh undressed,—conquer the sorcerers therewith.
Ill dream and wretchedness of life, Rākshasa, monster, stingy hags,
All the she-fiends of evil name and voice, we drive away from us.
Death caused by famine, caused by thirst, failure of children, loss of kine,
With thee, O Apāmārga, all this ill we cleanse and wipe away.
Death caused by thirst, death caused by stress of hunger, loss at play with dice,
All this, O Apāmārga with thine aid we cleanse and wipe away.
The Apāmārga is alone the sovrane of all Plants that grow.
With this we wipe away whate'er hath fallen on thee: go in health!

HYMN XVIII

A counter-charm against the incantations of enemies

The moonlight equalleth the sun, night is the rival of the day.
I make effectual power my help: let magic arts be impotent.
Gods! if one make and bring a spell on some man's house who knows it not,
Close as the calf that sucks the cow may it revert and cling to him.
When one puts poison in a dish of unbaked clay to kill a man,
It cracks when set upon the fire with the sharp sound of many stones.
Endowed with thousand powers! adjure the bald and those with necks awry.
Back to its author turn the spell like a dear damsel to her friend!
I with this Plant have ruined all malignant powers of witchery.
The spell which they have laid upon thy field, thy cattle, or thy men.
No power had he who wrought the spell: he hurt his foot, he broke his toe.
His act hath brought us happiness and pain and sorrow to himself.
Let Apāmārga sweep away chronic disease and every curse,
Sweep sorceresses clean away, and all malignant stingy hags.
Sweep thou away the sorcerers, all stingy fiendish hags away.
All this, O Apāmārga, with thine aid we wipe away from us.

HYMN XIX

A counter-charm and charm to secure general protection.

Thou breakest ties of kith and kin, thou causest, too, relationship:
So bruise the sorcerer's offspring, like a reed that groweth in the
Rains.
Thou hast been blessed with blessing by the Brāhman, Kanva
Nārshada.
Thou fliest like a flashing dart: there is no fear or danger, Plant! within the limit of thy range.

Illumining, as 'twere, with light, thou movest at the head of plants.
 The saviour of the simple man art thou, and slayer of the fiends.
 As once when time began the Gods with thee expelled the
 Asuras,
 Even thence, O Plant, wast thou produced as one who wipes and sweeps away.
 Thy father's name was Cleaver. Thou with thousand branches cleavest all.
 Do thou, turned backward, cleave and rend the man who treateth us as foes.
 The evil sprang from earth; it mounts to heaven and spreads to vast extent.
 Reverted, shaking him with might, thence on its maker let it fall.
 For thou hast grown reverted, and turned backward also is thy fruit.
 Remove all curses far from me, keep most remote the stroke of death.
 Preserve me with a hundred, yea, protect me with a thousand aids.
 May mighty Indra, Lord of Plants! give store of strength and. power to thee.

HYMN XX

A charm for the acquisition of superhuman powers of sight
 It sees in front, it sees behind, it sees afar away, it sees
 The sky, the firmament, and earth: all this, O Goddess, it beholds.
 Through thee, O godlike Plant, may I behold all creatures that exist,
 Three several heavens, three several earths, and these six regions one by one.
 The pupil, verily, art thou of that celestial Engle's eye.
 On earth hast thou alighted as a weary woman seeks her couch.
 The God who hath a thousand eyes give me this Plant in my right hand!
 I look on every one therewith, each Sūdra and each Āryan man.
 Make manifest the forms of things; hide not their essences from sight.
 And, thou who hast a thousand eyes, look the Kimidins in the face.
 Make me see Yātudhānas, make thou Yātudhānis visible.
 Make me see all Pisāchas With this prayer, O Plant, I hold thee fast.
 Thou art the sight of Kasyapa and of the hound who hath four eyes.
 Make the Pisācha manifest as Sūrya when he rides at noon.
 Kimidin, Yātudhāna from their hiding-places have I dragged.
 I look on every one with this, Sūdra and Aryan man alike.
 Make that Pisācha visible, the fiend who flies in middle air,
 The fiend who glides across the sky, and him who deems the earth his help.

HYMN XXI

Glorification and benediction of cows

The kine have come and brought good fortune: let them rest in the cow-pen and be happy
 near us.
 Here let them stay prolific, many-coloured, and yield through many morns their milk for
 Indra.
 Indra aids him who offers sacrifice and praise: he takes not what is his, and gives him more
 thereto.
 Increasing ever more and ever more his wealth, he makes the pious dwell within unbroken
 bounds.
 These are ne'er lost, no robber ever injures them: no evil-minded foe attempts to harass them.
 The master of the kine lives a long life with these, the Cows whereby he pours his gifts and
 serves the Gods.
 The charger with his dusty brow o'ertakes them not, and never to the shambles do they take

their way.

These Cows, the cattle of the pious worshipper, roam over wide- spread pasture where no danger is.

To me the Cows seem Bhaga, they seem Indra, they seem a portion of the first poured Soma. These present Cows, they, O ye men, are Indra. I long for Indra with my heart and spirit. O Cows, ye fatten e'en the worn and wasted, and make the unlovely beautiful to look on. Prosper my home, ye with auspicious voices! Your power is magnified in our assemblies. In goodly pasturage, bright-hued, prolific, drinking pure water at fair drinking-places, Never be thief or sinful man your master, and may the dart of Rudra still avoid you!

HYMN XXII

A benediction on a newly consecrated king

Exalt and strengthen this my Prince, O Indra, Make him sole lord and leader of the people. Scatter his foes, deliver all his rivals into his hand in struggles for precedence.

Give him a share in village, kine, and horses, and leave his enemy without a portion.

Let him as King be head and chief of Princes, Give up to him,

O Indra, every foeman.

Let him be treasure-lord of goodly treasures, let him as King be master of the people.

Grant unto him great power and might, O Indra, and strip his enemy of strength and vigour.

Like milch-kine yielding milk for warm libations, pour, Heaven and Earth! on him full many a blessing.

May he as King be Indra's well-beloved, the darling of the kine, the plants, the cattle.

I join in league with thee victorious Indra, with whom men conquer and are ne'er defeated.

He shall make thee the folk's sole lord and leader, shall make thee highest of all human rulers.

Supreme art thou, beneath thee are thy rivals, and all, O King, who were thine adversaries.

Sole lord and leader and allied with Indra, bring, conqueror, thy foremen's goods and treasures.

Consume, with lion aspect, all their hamlets, with tiger aspect, drive away thy foemen.

Sole lord and leader and allied with Indra, seize, conqueror, thine enemies' possessions.

HYMN XXIII

Magnification of Agni and prayer for his protection

I fix my heart on wise and ancient Agni, the Five Tribes' Lord, in many a place enkindled.

We seek him who hath entered all our houses. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

As thou conveyest offerings, Jātavedas! and fashionest the sacri- fice with knowledge,

So bear thou to the Gods the prayer we utter. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

I pray to Agni in each act successful, employed in every sacrifice, the strongest,

Fiend-slayer, served with fatness, strengthening worship. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

We invoke the oblation-bearer, well-born Agni Jātavedas,

Him, Vaisvānara, almighty. May he set us free from trouble.

With whom as friend the Rishis gave their power new splendour, with whom they kept aloof the Asuras' devices,

Agni, with whom Indra subdued the Panis. May he deliver us. from grief and trouble.

Through whom the Gods discovered life eternal, through whom they stored the plants with pleasant juices,

Through whom they brought to men the light of heaven. May he deliver us from grief and

trouble.

I, suppliant, praise and ever call on Agni, sole Lord of all this world, of all that shineth,
Of what exists and shall exist hereafter. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXIV

A hymn of prayer and praise to Indra

I think of Indra, only him for ever, fiend-slayer, May these lauds of mine come near him.
He cometh to the pious offerer's calling. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.
Who with strong arms o'ercame his strong opponents, who broke and crushed the power of
the demons,

Who won the rivers and the kine in battle. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

Ruler of men, finder of light, the hero: the pressing-stones declare his valour, master.

Of sweetest sacrifice with seven Hotars. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

The lord of barren cows and bulls and oxen, finder of light for whom the posts are planted,
For whom the bright juice flows cleansed by devotion. May he deliver us from grief and
trouble.

Whose favour those desire who offer Soma, whom, arrow-bearer, men invoke in battle,
On whom the hymn depends, in whom is power, May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

Why was born, first, for active operation, whose valour as the first hath been awakened,

Who raised his bolt when he encountered Ahi. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

Strong Lord, who leadeth hosts to meet for battle, who sendeth riches both of earth and
heaven,

I, suppliant, praise and ever call on Indra. May he deliver us from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXV

A hymn of prayer and praise to Vāyu and Savitar

I think on Vāyu's and Savitar's holy rites, ye twain who penetrate and guard the living world:

Ye who have come to be this All's pervaders, deliver us, ye two from grief and trouble.

Ye who have counted up the earth's expanses, and in the sky smoothed out the air's mid-
region,

Whose going-forth hath ne'er been reached by any, deliver us, ye two, from grief and trouble.

Beauteously bright! men rest in thy dominion when thou hast risen up and hastened onward.

Ye, Vāyu, Savitar, preserve all creatures. Deliver us, ye, twain, from grief and trouble.

Hence, Vāyu, Savitar drive evil action, chase Simidā away, drive off the demons.

Ye give us store of energy and power. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Of their own selves let Savitar and Vāyu send favourable strength and wealth and plenty.

Here give us perfect freedom from consumption. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye, Savitar and Vāyu, to assist us, enjoy the hymn and the delightful cheerer.

Come hither downward from the stream of blessing. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and
trouble.

Like noblest benisons they have stayed in the God loving man's abode.

I glorify bright Savitar and Vāyu. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXVI

A hymn to Heaven and Earth

O Heaven and Earth, I think on you, wise, givers of abundant gifts, ye who through
measureless expanses have spread forth.

For ye are seats and homes of goodly treasures. Deliver us, ye twain from grief and trouble.

Yea, seats and homes are ye of goodly treasures, grown strong, divine, blessed, and far-

extending,

To me, O Heaven and Earth, be ye auspicious. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.
I call on you who warm and cause no sorrow, deep, spacious, meet to be adored by poets.

To me, O Heaven and Earth, be ye auspicious. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye who maintain Amrit and sacrifices, ye who support rivers and human beings,

To me, O Heaven and Earth, be ye auspicious, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye by whom cows and forest trees are cherished within whose range all creatures are included,

To me, O Heaven and Earth, be ye auspicious. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye who delight in nectar and in fatness, ye without whom men have no strength or power,

To me, O Heaven and Earth, be ye auspicious. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

The grief that pains me here, whoever caused it, not sent by fate, hath sprung from human action.

I, suppliant, praise Heaven, Earth, and oft invoke them. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXVII

A hymn to the Maruts

I think upon the Maruts: may they bless me, may they assist me to this wealth in battle.

I call them like swift well-trained steeds to help us. May they deliver us from grief and trouble.

Those who surround the never-failing fountain for ever, and bedew the plants with moisture,

The Maruts, Prini's sons, I chiefly honour. May they deliver us from grief and trouble.

Bards, who invigorate the milk of milch-kine, the sap of growing plants, the speed of coursers

To us may the strong Maruts be auspicious. May they deliver us from grief and trouble.

They who raised water from the sea to heaven and send it from the sky to earth in showers,

The Maruts who move mighty with their waters, may they deliver us from grief and trouble.

They who delight in nectar and in fatness, they who bestow upon us health and vigour.

The Maruts who rain mighty with their waters, may they deliver us from grief and trouble.

Whether with stormy might the Maruts established this All, or

Gods with their celestial power,

Ye, kindly Gods, are able to restore it. May they deliver us from grief and trouble.

Potent in battles is the Maruts' army, impetuous train, well-known, exceeding mighty.

I, suppliant, praise and oft invoke the Maruts. May they deliver us from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXVIII

A hymn to Bhava and Sarva

I Reverence you—mark this—Bhava and Sarva, ye under whose control is this that shineth.

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped. Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Lords of all near and even of what is distant, famed as the best and skilfullest of archers,

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Thousand-eyed foe-destroyers, I invoke you, still praising you the strong, of wide dominion:

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye who of old wrought many a deed in concert, and showed among mankind unhappy omens;

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye from the stroke of whose destroying weapon not one among the Gods or men escapeth,

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Hurl your bolt, strong Gods, at the Yātudhāna, him who makes ready roots and deals in

magic:

Lords of this world both quadruped and biped, Deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.
Comfort and aid us, ye strong Gods, in battles, at each Kimidin send your bolt of thunder.
I, suppliant, praise and ever call on Bhav and Sarva. Set us free from grief and trouble.

HYMN XXIX

A hymn to Mitra-Varuna

You twain, O Mitra, Varuna, I honour, Lawstrengtheners, wise, who drive away oppressors.
Ye who protect the truthful in his battles, deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.
Ye the wise Gods who drive away oppressors, ye who protect the truthful in his battles,
Who come, men's guards, to juice pressed forth by Babhru,. deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Mitra and Varuna who help Agasti, Atri, and Angiras, and
Jamadagni,

Ye who help Kasyapa, who help Vasishtha, deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Mitra and Varuna, who help Syāvāsva, Atri, and Purumilha, and Vadhryasva,

Ye who help Vimada and Saptavadhri, deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye, Varuna, Mitra, who give aid to Kutsa, Gavishthira,

Bharadvāja, Visvāmitra,

Who help Kakshivan and give aid to Kanva, deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Ye, Mitra, Varuna, who help Trisoka, Medhātithi, and Usanā son of Kavi,

Ye, Gotama's and Mudgala's protectors, deliver us, ye twain, from grief and trouble.

Whose straight-reined car that keeps the track of goodness assails and ruins him who walks
perversely

I, suppliant, praise with constant invocation Mitra and Varuna.

Save us from affliction.

HYMN XXX

A glorification of vāk or speech

I travel with the Rudras and the Vasus, with the Ādityas and
All-Gods I wander.

I hold aloft both Varuna and Mitra, I hold aloft Indra and both the Asvins.

I am the Queen, the gatherer-up of treasures, most thoughtful, first of those who merit
worship.

The Gods, making me enter many places, in diverse spots have set mine habitation.

I, verily, myself announce and utter the word that Gods, and men alike shall welcome.

I make the man I love exceeding mighty, make him a sage, a

Rishi, and a Brāhman.

Through me alone all eat the food that feeds them, each man who sees, breathes, hears, the
word out-spoken.

They know it not, but yet they dwell beside me. Hear, one and all, the truth as I declare it.

I bend the bow for Rudra that his arrow may strike and slay the hater of devotion.

I rouse and order battle for the people, and I have penetrated

Earth and Heaven.

I cherish and sustain high-swelling Soma, and Tvashtar I support,

Pashan, and Bhaga.

I load with wealth the zealous sacrificer who pours the juice and offers his oblation.

On the world's summit I bring forth the Father: my home is in the waters, in the ocean.

Thence I extend o'er all existing creatures, and touch even yonder heaven with my forehead.

I breathe a strong breath like the wind and tempest, the while I hold together all existence.
Beyond this wide earth and beyond the heavens I have become so mighty in my grandeur.

HYMN XXXI

A hymn to Manyu or Wrath

Borne on with thee, O Manyu girt by Maruts, let our brave men, impetuous, bursting forward,
March on, like flames of fire in form, exulting, with pointed arrows, sharpening their
weapons.

Flashing like fire, be thou, O conquering Manyu, invoked, O victor, as our army's leader.
Slay thou our foes, distribute their possession: show forth thy vigour, scatter those who hate
us.

O Manyu, overcome those who assail us. On! breaking, slaying, crushing down the foemen.
They have not hindered thine impetuous vigour: mighty! sole born! reduce them to
subjection.

Alone of many thou art worshipped, Manyu: sharpen the spirit of each clan for combat.
With thee to aid, O thou of perfect splendour, we raise the glorious battle-shout for conquest.
Unyielding, bringing victory like Indra, O Manyu be thou here our sovran ruler.
To thy dear name. O victor, we sing praises: we know the spring from which thou art come
hither.

Twin-borne with power, destructive bolt of thunder the highest conquering might is thine,
subduer!

Be friendly to us in thy spirit, Manyu! O much-invoked, in shock of mighty battle!
For spoil let Varuna and Manyu give us the wealth of both sides gathered and collected;
And let our enemies with stricken spirits, o'erwhelmed with terror, sling away defeated.

HYMN XXXII

A hymn to Manyu

He who hath revered thee, Manyu, destructive bolt! breeds. for himself forthwith all
conquering energy.

Arya and Dāsa will we conquer with thine aid, with thee the conqueror, with conquest
conquest-sped.

Manyu was Indra, yea, the God was Manyu; Manyu was Hotar
Varuna, Jātavedas.

The tribes of human lineage worship Manyu. Accordant, with thy fervour, Manyu! guard us.
Come hither, Manyu, mightier than the mighty: smite, with thy fervour, for ally, our foemen.
Slayer of foes, of Vritra, and of Dasyu, bring thou to us all kinds of wealth and treasure.

For thou art, Manyu, of surpassing vigour, fierce, queller of the foe, and self-existent,
Shared by all men, victorious, subduer: vouchsafe to us superior strength in battles.

I have departed still without a portion, wise God! according to thy will, the mighty.

I, feeble man, was wroth with thee, O Manyu. Come in thy proper form and give us vigour.
Come hither, I am all thine own: advancing, turn thou to me, victorious, all-bestowing.

Come to me, Manyu, wielder of the thunder: bethink thee of thy friend, and slay the Dasyus.
Approach, and on our right hand hold thy station, then let us slay a multitude of foemen.
The best of meath I offer to support thee: may we be first to drink thereof in quiet.

HYMN XXXIII

A prayer to Agni for protection and prosperity

Chasing our pain with splendid light, O Agni, shine thou wealth on us.
His lustre flash our pain away.

For goodly fields, for pleasant homes, for wealth we sacrifice to thee.
 His lustre flash our pain away!
 Best praiser of all these be he, and foremost be our noble chiefs.
 His lustre flash our pain away!
 So that thy worshipper and we, thine, Agni! in our sons may live.
 His lustre flash our pain away!
 As ever conquering Agni's beams of splendour go to every side,
 His lustre flash our pain away.
 To every side thy face is turned, thou art triumphant everywhere.
 His lustre flash our pain away!
 O thou whose face looks every way, bear off our foes as in a ship.
 His lustre flash our pain away!
 As in a ship across the flood, transport us to felicity. His lustre flash our pain away

HYMN XXXIV

Glorification of the Vishtāri sacrifice

The head of this is prayer, its back the Brihat, Odanas's belly is the Vāmadevya;
 Its face reality, its sides the metre, Vishtāri sacrifice produced from fervour.
 Boneless, cleansed, purified by him who cleanseth, they go resplendent to the world of splendour.
 Fire burneth not their organ of enjoyment: much pleasure have they in the world of Svarga.
 Never doth want or evil fortune visit those who prepare oblation called Vishtāri.
 He goes unto the Gods, he dwells with Yama, he joys among
 Gandharvas meet for Soma.
 Yama robs not of generative vigour the men who dress oblation called Vishtāri.
 Borne on his car, a charioteer, he travels: endowed with wings he soars beyond the heavens.
 Strongest is this, performed, of sacrifices: he hath reached heaven who hath prepared Vishtāri.
 The oval-fruited lotus spreads his fibre: there bloom the nelo-phar and water-lilies.
 Abundant with their overflow of sweetness, these streams shall reach thee in the world of Svarga, whole lakes with lotus-blossom shall approach thee.
 Full lakes of butter with their banks of honey, flowing with wine, and milk and curds and water
 Abundant with their overflow of sweetness, these streams shall reach thee in the world of Svarga, whole lakes with lotus-blossom shall approach thee.
 I give four pitchers, in four several places, filled to the brim with milk and curds and water.
 Abundant with their overflow of sweetness, these streams shall reach thee in the world of Svarga, whole lakes with lotus-blossom shall approach thee.
 I part this Odana among the Brāhmans, Vishtāri, conquering worlds and reaching heaven.
 Let me not lose it: swelling by its nature, be it my perfect Cow to grant all wishes!

HYMN XXXV

Magnification of the Odana or oblation of milk and rice

Odana which Prajāpati, the firstborn of Order, dressed with fervour for the Brāhman, which guards the worlds from breaking at the centre,—I with this
 Odana will conquer Mrityu.
 Whereby the World-Creators vanquished Mrityu, that which they found by fervour, toil and trouble,
 That which prayer first made ready for the Brāhman,—I with this Odana will conquer Mrityu.

That which upholds the Earth, the all-sustainer, that which hath filled air's middle realm with moisture,
 Which, raised on high in grandeur, stablished heaven,—I with this Odana will conquer Mrityu.
 From which the months with thirty spokes were moulded, from which the twelve-spoked year was formed and fashioned.
 Which circling day and night have ne'er o'ertaken,—I with this Odana will conquer Mrityu.
 Which hath become breath-giver, life-bestower; to which the worlds flow full of oil and fatness,
 To whom belong all the refulgent regions,—I with this Odana will conquer Mrityu.
 From which, matured, sprang Amrit into being, which hath become Gāyātris lord and ruler,
 In which the perfect Vedas have been treasured,—I with this Odana will conquer Mrityu,
 I drive away the hostile God-despiser: far off be those who are mine adversaries,
 I dress Brahmaudana that winneth all things. May the Gods hear me who believe and trust them.

HYMN XXXVI

A charm against fiends, human enemies, and other pests
 Endowed with true strength, let the Bull, Agni Vaisvānara, burn them up.
 Him who would pain and injure us, him who would treat us as a foe.
 Him who, unharmed, would injure us, and him who, harmed, would do us harm,
 I lay between the doubled fangs of Agni, of Vaisvānara.
 Those who, what time the moon is dark, hunt with loud cry and answering shout,
 Flesh-eaters, others who would harm,—all these I overcome with might.
 I conquer the Pisāchas with my power, and take their wealth away.
 All who would injure us I slay. Let mine intention have success.
 With Gods who flee with him, and match their rapid motion with the Sun,
 I with those animals who dwell in rivers and on hills am found.
 I trouble the Pisāchas as the tiger plagues men rich in kine.
 They, even as dogs when they have seen a lion, find no hiding- place.
 Naught with Pisāchas can I do, with thieves, with roamers of the wood.
 Pisāchas flee and vanish from each village as I enter it.
 Into whatever village this mine awful power penetrates,
 Thence the Pisāchas flee away, and plot no further mischief there.
 Those who enrage me with their prate, as flies torment an elephant,
 I deem unhappy creatures, like small insects troublesome to man.
 Destruction seize upon the man, as with a cord they hold a horse,
 The fool who is enraged with me! He is not rescued from the noose.

HYMN XXXVII

A charm against Gandharvas and Apsarases
 With thee, O Plant, in olden time Atharvans smote and slew the fiends.
 Kasyapa smote with thee, with thee did Kanava and Agastya smite.
 With thee we scare and drive away Gandharvas and Apsarases.
 O Ajasringi, chase the fiends. Cause all to vanish with thy smell.
 Let the Apsarases, puffed away, go to the river, to the ford,—
 Guggulū, Pīlā, Naladi, Aukshagandhi, Pramandini.

Ye have become attentive since the Apsarases have past away.
 Where great trees are, Asvatthas and Nyagrodhas with their leafy crests,
 There where your swings are green and bright, and lutes and cymbals sound in tune,
 'Ye have become attentive since the Apsarases have past away.
 Hither hath come this one, the most effectual of herbs and plants.
 Let Ajasringi penetrate, Arāaki with sharpened horn.
 From the Gandharva, dancing near, the lord of the Apsarases,
 Wearing the tuft of hair, I take all manhood and virility.
 With those dread hundred iron spears, the darts of Indra, let it pierce.
 The Blyxa-fed Gandharvas, those who bring no sacrificial gift.
 With those dread hundred golden spears, the darts of Indra, let it pierce.
 The Blyxa-fed Gandharvas, those who bring no sacrificial gift.
 O Plant, be thou victorious, crush the Pisāchas, one and all,
 Blyxa-fed, shining in the floods, illumining the selfish ones.
 Youthful, completely decked with hair, one monkey-like, one like a dog,—
 So the Gandharva, putting on a lovely look, pursues a dame.
 Him with an efficacious charm we scare and cause to vanish hence.
 Your wives are the Apsarases, and ye, Gandharvas, are their lords.
 Run ye, immortal ones, away: forbear to interfere with men!

HYMN XXXVIII

A charm for success in gambling

Hither I call the Apsaras, victorious, who plays with skill,
 Her who comes freely fort to view, who wins the stakes in games of dice.
 Hither I call that Apsaras who scatters and who gathers up.
 The Apsaras who plays with skill and takes her winnings in the game.
 Dancing around us with the dice, winning the wager by her play.
 May she obtain the stake for us and gain the victory with skill.
 May she approach us full of strength: let them not win this wealth of ours.
 Hither I call that Apsaras, the joyous, the delightful one—
 Those nymphs who revel in the dice, who suffer grief and yield to wrath.
 Who follow in their course the rays of Sūrya, or as a particle of light attend him.
 Whose leader from afar, with store of riches, compasses quickly all the worlds and guards them.
 Pleased, may he come to this our burnt oblation, together with the Air, enriched with treasure.
 Together with the Air, O rich in treasure, guard here the white cow and the calf, O mighty!
 Here are abundant drops for thee, come hither! Here is thy white calf, let thy mind be with us.
 Together with the Air, O rich in treasure, keep the white calf in safety here, O mighty!
 Here is the grass, here is the stall, here do we bind the calf. We are your masters, name by name. All Hail!

HYMN XXXIX

A prayer to various deities for health, wealth, and prosperity

Agni no earth hath had mine homage. May he bless me.
 As I have bowed me down to Agni on the earth, so let the
 Favouring Graces bow them down to me.
 Earth is the Cow, her calf is Agni. May she with her calf Agni yield me food, strength, all my
 wish, life first of all, and off- spring, plenty, wealth. All Hail!
 Vāyu in air hath had mine homage. May he bless me.

As I have bowed me down to Vāyu in the air, so let the Favour- ing Graces bow them down to me.

Air is the Cow, her calf is Vāyu. May she with her calf Vāyu yield me food, strength, all my wish, life first of all, and off- spring, plenty, wealth. All Hail!

The Sun in heaven hath had my homage. May he bless me.

As I have bowed me down unto the Sun in heaven, so let the Favouring Graces bow them down to me.

Heaven is the Cow, her calf Āditya. May she yield with her calf the Sun food, strength, and all my wish, life first of all, and offspring, plenty, wealth. All Hail!

To Chandra in the quarters have I bowed me. May he bless me.

As unto Chandra in the quarters I have bent, so let the Favour- ing Graces bow them down to me.

The quarters are the Cows, their calf is Chandra. May they yield with their calf the Moon food, strength and all my wish, life first of all, and offspring, plenty, wealth. All Hail!

Agni moves having entered into Agni, the Rishis' son, who guards from imprecations, I offer unto thee with reverent worship. Let me not mar the Gods' appointed service.

Skilled in all ways, O God, O Jātavedas, I offer what is cleansed by heart and spirit.

To all thy seven mouths, O Jātavedas. Do thou accept with pleasure my libation.

HYMN XL

A charm against rival worshippers

O Jātavedas, eastward sacrificers, as foes assail us from the eastern quarter.

May they, turned back, be pained for harming Agni. I drive them backward with mine incantation.

O Jātavedas, southward sacrificers as foes assail us from the southern quarter.

May they, turned back, be pained for harming Yama. I smite them backward with mine incantation.

O Jātavedas, westward sacrificers as foes assail us from the western quarter.

For harming Varuna be they turned and troubled! I smite them backward with mine incantation.

Jātavedas, northward sacrificers as foes assail us from the northern quarter.

For harming Soma be they turned and troubled! I smite them backward with mine incantation.

O Jātavedas, nether sacrificers, as foes assail us from the stead- fast quarter.

For harming Earth let them be turned and troubled. I smite them backward with mine incantation.

Those who pay sacrifice, O Jātavedas, from air assail us from the midway quarter.

For harming Vāyu be they turned and troubled! I smite them backward with mine incantation.

The sacrificers from above assail us, O Jātavedas, from the lofty quarter.

For wronging Sūrya be they turned and troubled! I smite them backward with mine incantation.

Those from all points assail us, Jātavedas, who sacrifice from intermediate regions.

For wronging Prayer let them be turned and troubled, I smite them backward with mine incantation.

Book V

HYMN I

A glorification of Trita and Varuna

He who with special plans and deathless spirit, waxing, well- born, hath come unto his birth-place,
 As he who shines upholds the days, thus Trita, of pure life, bears the Three as their supporter.
 He who, the first, approached the holy statutes makes, after, many beauteous forms and figures.
 Eager to drink, his birth-place first he entered who understands the word when yet unspoken.
 He who—the fluid gold, with radiant kinsmen—to fervent glow delivered up thy body,
 On him both set names, that shall live for ever: to him the regions shall send robes to clothe him,
 As these have gone to their primeval station, each gaining an imperishable dwelling,
 May kissing mothers of the bards' beloved bring the pole-draw- ing husband to the sister.
 By holy wisdom I a sage, Far-Strider! offer to thee this lofty adoration.
 This worship both the mighty eddying rivers, coming together to this station, heighten.
 Seven are the pathways which the wise have fashioned: to one of these may come the troubled mortal.
 On sure ground where the ways are parted standeth Life's Pillar in the dwelling of the Highest.
 Working, I go my way with deathless spirit: life, spirit, bodies have gone gladly thither.
 Aye, Sakra also gives his gift of treasure as when the sacrificer meets with power.
 Yea, the son asks dominion of his father: this they declared the noblest path to welfare.
 Varuna, let them see thy revelations: display the wondrous shapes of times to follow.
 Halt with the milk, its other half, thou minglest and with that half, strong! unbeguiled! increasest.
 Let us exalt the gracious friend, the mighty, Varuna son of-Aditi, strength-giver.
 We have told him the marvels sung by poets. The utterance of Heaven and Earth is truthful.

HYMN II

A glorification of Indra

In all the worlds That was the best and highest whence sprang the Mighty One of splendid valour.
 As soon as born he overcomes his foemen, when those rejoice in him who bring him succour.
 Grown mighty in his strength, with ample vigour, he as a foe strikes fear into the Dāsa,
 Eager to win the breathing and the breathless: All sang thy praise at banquet and oblation.
 All concentrate on thee their mental vigour what time these, twice or thrice, are thine assistants,
 Blend what is sweeter than the sweet with sweetness win quickly with our meath that meath in battle.
 If verily in every war the sages joy and exult in thee who win- nest treasures,
 With mightier power, strong God, extend thy firmness: let not malevolent Kaokas harm thee.
 Proudly we put our trust in thee in battles, when we behold great wealth the prize of combat.
 I with my words impel thy weapons onward, and sharpen with my prayer thy vital vigour.
 Thou in that house, the highest or the lowest, which thy protec- tion guards, bestowest riches.
 Establish ye the ever-wandering mother, and bring full many deeds to their completion.

Praise in the height Him who hath many pathways, courageous, strongest, Aptya of the Aptyas

Through strength he shows himself of ample power: pattern of Prithivī, he fights and conquers.

Brihaddiva, the foremost of light-winners, hath made these holy prayers, this strength for Indra.

Free Lord, he rules the mighty fold of cattle, winning, aglow, even all the billowy waters.

Thus hath Brihaddiva, the great Atharvan, spoken to Indra as himself in person.

Two sisters free from stain, the Mātārivans, with power impel him onward and exalt him.

HYMN III

A prayer to Agni, Indra, and other deities for victory and prosperity

Let strength be mine while I invoke thee, Agni! enkindling thee may we support our bodies.

May the four regions bend and bow before me: with thee for guardian may we win the combat.

Baffling the range of our opponents, Agni! guard us as our protector round about us.

Down the steep slope go they who hate us, backward, and let their thought who watch at home be ruined.

May all the Gods be on my side in battle, the Maruts led by

Indra, Vishnu, Agni.

Mine be the middle air's extended region, and may the Wind blow favouring these my wishes.

For me let them present all mine oblations, and let my mind's intention be accomplished.

May I be guiltless of the least transgression: may all the Gods come hither and protect me.

May the Gods grant me riches, may the blessing and invocation of the Gods assist me.

This boon shall the celestial Hotars win us: may we, unwounded, have brave heroes round us.

Ye six divine Expanses, give us freedom. Here, all ye Gods, acquit yourselves like heroes.

Let not calamity or curse o'ertake us, nor deeds of wickedness that merit hatred.

Do ye three Goddesses give ample shelter and all success to us ourselves and children.

Let us not lose our children or our bodies: let us not benefit the foe, King Soma!

Foodful and much-invoked, at this our calling may the far-reaching Bull grant us wide shelter.

Lord of bay coursers, Indra, bless our children: harm us not, give us not as prey to others.

Lord of the world, Creator and Disposer, may the God Savitar who quells assailants,

May the Ādityas, Rudras, both the Asvins, Gods, guard the sacrificer from destruction.

Let those who are our foemen stay afar from us: with Indra and with Agni we will drive them off.

The Ādityas and the Rudras, over us on high, have made me strong, a thinker, and a sovran lord.

Yea, we call Indra hitherward, the winner of wealth in battle and of kine and horses.

May he mark this our worship when we call him, Lord of bay steeds, thou art our friend and comrade.

HYMN IV

A charm against fever and other ailments

Thou who wast born on mountains, thou most mighty of all plants that grow.

Thou Banisher of Fever, come, Kushtha! make Fever pass away.

Brought from the Snowy Mountain, born on the high hill where eagles breed,

Men seek to buy thee when they hear: for Fever's Banisher they know.
 In the third heaven above us stands the Asvattha tree, the seat of Gods.
 There the Gods sought the Kushtha Plant, embodiment of end- less life.
 There moved through heaven a golden ship, a ship with cordage wrought of Gold.
 There the Gods won the Kushtha Plant, the blossom of eternal life.
 They sailed on pathways paved with gold, the oars they piled were wrought of gold:
 All golden were the ships wherein they carried Kushtha down to earth.
 O Kushtha, bring thou hitherward this man of mine, restore his health,
 Yes, free him from disease for me.
 Thou art descended from thee Gods, Soma's benignant friend art thou,
 Befriend my breath and vital air be gracious unto this mine eye.
 Sprung, northward, from the Snowy Hill thou art conveyed to eastern men.
 There they deal out among themselves Kushtha's most noble qualities.
 Most excellent, indeed, art thou, Kushtha! most noble is thy sire.
 Make all Consumption pass away and render Fever powerless.
 Malady that affects the head, eye-weakness, bodily defect—
 All this let Kushtha heal and cure: aye, godlike is the vigorous power.

HYMN V

A charm to mend a broken bone

Aryaman is thy grandsire, Night thy mother, and the Cloud thy sire.
 Thy name is called Silāchi. Thou, thyself, art sister of the Gods.
 Whoever drinketh thee hath life: thou savest and protectest man.
 As nursing mother of mankind, thou takest all upon thy lap.
 Thou clingest close to every tree, as a fond damsel clasps her love.
 Thy name is called The Conqueror, She who Stands Fast, The
 Rescuer.
 Whatever wound the arrow, or the staff, or violence inflicts,
 Thereof thou art the remedy: as such restore this man to health.
 Thou springest from blest Plaxa, or Asvattha, Dhava, Khadira,
 Parna, or blest Nyagrodha, so come thou to use, Arundhatī!
 Gold-coloured, bringing happy fate, most lovely, brilliant as the
 Sun,
 Mayst thou, O Healing! come unto the fracture: Healing is thy name.
 Gold-coloured, bringing happy fate, odorous, hairy-bodied one,
 The sister of the Waters art thou, Lākshā! and thy soul is Wind.
 Silāchi is thy name: thy sire, O goat-brown! is a damsel's son.
 Thou hast been sprinkled by the mouth of Yama's tawny- coloured horse.
 Issuing from the horse's blood away she glided to the trees.
 Become a winged water-brook, and come to us, Arundhatī!

HYMN VI

A prayer for protection and prosperity

Eastward at first the prayer was generated: Vena disclosed bright flashes from the summit,
 Disclosed his deepest nearest revelations, womb of the non- existent and existent.
 None have attained to those of old, those who wrought holy acts for you,
 Let them not harm our heroes here. Therefore I set before you this.
 Sweet-tongued, exhaustless, they have sent their voices down together in heaven's vault that
 pours a thousand streams.

His wildly-restless warders never close an eye: in every place the snarers stand to bind men fast.

Speed forward, conquering all foes, to win the spoil,

Thou comest on thy haters with a surging sea. Thy name is

Fragile. The thirteenth month is Indra's home.

Through this now hast thou sent thy gifts. All hail!

With sharpened arms and missiles, kind and friendly, be gracious unto us, Soma and Rudra!

Through this hast thou been left in want. All hail!

With sharpened arms and missiles, kind and friendly, be gracious unto us, Soma and Rudra!

Through this hast thou committed faults. All hail!

With sharpened arms and missiles, kind and friendly, be gracious unto us, Soma and Rudra!

Free us from trouble, free us from dishonour, accept our worship, give us life immortal.

O missile of the eye, missile of spirit, thou missile of devotion and of fervour!

Thou art the weapon shot against the weapon. Let those be weaponless who sin against us.

Make with thy weapon weaponless, O Agni, all wicked men who deal with us as foemen with eye, with thought, with spirit, or intention.

Thou art the house of Indra. I betake me to thee, I enter thee with all my cattle,

With all my people and with all my body, with all my soul, with mine entire possessions.

Thou art the guard of Indra. I betake me to thee, etc.

Thou art the shield of Indra. I betake me to thee, etc.

Indra's protection art thou. I betake me to thee, I enter thee with all my cattle.

With all my people and with all my body, with all my soul, with mine entire possessions.

HYMN VII

A charm to deprecate Arāti or Malignity

Bring thou to us, bar not the way, Arāti! Stay not the guerdon that is being brought us.

Homage be paid to Failure, to Misfortune, and Malignity.

The man whom thou preferrest, O Arāti, he who prates to us—

This man of thine, we reverence. Baffle not thou my heart's desire,

May our desire which Gods have roused fulfil itself by day and night.

We seek to win Arāti: to Arāti be our homage paid.

We, suppliant, call on Bhaga, on Sarasvati, Anumati,

Pleasant words have I spoken, sweet as honey is, at invocations of the Gods.

The portion that I crave with speech intelligent and full of power,

May faith, presented with the gift of tawny Soma, find to-day.

Do not thou make our words or wishes fruitless. Let the twain

Indra Agni, bring us treasures.

All, fain to-day to give us gifts, welcome Arāti with your love.

Misfortune! go thou far away: we turn thy harmful dart aside.

I know thee well, Arāti! as oppressor, one who penetrates.

Oft, coming as a naked girl thou hauntest people in their sleep,

Baffling the thought, Arāti! and the firm intention of a man.

To her the mighty vast in size, who penetrates all points of space,

To her mine homage have I paid, Nirriti with her golden hair.

Auspicious, with her golden hue, pillowed on gold, the mighty one

To this Arāti clad in robes of gold mine homage have I paid.

HYMN VIII

A charm for the discomfiture and destruction of hostile priests

With fuel of Vikankata bring molten butter to the Gods.
 O Agni, make them joyful here: let them all come unto my call.
 O Indra, come unto my call, This will I do. So hear it thou.
 Let these exertions for the sake of Indra guide my wish aright.
 Therewith, O Jātavedas, Lord of Bodies! may we win us strength.
 Whatever plot from yonder, O ye Gods, that godless man would frame,
 Let not the Gods come to his call, nor Agni bear his offering up.
 Come, ye, come hither to my call.
 Run, ye Exertions, farther on By Indra's order smite and slay.
 As a wolf worrieth a sheep, so let not him escape from you while life remains. Stop fast his breath.
 The Brāhman whom those yonder have appointed priest, for injury,
 He, Indra! is beneath thy feet. I cast him to the God of Death.
 If they have issued forth, strongholds of Gods, and made their shield of prayer,
 Gaining protection for their lives, protection round about, make all their instigation powerless.
 Exertions which that man hath made, Exertions which he yet will make
 Turn them, O Indra, back again, O Vritra-slayer, back again on him that they may kill that man.
 As Indra, having seized him, set his foot upon Udvāchana,
 Even so for all the coming years I cast those men beneath my feet.
 Here, Indra Vritra-slayer, in thy strength pierce thou their vital parts.
 Here, even here, attack them, O Indra. Thine own dear friend am I.
 Indra, we closely cling to thee. May we be in thy favouring grace.

HYMN IX

A prayer to Heaven and Earth for protection and assistance

All hail to Heaven!
 All hail to Earth!
 All hail to Air!
 All hail to Air!
 All hail to Heaven!
 All hail to Earth!
 Mine eye is Sīrya and my breath is Vāta, Air is my soul and
 Prithivī my body.
 I verily who never have been conquered give up my life to
 Heaven and Earth for keeping.
 Exalt my life, my strength, my deed and action; increase my understanding and my vigour.
 Be ye my powerful keepers, watch and guard me, ye mistresses of life and life's creators!
 Dwell ye within me, and forbear to harm me.

HYMN X

A prayer to the presiding deities of the four quarters for protection

Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against me from the eastern quarter.
 May he encounter it!
 Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against me from the southern quarter.
 May he encounter it!
 Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against me from the western quarter.
 May he encounter it!

Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against me from northern quarter.
 May he encounter it!
 Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against me from the steadfast region.
 May he encounter it!
 Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who fights against
 Lme from the lofty region!
 May he encounter it!
 Thou art my wall of stone against the sinner who from points intermediate fights against me.
 May he encounter it!
 With Brihat I invoke the mind, with Mātarisvan both the breaths,
 The eye from Sūrya, and the ear from Air, the body from the
 Earth.
 We, with Sarasvati who suits the mind, call Speech to come to us.

HYMN XI

A dialogue between Atharvan and Varuna

How, terrible in might, hast thou here spoken to the great God, how to the gold-hued Father!
 Thy mind watched, greedy Varuna! to recover the brindled cow thou hadst bestowed as
 guerdon.
 Not through desire do I revoke my present: I bring this brind- led cow to contemplate her.
 Now by what lore, by what inherent nature, knowest thou all things that exist, Atharvan?
 Truly I am profound in wisdom, truly I know by nature all existing creatures.
 No Dāsa by his greatness, not an Arya, may violate the law that
 I will stablsh.
 None, self-dependent Varuna! existeth wiser than thou or sager by his wisdom.
 Thou knowest well all these created beings: even the man of wondrous powers fears thee.
 O self-dependent Varuna, wise director, thou knowest verily all generations.
 What is, unerring one! beyond this region? What more remote than that which is most
 distant?
 One thing there is beyond this air, and something beyond that one, most hard to reach,
 remotest.
 I, Varuna, who know, to thee declare it. Let churls be mighty in the lower regions. Let Dāsas
 sink into the earth beneath them.
 Many reproaches, Varuna, dost thou utter against the misers. who revoke their presents.
 Be not thou added to that crowd of niggards: let not men call thee an illiberal giver.
 Let not men call me an illiberal giver. I give thee back the brindled cow, O singer.
 Attend in every place where men inhabit, with all thy powers, the hymn that tells my praises.
 Let hymns of praise ascend to thee, uplifted in every place of human habitation.
 But give me now the gift thou hast not given. Thou art my friend for ever firm and faithful.
 One origin, Varuna! one bond unites us I know the nature of that common kinship.
 I give thee now the gift that I retracted. I am thy friend for ever firm and faithful.
 God, giving life unto the god who lauds me, Sage strengthener of the sage who sings my
 praises.
 Thou, self-dependent Varuna! hast begotten the kinsman of the
 Gods, our sire Atharvan.
 On him bestow most highly-lauded riches. Thou art our friend, high over all, our kinsman.

HYMN XII

An Apri or propitiatory hymn

Thou in the house of man this day enkindled worshippest Gods as God, O Jātavedas.
 Observant, bright as Mitra, bring them hither. Thou art a sapient and foreknowing envoy.
 Tanūnapāt, fair-tongued! with sweet meath balming the baths and ways of Order, make them
 pleasant.

Bear to the Gods our sacrifice, exalting with holy thoughts our hymns of praise and worship.
 Invoked, deserving prayer and adoration, O Agni, come accordant with the Vasus.
 Thou art, O youthful Lord, the Gods' Invoker, so, best of sacrificers, bring them quickly.
 By rule the Sacred Grass is scattered eastward, a robe to clothe this earth when dawns are
 breaking.

Widely it spreads around and far extended, fair for the Gods and bringing peace and freedom,
 Let the expansive Doors be widely opened, like wives who deck their beauty for their
 husbands.

Lofty, celestial, all-impelling Portals, admit the Gods and give them easy entrance!
 Pouring sweet dews let holy Night and Morning, each close to each, be seated at their
 station,—

Lofty, celestial Dames with gold to deck them, assuming all their fair and radiant beauty.
 Come the first two celestial sweet-voiced Hotars, arranging sacrifice for man to worship,
 As singers who inspire us in assemblies, showing the eastern light with their direction!
 Let Bhārati come quickly to our worship and Ilā showing like a human being.
 So let Sarasvati and both her fellows, deft Goddesses, on this fair grass be seated.
 Hotar more skilled in sacrifice, bring hither with speed to-day

God Tvashar, thou who knowest,
 Even him who formed these two, the Earth and Heaven, the
 Parents, with their forms, and every creature.

Bring thou to our oblations which thou baldest the companies of Gods in ordered season.
 Agni, Vanaspati, the Immolator sweeten our offered gifts with meath and butter!
 Agni as soon as he was born made ready the sacrifice and was the Gods' preceder.
 May the Gods eat our offering consecrated according to this true
 Priest's voice and guidance.

HYMN XIII

A charm against snakes

Varuna, Sage of heaven, hath given me the gift: with spells of mighty power I draw thy
 poison out.

Dug up, not dug, adherent, I have seized it fast: lo, hath thy venom sunk like water in the
 sands.

All the non-fluid portion of thy venom, I receive in these.

I take thy middlemost, thy highest, lowest juice: may it be spent and lest by reason of thy
 fear.

Strong is my cry like thunder with the rainy cloud: with powerful incantation let thy
 strength be stayed.

I, with the men to aid, have seized that juice of his; as light from out the gloom, let Sūrya rise
 on high

I with this eye destroy thine eye, and with this poison conquer thine.

Live not, O Snake, but die the death: back go thy venom on thyself.

Listen to me, Black Snakes and hateful creatures, Lurker-in-

Grass, Karait, and Brown, and Spotty,

Approach not near the house my friend inhabits: give warning, and rest quiet with your
 poison.

Even as the cord that strings the bow, I slacken, as it were, the cars.

Of the All-conquering serpent's wrath, of the fierce rage of
 Black, and Brown, Taimāta, and Apodaka.
 And Āligi and Viligi, their father and the mother too,—
 What will ye do? Your venomed sap, we know, is utterly powerless.
 Daughter of Urugūlā, she-fiend whom the black, skinned mother bare—
 All female serpents poison who crept swiftly near is impotent.
 Dwelling beside the mountain's slope, the quick-eared porcupine exclaimed:
 Of all these she-snakes homed in earth the poison is most powerless.
 Tābuva or not Tābuva, thou verily art not Tābuva: poison is killed by Tābuva.
 Tastuva or not Tastuva, thou verily art not Tastuva: poison is killed by Tastuva.

HYMN XIV

A charm against witchcraft

An eagle found thee: with his snout a wild boar dug thee from the earth.
 Harm thou, O Plant, the mischievous, and drive the sorcerer away.
 Beat thou the Yātudhānas back, drive thou away the sorcerer;
 And chase afar, O Plant, the man who fain would do us injury.
 As 'twere a strip cut round from skin of a white-footed antelope,
 Bind, like a golden chain, O God, his witchcraft on the sorcerer.
 Take thou his sorcery by the hand, and to the sorcerer lead it back.
 Lay it before him, face to face, that it may kill the sorcerer.
 Back on the wizard fall his craft, upon the curser light his curse!
 Let witchcraft, like a well-naved car, roll back upon the sorcerer.
 Whoso, for other's harm hath dealt-woman or man-in magic arts,
 To him we lead the sorcery back, even as a courser with a rope.
 Now whether thou hast been prepared by Gods or been prepared by men,
 We, with our Indra at our side to aid us, lead thee back again.
 Agni, victorious in fight, subdue the armies of our foes!
 Back on the sorcerer we cast his sorcery, and beat it home.
 Thou who hast piercing weapons, pierce him who hath wrought it; conquer him.
 We do not sharpen thee to slay the man who hath not practised it.
 Go as a son goes to his sire: bite as a trampled viper bites.
 As one who flies from bonds, go back, O Witchcraft, to the sorcerer.
 Even as the timid antelope or hind from her assailant flees,
 So swiftly let the sorcery overtake and reach the sorcerer.
 Straighter than any arrow let it fly against him, Heaven and
 Earth.
 So let that witchcraft seize again the wizard like a beast of chase.
 Let it go contrary like flame, like water following its course.
 Let witchcraft, like a well-naved car, roll back upon the sorcerer.

HYMN XV

A charm for general prosperity

Plant! I have those who shall avert the threatened danger, ten and one.
 O sacred Plant, produced aright! make sweetness, sweet thy self, for me.
 Twenty and two, O Plant, have I who shall avert the threatened ill.
 O sacred Plant, produced aright! make sweetness, sweet thyself, for me.

HYMN XVI

A charm for the increase of cattle

Bull! if thou art the single bull, beget. Thou hast no vital sap.

HYMN XVII

The abduction and restoration of a Brāhman's wife

These first, the boundless Sea, and Mātariśvan, fierce glowing
Fire, the Strong, the Bliss-bestower,
And heavenly Floods, first-born by holy Order, exclaimed against the outrage on a Brāhman.
King Soma first of all, without reluctance, made restitution of the Brāhman's consort.
Mitra and Varuna were the inviters: Agni as Hotar took her hand and led her.
The man, her pledge, must by the hand be taken when he hath cried, She is a Brāhman's consort.

She stayed not for a herald to conduct her: thus is the kingdom of a ruler guarded.
She whom they call the star with loosened tresses, descending as. misfortune on the village,
The Brāhman's consort, she disturbs the kingdom where hath appeared the hare with fiery flashing.

Active in duty serves the Brahmachāri: he is a member of the
Gods' own body.

Through him Brihaspati obtained his consort, as the Gods gained the ladle brought by Soma.
Thus spake of her those Gods of old, Seven Rishis, who sate them down to their austere devotion:

Dire is a Brāhman's wife led home by others: in the supremest heaven she plants confusion.

When infants die, untimely born, when herds of cattle waste away,
When heroes strike each other dead, the Brāhman's wife destroyeth them.

Even if ten former husbands—none a Brāhman—had espoused a dame,

And then a Brāhman took her hand, he is her husband, only he,

Not Vaisya, not Rājanya, no, the Brāhman is indeed her lord:

This Sūrya in his course proclaims to the Five Races of man-kind.

So then the Gods restored her, so men gave the woman back again.

Princes who kept their promises restored the Brāhman's wedded wife.

Having restored the Brāhman's wife, and freed them, with Gods' aid, from sin,

They shared the fulness of the earth and worn themselves extended sway.

No lovely wife who brings her dower in hundreds rests upon his bed,

Within whose kingdom is detained, through want of sense, a
Brāhman's dame.

No broad-browed calf with wide-set ears is ever in his homestead born.

Within whose kingdom is detained, through want of sense, a
Brāhman's dame.

No steward, golden-necklaced, goes before the meat-trays of the man.

Within whose kingdom is detained, through want of sense, a
Brāhman's dame.

No black-eared courser, white of hue, moves proudly, harnessed to his car,

In whose dominion is detained, through want of sense, a
Brāhman's dame.

No lily grows with oval bulbs, no lotus-pool is in his field,

In whose dominion is detained, through senseless love, a
Brāhman's dame.

The men whose task it is to milk drain not the brindled cow for him,

In whose dominion is detained, through senseless love, a
Brāhman's dame.

His milch-cow doth not profit one, his draught-ox masters not the yoke,
Wherever, severed from his wife, a Brāhman spends the mourn- ful night.

HYMN XVIII

The wickedness of oppressing and robbing Brāhmans

The Gods, O Prince, have not bestowed this cow on thee to eat thereof.
Seek not, Rājanya, to devour the Brāhman's cow which none may eat.
A base Rājanya, spoiled at dice, and ruined by himself, may eat.
The Brāhman's cow and think, To-day and not tomorrow, let me live!
The Brāhman's cow is like a snake, charged with due poison, clothed with skin.
Rājanya! bitter to the taste is she, and none may eat of her.
She takes away his strength, she mars his splendour, she ruins everything like fire enkindled.
That man drinks poison of the deadly serpent who counts the
Brāhman as mere food to feed him.
Whoever smites him, deeming him a weakling-blasphemer, coveting his wealth through folly
Indra sets fire alight within his bosom. He who acts thus is loathed by Earth and Heaven.
No Brāhman must be injured, safe as fire from him who loves himself.
For Soma is akin to him and Indra guards him from the curse.
The fool who eats the Brāhmans' food and thinks it pleasant to the taste,
Eats, but can ne'er digest, the cow that bristles with a hundred barbs,
His voice an arrow's neck, his tongue a bowstring, his windpipes fire-enveloped heads of
arrows,
With these the Brāhman pierces through blasphemers, with
God-spied bows that quell the hearts within them.
Keen arrows have the Brāhmans, armed with missiles: the shaft, when they discharge it,
never faileth.
Pursuing him with fiery zeal and anger, they pierce the foeman even from a distance.
They who, themselves ten hundred, were the rulers of a thousand men,
The Vaitahavyas, were destroyed for that they ate a Brāhman's cow.
The cow, indeed, when she was slain o'erthrew those Vaitahavyas, who
Cooked the last she-goat that remained of Kesaraprābandhā's flock.
One and a hundred were the folk, those whom the earth shook off from her:
When they had wronged the Brāhman race they perished incon- ceivably.
Among mankind the Gods' despiser moveth: he hath drunk poison, naught but bone is left
him.
Who wrongs the kinsman of the Gods, the Brāhman, gains not the sphere to which the
Fathers travelled.
Agni, in sooth, is called our guide, Soma is called our next of kin.
Indra quells him who curses us. Sages know well that this is so.
Prince! like a poisoned arrow, like a deadly snake, O lord of kine!
Dire is the Brāhman's arrow: he pierces his enemies therewith.

HYMN XIX

The wickedness of robbing or insulting Brāhmans

The sons of Vitahavya, the Srinjayas, waxed exceeding strong.
They well-nigh touched the heavens, but they wronged Bhrigu and were overthrown.
When men pierced Brihatsāman through, the Brāhman, son of
Angiras,
The ram with teeth in both his jaws, the sheep, devoured their progeny.

If men have spat upon, or shot their rheum upon a Brāhman, they.
 Sit in the middle of a stream running with blood, devouring hair.
 While yet the Brāhman's cow which men are dressing quivers in her throe:
 She mars the kingdom's splendour: there no vigorous hero springs to life.
 Terrible is her cutting-up: her bitter flesh is cast away,
 And it is counted sin among the Fathers if her milk is drunk.
 If any King who deems himself mighty would eat a Brāhman up,
 Rent and disrupted is that realm wherein a Brāhman is oppressed.
 She grows eight-footed, and four-eyed, four-eared, four-jawed, two-faced, two-tongued,
 And shatters down the kingdom of the man who doth the
 Brāhman wrong.
 As water swamps a leaky ship so ruin overflows that realm.
 Misfortune smites the realm wherein a Brāhman suffers scath and harm.
 The very trees repel the man, and drive him from their sheltering shade,
 Whoever claims, O Nārada, the treasure that a Brāhman owns.
 That wealth, King Varuna hath said, is poison by the Gods prepared.
 None hath kept watch to guard his realm who hath devoured a
 Brāhman's cow.
 Those nine-and-ninety people whom Earth shook and cast away from her,
 When they had wronged the Brāhman race were ruined inconceivably.
 Oppressor of the Brāhmans! thus the Gods have spoken and declared,
 The step-effacing wisp they bind upon the dead shall be thy couch.
 Oppressor of the Brāhmans! tears wept by the man who suffers wrong,
 These are the share of water which the Gods have destined to be thine.
 The share of water which the Gods have destined to be thine, is that,
 Oppressor of the priest! wherewith men lave the corpse and wet the beard.
 The rain of Mitra-Varuna falls not on him who wrongs the priest.
 To him no counsel brings success: he wins, no friend to do his will.

HYMN XX

A hymn to the War-drum to secure victory

Formed out of wood, compact with straps of leather, loud is the:
 War-drum as he plays the hero.
 Whetting thy voice and vanquishing opponents, roar at them like a lion fain to conquer!
 The fastened frame hath roared as 'twere a lion, like a bull bel- lowing to meet the heifer.
 Thou art a bull, thine enemies are weaklings: thine is the foe- subduing strength of Indra.
 Like a bull marked by strength among the cattle, roar seeking kine and gathering up the
 booty.
 Pierce through our adversaries' heart with sorrow, and let our routed foes desert their
 hamlets.
 Victorious in the battle, loudly roaring, seizing what may be seized, look all around thee.
 Utter, O Drum, thy heavenly voice with triumph. Bring, as a priest, our enemies' possessions.
 Hearing the Drum's far-reaching voice resounding, let the foe's dame, waked by the roar,
 afflicted,
 Grasping her son, run forward in her terror amid the conflict of the deadly weapons.
 Thou, first of all, O Drum, thy voice shalt utter: over the ridge of earth speak forth exultant.
 Crunching with might the army of the foemen, declare thy message pleasantly and clearly.
 Loud be thy roar between the earth and heaven. Swift let thy sounds go forth in all directions.
 Neigh at them, thunder, set in opposition, song-maker, good ally that friends may conquer.
 He shall send forth his voice whom art hath fashioned. Make thou the weapons of our

warriors bristle.

With Indra for ally call out our heroes, and with thy friends scatter and chase the foemen
Resonant, roaring, with thy powerful weapons, warning, and heard by troops in many places,
Knowing all rules and winning us advantage, deal fame to many where two kings are
fighting.

Bent on advantage, mightier, gaining treasures, victor in war, the spell hath made thee keener.
As, in the press, the stone to stalks of Soma, thus, Drum! go dancing to our foes' possessions.
Foe-conqueror, victor, vanquishing opponents, seeker of booty, mastering, destroying.
Speak out as a skilled speaker tells his counsel, speak strength to us that we may win the
battle.

Shaker of things unshaken, readiest corner to battles; conquer- ing foes, resistless leader,
Guarded by Indra, watching our assemblies, go quickly, breaker of their hearts who hate us.

HYMN XXI

A hymn to the War-drum and various deities for victory

Speak to our enemies, O Drum, discouragement and wild dismay.

We bring upon our foemen fear and discord and discomfiture.

Drum! drive these enemies away.

When sacrificial butter hath been offered, let our foemen flee.

Through consternation, terrified, trembling in mind and eye and heart.

Wrought out of wood, compact with straps of leather, dear to all the clan,

Bedewed with sacrificial oil, speak terror to our enemies.

As the wild creatures of the wood flee in their terror from a man,

Even so do thou, O Drum, roar out against our foes to frighten them, and then bewilder thou
their thoughts.

As, when the wolf approaches, goats and sheep run sorely terrified,

Even so do thou, O Drum, roar out against our foes to frighten them, and then bewilder thou
their thoughts.

As birds of air, day after day, fly in wild terror from the hawk, as from a roaring lion's voice,

Even so do thou, O Drum, roar out against our foes to frighten them, and then bewilder thou
their thoughts.

May all the deities whose might controls the fortune of the fray

Frighten away our enemies with Drum and skin of antelope.

Let those our enemies who go yonder in their battalions shake.

In fear at shadows and the sounds of feet which Indra sporteth with.

To all the quarters of the sky let clang of bowstrings and our
Drums.

Cry out to hosts of foes that go discomfited in serried ranks.

Āditya, take their sight away! Follow them close, ye motes of light.

Let them cleave fast to foot-bound hosts when strength of arm hath past away.

Do ye, O mighty Maruts, sons of Prisni, crush down, with

Indra for ally, our foemen.

King Soma. Varuna, great God and sovrán, Indra too, aye,

Death,—

May these embattled Gods, brilliant as Sūrya—All hail!—one- minded conquer those who
hate us.

HYMN XXII

A charm against fever

Hence, filled with holy strength let Agni, Soma, and Varuna, the Press-stone, and the Altar.
 And Grass, and glowing Fuel banish Fever. Let hateful things stay at a distance yonder.
 And thou thyself who makest all men yellow, consuming them with burning heat like Agni,
 Thou, Fever! then be weak and ineffective. Pass hence into the realms below or vanish.
 Endowed with universal power! send Fever down-ward, far away,
 The spotty, like red-coloured dust, sprung from a spotty ancestor.
 When I have paid obeisance to Fever I send him downward forth.
 So let Sakambhara's boxer go again to the Mahāvrishas.
 His mansions are the Mūjavans, and the Mahāvrishas his home,
 Thou, Fever, ever since thy birth hast lived among the Bahlikas.
 Fever, snake, limbless one, speak out! Keep thyself far away from us.
 Seek thou a wanton Dāst girl and strike her with thy thunder-bolt.
 Go, Fever, to the Mūjavans, or, farther, to the Bahlikas.
 Seek a lascivious Sara girl and seem to shake her through and through.
 Go hence and eat thy kinsmen the Mahāvrishas and Mūjavans.
 These or those foreign regions we proclaim to Fever for his home.
 In a strange land thou joyest not; subdued, thou wilt be kind to us.
 Fever is eager to depart, and to the Bahlikas will go,
 Since thou now cold, now burning hot, with cough besides, hast made us shake,
 Terrible, Fever, are thy darts: forbear to injure us with these.
 Take none of these to be thy friends, Cough, or Consumption or Decline:
 Never come thence again to us! O Fever, thus I counsel thee.
 Go, Fever, with Consumption, thy brother, and with thy sister,
 Cough.
 And with thy nephew Herpes, go away unto that alien folk.
 Chase Fever whether cold or hot, brought by the summer or the rains,
 Tertian, intermittent, or autumnal, or continual.
 We to Gandhāris, Mūjavans, to Angas and to Magadhas.
 Hand over Fever as it were a servant and a thing of price.

HYMN XXIII

A charm against parasitic worms

I have called Heaven and Earth to aid, have called divine
 Sarasvati,
 Indra and Agni have I called: Let these destroy the worm, I prayed.
 O Indra, Lord of Treasures, kill the worms that prey upon this boy.
 All the malignant spirits have been smitten by my potent spell. p. 185
 We utterly destroy the worm, the worm that creeps around the eyes.
 The worm that crawls about the nose, the worm that gets between the teeth.
 Two of like colour, two unlike, two coloured black, two coloured red.
 The tawny and the tawny-eared, Vulture and Wolf, all these are killed.
 Worms that are white about the sides, those that are black with black-hued arms,
 All that show various tints and hues, these worms we utterly destroy.
 Eastward the Sun is mounting, seen of all, destroying thing unseen,
 Crushing and killing all the worms invisible and visible.
 Let the Yevāshas, Kaskashas, Ejatkas, Sipavitnukas,
 Let both the worm that we can see, and that we see not, be destroyed.
 Slain the Yevāsha of the worms, slain too is the Nadaniman.
 I have reduced them all to dust like vetches with the pounding-stone.
 The worm Sāranga, white of hue, three-headed, with a triple hump,

I split and tear his ribs away, I wrench off every head he has.
 I kill you, worms, as Atri, as Kanva and Jamadagni killed.
 I crush the worms to pieces with a spell that erst Agastya used.
 The King of worms hath been destroyed, he who was lord of these is slain.
 Slain is the worm whose mother, whose brother and sister have been slain.
 Destroyed are his dependants, who those dwell around him are destroyed,
 And all the worms that seem to be the little ones are done to death
 Of every worm and insect, of the female and the male alike,
 I crush the head to pieces with a stone and burn the face with fire.

HYMN XXIV

A priest's prayer for protection and assistance

Savitar, Lord of furthering aids, protect me, in this my prayer, in this mine act, in this my sacerdotal charge, in this performance, in this thought, in this my plan and wish, in this my calling on the Gods! All hail!

May Agni, Lord of forest trees, protect, me, in, etc.

May Heaven and Earth, the Queens of bounties, save me.

May Varuna, the Lord of waters, save me.

May Mitra-Varuna, Lords of rain, preserve me.

Lords of the mountains, may the Maruts save me.

May, Soma, Lord of plants and herbs, protect me.

May Vāyu, Lord of middle air, protect me.

May Sūrya, sovran Lord of eyes, protect me.

May the Moon, Lord of constellations, save me.

May Indra who is Lord of heaven protect me.

The Maruts' father, Lord of cattle, save me.

May Mrityu, Lord of living creatures, save me.

May Yama, Regent of the Fathers, save me.

May the Forefathers of old time protect me.

May Fathers of succeeding ages save me.

Next may the Fathers of our fathers save me, in this my prayer, in this mine act, in this my sacerdotal charge, in this performance, in this thought, in this my plan and wish, in this my calling on the Gods! All hail!

HYMN XXV

A charm to facilitate conception

Let the man, sower of the germ, lay, as a feather on a shaft.

Limb drawn from limb, whate'er is culled from cloud and from the womb of heaven.

Even as this broad earth received the germ of all the things that be,

Thus within thee I lay the germ. I call thee, Earth, to strengthen it.

O Sinivāli, set the germ, set thou the germ, Sarasvati! In thee let both the Asvins, crowned with lotuses, bestow the germ.

Let Mitra-Varuna and God Brihaspati lay the germ in thee.

Indra and Agni lay the germ, Dhātār bestow the germ in thee.

Let Vishnu form and mould the womb, let Tvashtar duly shape the forms,

Prajāpati infuse the stream, and Dhātār lay for thee the germ.

Drink thou the procreative draught well-known to Varuna the

King,

Known to divine Sarasvati, and Indra slayer of the foe.

Thou art the germ of plants and herbs, thou art the germ of forest trees,
 The germ of each existing thing, so here, O Agni, lay the germ.
 Rise up, put forth thy manly strength, and lay thy germ within the womb.
 A bull art thou with vigorous strength: for progeny we bring thee near.
 Prepare thee, Bārhasāmā, let the germ be laid within thy side.
 The Soma-drinking Gods have given a son to thee, thy son and mine.
 O Dhātār, thou Disposer, lay within the body of this dame.
 A male germ with the noblest form, for her, in the tenth month, to bear. Tvashtar, celestial
 artist, lay within the body of this dame.
 A male germ with the noblest form for her in the tenth month to bear.
 Savitar, vivifier, lay within the body of this dame A male germ with the noblest form for her
 in the tenth month to bear.
 O Lord of Life, Prajāpati, within this woman's body lay
 A male germ with the noblest form for her in the tenth month to bear.

HYMN XXVI

A hymn of invitation to the gods

In sacrifice for you may sapient Agni—All hail!—use Yajus texts and fuel.
 May Savitar the God—All hail!—foreknowing, chief in this sacrifice, employ them.
 In this great rite—All hail!—may sapient Indra use lauds, rejoicings, well-yoked coursers.
 Bring Praishas in the rite—All hail!—and Nivids, learned, connected, with the Consorts.
 As a dame brings her son—All hail! O Maruts, connected, in the rite bring measures.
 Here Aditi is come—All hail!—preparing the rite with grass and lustral waters.
 Let Vishnu in this rite in varied manner—All hail! use well-yoked steeds, his fervours.
 Let Tvashtar in this rite in varied manner—All hail!—use forms, his well-yoked coursers.
 Let Bhaga in this rite use prayers, foreknowing—All hail! for this use well-yoked coursers.
 Let Soma in this rite in varied manner—All hail!—use milk-streams, well-yoked coursers.
 Let Indra in this rite in varied manner—All hail!—use powers, his well-yoked coursers.
 Hitherward come ye with the prayer, O Asvins, exalting sacrifice with cry of Vashat!
 Brihaspati!—All hail!—with prayer come hither. Here is the rite, here heaven for him who
 worships.

HYMN XXVII

An Apri or Propitiatory hymn

Uplifted be this sacrificer's fuel: lofty and brilliant be the flames of Agni!
 Splendidly bright, fair-faced, with all his offspring, Tanūnapāt the Asura, many-handed.
 God among Gods, the God bedews the paths with fatness and' with mead.
 With store of mead to sacrifice comes Agni, comes Narāsansa
 Agni, friendly-minded, comes Savitar, righteous God who brings all blessings.
 Hither he comes with power and fatness also, the luminous, implored with adoration.
 At holy rites and offerings Agni loveth the scoops: let this man worship Agni's greatness.
 He is the furtherer at glad oblations: there stood the Vasus and the treasure-givers.
 Ever the Doors divine, and all protect this worshipper's holy work.
 Far-reaching, ruling by the Law of Agni,
 May Dawn and Night, the holy, speeding near us, aid this our sacrificial ceremony.
 Celestial Hotars, with the tongues of Agni praise and extol our lofty ceremony, so that our
 sacrifice be well conducted!
 Three Goddesses upon this grass, be seated, Idā, Sarasvati,
 Mahi, and Bhārati adored with praise.

This our nutritious genial flow, God Tvashtar! and growth of wealth, pour down on this man's kindred.

Vanaspati, rejoicing, of thyself send God-ward! Let Agni, Im- molator, sweeten our libation. Pay sacrifice to Indra, Jātavedas Agni, with Hail! Let all the Gods accept the gifts we offer.

HYMN XXVIII

A charm to ensure general protection and prosperity

For lengthened life, to last through hundred autumns, they equalize with nine the nine aspirations.

Three in gold, three in silver, three in iron by heat are established in their several places. May Agni, Sun, and Moon, and Earth, and Waters, Sky, Air, the Quarters and the Points between them,

And Parts of Years accordant with the Seasons by this three- threaded Amulet preserve me. In three-threaded Charm rest triple fulness! Let Pūshan cover it with milk and butter.

Here rest abundant store of food and people, may ample store of cattle rest within it.

Enrich this charm, Ādityas, with your treasure; magnify this, when magnified, O Agni.

Endow it with heroic strength, O Indra: therein be lodged a triple power of increase.

With gold let Earth protect thee, and with iron, accordant, all- sustaining Agni save thee!

And in accordance with the plants may silver, regarding thee with favour, grant thee vigour.

This gold, born threefold at its first production, grew the one thing that Agni loved most dearly: it fell away, one part of injured Soma.

One part they call seed of the sapient Waters. This gold bring thee long life when triply threaded!

Three lives of Jamadagni, thrice the vital force of Kasyapa,

Three sights of immortality, three lives have I prepared for thee.

When with the three-stringed charm came three strong eagles, sharing the Sacred Syllable and mighty,

With immortality they drove off Mrityu, obscuring and conceal- ing all distresses.

The golden guard thee from the sky, the silvern guard thee from the air,

The iron guard thee from the earth! This man hath reached the forts of Gods.

May these three castles of the Gods keep thee secure on every side.

Endowed with strength, possessing these, be thou the master of thy foes,

The God who first bound on in the beginning the deities' im- mortal golden castle,—

Him I salute with ten extended fingers. Blest be the three- stringed charm I bind upon thee.

Aryaman be thy binder-on, and Pūshan and Brihaspati:

Whatever name the brood of day possess, therewith we fasten thee.

With Seasons and with Lengths of Time, for vigour and exten- ded life,

With all the splendour of the Sun we fasten thee about the neck.

Drawn forth from butter and with meath besprinkled, firm as the earth, unshakable, triumphant.

Breaking down foes and casting them beneath me, be fastened on me for exalted fortune!

HYMN XXIX

A charm for the destruction of malignant goblins

Made ready in the east drive forth, take notice of what is hap- pening here, omniscient Agni!

Thou bringest medicine and healest sickness: through thee may we win horses, kine, and people.

Accordant with all Gods, O Jātavedas Agni, perform this work as we beseech thee,

That this defence of his may fall, whoever hath caused us pain, whoever hath consumed us.
Unanimous, with all the Gods together, so do this thing O Agni
Jātavedas, that this defence of his may fall and fail him.

Pierce both his eyes, pierce thou the heart within him, crush thou his teeth and cleave his
tongue asunder.

Rend thou, most youthful Agni, that Pisācha whoso amid them all of this hath eaten.

Whatever of his body hath been taken, plundered, borne off, or eaten by Pisāchas,

This, Agni, knowing it, again bring hither! We give back flesh and spirit to his body.

If some Pisācha in my food raw, ready, thoroughly cooked, or, spotty, hath deceived me,

Let the Pisāchas with their lives and offspring atone for this, and let this man be healthy.

If one hath cheated me in milk or porridge, in food from grain or plants that need no culture.

Let the Pisāchas, etc.

If one, flesh eater, in a draught of water have wronged me lying in the bed of goblins,

Let the Pisāchas, etc.

If one, flesh-eater, in the day or night-time have wronged me lying in the bed of goblins,

Let the Pisāchas, etc.

O Agni Jātavedas, slay the bloody Pisācha, flesh-devourer, mind- destroyer,

Strong Indra strike him with his bolt of thunder, courageous

Soma cut his head to pieces!

Thou, Agni, ever slayest Yātudhānas, the fiends have never con- quered thee in battles.

Consume thou from the root the flesh-devourers, let none of them escape thy heavenly
weapon

Collect, O Jātavedas, what hath been removed and borne away.

Let this man's members grow, let him swell like the tendril of a plant.

Like as the Soma's tendril, thus, O Jātavedas let him swell,

Let him live, Agni I Make him fat, free from consumption, full of sap.

Here, Agni, is the fuel, here are logs that crush Pisāchas down.

O Jātavedas, willingly accept them and be pleased therewith.

Accept, O Agni, with thy flame the billets of Tārshatāgha wood.

Let the flesh-eater who would take the flesh of this man lose his form.

HYMN XXX

A charm to restore life and health

From thy vicinity I call, from near, from far, from night at hand.

Stay here: depart not: follow not the Fathers of the olden time. I bind thy vital spirit fast.

If any man, a stranger or akin, hath cast a spell on thee,

I with my voice to thee declare thy freedom and release there- from.

If in thy folly thou hast lied or cursed a woman or a man,

I with my voice declare to thee thy freedom and release there- from.

If thou art lying there because of mother's or of father's sin,

I with my voice declare to thee thy freedom and release there- from.

Accept the healing medicine, the balm thy mother and thy sire,

Thy sister and thy brother bring. I make thee live through lengthened years.

O man, stay here among us; stay with all thy spirit: follow not

Yama's two messengers. Approach the castles where the living dwell.

Come back as thou art called to come, knowing the outlet of the path,

And the Approach and its ascent, the way of every living man.

Be not alarmed: thou wilt not die. I give thee lengthened years of life.

Forth from thy members have I charmed Decline that caused the fever there.

Gone is the pain that racked thee, gone thy fever, gone thy heart's disease.

Consumption, conquered by my voice, hath, like a hawk, fled far away.
 Two sages, Sense and Vigilance, the sleepless and the watchful one,
 These, the protectors of thy life, shall be awake both day and night.
 This Agni must be waited on. Here let the Sun mount up for thee.
 Rise from deep death and come away, yea, from black darkness rise thou up!
 Homage be paid to Yama, to Mrityu, and to the Fathers, and to those who guide us!
 I honour first, for this man's preservation, that Agni who well knoweth how to save him.
 Let breath and mind return to him, let sight and vigour come again
 Let all his body be restored and firmly stand upon its feet.
 Provide this man with breath and sight, O Agni, and with his body and his strength unite him.
 Thou knowest Amrit: let him not go hence, nor dwell in house of clay.
 Let not thine inward breathing fail, let not thine outward breath be lost.
 Let Sūrya who is Lord Supreme raise thee from death with beams of light.
 Tied, tremulously moving, here the tongue is speaking in the mouth.
 With thee I charmed Decline away and Fever's hundred ago- nies.
 This living world, unconquered of the Gods, is most beloved of all.
 To whatsoever death thou wast destined when thou wast born,.
 O man,
 This death and we call after thee. Die not before decrepit age!

HYMN XXXI

A counter-charm against the incantations of an enemy

The spell that they have cast for thee on unbaked dish or ming- led meal,
 The witchcraft wrought on undressed meat, this I strike back again on them.
 The spell that they have cast for thee on jungle-cock, goat, horned ram,
 The witchcraft wrought upon thy ewe, this I strike back again on them.
 The spell that they have cast upon thy beast that hath uncloven hooves,
 The ass with teeth in both his jaws, this I strike back again on them.
 The secret spell upon thy plants Amūlā or Narāchi, spell
 That they have cast upon thy field, this I strike back again on them.
 The spell that wicked men have cast on thine original household- fire,
 And on thy sacrificial hall, this I strike back again on them.
 The spell that they have cast upon thy public room thy gambl- ing-board,
 Spell they have cast upon thy dice, this I strike back again on them.
 The spell that they have cast upon thine army or thy shafts and arms,
 Spell they have cast upon the drum, this I throw back again on them.
 Charm they have laid within thy well or buried in the burning- ground,
 Charm they have laid within thy home, this I throw back again on them.
 The spell that they have wrought for thee in flickering fire of human bones,—
 Mroka, consuming, cannibal, this I throw back again on them.
 He brought this by no proper path, by the right path we drive it back.
 The fool in folly brought it to those who observe established bounds.
 No power had he who wrought the spell: he hurt his foot, he broke his toe.
 Unlucky for his wealthy lords, he hath wrought happiness for us.
 May Indra slay with mighty bolt, may Agni with his missible pierce.
 The sorcerer who brings the curse, who deals with roots and secret spells.

Book VI

HYMN I

In praise of Savitar

Sing, Atharvana, at eve, sing loudly, bring a splendid present: hymn God Savitar with praises. Yea, praise him whose home is in the river, Son of Truth, the youthful, gracious friend whose word is guileless.

Savitar our God shall send us many everlasting treasures, that both paths may well be travelled.

HYMN II

In praise of Indra

For Indra, ministering priests! run ye and press the Soma juice,
That he may hear his praiser's word, and this my call.

Thou into whom the drops find way as sap pours life into a tree,
Drive off in thine abundant might our demon foes.

For Indra, thunder-armed, who drinks the Soma press the Soma out:
He, youthful, conqueror, and Lord is praised by all.

HYMN III

A prayer to various deities for protection and prosperity

Guard us the Maruts! Guard us well, O Indra, Piishan, Aditi.

Guard us, O Waters' Child, and Rivers Seven. May Vishnu guard us, and the Sky.

May Heaven and Earth take care of us for victory, may Pressing-
Stone and Soma save us from distress.

Sarasvati, auspicious Goddess, guard us well: preserve us Agni and his kind protecting
powers.

Preserve us both the Asvins, Gods and Lords of Light, and let the Dawns and Night bring us
deliverance.

The Waters' Child protect our house from every harm. Do thou,
God Tvashtar, make us strong for health and wealth.

HYMN IV

A hymn to various deities for protection

May Tvashtar, Brāhmanaspati, Parjanya hear my holy prayer.

May Aditi with all her sons, the brothers, guard us, invincible, protecting power.

May Ansa, Bhaga, Varuna, and Mitra, Aryaman, Aditi, and
Maruts guard us.

May we be freed from that oppressor's hatred. May he keep off that foeman who is near us.

May both the Asvins further our devotion. With ceaseless care deliver us, Wide-Ranger! O
Father Heaven, keep from us all misfortunes.

HYMN V

A prayer to Agni and Indra for the well being of a princely patron

Agni, adored with sacred oil, lift up this man to high estate.

Endow him with full store of strength and make him rich in progeny.

Advance him, Indra! Let him be ruler of all akin to him.
 Grant him sufficiency of wealth: guide him to life and length of days.
 Prosper this man, O Agni, in whose house we offer sacrifice.
 May Soma bless him, and the God here present, Brāhmanaspati.

HYMN VI

A prayer to Brāhmanaspati for protection from wicked men

The godless man whoever plots against us, Brāhmanaspati,
 Thou shalt give up as prey to me the worshipper who pour the juice.
 If, Soma, any spiteful man hath aimed at us whose thoughts are kind,
 Smite with thy bolt upon his face: he, crushed to pieces, vani- sheth.
 Soma, whoever troubleth us, be he a stranger or akin,
 Deprive him of the strength he hath: slay him thy-self like mighty Dyaus!

Hymn 7 is missing

HYMN VIII

A man's love-charm

Like as the creeper throws, her arms on every side around the tree,
 So hold thou me in thine embrace that thou mayst be in love with me, my darling, never to depart.
 As, when he mounts, the eagle strikes his pinions downward on the earth,
 So do I strike thy spirit down that thou mayst be in love with me, my darling, never to depart.
 As in his rapid course the Sun encompasses the heaven and: earth,
 So do I compass round thy mind that thou mayst be in love with. me, my darling, never to depart.

HYMN IX

A man's love-charm

Desire my body, love my feet, love thou mine eyes, and love my legs.
 Let both thine eyes and hair, fond girl! be dried and parched. through love of me.
 I make thee hang upon mine arm, I make thee lie upon my heart.
 Thou yieldest to my wish, that thou mayst be submissive to my will.
 May they whose kisses are a bond, a love-charm laid within the heart,
 Mothers of butter, may the cows incline that maid to love of me.

HYMN X

A thanksgiving for life, hearing, and sight

All hail for hearing to the Earth, to Trees, to Agni, sovran
 Lord!
 All hail for breath to Air, for power to life to Vāyu, sovran
 Lord!
 All hail for vision to the Stars, to Heaven, to Sūrya, sovran
 Lord!

HYMN XI

An epithalamian charm to ensure the birth of a boy

Asvattha on the Sami-tree. There a male birth is certified.
 There is the finding of a son: this bring we to the women-folk.

The father sows the genial seed, the woman tends and fosters it.
 This is the finding of a son: thus hath Prajāpati declared.
 Prajāpati, Anumati, Sinivāli have ordered it.
 Elsewhere may he effect the birth of maids, but here prepare a boy.

HYMN XII

A charm against venomous serpents

I, As the Sun goes round the heaven, have travelled round the Serpents' race.
 I ward thy poison off, as Night parts all else living from the Sun.
 With this, discovered in the days of old by Brāhmans, Rishis, Gods,
 With this I ward thy poison off, thou Biter! formed and forming now.
 With mead I mingle flowing streams: the hills and mountains shall be mead.
 Parushni and Sipālā mead. May it be well with mouth and heart.

HYMN XIII

Homage to death

Worship to weapons of the Gods! worship to weapons of the
 Kings!
 Then worship to the people's arms! worship, O Death, be paid to thee!
 Let worship be to thy defence and to thine accusation paid.
 Death! be this worship paid to thy good-will and thy malevolence!
 Worship to thy physicians, to thy sorcerers be worship paid!
 Death! let this reverence be done unto thy Brāhmans and thy roots.

HYMN XIV

A charm against consumption

Remove thou all Decline that lurks within the members and the joints,
 The firmly-settled heart-disease that racks the bones and rends the limbs.
 From the consumptive man I pluck Decline as 'twere a severed part.
 I cut the bond that fetters him, even as a root of cucumber.
 Begone, Consumption, hence away, like a young foal that runs at speed.
 Then, not pernicious to our men, flee, yearly visitant like grass!

HYMN XV

A charm for power and preeminence

Most excellent of all the plants art thou: thy vassals are the trees.
 Let him be subject to our power, the man who seeks to injure us.
 Whoever seeks to injure us, with kinsmen or no kin to aid,
 May I be uppermost of all, even as this Plant is queen of trees.
 As Soma hath been made the best of all oblations 'mid the plants,
 So, as Talāsā is the queen of trees, may I be chief of all.

HYMN XVI

A medical charm

O Ābayu, non-Ābayu, dire is thy juice, O Ābayu; we eat the gruel made of thee.
 Vihalha is thy father's name, thy mother's is Madāvati.
 Yea, verily thou art not he, thou who hast well protected life.
 Go thou to rest, Tauvilikā! This noisy cry hath sunk to rest.
 Go hence, depart, Nirāla, thou! the tawny and the tawny-eared.

HYMN XVII

A charm to ensure conception

Even as this mighty Earth conceived the germ of all the things that be,
 So may the germ of life be laid in thee that thou mayst bear a son.
 Even as this mighty Earth hath borne and bears the stately forest trees,
 So may the germ of life be borne in thee that thou mayst bear a son.
 Even as this mighty Earth hath borne and bears the mountains and the hills,
 So may the germ of life be borne in thee that thou mayst bear a son. p. a207
 Even as this mighty Earth supports the moving world that dwells thereon,
 So may the germ of life be borne in thee that thou mayst bear a son.

HYMN XVIII

A charm to banish jealousy

The first approach of Jealousy, and that which followeth the first,
 The pain, the fire that burns within thy heart we quench and drive away.
 Even as the earth is dead to sense, yea, more unconscious than the dead,
 Even as a corpse's spirit is the spirit of the jealous man.
 The thought that harbours in thy heart, the fluttering doubt that dwells therein.
 Yea, all thy jealousy, like heat born of the dance, I banish thence.

HYMN XIX

A prayer for purification

Let the Gods purify me, let men purify me with a prayer.
 Cleanse me all creatures that exist! may Pavamāna make me pure.
 May Pavamāna make me pure for wisdom and for power and life, and unassailed security.
 God Savitar, byboth of these, filter and pressing out this juice, purify us that we may see.

HYMN XX

A charm against fever

He goes away as 'twere from this fierce burning fire, inebriated and lamenting he departs.
 Let him, the lawless, seek another and not us. Worship be paid to Fever armed with fiery heat.
 To Rudra and to Fever be our worship paid: worship be paid to Varuna the splendid King!
 Worship to Dyaus, to Earth, worship be paid to Plants!
 Thou who, aglow with heat, makest all bodies green, to thee, red, brown, I bow, the Fever of the wood.

HYMN XXI

A charm to strengthen hair and promote its growth

Of all the three terrestrial realms the ground is verily the best.
 I from the skin that covers these gather a healing medicine.
 Thou art the best of medicines, most excellent of Plants art thou,
 As Soma 'mid the wandering stars, as Varuna among the Gods.
 Endowed with wealth, denying not, give freely fain to give your gifts!
 Ye stay the hair from falling off: ye strengthen and increase its growth.

HYMN XXII

To the Maruts or Storm-Gods

Dark the descent; the strong-winged birds are golden: they fly aloft to heaven, enrobed in waters.

They have come hither from the seat of Order, and inundated earth with streams of fatness. Ye make floods rich in milk, make plants propitious, what time ye stir, O golden-breasted Maruts!

Pour down your showers of vigorous strength and favour there where ye sprinkle mead, O Maruts, heroes!

O Maruts, send ye down, streaming with water rain which, may, filling all the sloping valleys,

Leap like a bold girl in a man's embraces, or like a matron tumbled by her husband.

HYMN XXIII

To the Waters

Here flow the restless ones, they flow unceasing through the day and night,
Most excellently wise I call the Goddess Waters hitherward.

Let the deft Waters, summoned, give permission that we bear them off,
And quickly set us on our way.

Let all the people celebrate the rite of Savitar the God.

Sweet unto us be Waters, Plants propitious!

HYMN XXIV

To the Rivers

Forth from the Hills of Snow they stream, and meet in Sindhu here or there.

To me the sacred Waters gave the balm that heals the heart's disease.

Whatever rupture I have had that injured eyes or heels or toes.

All this the Waters, skilfullest physicians, shall make well again,

All Rivers who have Sindhu for your Lady, Sindhu for your

Queen,

Give us the balm that heals this ill: this boon let us enjoy from you.

HYMN XXV

A charm to remove pustules or scrofulous swellings (apachitas)

May all the five-and-fifty which meet round the tendons of the neck.

Depart and vanish hence away like plaguing insects buzz and hum!

Those seventy-and-seven which meet round the upper vertebrae,

Let them all vanish hence away like plaguing insects' buzz and hum!

Those nine-and-ninety which, combined, attack the shoulder round about,

Let them all vanish hence away like plaguing insects' buzz and hum!

HYMN XXVI

To Affliction

Let me go free, O Misery: do thou, the mighty, pity us.

Set me uninjured in the world of happiness, O Misery.

From thee, from thee who fliest not from us, O Misery, we fly.

Then at the turning of the paths let Misery fall on someone else.

May the immortal, thousand eyed, dwell elsewhere apart from us.

Let him afflict the man we hate: smite only him who is our foe.

HYMN XXVII

A charm to avert misfortune foreshown by the coming of a dove

Gods! whatsoever the Dove came hither seeking, sent to us as the envoy of Destruction,
For that let us sing hymns and make atonement, Well be it with our quadrupeds and bipeds!
Auspicious be the Dove that hath been sent us, a harmless bird,

O Gods, that seeks our dwelling!

May Agni, Sage, be pleased with our oblation, and may the missile borne on wings avoid us.
Let not the arrow that hath wings distract us. Beside the fire- place, on the hearth it settles.
May it bring welfare to our men and cattle: here let the Dove, ye Gods, forbear to harm us.

HYMN XXVIII

A charm to avert misfortune foreshown by the coming of a dove

Drive forth the Dove, chase it with holy verses: rejoicing bring we hither food and cattle,
Obliterating traces of misfortune. Most fleet may it fly forth and leave us vigour.
These men have strengthened Agni's might, these men have brought the kine to us.
They have sung glory to the Gods. Who is the man that conquers them?
Be reverence paid to him who, while exploring the path for many, first approached the river,
Lord of this world of quadrupeds and bipeds; to him be reverence paid, to Death, to Yama!

HYMN XXIX

A charm to avert misfortune foreshown by the coming of a dove and an owl

On these men yonder fall the winged missile: the screeching of the Owl is ineffective,
And that the Dove beside the fire hath settled.
Thine envoys who came hither, O Destruction, sent or not sent by thee unto our dwelling,
The Dove and Owl, effectless be their visit!
Oft may it fly to us to save our heroes from slaughter, oft perch here to bring fair offspring,
Turn thee and send thy voice afar: cry to the region far away;
That I may see thee in the home of Yama reft of all thy power, that I may see thee impotent.

HYMN XXX

A charm to promote the growth of hair

Over a magic stone, beside Sarasvati, the Gods Ploughed in this barley that was blent with mead.

Lord of the plough was Indra, strong with hundred powers: the ploughers were the Maruts
they who give rich gifts.

Thy joy in hair that falleth or is scattered, wherewith thou sub- jectest a man to laughter
To other trees, far from thee will I drive it. Grow up, thou
Samī, with a hundred branches.

Auspicious, bearing mighty leaves, holy one, nurtured by the rain,
Even as a mother to her sons, be gracious, Samī to our hair.

HYMN XXXI

To Sūrya the Sun-God

This spotted Bull hath come and sat before his mother in the east.

Advancing to his father Heaven. p. a214

As expiration from his breath his radiance penetrates within.

The Bull shines out through all the sky.

He rules supreme through thirty realms—One winged with song hath made him mount
Throughout the days at break of morn.

HYMN XXXII

A charm against fiends and goblins

With butter, in his hall where fire is burning, perform that sacrifice which quells the goblins.
Burn from afar against the demons Agni! Afflict not in thy fury us who praise thee.
Let Rudra break your necks, O ye Pisāchas, and split your ribs asunder, Yātudhānas!
Your herb of universal power with Yama hath allied itself.
Here, Mitra-Varuna! may we dwell safely: with splendour drive the greedy demons
backward,
Let them not find a surety or a refuge, but torn away go down to Death together.

HYMN XXXIII

A prayer to Indra for riches

He who controls this air and men who aid his strength, and wood, and heaven, the lofty seat
which Indra loves.
The bold whose overpowering might the boldest never hath defied,— p. a215
As erst still, unassailable is Indra's wrath, and fame, and force.
May he bestow on us that wealth, far-spreading, bright with yellow hue.
Indra is mightiest Lord among the folk.

HYMN XXXIV

To Agni for protection from enemies

Send forth thy voice to Agni, to the manly hero of our homes,
So may he bear us past our foes.
That Agni who with sharpened flame of fire consumes the
Rākshasas,
So may he bear us past our foes.
He who from distance far remote shineth across the tracts of land,
May he transport us past our foes.
He who beholds all creatures, who observes them with a careful eye,
May he transport us past our foes.
That brilliant Agni who was born beyond this region of the air,
May he transport us past our foes!

HYMN XXXV

To Agni Vaisvānara

Forth from the distance far away Vaisvānara come to succour us! Agni approach our
eulogies!
Vaisvānara with friendly thoughts hath come to this our sacrifice,
Agni who saves from woe, to lauds.
Vaisvānara hath formed the hymn and laud of the Angirases. To these may he bring glorious
right.

HYMN XXXVI

In praise of Agni Vaisvānara

Holy Vaisvānara we seek, the Lord of light and endless life, the burning One who fadeth not.
He hath directed all things; he sends forth the Seasons in his might, furthering sacrifice's
power.
Agni Kāma in other homes shines forth the sole imperial Lord of all that is and is to be.

HYMN XXXVII

A charm to divert Imprecation personified

Hitherward, having yoked his steeds, came Imprecation, thousand-eyed,
 Seeking my curser, as a wolf the home of one who owneth sheep.
 Avoid us, Imprecation! as consuming fire avoids the lake.
 Smite thou the man who curses us, as the sky's lightning strikes the tree.
 Who curses us, himself uncursed, or, cursed, who curses us again,
 Him cast I as a sop to Death, as to a dog one throws a bone.

HYMN XXXVIII

A prayer for surpassing strength and energy

What energy the lion hath, the tiger, adder, and burning fire,
 Brāhman, or Sūrya,
 And the blest Goddess who gave birth to Indra, come unto us conjoined with strength and vigour!
 All energy of elephant and panther, all energy of gold, men, kine, and waters, p. a217
 And the blest Goddess who gave birth to Indra come unto us conjoined with strength and vigour.
 Might in car, axles, in the strong bull's courage, in Varuna's breath, in Vāta, in Parjanya,
 In Warrior, in the war-drum stretched for battle, in the man's roar and in the horse's mettle,
 May the blest Goddess who gave birth to Indra come unto us conjoined with strength and vigour.

HYMN XXXIX

A priest's prayer for power and glory

Let sacrifice, like fame, thrive sped by Indra, inspired, well-ordered, with a thousand powers.
 To highest rank raise me who bring oblation, me who move forth to far-extended vision.
 We will pay sacrifice and serve with worship our glorious Indra, famous for his glories.
 Give thou us sway which Indra hath promoted, and in this boon of thine may we be famous.
 Indra was glorious at his birth; Agni, Soma were born renowned.
 And glorious am I, the most illustrious of all that is.

HYMN XL

A prayer for peace and security

Here may we dwell, O Heaven and Earth, in safety. May Savitar and Soma send us safety.
 Our safety be the wide air: ours be safety through the oblation of the Seven Rishis. p. a218
 May the Four Quarters give this hamlet power: Savitar favour us and make us happy!
 May Indra make us free from foes and danger: may wrath of
 Kings be turned to other places.
 Make thou us free from enemies both from below and from above.
 O Indra, give us perfect peace, peace from behind and from before.

HYMN XLI

A prayer for protection, long life, and various blessings

For mind, for intellect, for thought, for purpose, for intelligence,
 For sense, for hearing, and for sight, let us adore with sacrifice.
 For expiration, vital air, and breath that amply nourishes,
 Let us with sacrifice adore Sarasvatī whose reach is wide.

Let not the Rishis, the divine, forsake us, our own, our very selves, our lives' protectors.
Do ye, immortal, still attend us mortals, and give us vital power to live the longer.

HYMN XLII

A charm to reconcile estranged friends

I loose the anger from thy heart as 'twere the bowstring from a bow,
That we, one-minded now, may walk together as familiar friends.
Together let us walk as friends: thy wrathful feeling I remove.
Beneath a heavy stone we cast thy wrath away and bury it.
I trample on thine anger thus, I tread it down with heel and toe:
So dost thou yield thee to my will, to speak no more rebelliously.

HYMN XLIII

The same

For stranger and for friend alike this Darbha-grass removeth wrath.
Soother of Anger is it called because it calms the angry man.
This Plant that hath abundant roots spreads to the place where waters meet.
Soother of anger is the name Darbha-grass that springs from earth.
We draw thine obstinacy forth, set in thy mouth and in thy jaw:
So dost thou yield thee to my will. to speak no more rebelliously.

HYMN XLIV

A charm to remove disease

Firm stood the heaven, firm stood the earth, firm stood this universal world.
Firm stood the trees that sleep erect: let this thy malady be still.
Of all thy hundred remedies, a thousand remedies combined.
This is the surest cure for flux, most excellent to heal disease.
Thou art the stream that Rudra pours, the closest kin of Amrita.
Thy name is called Vishānakā: thou sprangest from the Fathers' root, removing illness caused by wind.

HYMN XLV

A prayer for preservation from mental sin and evil promptings

Sin of the Mind, avaunt! begone! Why sayest thou what none should say?
Go hence away, I love thee not. Go to the forests and the trees.
My heart is in our homes and cows.
Whatever wrong we have committed, sleeping or waking, by ill-wish, dislike, or slander,
All these offences, which deserve displeasure, may Agni take from us and keep them distant.
Indra and Brāhmanaspati! whatever foolish deed we plan,
May provident Angirasa preserve us from the sin and woe.

HYMN XLVI

A charm against evil dreams

Thou, neither quick nor dead, O Sleep, art fraught with Amrit of the Gods.
Thy name is Araru: thy sire is Yama; Varunāni bare thee.
We know thy birth, O Sleep, thou art son of the sisters of the
Gods; the minister of Yama thou, thou art Antaka, thou art
Death.
So well we know thee who thou art. Sleep, guard us from the evil dream.

As men discharge a debt, as they pay up an eighth and half-an- eighth,
So the whole evil dream do we pay and assign unto our foe.

HYMN XLVII

To accompany the three daily libations

Dear to all men, all-prosperer, all-creating, may Agni, guard us• at the morn's libation.
May he, the brightly pure one, give us riches: may we have life enjoying food together.
At this our second offering may Indra, Maruts, and Visve Devas never fail us.
Still may the favour of the Gods be with us, blest with long life and speaking words that
please them.
We pour this third libation of the Sages who fashioned forth the cup in proper order.
Winners of heaven, may they, Sudhanvan's children, lead our fair sacrifice to happy fortune.

HYMN XLVIII

Formulas to be used at the three daily libations

Thou art the Hawk, Gāyatri's lord: I hold thee fast. Happily bear me to the goal of this my
sacrifice. All hail!

Thou art the Ribhu, lord of Jagatī: I hold thee fast. Happily bear me to the goal of this my
sacrifice. Al I hail!

Thou art the Bull, the Trishtup's lord: I hold thee fast. Happily bear me to the goal of this my
sacrifice. All hail!

HYMN XLIX

In praise of Agni

O Agni, in thy body man hath never found a wounded part.
The Ape devours the arrow's shaft as a cow eats her after- birth.
Thou like a fleece contractest and expandest thee what time the upper stone and that below
devour.
Closely compressing head with head and breast with breast he crunches up the tendrils with
his yellow jaws.
The Eagles have sent forth their voice aloud to heaven: in the sky's vault the dark impetuous
ones have danced.
When they come downward to repair the lower stone, they, dwellers with the Sun, have
gained abundant seed.

HYMN L

A charm for the destruction of vermin

Destroy the rat, the mole, the boring beetle, cut off their heads and crush their ribs, O Asvins.
Bind fast their mouths; let them not eat our barley: so guard, ye twain, our growing corn from
danger.
Ho! boring beetle, ho! thou worm, ho! noxious grub and grasshopper!
As a priest leaves the unfinished sacrifice, go hence devouring not, injuring not this corn.
Hearken to me, lord of the female borer, lord of the female grub! ye rough-toothed vermin!
Whate'er ye be, dwelling in woods, and piercing, we crush and mangle all those piercing
insects.

HYMN LI

A prayer for purification and forgiveness of sins

Cleansed by the filter of the Wind comes Soma past all our enemies, meet friend of Indra.
May the maternal Waters make us ready: cleanse us with fat- ness they who cleanse with fatness!

The Goddesses bear off each blot and tarnish: I come forth from the waters cleansed and stainless.

O Varuna, whatever the offence may be, the sin which men commit against the heavenly folk,
When, through our want of thought we violate thy laws, punish us not, O God, for that iniquity.

HYMN LII

A charm against noxious reptiles and insects

Slaying the Rākshasas, the Sun mounts upward in the front of heaven,
Āditya, from the mountains, seen of all, destroying things unseen.
The kine had settled in their pen, wild animals sought their lairs
The wavelets of the brooks had passed away, and were beheld no more.
I have brought Kanva's famous Plant, life-giving, and itself inspired,
The medicine that healeth all: may it suppress my hidden foes.

HYMN LIII

A prayer for recovery and preservation of health and security

May Heaven and Earth, wise pair, may lofty Sukra grant me this thing by reason of the guerdon.

May Agni, Soma mark through this libation: may Vāyu,
Savitar, and Bhaga guard us.

Again return to us our breath and spirit, again come back to us our life and vision!
Vaisvānara, unscathed, our bodies' guardian, stand between us and every woe and danger!
We are again united with our bodies, with happy mind, with spirit, strength, and splendour.
May Tvashtar here make room for us, and freedom and smooth whate'er is injured in our bodies.

HYMN LIV

A benediction on a newly elected King

Win the love of Indra that his friend may reach yet higher state.
Increase, as rain the grass, this man's dominion and his lofty fame.
Confirm the princely power in him, Agni and Soma! grant him wealth.
In all the circuit of his rule make him yet higher for your friend.
The man who shows us enmity, whether a stranger or akin,
Thou wilt give up entire to me who sacrifice and press the juice.

HYMN LV

A prayer for general protection and prosperity

Of all the many God-frequented pathways that traverse realms between the earth and heaven,
Consign me, all ye Gods to that which leadeth to perfect and inviolable safety.
Maintain us in well-being Summer, Winter Dew-time and Spring,
Autumn, and Rainy Season
Give us our share of cattle and of Children. May we enjoy your unassailed protection.
Pay to the Year your lofty adoration, to the first Year, the second, and the present.
Many we abide in the auspicious favour and gracious love of these who claim our worship.

HYMN LVI

A charm against snakes

Let not the serpent slay us, O Gods, with our children and our folk.
 Let it not close the opened mouth nor open that which now is closed.
 Be worship paid unto the black, worship to that with stripes across!
 To the brown viper reverence, reverence to the demon brood!
 I close together fangs with fang, I close together jaws with jaw.
 I close together tongue with tongue, I close together mouth with mouth.

HYMN LVII

A charm for a wound or bruise

This is a medicine indeed, Rudra's own medicine is this,
 Wherewith he warns the arrow off one-shafted, with a hundred tips.
 Besprinkle it with anodyne, bedew it with relieving balm:
 Strong, soothing is the medicine: bless us therewith that we may live.
 Let it be health and joy to us. Let nothing vex or injure us.
 Down with the wound! Let all to us be balm, the whole be medicine.

HYMN LVIII

A priest's prayer for power and glory

May Indra Maghavan give me name and glory. May Heaven and Earth, this couple, make me famous.
 May Savitar the deity make me honoured. Here may the man who gives the guerdon love me.
 Indra from Heaven and Earth receiveth glory among the plants the Waters have their glory;
 Even so may we be glorious 'mid all the Universal Gods.
 Indra and Agni were renowned, famous was Soma at his birth;
 So too am I illustrious, most glorious of all that is.

HYMN LIX

A charm to protect cattle and men

First, O Arundhatī, protect our oxen and milky kine:
 Protect each one that is infirm, each quadruped that yields no milk.
 Let the Plant give us sheltering aid, Arundhatī allied with Gods;
 Avert Consumption from our men and make our cow-pen rich in milk.
 I welcome the auspicious Plant, life-giving, wearing every hue.
 Far from our cattle may it turn the deadly dart which Rudra casts.

HYMN LX

The wooing of a bride

With forelock loosened o'er his brow here comes the wooer of the bride, p. a228
 Seeking a husband for this maid, a wife for this unmarried man.
 Wooer! this girl hath toiled in vain, going to others' marriages.
 Now to her wedding, verily, wooer! another maid shall come.
 Dhātār upholds the spacious earth, upholds the sky, upholds the Sun.
 Dhātār bestow upon this maid a husband suited to her wish!

HYMN LXI

A prayer for prosperity and greatness

The Waters send me what is sweet and pleasant, Sūra bring all
I need for light and vision!

The deities, and all of pious nature, and Savitar the God afford me freedom!

I set the heaven and the earth asunder, I brought all seven sea- sons into being.

My word is truth, what I deny is falsehood, above celestial Vāk, above the nations.

I gave existence to the earth and heaven, I made the seasons and the seven rivers.

My word is truth; what I deny is falsehood, I who rejoice in
Agni's, Soma's friendship.

HYMN LXII

A prayer for purification and riches

Cleanse us Vaisvānara with rays of splendour! With breath and clouds let quickening Vāyu
cleanse us.

And, rich in milky rain, let Earth and Heaven, worshipful, holy, cleanse us with their water.
Lay hold on Sūnritā whose forms and regions have fair smooth backs, her who is all men's
treasure.

Through her may we, in sacrificial banquets singing her glory, be the lords of riches.

For splendour, seize on her whom all men worship, becoming pure yourselves, and bright,
and brilliant.

Here, through our prayer rejoicing in the banquet, long may we look upon the Sun ascending.

HYMN LXIII

The symbolical liberation of a sacrificial victim

That collar round thy neck, not to be loosened, which Nirriti the Goddess bound and fastened,
I loose for thy long life and strength and vigour. Eat, liberated, food that brings no sorrow.
To thee, sharp-pointed Nirriti, be homage! Loose thou the binding fetters wrought of iron.
To me, in truth, again doth Yama give thee. To him, to Yama, yea, to Death, be homage!
Compassed by death which comes in thousand manners, here art thou fastened to the iron
pillar.

Unanimous with Yama and the Fathers, make this man rise and reach the loftiest heaven.

Thou, mighty Agni, good and true, gatherest up all precious things.

Bring us all treasures as thou art enkindled at libation's place.

HYMN LXIV

To promote unanimity in an assembly

Agree and be united: let your minds be all of one accord,

Even as the Gods of ancient days, unanimous, await their share.

The rede is common, common the assembly, common the law, so be their thoughts united.

I offer up your general oblation: together entertain one common purpose.

One and the same be your resolve, be all your hearts in har- mony:

One and the same be all your minds that all may happily con- sent.

HYMN LXV

A sacrificial charm against enemies

The angry spirit hath relaxed: loose are the arms that act with mind.

Do thou, destroyer, overcome and drive these foemen's might away, and then bring opulence
to us.

The shaft for handless fiends which, Gods! ye cast against the handless ones,
 With this, in shape of sacrifice, I rend the arms of enemies.
 Indra made first for Asuras the shaft designed for handless foes:
 Victorious shall my heroes be with Indra as their constant friend.

HYMN LXVI

A charm for the destruction and plunder of enemies

Handless be every foeman who assaileth, they who with missiles come to fight against us!
 Dash them together with great slaughter, Indra! and let their robber chief run pierced with arrows.

Ye who run hither bending bows, brandishing swords and cast- ing darts.

Handless be ye, O enemies! Let Indra mangle you to-day.

Handless be these our enemies! We enervate their languid limbs.

So let us part among ourselves, in hundreds, Indra! all their wealth.

HYMN LXVII

A charm for the destruction and plunder of enemies

Indra and Pūshan have gone forth along the ways on every side.

To-day those hosts of enemies must flee bewildered far away.

Ye foes, come hitherward dismayed like serpents when their heads are gone.

Let Indra slay each bravest one of you whom Agni hath con- fused.

Gird thou a bullock's hide on these, make those as timid as the deer.

Let the foe flee away, and let his kine come hither-ward to us.

HYMN LXVIII

A charm to accompany the shaving of the beard

Savitar hath come hither with the razor: come thou, O Vāyu, with the heated water.

One-minded let Ādityas, Rudras, Vasus moisten the hair: shave ye who know King Soma.

Let Aditi shave the beard, and let the Waters bathe it with their strength: p. a232

Prajāpati restore his health for sight and days of lengthened life!

The razor used by Savitar, for shaving, who knoweth Varuna and royal Soma,

Even with this shave ye this man, O Brāhman. Let him be rich in horses, kine, and children.

HYMN LXIX

A priest's prayer for power and glory

Mine be the glory in the hill, in vales, in cattle, and in gold,

Mine be the sweetness that is found in nectar and in flowing wine!

With your delicious honey balm me, Asvins, Lords of splendid light!

That clear and resonant may be the voice I utter to mankind.

In me be strength, in me be fame, in me the power of sacrifice:

Prajāpati establish this in me as firm as light in heaven!

HYMN LXX

A benediction on cow and calf

As wine associates with flesh, as dice attend the gaming-board,

As an enamoured man's desire is firmly set upon a dame,

So let thy heart and soul, O Cow, be firmly set upou thy calf.

As the male elephant pursues with eager step his female's track,

As an enamoured man's desire is firmly set upon a dame,

So let thy heart and soul, O Cow, be firmly set upon the calf.
 Close as the felly and the spoke, fixt as the wheel-rim on the nave,
 As an enamoured man's desire is firmly set upon a dame,
 So let thy heart and soul, O Cow, be firmly set upon thy calf.

HYMN LXXI

A priest's benediction after meat

What food I eat of varied form and nature, food whether gold, or horse, sheep, goat, or bullock,
 Whatever gift I have received, may Agni the Hotar make it sacrifice well-offered.
 Whatever, sacrificed or not, hath reached me, bestowed by men and sanctioned by the Fathers,
 Whereby my heart seems to leap up, may Agni the Hotar make that sacrifice well-offered.
 What food I eat unjustly, Gods! or, doubtful between bestow- ing and refusing, swallow,
 Through greatness of Vaisvānara the mighty may that same food be sweet to me and blessed!

HYMN LXXII

A charm to restore or increase virile power

Sicut anguis niger ad voluntatem se extendit, Asurarum arte magica formas novas efficiens,
 sic fascinum tuum, partem cum parte, conjunctum, hic hymnus efficiat.
 Velut penis (tayadarus quem ventus permagnum fecit, quantus. est onagri penis, tantus penis
 tuus increseat.
 Quantum estonagri membrum masculinum, elephanti, asinique, quantum est fortis equi,
 tantus penis tuus increseat.

HYMN LXXIII

A King's charm to conciliate his discontented kinsmen

Let Varuna come hither, Soma, Agni, Brihaspati come hither with the Vasus!
 Unanimous, ye kinsmen, come united, come to the glory of this mighty guardian.
 The inclination which your hearts have harboured, the purpose which hath occupied your spirits,
 This I annul with sacrifice and butter. In me be your sweet resting-place, O kinsmen.
 Stand even here; forsake me not. Before us may Pūshan make your path unfit to travel.
 Vāstoshpati incessantly recall you! In me be your sweet resting- place, O kinsmen!

HYMN LXXIV

A King's charm to secure the fidelity of his people

Close gathered be your bodies: be your minds and vows in. unison!
 Here present Brāhmanaspati and Bhaga have assembled you.
 Let there be union of your minds, let there be union of your hearts:
 All that is troubled in your lot with this I mend and harmonize.
 As, free from jealousy, the strong Ādityas have been the Vasus' and the Rudras' fellows.
 So free from jealousy, Lord of Three Titles! cause thou these people here to be one-minded.

HYMN LXXV

A charm to effect the removal of an enemy

Forth from his dwelling drive that man, the foeman who assaileth us:
 Through the Expellent sacrifice hath Indra rent and mangled him.
 Indra, Foe-Slayer, drive him forth into the distance most remote,

Whence never more shall be return in all the years that are to come.
 To the three distances, beyond mankind's Five Races, let him go,
 Beyond the three skies let him go, whence he shall never come- again
 In all the years that are to be, long as the Sun is in the heaven.

HYMN LXXVI

A benediction on a new-born Kshatriya child

Those who are sitting round this babe prepare him to be looked upon.
 Let Agni thoroughly inflamed with all his tongues rise from his- heart.
 For length of life I use the name of Agni the Consuming God,
 Whose smoke the sage who knows the truth beholds proceeding. from his mouth.
 The man who knows his fuel laid in order by the Kshatriya
 Sets not his foot upon the steep declivity that leads to Death.
 Those who encompass slay him not: he goes not near his lurk— ing foes
 The Kshatriya who, knowing well, takes Agni's name for length of life.

HYMN LXXVII

A charm to bring the cattle home

Firm stands the heaven, firm stands the earth, firm stands this universal world,
 Firm stand the rooted mountains. I have put the horses in the stall.
 I call the Herdsman, him who knows the way to drive the cattle forth,
 Who knows the way to drive them home, to drive them back and drive them in.
 O Jātavedas turn them back: a hundred homeward ways be thine!
 Thou hast a thousand avenues: by these restore our kine to us

HYMN LXXVIII

A nuptial benediction

Let this man be again bedewed with this presented sacrifice.
 And comfort with the sap of life the bride whom they have brought to him.
 With life's sap let him comfort her, and raise her high with princely sway.
 In wealth that hath a thousand powers, this pair be inexhausti- ble!
 Tvashtar formed her to be thy dame, Tvashtar made thee to be her lord.
 Long life let Tvashtar give you both. Let Tvashtar give a thousand lives.

HYMN LXXIX

A prayer for seasonable rain and prosperity

May this our Lord of Cloudy Sky, bedewed with liquid drops preserve unequalled riches in
 our homes.
 Lord of the Cloudy Sky, bestow vigour and strength on our abodes. Let wealth and treasure
 come to us.
 Thou, God bedewed with drops, art Lord of infinite prosperity.
 Grant us thereof, give us thereof: may we enjoy this boon of thine.

HYMN LXXX

A prayer for help and protection

He flieth in the firmament observing all the things that be:
 We with this offering will adore the greatness of the Heavenly Hound.
 The three, the Kālākānjas, set aloft in heaven as they were Gods
 All these I call to be our help and keep this man secure from harm.

In waters is thy birth, in heaven thy station, thy majesty on earth and in the ocean.
We with this offering will adore the greatness of the Heavenly Hound.

HYMN LXXXI

A charm to facilitate child-birth

Thou art a grasper, holding fast both hands: drivest fiends away.
A holder both of progeny and riches hath this Ring become.
Prepare accordantly, O Ring, the mother for the infant's birth.
On the right way bring forth the boy. Make him come hither.
I am here.
The Amulet which Aditi wore when desirous of a son,
Tvashtar hath bound upon this dame and said, Be mother of a boy.

HYMN LXXXII

A charm to win a bride

I call the name of him who comes, hath come, and still draws- nigh to us. p. a238
Foe-slaying Indra's name I love, the Vasus' friend with hundred powers.
Thus Bhaga spake to me: Let him bring thee a consort by the path.
Whereon the Asvins brought the bride Sūryā the child of
Savitar.
Great, Indra. is that hook of thine, bestowing treasure, wrought of gold:
Therewith, O Lord of Might, bestow a wife on me who long to wed.

HYMN LXXXIII

A charm against sores and pustules (apachitas)

Hence, Sores and Pustules, fly away even as the eagle from his home.
Let Sūrya bring a remedy, the Moon shine forth and banish you.
One bright with variegated tints, one white, one black, a couple red:—
The'names of all have I declared. Begone, and injure not our men.
Hence, childless, shall the Pustule flee, grand-daughter of the dusky one.
The Boil shall fly away from us, the morbid growth shall vanish hence.
Taste, happy in thy mind, thine own oblation, as I with Svāhā with my heart present it.

HYMN LXXXIV

A charm to accompany the symbolical loosing of sacrificial victims

Thou in whose dread mouth I present oblation, that these bound victims may obtain their
freedom,
The people deem that thou art Earth: I know thee thoroughly, and I say thou art Destruction.
Be thou enriched, O Welfare, with oblations, here among us is thine allotted portion.
Free—Hail to thee!—from sin those here and yonder.
Do thou, Destruction, thus, without a rival, release us from the iron bonds that hind us.
To me doth Yama verily restore thee. To him, to Yama, yea, to
Death be worship!
Thou hast been fastened to an iron pillar, here compassed with a thousand deaths around thee.
In full accord with Yama and the Fathers, send this man up- ward to the loftiest heaven.

HYMN LXXXV

A charm against Consumption

Let Varuna the heavenly tree here present keep disease away.
 The Gods have driven off Decline that entered and possessed this man.
 We with the speech of Indra and of Mitra and of Varuna.
 We with the speech of all the Gods will drive Decline away from thee.
 Even as Vritra checked and stayed these waters flowing every way,
 With Agni, God of all mankind. I check and banish thy Decline.

HYMN LXXXVI

A glorification of a newly consecrated King

This is the Lord of Indra, this the Lord of Heaven, the Lord of
 Earth,
 The Lord of all existing things: the one and only Lord be thou,
 The Sea is regent of the floods, Agni is ruler of the land,
 The Moon is regent of the stars: the one and only Lord be thou.
 Thou art the King of Asuras, the crown and summit of man- kind:
 Thou art the partner of the Gods: the one and only Lord be thou.

HYMN LXXXVII

A benediction addressed to a newly elected King

Here art thou: I have chosen thee. Stand stedfast and immov- able.
 Let all the clans desire thee: let not thy kingdom fall away.
 Be even here: fall not away: be like a mountain unremoved.
 Stand stedfast here like Indra's self, and hold the kingship in the grasp.
 This man hath Indra stablished, made secure by constant sacri- fice.
 Soma, and Brāhmanaspati here present bless and comfort him!

HYMN LXXXVIII

A benediction addressed to a newly elected King

Firm is the sky, firm is the earth, and firm is all this living world;
 Firm are these mountains on their base, and stedfast is this King of men.
 Stedfast may Varuna the King, stedfast the God Brihaspati,
 Stedfast may Indra stedfast, too, may Agni keep thy stedfast reign.
 Firm, never to be shaken, crush thy foemen, under thy feet lay those who strive against thee.
 One-minded, true to thee be all the regions: faithful to thee, the firm, be this assembly!

HYMN LXXXIX

A man's love charm

This strength that Soma hath bestowed, the head of her who gladdeneth,—
 With that which thence hath been produced we make thy spirit sorrowful.
 We make thy spirit sorrowful, we fill thy mind with pain and grief.
 As smoke accompanies the wind, so let thy fancy follow me.
 May Varuna and Mitra, may Sarasvati the Goddess,
 May the centre of the earth, and both her limits bring thee close to me.

HYMN XC

A charm to cure a poisoned man

The shaft that Rudra hath shot forth against thy members and thy heart,
 Here do we draw from thee to-day, and turn it hence to every side.
 From all the hundred vessels spread throughout the members of thy frame.

From all those vessels and canals we call the poisonous matter forth.
 Worship to thee, the archer, and O Rudra, to thy levelled shaft!
 Yea, worship to thine arrow when it left the bow, and when it fell!

HYMN XCI

A charm against disease

They made this barley ready with a team of eight, a team of six.
 With this I drive to westward, far away, thy bodily disease.
 Vita breathes downward from above, and downward Sūrya sends his heat:
 Downward is drawn the milch-cow's milk: so downward go thy malady!
 The Waters verily bring health, the Waters drive disease away.
 The Waters cure all malady: may they bring medicine for thee.

HYMN XCII

A charm to strengthen and inspirit a war-horse

Be fleet as wind, Strong Steed, when thou art harnessed; go forth as swift as thought at
 Indra's sending.
 Let the possessors of all wealth, the Maruts, yoke thee, and
 Tvashtar in thy feet lay swiftness.
 That speed, that lies concealed in thee, O Charger, speed granted to the hawk or wind that
 wandered,
 Therewith, Strong Steed, saving in shock of battle endowed with might by might win thou the
 contest.
 Bearing thy body, Charger, may thy body run blessing us and winning thee protection.
 May he, unswerving, to uphold the mighty, stablish his lustre as a God in heaven.

HYMN XCIII

A prayer for protection from poison

Yama, Death direly fatal, the Destroyer, with his black crest,
 Sarva the tawny archer,
 And all the Gods uprisen with their army, may these on every side avoid our heroes.
 With mind, burnt offerings, butter, and libation, to royal Bhava and the archer Sarva,
 To these the worshipful I pay my worship: may they turn else- where things with deadly
 venom.
 Save us, All-Gods and all-possessing Maruts, from murderous stroke and things that slay
 with poison.
 Pure is the might of Varuna, Agni, Soma. May Vāta's and
 Parjanya's favour bless us.

HYMN XCIV

A charm to reconcile a King's discontented people

We bend your minds in union, bend in harmony your hopes and plans:
 You there, who turn to sundered ways, we bend and bow in unison.
 I with my spirit make your spirits captive: these with their thoughts follow my thought and
 wishes.
 I make your hearts submissive to mine order closely attending go where I precede you.
 I have invoked both Heaven and Earth, invoked divine
 Sarasvati,
 Indra and Agni have I called: Sarasvati, so may we thrive!

HYMN XCV

A charm to remove disease

In the third heaven above us stands the Asvattha tree, the seat of Gods.
 There the Gods gained the Kushtha plant, embodiment of end- less life.
 There moved through heaven a golden ship, a ship with cordage wrought of gold.
 There Gods obtained the Kushtha plant, the flower of immor- tality.
 Thou art the infant of the plants, the infant of the Snowy Hills:
 The germ of every thing that is: free this my friend from his disease.

HYMN XCVI

A prayer for deliverance from sin and sorrow

The many plants of hundred shapes and forms that Soma rules as King, p. a245
 Commanded by Brihaspati, deliver us from grief and woe!
 Let them release me from the curse and from the noose of
 Varupa,
 Free me from Yama's fetter, and from every sin against the
 Gods!
 From every fault in look, in word, in spirit that we, awake or sleeping, have committed,
 May Soma, with his godlike nature, cleanse us.

HYMN XCVII

A prayer for the success and prosperity of a King

The sacrifice is victor, Agni victor, victorious is Soma, Indra conquers:
 So will we bring oblation unto Agni, this sacrifice that I may win all battles.
 Praise to you, Mitra-Varupa, hymn-singers! Here swell with meath dominion blest with
 children.
 Far into distant regions drive Destruction, and even from committed sin absolve us.
 In this strong hero be ye glad and joyful: cleave ye to him even as ye cleave to Indra.
 Victorious, kine-winner, thunder-wielder, who quells a host and with his might destroys it.

HYMN XCVIII

Praise of Indra

Indra be victor, never to be vanquished, to reign among the
 Kings as sovran ruler!
 Here be thou meet for praise and supplication, to be revered and waited on and worshipped.
 Thou fain for glory, an imperial ruler, hast won dominion over men, O Indra,
 Of these celestial tribes be thou the sovran: long-lasting be thy sway and undecaying!
 Thou governest the north and eastern regions, Indra! fiend- slayer! thou destroyest foemen.
 Thou hast won all, far as the rivers wander. Bull, called to help, on our right hand thou goest.

HYMN XCIX

A prayer for protection in battle

Indra, before affliction comes, I call thee from the wide expanse.
 The mighty guardian, born alone, wearer of many names, I call.
 Whatever deadly missile launched to-day flies forth to slaughter us.
 We take both arms of Indra to encompass us on every side.
 We draw about us both the arms of Indra, our deliverer. May they protect us thoroughly.
 O Savitar, thou God, O royal Soma, make thou me pious- minded for my welfare.

HYMN C

A charm against poison

The Gods and Sūrya gave the gift, the Earth and Heaven best- owed the boon.
 The three Sarasvatis in full accord bestowed the antidote.
 That water, Upajīkās! which Gods poured for you on thirsty land,
 With that same water sent by Gods, drive ye away this poison here. p. a247
 The daughter of the Asuras art thou, and sister of the Gods.
 Thou who hast sprung from heaven and earth hast robbed the poison of its power.

HYMN CI

A charm to promote virile vigour

Taurum age, palpita, incresce et teipsum extende: per totum membrum increscat penis: hoc tu
 caede feminam.
 Quo debilem stimulant, quo aegrum excitant (homines), hoc, O
 Brahmanaspatis, hujus penem in arcus modum extende.
 Velut nervum in arcu ego tuum fascinum extendo. Aggrederere
 (mulierem) semper indefessus velut cervus damam.

HYMN CII

A man's love charm

Even as this ox, O Asvins, steps and turns together with his mate,
 So let thy fancy turn itself, come nearer, and unite with me.
 I, as the shaft-horse draws the mare beside him, draw thee to myself.
 Like grass that storm and wind have rent, so be thy mind at- tached to me!
 Swiftly from Bhaga's hands I bear away a love-compelling charm
 Of ointment and of sugar-cane, of Spikenard and the Kushtha plant.

HYMN CIII

A charm to check the approach of a hostile army

Brihaspati and Savitar prepare a rope to bind you fast!
 Let Bhaga, Mitra, Aryaman, and both the Asvins make the bond.
 I bind together all of them, the first, the last, the middlemost.
 Indra hath girded these with cord: bind them together, Agni, thou!
 Those yonder who approach to fight, with banners raised along their ranks,
 Indra hath girded these with cord: bind them together, Agni, thou!

HYMN CIV

The same

We bind our foemen with a bond that binds them close and holds them fast.
 Their breath and respiration I dissever, and their lives from life.
 This bond, made keen by Indra, I have formed with heat of holy zeal.
 Securely bind our enemies, O Agni, who are standing here.
 Indra and Agni bind them fast, Soma the King, and both the
 Friends!
 May Indra, girt by Maruts, make a bond to bind our enemies.

HYMN CV

A charm to cure cough

Rapidly as the fancy flies forth with conceptions of the mind.
 So following the fancy's flight, O Cough, flee rapidly away.
 Rapidly as an arrow flies away with keenly-sharpened point,
 So swiftly flee away, O Cough, over the region of the earth!
 Rapidly as the beams of light, the rays of Sūrya, fly away,
 So, Cough! fly rapidly away over the current of the sea!

HYMN CVI

A charm to protect a house from fire

Let flowery Dūrvā grass grow up about thine exit and approach.
 There let a spring of water rise, or lake with blooming lotuses.
 This is the place where waters meet, here is the gathering of the flood.
 Our home is set amid the lake: turn thou thy jaws away from it.
 O House, we compass thee about with coolness to envelop thee.
 Cool as a lake be thou to us. Let Agni bring us healing balm!

HYMN CVII

A charm to protect men and cattle

Entrust me, Visvajit, to Trāyamānā.
 Guard, Trāyamānā, all our men, guard all our wealth of quadrupeds.
 To Visvajit entrust me, Trāyamānā.
 O Visvajit, guard all our men, etc.
 To Visvajit entrust me, O Kalyāni.
 Guard, O Kalyāni, all our men, etc. p. a250
 To Sarvavid entrust me, O Kalyāni.
 O Sarvavid, guard all our men, guard all our wealth of quadrupeds.

HYMN CVIII

A prayer for wisdom

Intelligence, come first to us with store of horses and of kine!
 Thou with the rays of Sūrya art our worshipful and holy one.
 The first, devout Intelligence, lauded by sages, sped by prayer,
 Drunk by Brahmachāris, for the favour of the Gods I call.
 That excellent Intelligence which Ribhus know, and Asuras,
 Intelligence which sages know, we cause to enter into me.
 Do thou, O Agni, make me wise this day with that Intelligence.
 Which the creative ishis, which the men endowed with wisdom knew.
 Intelligence at eve, at morn, Intelligence at noon of day,
 With the Sun's beams, and by our speech we plant in us
 Intelligence.

HYMN CIX

A charm to heal punctured wounds

The Berry heals the missile's rent, it heals the deeply-piercing wound.
 The Gods prepared and fashioned it. This hath sufficient power for life.
 When from their origin they came, the Berries spake among themselves:
 The man whom we shall find alive shall never suffer injury. p. a251
 Asuras buried thee in earth: the Gods again uplifted thee.
 Healer of sickness caused by wounds and healer of the missile's rent.

HYMN CX

A benediction on a new-born child

Yea, ancient, meet for praise at sacrifices, ever and now thou sittest down as Hotar.
 And now, O Agni, make thy person friendly, and win felicity for us by worship.
 Neath Jyaishthaghni and Yama's Two Releasers this child was born: preserve him from
 uprooting.
 He shall conduct him safe past all misfortunes to lengthened life that lasts a hundred autumns.
 Born on the Tiger's day was he, a hero, the Constellations' child, born brave and manly.
 Let him not wound, when grown in strength, his father, nor disregard his mother, her who
 bare him.

HYMN CXI

A charm for insanity

Unbind and loose for me this man, O Agni, who bound and well restrained is chattering
 folly. p. a252
 Afterward he will offer thee thy portion when he hath been delivered from his madness.
 Let Agni gently soothe thy mind when fierce excitement troubles it.
 Well-skilled I make a medicine that thou no larger mayst be mad.
 Insane through sin against the Gods, or maddened by a demon's power—
 Well-skilled I make a medicine to free thee from insanity.
 May the Apsarases release, Indra and Bhaga let thee go.
 May all the Gods deliver thee that thou no longer mayst be mad.

HYMN CXII

A health-charm for man, woman, and son

Let not this one, O Agni, wound the highest of these: preserve thou him from utter ruin.
 Knowing the way do thou untie the nooses of the she-fiend: let all the Gods approve thee.
 Rend thou the; bonds of these asunder, Agni! the, threefold noose whereby the three were
 fastened.
 Knowing the way untie the she-fiend's nooses: free all, the son, the father, and the mother.
 The elder brother's bonds, still left unwedded, fettered in every limb and bound securely,
 Loose these, for they are bonds for loosing: Pūshan, turn woes away upon the babe-destroyer.

HYMN CXIII

A charm to banish the fiend Grāhi

This sin the Gods wiped off and laid on Trita, and Trita wiped it off on human beings.
 Thence if the female fiend hath made thee captive, the Gods by prayer shall banish her and
 free thee.
 Enter the particles of light and vapours, go to the rising fogs or mists, O Evil!
 Hence! vanish in the foams of rivers. Pūshan, wipe woes away upon the babe-destroyer!
 Stored in twelve separate places lies what Trita hath wiped away, the sins of human beings.
 Thence if the female fiend hath made thee captive, the Gods by prayer shall banish her and
 free thee.

HYMN CXIV

A prayer for pardon of faults and errors in sacrificing

Whatever God-provoking wrong we priests have done, O
 Deities.

Therefrom do ye deliver us, Ādityas! by the right of Law.
 Here set us free, O holy ones, Ādityas, by the right of Law.
 When striving, bringing sacrifice, we failed to offer it aright.
 With ladle full of fatness we, worshippers, pouring holy oil,
 Striving, have failed, O all ye Gods, against our will, to offer it.

HYMN CXV

A prayer for forgiveness of sins

Whatever wrong we wittingly or in our ignorance have done,
 Do ye deliver us therefrom, O all ye Gods, of one accord.
 If I, a sinner, when awake or sleeping have committed sin,
 Free me therefrom as from a stake, from present and from future guilt.
 As one unfastened from a stake, or cleansed by bathing after toil,
 As butter which the sieve hath cleansed, so all shall purge me from the sin.

HYMN CXVI

A prayer for pardon of sin against mother, father, son, or brother

The wealth which husbandmen aforetime, digging, like men who find their food with
 knowledge, buried,
 This to the King, Vivasvān's son, I offer, Sweet be our food and fit for sacrificing!
 May he, Vaivasvata, prepare our portion; May he whose share is mead with mead besprinkle.
 Our sin in hasty mood against our mother, or guilt whereby a sire is wronged and angered.
 Whether this sin into our heart hath entered regarding mother, father, son or brother,
 Auspicious be to us the zeal and spirit of all the fathers who are here among us.

HYMN CXVII

A prayer for freedom from debt

That which I eat, a debt which still is owing, the tribute due to
 Yama, which supports me, p. a255
 Thereby may I be free from debt, O Agni. Thou knowest how to rend all bonds asunder.
 Still dwelling here we give again this present; we send it forth, the living from the living.
 Throwing away the grain whence I have eaten, thereby shall I be free from debt, O Agni.
 May we be free in this world and that yonder, in the third world may we be unindebted.
 May we, debt-free, abide in all the pathways, in all the worlds which Gods and Fathers visit.

HYMN CXVIII

A prayer for pardon of cheating at play

If we have sinned with both our hands, desiring to take the host of dice for our possession,
 May both Apsarases to-day forgive us that debt, the fiercely- conquering, fiercely-looking.
 Stern viewers of their sins who rule the people, forgive us what hash happened as we
 gambled.
 Not urging us to pay the debt we owed him, he with a cord hath gone to Yama's kingdom.
 My creditor, the man whose wife I visit, he, Gods! whom I approach with supplication,
 Let not these men dominate me in speaking. Mind this, ye two
 Apsarases, Gods' Consorts!

HYMN CXIX

A prayer for release from debts incurred without intention of payment

The debt which I incur, not gaming, Agni! and, not intending to repay, acknowledge, p. a256
 That may Vaisvānara, the best, our sovrān, carry away into the world of virtue.
 I cause Vaisvānara to know, confessing the debt whose payment to the Gods is promised.
 He knows to tear asunder all these nooses: so may we dwell with him the gentle-minded.
 Vaisvānara the Purifier purge me when I oppose their hope and break my promise,
 Unknowing in my heart. With supplication, whatever guilt there is in that, I banish.

HYMN CXX

A prayer for pardon of sins and felicity hereafter

If we have injured Air, or Earth, or Heaven, if we have wronged our Mother or our Father,
 May Agni Gārhapatya here absolve us, and bear us up into the world of virtue.
 Earth is our Mother, Aditi our birth-place: our brother Air save us from imprecation!
 Dyaus, Father, save us, from the world of Fathers! My world not lost, may I approach my
 kindred.
 There where our virtuous friends, who left behind them their bodily infirmities, are happy,
 Free from distortion of the limbs and lameness, may we behold, in heaven, our sons and
 parents.

HYMN CXXI

A prayer for happiness in heaven

Spreading them out, untie the snares that hold us, Varuna's bonds, the upper and the lower.
 Drive from us evil dream, drive off misfortune; then let us go in- to the world of virtue.
 If thou art bound with cord or tied to timber, fixt in the earth, or by a word imprisoned,
 Our Agni Gārhapatya here shall free thee, and lead thee up into the world of virtue.
 The two auspicious stars whose name is called Releasers have gone up.
 Send Amrit hither, let it come freeing the captive from his bonds!
 Open thyself, make room: from bonds thou shalt release the prisoner.
 Freed, like an infant newly born, dwell in all pathways where thou wilt.

HYMN CXXII

A prayer for happiness in heaven

This portion I who understand deliver to Visvakarman first-born son of Order.
 So may we follow to the end, unbroken, beyond old age, the thread which we have given.
 This long-drawn thread some follow who have offered in order- ed course oblation to the
 Fathers:
 Some, offering and giving to the friendless, if they can give: herein they find their heaven.
 3, Stand on my side and range yourselves in order, ye two! The faithful reach this world of
 Svarga. p. a258
 When your dressed food hath been bestowed on Agni, to guard it, wife and husband, come
 together!
 Dwelling with zeal I mount in spirit after the lofty sacrifice as it departeth.
 Agni, may we, beyond decay, invited, in the third heaven, feast and enjoy the banquet.
 These women here, cleansed, purified, and holy, I place at rest singly, in hands of Brāhmans.
 May Indra, Marut-girt, grant me the blessing I long for as I pour you this libation.

HYMN CXXIII

A prayer for happiness in heaven

Ye who are present, unto you I offer this treasure brought to us by Jātavedas
 Happily will the sacrificer follow: do ye acknowledge him in highest heaven.

Do ye acknowledge him in highest heaven: ye know the world here present in assembly.
 In peace will he who sacrifices follow: show him the joy which comes from pious actions.
 Gods are the Fathers, and the Fathers Gods. I am the very man
 I am.
 I cook, I give, I offer up oblation. From what I gave let me not be disparted.
 O King, take thou thy stand in heaven, there also let that gift be placed. p. a259
 Recognize, King, the gift which we have given, and be gracious,
 God!

HYMN CXXIV

An Omen from the sky

From the high firmament, yea, out of heaven a water-drop with dew on me hath fallen.
 I, Agni! share the merit of the pious, with vigour, milk, and hymns and sacrifices.
 If from a tree that fruit hath fallen downward if, aught from air that is vāyu.
 Where it hath touched my body or my garment, thence may the
 Waters drive Destruction backward.
 It is a fragrant ointment, happy fortune, sheen all of gold, yea, purified from blemish.
 Spread over us are all purifications. Death and Malignity shall not subdue us.

HYMN CXXV

Glorification of a war-chariot

Mayst thou, O Tree, be firm indeed in body, our friend that furthers us, a goodly hero.
 Put forth thy strength, compact with thongs of leather, and let thy rider win all spoils of
 battle.
 Its mighty strength was borrowed from the heaven and earth: its conquering force was
 brought from sovran of the wood.
 Honour with sacrifice the Car like Indra's bolt, the Car girt round with straps, the vigour of
 the floods.
 Thou bolt of Indra, vanguard of the Maruts, close knit to
 Varuna and child of Mitra,
 As such, accepting gifts which here we offer, receive, O godlike
 Chariot, these oblations.

HYMN CXXVI

Glorification of the war drum

Send forth thy voice aloud through earth and heaven, and let the world in all its breadth
 regard thee.
 O Drum, accordant with the Gods and Indra, drive thou afar, yea, very far, our foemen.
 Thunder out strength and fill us full of vigour, yea, thunder forth and drive away misfortunes.
 Drive hence, O Drum, drive thou away mischances. Thou art the fist of Indra, show thy
 firmness.
 Conquer those yonder and let these be victors. Let the Drum speak aloud as battle's signal.
 Let our men, winged with horses, fly together. Let our car-warriors, Indra! be triumphant.

HYMN CXXVII

A charm to banish various diseases

Of abscess, of decline, of inflammation of the eyes. O Plant,
 Of penetrating pain, thou Herb, let not a particle remain.
 Those nerves of thine, Consumption! which stand closely hidden in thy groin

I know the balm for that disease: the magic cure is Sipudru.
 We draw from thee piercing pain that penetrates and racks thy limbs,
 That pierces ears, that pierces eyes, the abscess, and the heart's disease.
 Downward and far away from thee we banish that unknown. decline.

HYMN CXXVIII

A charm for fair weather

What time the heavenly bodies chose the Weather Prophet as their King,
 They brought him favouring weather, and, Let this be his do- main, they said.
 May we have weather fair at noon, May we have weather fair at eve,
 Fair weather when the morning breaks, fair weather when the night is come.
 Fair weather to the day and night, and to the stars and sun and moon.
 Give favourable weather thou, King, Weather Prophet, unto us.
 Be worship ever paid to thee, O Weather Prophet, King of
 Star s,
 Who gavest us oo weather in the evening and by night and day!

HYMN CXXIX

A charm for success and happiness

With fortune of the Sisu tree—with Indra as my friend to aid
 I give myself a happy fate. Fly and begone, Malignities!
 That splendour and felicity wherewith thou hast excelled the trees
 Give me therewith a happy fate. Fly and begone, Malignities
 Blind fortune, with reverted leaves that is deposited in trees—
 Give me therewith a happy fate. Fly and begone, Malignities.

HYMN CXXX

A woman's love-charm

This is the Apsarases' love-spell, the conquering, resistless ones'.
 Send the spell forth, ye Deities! Let him consume with love of me.
 I pray, may he remember me, think of me, loving and beloved.
 Send forth the spell, ye Deities! Let him consume with love of me.
 That he may think of me, that I may never, never think of him,.
 Send forth the spell, ye Deities! Let him consume with love of me.
 Madden him, Maruts, madden him. Madden him, madden him,
 O Air.
 Madden him, Agni, madden him. Let him consume with love of me.

HYMN CXXXI

A woman's love-charm

Down upon thee, from head to foot, I draw the pangs of long- ing love.
 Send forth the charm, ye Deities! Let him consume with love of me.
 Assent to this, O Heavenly Grace! Celestial Purpose, guide it well!
 Send forth the charm, ye Deities! Let him consume with love of me.
 If thou shouldst run three leagues away, five leagues, a horse's daily stage,
 Thence thou shalt come to me again and be the father of our sons.

HYMN CXXXII

The same

The Philter, burning with the pangs of yearning love, which
 Gods have poured within the bosom of the floods,
 That spell for thee I heat by Varuna's decree.
 The charm which, burning with the pangs of love, the General
 Gods have poured within the bosom of the floods,
 That spell for thee I heat by Varuna's decree.
 The Philter, burning with the pangs of longing, which Indrāni hath effused within the waters'
 depth,
 That spell for thee I heat by Varuna's decree.
 The charm, aglow with longing, which Indra and Agni have effused within the bosom of the
 floods,
 That spell for thee I heat by Varuna's decree.
 The charm aglow with longing which Mitra and Varuna have poured within the bosom of the
 floods,
 That spell for thee I heat by Varuna's decree.

HYMN CXXXIII

A glorification of the sacred girdle

By the direction of that God we journey, he will seek means to save and he will free us;
 The God who hath engirt us with this Girdle, he who hath fast-ened it, and made us ready.
 Thou, weapon of the Rishis, art adored and served with sacrifice.
 First tasting of the votive milk, Zone, be a hero-slayer thou!
 As I am now Death's Brahmachāri claiming out of the living world a man for Yama,
 So with Austerity and Prayer and Fervour I bind this Girdle round the man before me.
 She hath become, Faith's daughter, sprung from Fervour, the sister of the world-creating
 Rishis;
 As such, O Girdle, give us thought and wisdom, give us religious zeal and mental vigour.
 Thou whom primeval Rishis girt about them, they who made the world,
 As such do thou encircle me, O Girdle, for long days of life.

HYMN CXXXIV

A priest's prayer for power to punish wrong-doers

This Thunderbolt shall take its fill of Order, scare life away and overthrow the kingdom.
 Tear necks in pieces. rend napes asunder, even as the Lord of
 Might the neck of Vritra.
 Down, down beneath the conquerors, let him not rise, concealed in earth, but lie down-
 smitten with the bolt.
 Seek out the fierce oppressor, yea, strike only the oppressor dead. p. a265
 Down on the fierce oppressor's head strike at full length, O
 Thunderbolt!

HYMN CXXXV

A priest's fulmination against an enemy

Whate'er I eat I turn to strength, and thus I grasp the Thunder- bolt,
 Rending the shoulders of that man as Indra shattered Vritra's neck.
 I drink together what I drink, even as the sea that swallows all.
 Drinking the life-breath of that man, we drink that man and swallow him.
 Whate'er I eat I swallow up, even as the sea that swallows all.
 Swallowing that man's vital breath, we swallow him completely up.

HYMN CXXXVI

A charm to promote the growth of hair

Born from the bosom of wide Earth the Goddess, godlike Plant, art thou:
 So we, Nitatnī! dig thee up to strengthen and fix fast the hair.
 Make the old firm, make new hair spring, lengthen what has already grown.
 Thy hair where it is falling off, and with the roots is torn away,
 I wet and sprinkle with the Plant, the remedy for all disease.

HYMN CXXXVII

A charm to promote the growth of hair

The Plant which Jamadagni dug to make his daughter's locks. grow long,
 This same hath Vitahavya brought to us from Asita's abode.
 They might be measured with a rein, meted with both extended arms.
 Let the black locks spring thick and strong and grow like reeds upon thy head.
 Strengthen the roots, prolong the points, lengthen the middle part, O Plant.
 Let the black locks spring thick and strong and grow like reeds upon thy head.

HYMN CXXXVIII

A woman's imprecation on her unfaithful lover

O Plant, thy fame is spread abroad as best of all the herbs that grow.
 Unman for me to-day this man that he may wear the horn of hair.
 Make him a eunuch with a horn, set thou the crest upon his- head.
 Let Indra with two pressing-stones deprive him of his manly strength.
 I have unmanned thee, eunuch! yea, impotent! made thee- impotent, and robbed thee,
 weakling! of thy strength.
 Upon his head we set the horn, we set the branching ornament.
 Duas tuas venas, a Diis factas, in quibus stat vigor virilis, paxillo ligneo in testiculis ob istam
 mulierem tibi findo.
 Ut mulieres mattam (tegetem) facturæ arundinem lapide findunt, sic fascinum tuum cum
 testiculis ob istam mulierem findo.

HYMN CXXXIX

A woman's love-charm

Thou hast grown up, a source of joy to bless me with pros- perity.
 A hundred are thy tendrils, three-and-thirty thy descending shoots.
 With this that bears a thousand leaves I dry thy heart and wither it.
 Let thy heart wither for my love and let thy month be dry for me.
 Parch and dry up with longing, go with lips that love of me hath dried.
 Drive us together, tawny! fair! a go-between who wakens love.
 Drive us together, him and me, and give us both one heart and mind.
 Even as his mouth is parched who finds no water for his burn- ing thirst,
 So parch and burn with longing, go with lips that love of me hath dried.
 Even as the Mongoose bites and rends and then restores the wounded snake,
 So do thou, Mighty one, restore the fracture of our severed love.

HYMN CXL

A blessing on a child's first two teeth

Two tigers have grown up who long to eat the mother and the sire:
 Soothe, Brāhmanaspati, and thou, O Jātavedas, both these teeth.
 Let rice and barley be your food, eat also beans and sesamum.
 This is the share allotted you, to be your portion, ye two Teeth.
 Harm not your mother and your sire.
 Both fellow teeth have been invoked, gentle and bringing happiness.
 Else whither let the fierceness of your nature turn away, O
 Teeth! Harm not your mother or your sire.

HYMN CXLI

A blessing on cattle

Vayu collected these: to find their sustenance be Tvashtar's care:
 May Indra bless and comfort them, and Rudra look that they increase.
 Take thou the iron axe and make a pair by marks upon their ears.
 This sign the Asvins have impressed: let these increase and multiply.
 Even as Gods and Asuras, even as mortal men have done,
 Do ye, that these may multiply in thousands, Asvins! make the mark.

HYMN CXLI

A blessing on cattle

Spring high, O Barley, and become much through thine own magnificence: p. a269
 Burst all the vessels; let the bolt from heaven forbear to strike thee down.
 As we invite and call to thee, Barley, a God who heareth us,
 Raise thyself up like heaven on high and be exhaustless as the sea.
 Exhaustless let thine out-turns be, exhaustless be thy gathered heaps,
 Exhaustless be thy givers, and exhaustless those who eat of thee.

Book VII

HYMN I

Glorification of the power of prayer and to Agni

They who by thought have guided all that Speech hath best, or they who with their heart have uttered words of truth,

Made stronger by the strength which the third prayer bestows, have by the fourth prayer learned the nature of the Cow.

Well knows this son his sire, he knows his mother well: he hath been son, and he hath been illiberal.

He hath encompassed heaven, and air's mid-realm, and sky; he hath become this All; he hath come nigh to us.

HYMN II

Praise of Atharvan

Invoke for us, proclaim in sundry places, the kinsman of the Gods, our sire Atharvan,

His mother's germ, his father's breath, the youthful, who with his mind hath noticed this oblation.

HYMN IV

To Vāyu God of the Wind

With thine eleven teams, to aid our wishes, yea, with thy two- and-twenty teams, O Vāyu, With all thy three-and-thirty teams for drawing, here loose these teams, thou who art prompt to listen!

HYMN V

A glorification of sacrifice

The Gods adored the Sacrifice with worship: these were the statutes of primeval ages.

Those mighty ones attained the cope of heaven, there where the Sādhyas, Gods of old, are dwelling.

Sacrifice was, was manifest among us: it sprang to life and then in time grew stronger.

Then it became the deities' lord and ruler: may it bestow on us abundant riches.

Where the Gods worshipped Gods with their oblation, worshipped immortals with immortal spirit, p. a272

There in the loftiest heaven may we be happy, and look upon that light when Sūrya rises.

With their oblation, Purusha, the Gods performed a sacrifice.

A sacrifice more potent still they paid with the invoking hymn.

With dog the Gods, perplexed, have paid oblation, and with cow's limbs in sundry sacrifices.

Invoke for us, in many a place declare him who with his mind hath noticed this our worship.

HYMN VI

A prayer to Aditi for help and protection

Aditi is sky, and air's mid-region, Aditi is the father, son, and mother,

Aditi all the Gods and the Five Nations, Aditi what is now and what is future.

We call for help the Queen of Law and Order, great mother of all those whose ways are

righteous,
 Far-spread, unwasting strong in her dominion, Aditi wisely lead- ing, well protecting.
 Sinless may we ascend, for weal, the vessel, rowed with good oars, divine, that never leaketh,
 Earth, our strong guard, incomparable Heaven, Aditi wisely lead- ing, well protecting.
 Let us bring hither, in pursuit of riches, Aditi with our word, the mighty mother,
 Her in whose lap the spacious air is lying: may she afford us triply-guarding shelter!

HYMN VII

Praise of the Ādityas

I have sung praise to Diti's sons and Aditi's, those very lofty and invulnerable Gods.
 For far within the depths of ocean is their home and in the wor- ship paid them none excelleth these.

HYMN VIII

Godspeed to a departing traveller

Go forward on thy way from good to better: Brihaspati pre- cede thy steps and guide thee!
 Place this man here, within this earth's enclosure, afar from foes with all his men about him.

HYMN IX

A prayer to Pūshan for protection and the recovery of lost property

Pūshan was born to move on distant pathways, on roads remote from earth, remote from heaven.
 To both most lovely places of assembly he travels and returns with perfect knowledge.
 Pūshan knows all these realms: may he conduct us by ways that are most free from fear and danger.
 Giver of blessings, glowing, all heroic, may he the wise and watchful go before us.
 We are thy praisers here, O Pūshan: never let us be injured under thy protection.
 From out the distance, far and wide, may Pūshan stretch his right hand forth.
 Let him drive back our lost to us, let us return with what is lost.

HYMN X

A prayer for the favour of Sarasvati

That breast of thine, exhaustless and delightful, good to invoke, beneficent, free giver.
 Wherewith thou feedest all things that are choicest, bring that,
 Sarasvati, that we may drain it.

HYMN XI

A prayer to protect corn from lightning and drought

That far-spread thunder, sent from thee, which cometh on all this world, a high celestial signal
 Strike not, O God, our growing corn with lightning, not kill it with the burning rays of Sūrya.

HYMN XII

A prayer for influence at deliberative and religious meetings

In concord may Prajapati's two daughters, Gathering and As- sembly, both protect me.
 May every man I meet respect and aid me. Fair be my words,
 O Fathers, at the meetings.
 We know thy name, O Conference: thy name is interchange of talk.

Let all the company who join the Conference agree with me.
 Of these men seated here I make the splendour and the lore mine own.
 Indra, make me conspicuous in all this gathered company.
 Whether your thoughts are turned away, or bound and fastened here or there,
 We draw them hitherward again: let your mind firmly rest on me.

HYMN XIII

A charm to win superiority over foes and rivals
 As the Sun, rising, taketh to himself the brightness of the stars,.
 So I assume the glory of women and men mine enemies.
 All ye among my rivals who behold me as I come to you,
 I seize the glory of my foes as the Sun, rising, theirs who sleep.

HYMN XIV

A prayer to Savitar for prosperity
 I praise this God, parent of heaven and earth, exceeding wiser possessed of real energy, giver
 of treasure, thinker dear to all,.
 Whose splendour is sublime, whose light shone brilliant in crea- tion, who, wise, and golden-
 handed, in his beauty made the sky.
 As thou, God! quickening, for our ancient father, sentest him height above and room about
 him,
 So unto us, O Savitar, send treasures, abundant, day by day, in shape of cattle.
 Savitar, God, our household friend, most precious, hath sent our fathers life and power and
 riches.
 Let him drink Soma and rejoice when worshipped. Under his law even the Wanderer travels.

HYMN XV

A charm to win divine favour and felicity
 I choose, O Savitar, that glorious favour, with fruitful energy and every blessing,
 Even this one's teeming cow, erst milked by Kanva, thousand- streamed, milked for
 happiness by the mighty.

HYMN XVI

A prayer for prosperity
 Increase this man Brihaspati! Illume him, O Savitar, for high and happy fortune.
 Sharpen him thoroughly though already sharpened: with glad acclaim let all the Gods receive
 him.

HYMN XVII

A prayer for wealth and children
 May the Ordainer give us wealth, Lord, ruler of the world of life: with full hand may he give
 to us.
 May Dhātār grant the worshipper henceforth imperishable life.
 May we obtain the favour of the God who giveth every boon.
 To him may Dhātār grant all kinds of blessings who, craving children, serves him in his
 dwelling.
 Him may the Gods invest with life eternal, yea, all the Gods and
 Aditi accordant.
 May this our gift please Savitar, Rāti, Dhātār, Prajāpati, and

Agni Lord of Treasures.

May Tvashtar, Vishnu, blessing him with children, give store of riches to the sacrificer.

HYMN XVIII

A prayer for rain

Burst open, Prithvi, and cleave asunder this celestial cloud.

Untie, O Dhātar—for thou canst—the bottle of the breast of heaven.

Let not the Sun's heat burn, nor cold destroy her. Let Earth with all her quickening drops burst open.

Even for her the waters flow, and fatness: where Soma is even there is bliss for ever.

HYMN XIX

A prayer for prosperity

Prajapati engenders earthly creatures: may the benevolent

Ordainer form them,

Having one common womb, and mind, and spirit. He who is.

Lord of Plenty give me plenty!

HYMN XX

A prayer for prosperity and happiness

Anumati approve to-day our sacrifice among the Gods!

May Agni bear mine offerings away for me the worshipper.

Do thou, Anumati! approve, and grant us health and happiness.

Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess, give us progeny.

May he approving in return accord us wealth inexhaustible with store of children.

Never may we be subject to his anger, but rest in his benevolence and mercy.

Thy name is easy to invoke, good leader! approved, Anumati and rich in bounty.

Source of all bonds! fill up therewith our worship, and, Blest

One! grant us wealth with goodly heroes.

Anumati hath come to this our worship well-formed to give good lands and valiant heroes:

For her kind care hath blessed us. God-protected, may she assist the sacrifice we offer.

Anumati became this All, whatever standeth or walketh, everything that moveth.

May we enjoy thy gracious love, O Goddess. Regard us, O Anumati, with favour.

HYMN XXI

A funeral stanza

With prayer come all together to the Lord of Heaven: he is the peerless one, far-reaching, guest of men.

He, God of ancient time, hath gained a recent thrall; to him alone is turned the path which all must tread.

HYMN XXII

To Savitar, or Yama invested with Savitar's attributes

Unto a thousand sages he hath given sight: thought, light is he in ranging all.

The Bright One hath sent forth the Dawns, a closely gathered band,

Immaculate, unanimous, brightly refulgent in their homes.

HYMN XXIII

A charm to banish fiends and troubles

The fearful dream, and indigence, the monster, the malignant hags.
All female fiends of evil name and wicked tongue we drive afar.

HYMN XXIV

A prayer for riches

What treasure hath been dug for us by Indra, by Agni, Visve- devas, tuneful Maruts,
On us may Savitar whose laws are faithful, Prajāpati, and
Heavenly Grace bestow it.

HYMN XXV

Praise of Vishnu and Varuna

The early morning prayer hath come to Vishnu and Varuna,
Lords through might, whom none hath equalled,
Gods by whose power the realms of air were stablished, strongest and most heroic in their
vigour.

The early prayer hath ever come to Vishnu and Varuna by that
God's high power and statute.

In whose control is all this world that shineth, all that hath powers to see and all that
breatheth.

HYMN XXVI

Praise of Vishnu

I will declare the mighty deeds of Vishnu, of him who measured out the earthly regions,
Who propped the highest place of congregation, thrice setting down his footstep, widely
striding.

Loud boast doth Vishnu make of this achievement, like some wild beast, dread, prowling,
mountain-roaming.

May he approach us from the farthest distance.

Thou within whose three wide-extended paces all worlds and creatures have their habitation,
Drink oil, thou homed in oil! promote the sacrificer more and more.

Through all this world strode Vishnu: thrice his foot he planted, and the whole
Was gathered in his footstep's dust.

Vishnu the guardian, he whom none deceiveth, made three steps, thenceforth.
Establishing these high decrees.

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

The princes evermore behold that loftiest place where Vishnu is,
Like an extended eye in heaven,

From heaven, O Vishnu, or from earth, O Vishnu, or from the great far-spreading air's mid-
region,

Fill both thy hands full of abundant treasures, and from the right and left bestow them freely.

HYMN XXVII

A prayer to Ida, Goddess of devotion

May Idā with her statute dwell beside us, she in whose place the pious purge and cleanse
them.

She, mighty, Soma-decked, whose foot drops fatness, meet for
All-Gods, hath come to aid our worship.

HYMN XXVIII

Praise of the sacrificial utensils

Blest be the Broom, may the Mace bring a blessing, and may the
Altar and the Hatchet bless us.

Worshipful Gods, may they accept this worship, lovers of sacrifice, and sacrificers.

HYMN XXIX

To Agni and Vishnu

This is your glorious might, Agni and Vishnu! Ye drink the essence of the mystic butter.
Placing in every home seven costly treasures. Let your tongue stretch to take the offered
fatness.

Ye love the great law, Agni Vishnu! joying, ye feast on mystic essences of butter,
Exalted in each house with fair laudation. Let your tongue stretch to take the offered fatness.

HYMN XXX

A charm to be used when the eyes are anointed

Heaven, Earth, and Mitra here have caused mine eyes to be-anointed well,
Savitar, Brāhmanaspati take care that they be duly balmed!

HYMN XXXI

A prayer for the overthrow of enemies

Rouse us to-day O Indra, Maghavan, hero, with thy best possible and varied succours,
May he who hateth us fall low beneath us, and him whom we detest let life abandon.

HYMN XXXII

A prayer to Agni for long life

We bringing homage have approached the friend who seeks our wondering praise,
Young, strengthener of the sacrifice. May he bestow long life on me.

HYMN XXXIII

A prayer for long life, children, and riches

Let Pūshan, let the Maruts, let Brihaspati pour forth on me;
This present Agni pour on me children and riches in a stream!
May he bestow long life on me.

HYMN XXXIV

A prayer for freedom from sin and the overthrow of enemies

Agni, drive off my rivals born and living, repel those yet unborn,
O Jātavedas.

Cast down beneath my feet mine adversaries. In Aditi's regard may we be sinless.

HYMN XXXV

A prayer for the prosperity of a King and his kingdom

Subdue with conquering might his other rivals, those yet unborn repel, O Jātavedas.
For great felicity protect this kingdom, and in this man let all the Gods be joyful.
Hae quot tibi sunt venae atque arteriae harum omnium os tibi lapide occlusi.

Uteri tui summam partem inferam facio: ne tibi soboles neque filius eveniat. Sterilem et infecundam te facio: lapidem tuum, operimentum facio.

HYMN XXXVI

A charm to be pronounced by bride and bridegroom

Sweet are the glances of our eyes, our faces are as smooth as balm,
Within thy bosom harbour me; one spirit dwell in both of us!

HYMN XXXVII

A nuptial charm to be spoken by the bride

With this my robe, inherited from Manu, I envelop thee,
So that thou mayst be all mine own and give no thought to other dames.

HYMN XXXVIII

A maiden's love-charm

I dig this Healing Herb that makes my lover look on me and weep;
That bids the parting friend return and kindly greets him as he comes.
This Herb wherewith the Asuri drew Indra downward from the
Gods,
With this same Herb I draw thee close that I may be most dear to thee.
Thou art the peer of Soma, yea, thou art the equal of the Sun, p. a285
The peer of all the Gods art thou: therefore we call thee hither— ward.
I am the speaker here, not thou: speak thou where the assembly meets.
Thou shalt be mine and only mine, and never mention other dames.
If thou art far away beyond the rivers, far away from men,
This Herb shall seem to bind thee fast and bring thee back my prisoner.

HYMN XXXIX

A sacrificial charm for rain and prosperity

May he establish in our home the master of riches, gladdening with rain in season,
Mighty, strong-winged, celestial, dropping moisture, Bull of the plants and embryo of waters.

HYMN XL

A prayer for prosperity

We call Sarasvān, under whose protection all cattle wander, to preserve and aid us,
Him in whose ordinance abide the waters, to whose command the Lord of Plenty listens.
Abiding here let us invoke Sarasvān, the seat of riches, glorious, wealth-increaser,
Him who inclines and gives to him who worships, the rich possessor and the Lord of
Fulness.

HYMN XLI

A prayer for prosperity

Observing men, and viewing home, the Falcon hath cleft his swift way over wastes and
waters.
May he, with Indra for a friend, auspicious, traversing all air's lower realms, come hither.
The heavenly Falcon, viewing men, well-pinioned, strength-giver, hundred-footed, hundred-
nested,
Shall give us treasure which was taken from us. May it be rich in food among our Fathers.

HYMN XLII

A prayer for delivery from sin and sickness

Scatter and drive away, Soma and Rudra, the sickness that hath come within our dwelling,
Afar into the distance chase Destruction, and even from committed sin release us.

Lay on our bodies, O ye twain, O Soma and Rudra, all those balms that heal diseases.

Set free and draw away the sin committed, which we have still inherent in our persons.

HYMN XLIII

A charm against lightning

Some of thy words bode weal and some misfortune: thou scatterest them all with friendly feeling.

Deep within this three words are laid: among them one hath flown off even as the sound was uttered.

HYMN XLIV

In praise of Indra and Vishnu

Ye twain have conquered, and have not been vanquished: not either of the pair hath been defeated.

Ye, Indra Vishnu, when ye fought your battle; produced this infinite with three divisions.

HYMN XLV

A charm against jealousy

Brought hitherward from Sindhu, from a folk of every mingled race,

Fetches from afar, thou art I deem, a balm that cureth jealousy.

As one with water quenches fire, so calm this lover's jealousy,

Like heat of fire that burneth here, or flame that rageth through the wood.

HYMN XLVI

A charm for offspring and prosperity

O broad-tressed Sinivāli, thou who art the sister of the Gods,

Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess, grant us progeny.

Present the sacrifice to her, to Sinivāli, Queen of men, Beautiful-fingered, lovely-armed, prolific, bearing many a child.

Thou who as Queen of men art Indra's equal, a Goddess coming with a thousand tresses,

To thee our sacrifices are performed, O Consort of Vishnu

Goddess, urge thy Lord to bounty!

HYMN XLVII

A prayer for wealth and birth of a son

Oft in this sacrifice with favoured cry I call Kuhū, beneficent

Goddess, skilled in all her works.

May she vouchsafe us wealth with every boon, and give a hero meet for praise who gives a hundred gifts.

Kuhū, the Queen of Gods and immortality, called to assist, enjoy this sacrifice of ours!

Let her, desirous of our worship, hear to-day: may she, intelligent, give increase of our wealth.

HYMN XLVIII

A prayer for prosperity and the birth of a son

I call on Rākā with hair laud and reverent cry: may she, auspicious, hear us and herself observe.

With never-breaking needle may she sew her work, and send a glorious man who gives a hundred gifts.

All thy kind favours, Rākā! lovely in their form, wherewith thou grantest treasures to the man who gives,

With these come thou to us this day benevolent, O blessed one, bestowing wealth of thousand sorts.

HYMN XLIX

A prayer for children and booty

May the Gods' Consorts aid us of their own free will, help us to offspring and the winning of the spoil.

May Goddesses who quickly listen shelter us, both those on earth and they within the waters' realm.

May the Dames, wives of Gods, enjoy our presents, Rāt, Asvini
Indrāni and Agnāyi;

May Rodasi and Varunāni hear us, and Goddesses come at the matrons' season.

HYMN L

A gambler's prayer for success in gaming

As evermore the lightning flash strikes, irresistible, the tree,

So, irresistible, may I conquer the gamblers with the dice.

From every side, from hale and sick, impotent to defend them- selves,

May all the fortune of the folk as winnings pass into my hands.

I pray to Agni, him who guards his treasure: here, won by homage, may he pile our winnings.

As 'twere with racing cars I bring my presents: duly with reverence, let me laud the Maruts.

With thee to aid us may we win the treasure: do thou assist our side in every battle.

Give us wide room and easy way, O Indra; break down, O

Maghavan, the foemen's valour.

I have completely cleaned thee out, won from thee what thou keptest back.

As a wolf tears and rends a sheep, so do I tear thy stake away.

Yea, by superior play one gains advantage: in time he piles his spoil as doth a gambler.

He overwhelms with wealth's inherent powers the devotee who keeps not back his riches.

May we all, much-invoked! repel with cattle want that brings sin, hunger with store of barley.

May we uninjured, first among the princes, obtain possessions by our own exertions.

My right hand holds my winnings fast, and in my left is victory.

I would that I were winner of cattle and horses, wealth and gold.

Dice, give me play that bringeth fruit as 'twere a cow with flowing milk!

And, as the bowstring binds, the bow, unite me with a stream of gains.

HYMN LI

A prayer for Brihaspati's and Indra's protection

Brihaspati protect us from the sinner, from rearward, from above, and from below us!

May Indra from the front and from the centre, as friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and freedom.

HYMN LII

A prayer for peace and concord

Give us agreement with our own, with strangers give us unity:
Do ye, O Asvins, in this place join us in sympathy and love.
May we agree in mind, agree in purpose: let us not fight against the heavenly spirit.
Around us rise no din of frequent slaughter, nor Indra's arrow fly, for day is present!

HYMN LIII

A charm to recover a sick man at the point of death

As thou, Brihaspati, from the curse hast saved us, from dwelling yonder in the realm of Yama,
The Asvins, leeches of the Gods, O Agni, have chased Death far from us with mighty powers.
Move both together; do not leave the body. Let both the breathings stay for thee united.
Waxing in strength live thou a hundred autumns. Thy noblest guardian and thy lord is Agni.
Return, thy life now vanished into distance! Return, the breath thou drawest and exhalest!
Agni hath snatched it from Destruction's bosom: into thyself again I introduce it.
Let not the vital breath he draws forsake him, let not his expiration part and leave him.
I give him over to the Seven Rishis: let them conduct him to old age in safety.
Enter him, both ye breaths, like two draught-oxen entering their stall.
Let him, the treasure of old age, still wax in strength, uninjured, here.
I send thee back thy vital breath; I drive Consumption far from thee,
May Agni here, most excellent, sustain our life on every side.
From out the depth of darkness, we, ascending to the highest heaven,
Have come to the sublimest light, to Sūrya, God among the Gods.

HYMN LIV

A charm to obtain knowledge of the Veda

We worship holy Verse and Song, by which they carry out their acts,
Shining in order's seat these twain present the sacrifice to Gods.
As I have asked about Verse, Song, Sacrifice, strength, force, Yajus-text,
So never let this lore that I have sought forsake me, Lord of Might!

HYMN LV

A charm to ensure a prosperous journey

Thy downward paths from heaven, whereby thou hast raised all the world to life,
Give us in gracious love, good Lord!

HYMN LVI

A charm against poisonous bites and stings

Whether it came from viper, from black snake or snake with transverse stripes,
Or Kankaparvan's bite, this herb hath made the poison powerless.
Honey-born, honey-dropping, rich in honey, honeysweet, this herb,
Is medicine that heals the wound and kills the gnat that bites and stings.
Whatever bit, or sucked thy blood, we summon thence away from thee
The ineffectual poison of the little sharply-stinging gnat.
Thou here who crookest wicked jaws, thou tortuous, jointless, limbless thing,

These jaws thou, Brāhmanaspati! shalt bend together like a reed.
 This scorpion here that creeps along, low on the ground and powerless—
 I have removed his poison and then utterly demolished him.
 No strength in thy two arms hast thou, nor in thy head, nor in thy waist:
 Then what is that small thing thou so viciously bearest in thy tail?
 The emmets make a meal of thee and peahens tear and mangle thee:
 All ye are crying out, In sooth the scorpion's poison hath no strength.
 Thou creature who inflictest wounds both with thy mouth and with thy tail,
 No poison in thy mouth hast thou: what at thy tail's root will there be?

HYMN LVII

A charm for some physical disorder

Whatever trouble hath disturbed and shaken me—I speak with hope, I move, imploring, 'mid
 the folk
 What harm my body in myself hath suffered, now let Sarasvati relieve with fatness.
 Seven flow for him, the youth on whom the Maruts wait: the sons have taught the Father
 everlasting laws.
 Both worlds are his: both shine belonging unto him. Both move together: both, as his
 possession thrive.

HYMN LVIII

An invitation to Indra and Varuna

True to laws, Indra Varuna, drinkers of the juice, quaff this pressed Soma which shall give
 you rapturous joy!
 Let sacrifice, your car, to entertain the Gods, approach its rest- ing-place that they may drink
 thereof.
 O Indra Varuna, drink your fill, ye heroes, of this effectual and sweetest Soma.
 This juice was shed by us that ye might quaff it. On this trimmed grass be seated and rejoice
 you.

HYMN LIX

An imprecation

Like a tree struck by lightning may the man be withered from the root.
 Who curseth us who curse not him, or, when we curse him. curseth us.

HYMN LX

A parting traveller's address to the houses of his village

I, prudent, bringing power, a treasure-winner, with amicable eye that strikes no terror,
 Come, praising and kind-thoughted, to these houses: be not afraid of me, be glad and joyful.
 Let these delightful Houses that are rich in power and store of milk,
 Replete with wealth and standing firm, become aware of our approach.
 These Houses we invoke, whereon the distant exile sets his thought,
 Wherein dwells many a friendly heart: let them beware of our approach.
 Thus greeted, ye of ample wealth, friends who enjoy delightful sweets.
 Be ever free from hunger, free from thirst! Ye Houses, fear us not.
 Kind greeting to the cattle here, kind greeting to the goats and sheep!
 Then, of the food within our homes, kind greeting to the plea- sant drink!
 Full of refreshment, full of charms, of laughter and felicity,
 Be ever free from hunger, free from thirst! Ye Houses, fear us not.

Stay here, and come not after me: prosper in every form and shape.
With happy fortune will I come! Grow more abundant still through me!

HYMN LXI

A prayer for sacred knowledge and its fruits

Since, Agni, with our fervent zeal we undergo austerity,
May we be dear to Sacred Lore, may we be wise and live long lives.
Agni, we practise acts austere, we undergo austerity.
So listening to Holy Lore may we grow wise and full of days.

HYMN LXII

A prayer for the overthrow of enemies

Like a car-warrior, Agni here, grown mighty, Lord of the brave,
Chief Priest, hath conquered footmen.
Laid on earth's centre he hath flashed and glittered. Low may he lay our enemies beneath us.

HYMN LXIII

A prayer for deliverance from affliction

We call with lauds from his most lofty dwelling victorious Agni, conqueror in battles.
May he convey us over all distresses, may the God Agni bear us past our troubles.

HYMN LXIV

A charm to avert an evil omen

From all that woe and trouble may the Waters save and rescue me,
Whate'er the Raven, black of hue, flying out hither ward, hath dropped.
May Agni Gārhapatya save and set me free from all this guilt.
Which the black Raven with thy mouth, O Nirriti, hath wiped away.

HYMN LXV

A charm against imprecation and threatened evils

With retroverted fruit hast thou, O Apāmārga, sprung and grown.
Hence into distance most remote drive every curse away from, me.
Whatever evil we have done, whatever vile or sinful act,
With thee, O Apāmārga, who lookest all ways, we wipe it off.
If with the cripple we have lived, whose teeth are black and nails deformed,
With thee, O Apāmārga, we wipe all that ill away from us.

HYMN LXVI

A prayer to Vāk

If it was in the wind or air's mid-region, if it was in the trees or in the bushes,
To meet whose utterance forth streamed the cattle, may that.
Celestial Power again approach us.

HYMN LXVII

A priest's prayer to the Agnayo Dhishnyāh

May sense return to me again, and spirit, return my Sacred
Power and my possessions!
Again let fires, aflame on lesser altars, each duly stationed, here succeed and prosper.

HYMN LXVIII

A prayer for children and prosperity

Sarasvati, in thy decrees, Goddess, in thy celestial laws,
 Accept the offered sacrifice, and, Goddess, grant us progeny.
 Here is, Sarasvati, thy fat libation, this sacrifice passing to the mouth of Fathers.
 These most auspicious offerings have ascended to thee: through, these may we be full of
 sweetness.
 Be kind and most auspicious, be gracious to us, Sarasvati, May we be ever in thy sight.

HYMN LXIX

A prayer for prosperity

May the wind kindly breathe on us, may the Sun warm us. pleasantly.
 May days pass happily for us, may night draw near delightfully, may dawn break joyfully for
 us!

HYMN LXX

A charm to frustrate an enemy's sacrifice

Whatever sacrifice that man performeth with voice, mind, sacred formula, oblation,
 May, in accord with Death, Destruction ruin his offering before it gain fulfilment.
 For him may sorcerers, Destruction, demons strike and prevent fulfilment through their
 falsehood.
 Let Gods, by Indra sent, destroy his butter, and let his sacrifice be ineffective.
 Let the two Sovrans, swift to come, like falcons swooping on their prey,
 Destroy the butter of the foe whoever plots to injure us.
 I seize thine arms and draw them back, I bind a bandage on thy mouth.
 I with the anger of the God Agni have killed thy sacrifice.
 Behind thy back I tie thine arms, I bind a bandage on thy mouth:
 With the terrific Agni's wrath have I destroyed thy sacrifice.

HYMN LXXI

In praise of Agni

We set thee round us as a fort, victorious Agni! thee a sage,
 Bold in thy colour day by day, destroyer of the treacherous foe.

HYMN LXXII

An invitation to Indra

Rise up and look upon the share of Indra fixt by ritual use.
 Whether ye poured libation dressed or took delight in it un- cooked.
 Libation is prepared. Come to us, Indra: the Sun hath travelled over half his journey.
 Friends with their treasures sit around thee, waiting like heads of houses for their wandering
 chieftain.
 Dressed in the udder and on fire, I fancy; well dressed, I fancy, is this new oblation.
 Quaff thickened milk of noon's libation, Indra, well pleased, O
 Thunderer, famed for many an exploit!

HYMN LXXIII

An invitation to the Asvins

Inflamed is Agni, Heroes! charioteer of heaven. The caldron boils: the meath is drained to be your food.

For we, O Asvins, singers sprung from many a house, invite you to be present at our banquetings.

Asvins, the fire is all aglow: your caldron hath been heated;. come!

Here, even now, O Heroes, are the milch-kine milked. The priests, ye mighty ones! rejoice.

Pure with the Gods is sacrifice with cry of Hail! That is the

Asvins' cup whence Gods are wont to drink.

Yea, the Immortal Ones accept it, one and all, and come to kiss that cup with the Gandharva's mouth.

Milk, molten butter offered when the mornings break,—this is your portion, Asvins! Come ye hitherward.

Lords of the brave, balm-lovers, guards of sacrifice, drink ye the warm libation in the light of heaven.

Let the warm drink approach you with its Hotar-priest: let the

Adhvaryu come to you with store of milk.

Come, O ye Asvins, taste the meath that hath been drained, drink of the milk provided by this radiant cow.

Come hither, quickly come, thou milker of the kine; into the caldron pour milk of the radiant cow.

Most precious Savitar hath looked upon the heaven. After

Dawn's going-forth he sends his light abroad.

I invoke this milch-cow good for milking, so that the milker, deft of hand, may milk her.

May Savitar give goodliest stimulation. The caldron hath been warmed. Let him proclaim it.

She, sovran of all treasures, is come hither yearning in spirit for her calf, and lowing.

May this cow yield her milk for both the Asvins, and may she prosper to our great advantage.

As dear house-friend, guest welcome in the dwelling, to this our sacrifice come thou who knowest.

And, Agni, having scattered all assailants, bring to us the possessions of our foemen.

Show thyself strong for mighty bliss, O Agni! Most excellent be thine effulgent splendours!

Make easy to maintain our household lordship, and overcome the might of those who hate us.

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 hither, drink the limpid water.

HYMN LXXIV

A charm to cure pustules, sores, or scrofulous swellings (apachitas)

Black is the mother, we have heard, from whom the red-hued

Pustules sprang.

With the divine ascetic's root I pierce and penetrate them all.

I pierce the foremost one of these, I perforate the middlemost,

And here I cut the hindmost asunder like a lock of hair.

With spell that Tvashtar sent to us I have dispelled thy jealousy.

We mitigate and pacify the anger that thou feltest, Lord!

Lord of religious rites, by law, anointed, shine thou forth here for ever friendly-minded.

So may we all with children, Jātavedas! worship and humbly wait on thee enkindled.

HYMN LXXV

A blessing on cows

Let not a thief or wicked man possess you: let not the dart of
 Rudra come anear you,
 Prolific, shining in the goodly pasture, drinking at pleasant pools the limpid water.
 Ye know the place and rest content, close-gathered, called by many a name. Come to me,
 Goddesses, with Gods
 Bedew with streams of fatness us, this cattle-pen, and all this place.

HYMN LXXVI

A charm to cure scrofulous pustules and scrofula

Rapidly dropping, quick to drop, more evil than the evil ones,
 More sapless than a dried-up bone, swifter than salt to melt away.
 Pustules that rise upon the neck, Pustules upon the shoulder- joints,
 Pustules that, falling of themselves, spring up on every twofold limb:
 I have expelled and banished all Scrofula harboured in the head,
 And that which bores the breast-bone through, and that which settles in the sole.
 Scrofula flies borne on by wings: it penerates and holds the man.
 Here is the cure of either kind, the chronic and the transient.
 We know thine origin, Scrofula! know whence thou, Scrofula, art born.
 How hast thou then struck this man here, him in whose house we sacrifice?
 Boldly drink Soma from the beaker, Indra! hero in war for treasure! Vritra-slayer.
 Fill thyself full at the mid-day libation: thyself possessing riches grant us riches.

HYMN LXXVII

An incantation against an enemy

Ye Maruts, full of fiery heat, accept this offering brought for you
 To help us, ye who slay the foe.
 Maruts, the man who filled with rage against us beyond our thoughts would harm us, O ye
 Vasus,
 May he be tangled in the toils of Mischief: smite ye him down with your most flaming
 weapon.
 Each year come, friends to man, the tuneful Maruts, dwelling in spacious mansions, trooped
 together.
 Exhilarating, gladdening full of fiery heat, may they deliver us from binding bonds of sin.

HYMN LXXVIII

A charm for a prince's prosperity

I free thee from the cord, I loose the bond, I loose the fastening.
 Even here, perpetual, Agni, wax thou strong.
 I with celestial prayer appoint thee, Agni, maintainer of this man in princely powers.
 Here brightly shine for us with wealth: declare thou to Gods this favoured giver of oblations.

HYMN LXXIX

A hymn to the New Moon

Night of the New-born Moon, whatever fortune the Gods who dwell with greatness have
 assigned thee,
 Therewith fulfil our sacrifice, all-bauteous! Blessed One, grant us wealth with manly
 offspring.
 I am the New Moon's Night, the good and pious are my in- habitants, these dwell within me.
 In me have Gods of both the spheres, and Sādhyas, with Indra as their chief, all met together.

The Night hath come, the gatherer of treasures, bestowing strength, prosperity, and riches.
To New Moon's Night let us present oblation: pouring out strength, with milk hath she come
hither.

Night of New Moon! ne'er hath been born another than thou embracing all these forms and
natures,

May we have what we longed for when we brought thee obla- tions: may we be the lords of
riches.

HYMN LXXX

A hymn to the Full Moon

Full in the front, full rearward, from the middle the Full Moon's
Night hath conquered in the battle.

In her: may we, dwelling with Gods and greatness, feast in the height of heaven, on
strengthening viands.

To him, the Full Moon's mighty Bull, we pay our solemn sacri- fice.

May he bestow upon us wealth unwasting, inexhaustible.

No one but thou, Prajāpati, none beside thee, pervading, gave to all these forms their being.

Grant us our hearts' desire when we invoke thee: may we have store of riches in possession.

First was the Full Moon meet for adoration among the days and in the nights' deep darkness.

Into thy heaven, O Holy One, have entered those pious men who honour thee with worship.

HYMN LXXXI

A hymn to the New Moon

Forward and backward by their wondrous power move these two youths, disporting, round
the ocean.

One views all living things, and thou, the other, art born again arranging times and seasons.

Thou art re-born for ever new: thou marchest, ensign of days, in forefront of the mornings.

Marching thou dealest to the Gods their portion. Thou lengthe- nest, Moon! the days of man's
existence.

O spray of Soma, Lord of Wars! all-perfect verily art thou.

Make me all-perfect, Beauteous One! in riches and in progeny.

Thou art the New Moon, fair to see, thou art complete in every part.

May I be perfect, fully blest in every way in steeds and kine, in children, cattle, home, and
wealth.

Inflate thee with his vital breath who hathes us and whom we detest.

May we grow rich in steeds and kine, in children, cattle, houses, wealth.

With that unwasting stalk which Gods, unwasting Gods, in- crease and eat,

May Varuna, Brihaspati, and Indra, the Lords and Guardians of the world, increase us.

HYMN LXXXII

In praise of Agni

Sing with fair laud the combat for the cattle. Bestow upon us excellent possessions.

Lead to the Gods the sacrifice we offer: let streams of oil flow pure and full of sweetness.

Agni I first appropriate with power, with splendour, and with might.

I give myself children and lengthened life, with Hail! take Agni to myself.

Even here do thou, O Agni, stablish wealth: let not oppressors injure thee by thinking of thee
first.

Light be thy task of ruling, Agni, with, thy power: may he who worships thee wax strong,
invincible.

Agni hath looked upon the spring of Morning, looked on the days, the earliest Jātavedas.
 So, following the gleams of Morning, Sūrya hath entered heaven and earth as his possession.
 Agni hath looked upon the spring of Mornings, looked on the days, the earliest Jātavedas.
 So he in countless places hath extended, full against heaven and earth, the beams of Sūrya.
 Butter to thee in heaven thy home, O Agni! Manu this day hath kindled thee with butter.
 Let the Celestial Daughters bring thee butter: Let cows pour butter forth for thee, O Agni.

HYMN LXXXIII

A prayer for deliverance from sin and other evils

Stablished amid the waters is, King Varuna, thy golden home.
 Thence let the Sovran who maintains the statutes loose all binding cords.
 Hence free thou us, King Varuna, from each successive bond and tie.
 As we have cried, O Varuna! have said, The Waters, they are kine, thence set us free, O Varuna.
 Loosen the bonds, O Varuna, that hold us, loosen the bond. above, between, and under.
 So before Aditi may we be sinless under thy favouring auspices,
 Āditya!
 Varuna, free us from all snares that bind us, Varuna's bonds, the upper and the lower.
 Drive from us evil dream, drive off misfortune: then let us pass into the world of virtue.

HYMN LXXXIV

A prayer for protection

Holder of sway, shine here refulgent, Agni! invincible immortal
 Jātavedas.
 With succours friendly to mankind, auspicious, driving away all maladies, guard our dwelling.
 Thou, Indra, lord and leader of the people, wast born for lovely strength and high dominion.
 Thou dravest off the folk who were unfriendly, and madest for the Gods wide room and freedom.
 Like a dread wild beast roaming on the mountain, may he. approach us from the farthest distance.
 Whetting thy bolt and thy sharp blade, O Indra, crush down our foes and scatter those who hate us.

HYMN LXXXV

A charm to ensure victory in battle

This very mighty one whom Gods urge onward, the conqueror of cars, ever triumphant,
 Swift, fleet to battle, with uninjured fellows, even Tārکشya for our weal will we call hither.

HYMN LXXXVI

The same

Indra the rescuer, Indra the helper, Indra the brave who hears each invocation,
 Sakra I call, Indra invoked of many. May Indra Maghavan prosper and bless us.

HYMN LXXXVII

A prayer to Rudra as Agni

To Rudra in the fire, to him who dwells in floods, to Rudra who hath entered into herbs and plants,

To him who formed and fashioned all these worlds, to him this
Rudra, yea, to Agni, reverence be paid!

HYMN LXXXVIII

A charm to cure a snake-bite

Depart! thou art a foe, a foe. Poison with poison hast thou mixt, yea, verily poison hast thou
mixt.

Go to the serpent: strike him dead.

HYMN LXXXIX

A prayer for purification and prosperity

The heavenly Waters have I ranged: we have been sated with their dew.
Here, Agni, bearing milk, am I. Endow me with the gift of strength.
Endow me with the gift of strength, with children, and a length- ened life.
May the Gods mark this prayer of mine, may Indra with the
Rishis mark.

Ye Waters, wash away this stain and whatsoever taint be here,
Each sinful wrong that I have done and every harmless curse of mine.
Thou art the wood, may I succeed! fuel, may I be glorified! splendour, give splendour unto
me.

HYMN XC

A charm against a rival in love

Tear thou asunder, as of old, like tangles of a creeping plant.
Demolish thou the Dāsa's might.
May we with Indra's help divide the gathered treasure of the foe.
I, by the law of Varuna, bring down thy pride and wantonness.
Ut virga abeat et feminis innocua fiat, (virga) membri humidi, membri quod verberat
penetratque, id quod tentum est laxa, id quod sursum tentum est deorsum tende.

HYMN XCI

A Prayer for protection

May Indra with his help, Lord of all treasures, be unto us a careful protector.
Drive off our foes and give us peace and safety. May we be lords of goodly store of heroes.

HYMN XCII

A Prayer for protection

May this rich Indra as our good protector keep even far away the men who hate us.
May we enjoy his favour, his the holy: may we enjoy his blessed loving-kindness.

HYMN XCIII

A prayer for success in battle

With Indra's and with Manyu's aid may we subdue our enemies, resistlessly destroying foes.

HYMN XCIV

A charm to ensure the obedience of subjects

We laid the constant Soma on with constant sacrificial gift,
That Indra may make all the tribes unanimous and only ours.

HYMN XCV

An incantation against an undetected thief

To heaven, as 'twere, have soared this man's two vultures, staggering, dusky hued.
 The Parcher and the Drier-up, the pair who parch and dry his heart.
 I verily have stirred them up like oxen resting after toil.
 Like two loud-snarling curs, or like two wolves who watch to make their spring:
 Like two that thrust, like two that pierce, like two that strike with mutual blows.
 I bind the conduit of the man or dame who hence hath taken aught.

HYMN XCVI

An incantation against an undetected thief

The kine are resting in the stall, home to her nest hath flown the bird,
 The hills are firmly rooted: I have fixed the kidneys in their place.

HYMN XCVII

Sacrificial formulas

As we have here elected thee, skilled Hotar! to-day as this our sacrifice proceedeth,
 Come to the firm place, mightiest! yea, come firmly. Knowing the sacrifice, approach the Soma.
 With kine connect us, and with spirit, Indra! Lord of Bay
 Steeds, with princes and with favour,
 With the God-destined portion of the Brāhmans, and the good-will of Gods who merit worship.
 The willing Gods whom, God, thou hast brought hither, send thou to their own dwelling-place, O Agni.
 When ye have eaten and have drunk sweet juices, endow this man with precious wealth, ye Vasus.
 Gods, we have made your seats of easy access, who, pleased with me, have come to my libation.
 Bearing and bringing hitherward your treasures, after the rich warm beverage mount to heaven.
 Go to the sacrifice, go to its master, Sacrifice! To thy birth- place go with Svāhā.
 This is thy sacrifice with hole hymnal, Lord of the Rite, Svāhā! and fraught with vigour.
 Vashat to paid and yet unpaid oblations! Ye Gods who know the way, find and pursue it!
 Lord of the Mind, lay this our sacrifice in heaven among the
 Gods. Svāhā in heaven! Svāhā on earth!
 Svāhā in air! In wind have I paid offerings. Hail!

HYMN XCVIII

Anointing the sacred grass

Balmed is the Grass with butter and libation, with Indra. gracious Lord, and with the Maruts.
 Hail! let the sacrifice go forth anointed to Indra with the Gods and Visve Devas.

HYMN XCIX

The preparation of the altar

Strew thou the Grass, and spread it on the Altar: rob not the sister who is lying yonder.
 The Hotar's seat is green and golden: these are gold necklets. in the place of him who worships.

HYMN C

A charm against nightmare

I turn away from evil dream, from dream of sin, from indigence.
I make the prayer mine inmost friend. Hence! torturing, dreamy phantasies!

HYMN CI

The same

The food that in a dream I eat is not perceived at early morn.
May all that food be blest to me because it is not seen by day.

HYMN CII

A charm to obtain pardon for an indecent act

When I have worshipped Heaven and Earth, revered Firma- ment and Death,
I will make water standing up. Let not the Sovrans injure me.

HYMN CIII

The cry of an unemployed priest

What princely warrior, seeking higher fortune, will free us from this shameful fiend of mischief?

What friend of sacrifice? What guerdon-lover? Who winneth:
'mid the Gods a long existence?

HYMN CIV

A prayer for prosperity

Who will prepare the dappled Cow, good milker, ne'er without calf, whom Varuna gave Atharvan,
And, joying in Brihaspati's alliance, arrange according to his will her body?

HYMN CV

An initiation formula

Leaving humanity behind, making the heavenly word thy choice,
With all thy friends address thyself to furthering and guiding men.

HYMN CVI

A prayer for pardon of sin

Each thoughtless ill that we have done, O Agni, all error in our conduct, Jātavedas!
Therefrom do thou, O sapient God, preserve us. May we thy friends, for bliss, have life eternal.

HYMN CVII

A charm against Cough

The seven bright beams of Surya bring the waters downward from the sky,
The streams of ocean: these have made the sting that pained thee drop away.

HYMN CVIII

A prayer for protection

Whoso by stealth or openly would harm us, a friend who knows us, or a stranger, Agni!
 May the strange she-fiend armed with teeth attack them: O
 Agni, theirs be neither home nor children!
 Whoso oppresses us O Jātavedas, asleep or waking, standing still or moving.
 Accordant with Vaisvānara thy comrade, O Jātavedas, meet them and consume them.

HYMN CIX

A prayer for success in gambling

My homage to the strong, the brown, the sovran lord among the dice!
 Butter on Kali I bestow: may he be kind to one like me.
 Bear butter to the Apsarases, O Agni, and to the Dice bear dust and sand and water.
 The Gods delight in both oblations, joying in sacrificial gifts apportioned duly.
 The Apsarases take pleasure in the banquet between the Sun and. the libation-holder.
 With butter let them fill my hands, and give me, to be my prey, the man who plays against
 me.
 Evil be mine opponent's luck! Sprinkle thou butter over us.
 Strike, as a tree with lightning flash, mine adversary in the game.
 The God who found for us this wealth for gambling, to cast the dice and count the winning
 number,
 May he accept the sacrifice we offer, and with Gandharvas revel in the banquet.
 Fellow-inhabitants, such is your title, for Dice with looks of power support dominion.
 As such with offerings may we serve you, Indus! May we have riches in our own possession.
 As I invoke the Gods at need, as I have lived in chastity,
 May these, when I have grasped the Dice, the brown, be kind to one like me.

HYMN CX

A prayer for success in battle

Resistless, Agni, Indra, smite his foemen for the worshipper,
 For best foe-slayers are ye both.
 Agni I call, and Indra, foe-destroyers, swift moving, heroes,
 Gods who wield the thunder,
 Through whom they won the light in the beginning, these who have made all worlds their
 habitation.
 The God Brihaspati hath won thy friendly favour with the cup.
 With hymns, O Indra, enter us for the juice-pouring worshipper.

HYMN CXI

A prayer for offspring

Belly of Indra art thou, Soma-holder! the very soul of Gods and human beings.
 Here be the sire of offspring, thine here present! Here be they glad in thee who now are
 elsewhere.

HYMN CXII

A prayer for protection and freedom from sin

Radiant with light are Heaven and Earth, whose grace is nigh, whose sway is vast.
 Seven Goddesses have flowed to us: may they deliver us from woe;
 Release me from the curse's bond and plague that comes from
 Varuna;

Free me from Yama's fetter and from every sin against the Gods.

HYMN CXIII

A woman's incantation against a rival

Rough Plant, thou rough rude parasite, cut thou that man, O
Rough and Rude,
That thou mayst hinder from his act that man in all his manly strength.
Thou, rugged Plant, art rude and rough, Vishā, Vishātaki art thou.
That thou mayest be cast off by him, as by a bull a barren cow.

HYMN CXIV

A woman's incantation against a rival

I have extracted from thy sides, I have extracted from thy heart,
I have extracted from thy face the strength and splendour that were thine.
Let pain and suffering pass away, let cares and curses vanish. hence.
Let Agni slay the fiendish hags, Soma kill bags who trouble us.

HYMN CXV

A charm against Misfortune

Hence. Evil Fortune! fly away, vanish from this place and from that.
We fix thee with an iron hook unto the man who hateth us.
Granting us riches, Savitar! golden-banded, send thou away from us to other regions
That Fortune who, flying, abominable, hath, as a creeper climbs a tree, assailed me.
One and a hundred Fortunes all together are at his birth born with a mortal's body.
Of these we send away the most unlucky: keep lucky ones for us, O Jātavedas.
I have disparted these and those like cows who stray on common land.
Here let auspicious Fortunes stay: hence have I banished evil ones.

HYMN CXVI

A charm against Fever

Homage to him the burning one, shaker, exciter, violent!
Homage to him the cold who acts according to his ancient will!
May he, the lawless one, who comes alternate or two following days, pass over and possess the frog.

HYMN CXVII

A charm to ensure prosperity

Come hither, Indra, with bay steeds, joyous, with tails like pea-cock plumes.
Let none impede thy way as fowlers stay the bird: pass o'er them as o'er desert lands.

HYMN CXVIII

A benediction on a warrior

Thy vital parts I cover with thine armour: with immortality
King Soma clothe thee!
Varuna give thee what is more than ample, and in thy triumph let the Gods be joyful.

Book VIII

HYMN I

A charm to recover a dying man

Homage to Death the Ender! May thy breathings, inward and outward, still remain within thee.

Here stay this man united with his spirit in the Sun's realm, the world of life eternal!

Bhaga hath lifted up this man, and Soma with his filaments,

Indra and Agni, and the Gods the Maruts, raised him up to health.

Here is thy spirit, here thy breath, here is thy life, here is thy soul:

By a celestial utterance we raise thee from Destruction's bonds.

Up from this place, O man, rise! sink not downward, casting away the bonds of Death that hold thee.

Be not thou parted from this world, from sight of Agni and the Sun.

Purely for thee breathe Wind and Mātarisvan, and let the

Waters rain on thee their nectar.

The Sun shall shine with healing on thy body; Death shall have mercy on thee: do not leave us!

Upward must be thy way, O man, not downward: with life and mental vigour I endow thee.

Ascend this car eternal, lightly rolling; then full of years shalt thou address the meeting.

Let not thy soul go thither, nor be lost to us: slight not the living, go not where the Fathers are.

Let all the Gods retain thee here in safety.

Yearn not for the departed ones, for those who lead men far away.

Rise up from darkness into light: come, both thy hands we clasp in ours.

Let not the black dog and the brindled seize thee, two warders of the way sent forth by Yama.

Come hither; do not hesitate: with mind averted stay not there.

Forbear to tread this path, for it is awful: that path I speak of which thou hast not travelled.

Enter it not, O man; this way is darkness: forward is danger, hitherward is safety.

Thy guardians be the Fires within the Waters, thy guardian be the Fire which men enkindle.

Thy guardian be Vaisvānara Jātavedas; let not celestial Fire with lightning burn thee.

Let not the Flesh-Consumer plot against thee: depart thou far away from the Destroyer.

Be Heaven and Earth and Sun and Moon thy keepers, and from the dart of Gods may Air protect thee.

May Vigilance and Watchfulness protect thee, Sleepless and Slumberless keep guard above thee!

Let Guardian and let Wakeful be thy warders.

Let these be thy preservers, these thy keepers. All hail to these, to these be lowly worship!

May saving Savitar, Vāyu, Indra, Dhātār restore thee to communion with the living.

Let not thy vigour or thy breath forsake thee: we recall thy life.

Let not the fiend with snapping jaws, nor darkness find thee: tongue, holy grass: how shouldst thou perish?

May the Ādityas and the Vasus, Indra and Agni raise thee and to health restore thee.

The Sky hath raised thee, and the Earth, Prajāpati hath raised thee up.

The Plants and Herbs with Soma as their King have rescued thee from Death.

Here let this man, O Gods, remain: let him not go to yonder world.

We rescue him from Mrityu with a charm that hath a thousand powers.
 I have delivered thee from Death. Strength-givers smelt and fashion thee!
 Let not she-fiends with wild loose locks, or fearful howlers yell at thee.
 I have attained and captured thee: thou hast returned restored to youth.
 Perfect in body: so have I found all thy sight and all thy life.
 Life hath breathed on thee; light hath come: darkness hath past away from thee.
 Far from thee we have buried Death, buried Destruction and:
 Decline.

HYMN II

The same

Seize to thyself this trust of life for ever: thine be longevity which nothing shortens.
 Thy spirit and thy life again I bring thee: die not, nor vanish into mist and darkness.
 Come to the light of living men, come hither: I draw thee to a life of hundred autumns.
 Loosing the bonds of Death, the curse that holds thee, I give thee age of very long duration.
 Thy breath have I recovered from the Wind, thy vision from the Sun.
 Thy mind I stablish and secure within thee: feel in thy members,. use thy tongue, conversing.
 I blow upon thee with the breath of bipeds and quadrupeds, as on a fire new-kindled.
 To thee, O Death, and to thy sight and breath have I paid reverence.
 Let this man live, let him not die: we raise him, we recover him.
 I make for him a healing balm. O Death, forbear to slay this man.
 Here for sound health I invoke a living animating plant,
 Preserving, queller of disease, victorious, full of power and might.
 Seize him not, but encourage and release him: here let him stay, though thine, in all his vigour.
 Bhava and Sarva, pity and protect him: give him full life and drive away misfortunes.
 Comfort him, Death, and pity him: let him arise and pass away,
 Unharmd, with all his members, hearing well, with old, may he through hundred years win profit with his soul.
 May the Gods' missile pass thee by. I bring thee safe from the mist: from death have I preserved thee.
 Far have I banished flesh-consuming Agni: I place a rampart for thy life's protection.
 Saving him from that misty path of thine which cannot be defined.
 From that descent of thine, O Death, we make for him a shield of prayer.
 I give thee both the acts of breath, health, lengthened life, and death by age.
 All Yama's messengers who roam around, sent by Vaivasvata,
 I chase away.
 Far off we drive Malignity, Destruction, Pisāchas banqueters on flesh, and Grāhi.
 And all the demon kind, the brood of sin, like darkness, we dispel.
 I win thy life from Agni, from the living everlasting Jātavedas.
 This I procure for thee, that thou, undying, mayst not suffer harm, that thou mayst be content, that all be well with thee.
 Gracious to thee be Heaven and Earth, bringing no grief, and drawing nigh!
 Pleasantly shine the Sun for thee, the Wind blow sweetly to thy heart!
 Let the celestial Waters full of milk flow happily for thee.
 Auspicious be the Plants to thee! I have upraised thee, borne thee from the lower to the upper earth:
 Let the two Sons of Aditi, the Sun and Moon, protect thee there.
 Whatever robe to cover thee or zone thou makest for thyself,

We make it pleasant to thy frame: may it be soft and smooth to touch.
 When, with a very keen and cleasing razor, our hair and beards thou shavest as a barber,
 Smoothing our face steal not our vital forces.
 Auspicious unto thee be rice and barley, causing no painful sick- ness or consumption, these
 deliver from calamity.
 Thy food, thy drink, whate'er they be corn grown by cultivation, milk,
 Food eatable, uneatable, I make all poisonless for thee.
 We give thee over as a charge to Day and Night, in trust to both.
 Keep him for me from stingy fiends, from those who fain would feed on him.
 A hundred, yea, ten thousand years we give thee, ages two, three, four.
 May Indra, Agni, all the Gods, with willing favour look on thee.
 To Autumn we deliver thee, to Winter, Spring and Summer's care.
 We trust thee with auspicious years wherein the plants and herbs grow up.
 Death is the lord of bipeds, Death is sovran lord of quadrupeds.
 Away I bear thee from that: Death the ruler: be not thou afraid.
 Thou, still uninjured, shalt not die: be not afraid; thou shalt not die.
 Here where I am men do not die or go to lowest depths of gloom.
 Here verily all creatures live, the cow, the horse, the man, the beast,
 Here where this holy prayer is used, a rampart that protecteth life.
 Let it preserve thee from thy peers, from incantation, from thy friends.
 Live very long, be healthy, be immortal: let not the vital breath forsake thy body.
 One and a hundred modes of death, dangers that may be over- come,
 May Gods deliver thee from this when Agni, dear to all men, bids.
 Body of Agni prompt to save, slayer of fiends and foes art thou,
 Yea, banisher of malady, the healing balm called Pūtudru.

HYMN III

A prayer for the destruction of demons

I balm with oil the mighty demon-slayer, to the most famous friend I come for shelter.
 Enkindled, sharpened by our rites, may Agni protect us in the day and night from evil.
 O Jātavedas, armed with teeth of iron, enkindled with thy flame, attack the demons.
 Seize with thy tongue the foolish gods' adorers: rend, put with- in thy mouth the raw-flesh-
 eaters.
 Apply thy teeth, the upper and the lower, thou who hast both, enkindled and destroying.
 Roam also in the air, O King, around us, and with thy jaws assail the wicked spirits.
 Pierce through the Yātudhāna's skin, O Agni; let the destroying dart with fire consume him.
 Rend his joints, Jātavedas! let the eater of raw flesh, seeking flesh, tear and destroy him.
 Where now thou seest, Agni Jātavedas! a Yātudhāna, standing still or roaming.
 Or one that flieth through the air's mid-region, kindled to fury as an archer pierce him.
 Bending thy shafts through sacrifices, Agni! dipping thine arrows in the hymn to point them,
 Pierce to the heart therewith the Yātudhānas, and break their arms uplifted to attack thee.
 Rescue the captives also, Jātavedas! yea, those whom Yātudhā- nas' spears have captured.
 Strike down that fiend, blazing before him, Agni! Let spotted carrion-eating kites devour him.
 Here tell this forth, O Agni: whosoever is, he himself, or acteth as, a demon,
 Grasp him, O thou most youthful, with thy fuel: to the Man-
 Seer's eye give him as booty.
 With keen glance guard the sacrifice, O Agni: thou Sage, con- duct it onward to the Vasus.
 Let not the fiends, O Man-Beholder, harm thee burning against the Rākshasas to slay them.
 Look on the fiend, 'mid men, as Man-Beholder: rend thou his three extremities in pieces.
 Demolish with thy flame his ribs, O Agni: the Yātudhāna's root destroy thou triply.

Thrice, Agni, let thy noose surround the demon who with his falsehood injures holy Order.
 Loud roaring with thy flame, Jātavedas, fetter him in the pre- sense of the singer.
 Agni, what curse the pair this day may utter, what rude rough word the worshippers have
 spoken,
 Each arrowy taunt sped from the angry spirit,—pierce to the heart therewith the Yātudhānas.
 With fervent heat exterminate the demons: destroy the fiends with glow and flame, O Agni.
 Destroy with fire the foolish gods' adorers: destroy the insatiate fiercely-burning creatures.
 May Gods destroy to-day the evil-doer: may uttered curses turn again and strike him.
 Let arrows pierce the liar in his vitals, and Visva's net enclose the Yātudhāna.
 The fiend who smears himself with flesh of cattle, with flesh of horses and of human bodies,
 Who steals the milch-cow's milk away, O Agni,—tear off the heads of such with fiery fury.
 Let the fiends steal the poison of the cattle: may Aditi cast off the evil-doers.
 May the God Savitar give them up to ruin, and be their share of herbs and plants denied them.
 The cow gives milk each year, O Man-Beholder: let not the
 Yātudhāna ever taste it.
 Agni, if one should glut him with the biestings, pierce with thy flame his vitals as he meets
 thee.
 Agni, from days of old thou slayest demons: never have
 Rākshasas in fight o'ercome thee.
 Burn up the foolish ones, the flesh-devourers: let none of them escape thy heavenly arrow.
 Guard us, O Agni, from above and under, protect us from be- hind and from before us;
 And may thy flames, most fierce and never wasting, glowing with fervent heat, consume the
 sinner.
 From rear, from front, from under, from above us, Agni, pro- tect us as a sage with wisdom.
 Guard to old age thy friend as friend eternal: O Agni, as im- mortal, guard us mortals.
 Lend thou the worshipper that eye, O Agni, where with thou lookest on the hoof-armed
 demons.
 With light celestial in Atharvan's manner burn up the fool who ruins truth with falsehood.
 We set thee round us as a fort, victorious Agni! thee, a sage,
 In conquering colour day by day, destroyer of the treacherous foe.
 With deadly poison strike thou back the treacherous brood of
 Rākshasas,
 O Agni, with thy sharpened glow, with rays that flash with points of flame.
 Agni shines far and wide with lofty splendour, and by his great- ness makes all things
 apparent.
 He conquers godless and malign enchantments, and sharpens both his horns to gore the ogres.
 Thy two unwasting horns, O Jātavedas, keen-pointed weapons, sharpened by devotion
 With these transfix the wicked-souled Kimidin, with fierce flame,
 Jātavedas! when he meets thee.
 Bright, radiant, meet to be adored, immortal with refulgent glow,
 Agni drives Rākshasas away.

HYMN IV

Imprecations on demons

Indra and Soma, burn, destroy the demon foe! Send downward,
 O ye Bulls, those who add gloom to gloom.
 Annihilate the fools, slay them and burn them up: chase them away from us, pierce the
 voracious fiends.
 Let sin, Indra and Soma! round the wicked boil, like as a cald- ron set amid the flames of fire.
 Against the foe of prayer, eater of gory flesh, the fearful-eyed

Kimidin, keep perpetual hate.

Indra and Soma, plunge the wicked in the depth, yea, cast them into darkness that hath no support,

So that not one of them may ever thence return: so may your wrathful might prevail and conquer them.

Indra and Soma, hurl your deadly crushing bolt down on the wicked fiend from heaven and from the earth.

Yea, fashion from the big clouds your celestial dart wherewith ye burn to death the waxing demon race.

Indra and Soma, cast ye downward from the sky your deadly bolts of stone burning with fiery flame,

Eternal, scorching darts. Plunge the voracious fiends within the depth, and let them pass without a sound.

Indra and Soma, let this hymn control you both, even as the girth encompasses two vigorous steeds

The song of praise which I with wisdom offer you. Do ye, as

Lords of men, animate these my prayers.

In your impetuous manner think ye both thereon: destroy those evil spirits, kill the treacherous fiends.

Indra and Soma, let the wicked have no bliss whoso at any time- attacks and injures us.

Whoso accuses me with words of falsehood when I pursue my way with guileless spirit,

May he, the speaker of untruth, be, Indra! like water which the hollowed hand compresses.

Those who destroy, as is their wont, the simple, and with their evil natures harm the righteous,

May Soma give them over to the serpent, or to the lap of

Nirriti consign them.

O Agni, whosoever seeks to injure the essence of our food, kine, steeds, or bodies,

May he, the adversary, thief, and robber, sink to destruction,. both himself and offspring.

May he be swept away, himself and children; may all the three earths press him down beneath them.

May his fair glory, O ye Gods, be blighted, who in the day or night would fain destroy us.

The prudent finds it easy to distinguish the true and false: their words oppose each other.

Of these two that which is the true and honest Soma protects, and brings the false to nothing.

Never doth Soma aid and guide the wicked or him who falsely claims the Warrior's title.

He slays the fiend and him who speaks untruly: both lie entangled in the noose of Indra.

As if I worshipped deities of falsehood, or thought vain thoughts about the Gods, O Agni!

Why art thou angry with us, Jātavedas? Destruction fall on those who lie against thee!

So may I die this day if I have harassed any man's life, or if I be a demon.

Yea, may he lose all his ten sons together who with false tongue hath called me Yātudhāna.

May Indra slay him with a mighty weapon, and let the vilest of all creatures perish,

The fiend who says that he is pure, who calls me a demon though devoid of demon nature.

She too who wanders like an owl at night-time, hiding her body in her guile and malice,

May she fall downward into endless caverns. May press-stones with loud ring destroy the demons.

Spread out, ye Maruts, search among the people: seize ye and grind the Rākshasas to pieces,

Who fly abroad, transformed to birds, at night-time, and sully and pollute our holy worship.

Hurl down from heaven thy bolt of stone, O Indra: sharpen it,

Maghavan, made keen by Soma.

Forward, behind, and from above and under, smite down the demons with thy rocky weapon.

They fly, the demon dogs, and, bent on mischief, fain would they harm indomitable Indra.

Sakra makes sharp his weapon for the wicked: now let him cast his bolt at fiendish wizards.
 Indra hath ever been the fiends' destroyer who spoil oblations of the Gods' invokers.
 Yea, Sakra, like an axe that splits the timber, assails and smashes them like earthen vessels.
 Destroy the fiend shaped like an owl or owlet, destroy him in the form of dog or cuckoo.
 Destroy him shaped as eagle or as vulture: as with a stone, O
 Indra, crush the demon.
 Let not the fiend of witchcraft-workers reach us: may Dawn drive off the couples of
 Kimidins.
 Earth keep us safe from earthly woe and trouble! From grief that comes from heaven Mid-air
 preserve us!
 Indra destroy the demon, male and female, joying and triumphing in arts of magic!
 Let the fools' gods with bent necks fall and perish, and see no more the Sun when he arises.
 Look, each one, hither, look around. Indra and Soma, watch ye well.
 Cast forth your weapon at the fiends: against the sorcerers hurl your bolt.

HYMN V

A charm accompanying investiture with an amulet

Upon the strong is bound the strong, this magic cord, this Amulet,
 Potent, foe-slayer, served by valiant heroes, happy and fortunate defence.
 This Charm, foe-slayer, served by many heroes, strong, powerful, victorious, and mighty,
 goes bravely forth to meet and ruin witchcraft.
 With this same Amulet wise Indra routed the Asuras, with this he slaughtered Vritra,
 With this he won this pair, both Earth and Heaven, and made the sky's four regions his
 possession.
 May this encircling magic cord, this Amulet of Sṛāktya wood,
 Mighty, subduing enemies, keep us secure on every side.
 This Agni hath declared, Soma declared it, Brihaspati, and
 Savitar, and Indra.
 So may these Gods whom I have set before me oppose with saving charms and banish
 witchcraft.
 I have obscured the heaven and earth, yea, and the daylight and the sun.
 So may these Gods whom I have set before me oppose with saving charms and banish
 witchcraft.
 Whoever for his armour takes an amulet of the Sṛāktya tree,
 Like the Sun risen up to heaven, quells witchcraft with superior might.
 With Amulet of Sṛāktya wood, as with a thoughtful Rishi's aid,
 In every fight have I prevailed; I smite the foes and Rākshasas.
 All witchcraft of Angirases, all witchcraft wrought by Asuras,
 All witchcraft self-originate, and all that others have prepared,
 May these depart to both remotest spaces, past ninety ample water-floods.
 May the Gods bind the Charm on him for armour, Indra, and
 Vishnu, Savitar Rudra, Agni,
 Prajāpati, sublimest Parameshthin, Virāj, Vaisvānara, and all the Rishis.
 Thou art the chief of all the plants, even as a bull among the beasts.
 A tiger of the beasts of prey. Him whom we sought for have we found, him lying near in wait
 for us.
 A tiger verily is he, he is a lion, and a bull,
 Subduer of his foes is he, the man who wears this Amulet.
 No mortal beings slay him, no Gāndharvas, no Apsarases;
 O'er all the regions he is king, the man who wears this Amulet.

Kasyapa formed and fashioned thee, Kasyapa raised and sent thee forth.
 Indra wore thee, and, wearing thee, won in the wrestling-match with man.
 The Amulet of boundless might the Gods have made a coat of mail.
 Whoever would destroy thee with Dikshā-rites, sacrifices, spells,
 Meet him and smite him, Indra! with thy hundred-knotted thunderbolt.
 Verily let this Amulet, circular, potent, conquering,
 Happy and fortunate defence, preserve thy children and thy wealth.
 Brave Indra, set before us light, peace and security from below,
 Peace and security from above, peace and security from behind.
 My coat of mail is Heaven and Earth, my coat of mail is Day and Sun:
 A coat of mail may Indra and Agni and Dhātār grant to me.
 Not all the Gods may pierce, all leagued together, the vast strong shield which Indra gives,
 and Agni.
 May that great shield on all sides guard my body, that to full old my life may be extended.
 Let the Gods' Charm be bound on me to keep me safe from every ill.
 Come ye and enter all within this pillar, the safe-guard of the body, thrice-defended.
 In this let Indra lay a store of valour: approach ye Gods, and enter it together,
 For his long life, to last a hundred autumns, that to full age his days may be extended.
 Lord of the clan who brings, us bliss, fiend-slayer, queller of the foe,
 May he, the conqueror, ne'er subdued, may Indra bind the
 Charm on thee,
 Bull, Soma-drinker, he who gives us peace.
 May he protect thee round about, by night and day on every, side.

HYMN VI

A charm to exercise evil spirits who beset women

Let neither fiend of evil name, Alinsa, Vatsapa, desire
 Thy pair of husband-woers which thy mother cleansed when, thou wast born.
 Palala, Anupalala, Sarku, Koka, Malimlucha, Palijaka Vavri- vāsas and Asresha, Rikshagriva
 and Pramilin.
 Approach not, come not hitherward: creep not thou in-between her thighs.
 I set, to guard her, Baja, that which chases him of evil name.
 Durnāmā and Sunāmā both are eager to converse with her.
 We drive away Arāyas: let Sunāmā seek the women-folk,
 The black and hairy Asura, and Stambaja and Tundika,
 Arāyas from this girl we drive, from bosom, waist, and parts below.
 Sniffer, and Feeler, him who eats raw flesh, and him who licks his lips,
 Arāyas with the tails of dogs, the yellow Baja hath destroyed.
 Whoever, in thy brother's shape or father's comes to thee in sleep,
 Let Baja rout and chase them like eunuchs with woman's head- dress on.
 Whoever steals to thee asleep or thinks to harm thee when awake,—
 These hath it banished, as the Sun travelling round drives shade away.
 Whoever causeth her to lose her child or bear untimely fruit,—
 Destroy him, O thou Plant, destroy the slippery fiend who lusts for her.
 Those who at evening, with the bray of asses, dance around the house, Kukshilas, and
 Kusfilas, and Kakubhas, Srimas,
 Karumas,
 These with thine odour, O thou Plant, drive far away to every side.
 Kukundhas and Kukūrabhas who dress themselves in hides and skins,
 Who dance about like eunuchs, who raise a wild clamour in the wood, all these we banish far

away.

All those who cannot bear the Sun who warms us yonder from the sky,
Arāyas with the smell of goats, malodorous, with bloody mouths, the Makakas we drive afar.
All those who on their shoulders bear a head of monstrous magnitude,
Who pierce the women's loins with pain,—those demons, Indra drive away!
Those, bearing horns upon their hands, who first of all approach the brides;
Standing in ovens, laughing loud, those who in bushes flash forth light, all these we banish
hence away.

Those who have retroverted toes, and heels and faces in the front,
Khalajas, Sakadhūmajas, Urundas, all the Matmatas, impotent
Kumbhamushkas, these,
Drive thou, O Brāhmanaspati, far from this girl with vigilance.
Sightless and with distorted eyes, impotent. woman less be they.
O Healing Plant, cast each away who, not her husband, would approach this woman wedded
to her lord.

The Bristly-haired, the Maniac-haired, the Biter, and the
Groper-fiend,
The Creeper-near, the Copper-hued, the Snouty, and the Saluda,
With foot and heel kick over, as a hasty cow her milking-pan.
If one should touch thy coming babe or kill thine infant newly born,
The yellow Plant with mighty bow shall pierce him even to the heart.
Those who kill infants unawares, and near the new-made mothers lie,
Let Pinga chase the amorous Gandharvas as wind chases cloud.
Let it maintain the genial seed: let the laid embryo rest secure.
Let both strong Healers, to be worn within the girdle, guard the babe.
From the Kimīdin, for thy lord and children, Pinga shield thee well,
From Sāyaka, and Nagnaka, Tangalva, and Pavīnasa.
From the five-footed, fingerless, from the four-eyed, the double-faced,
From the Close-creeper, from the Worm, from the Quick-roller guard her well.
Those who eat flesh uncooked, and those who eat the bleeding flesh of men,
Feeders on babes unborn, long-haired, far from this place we banish these.
Shy slinkers from the Sun, as slinks a woman from her husband's sire,
Deep down into the heart of these let Baja and let Pinga pierce.
Pinga, preserve the babe at birth, make not the boy a female child.
Let not Egg-eaters mar the germs: drive the Kimidins far away.
Sterility, and infants' death, and weeping that announceth woe,
Dear! lay them on the fiend as thou wouldst pluck a garland from a tree.

HYMN VII

A charm to restore a sick man to health

The tawny-coloured, and the pale, the variegated and the red,
The dusky-tinted, and the black,—all Plants we summon hither-ward.
This man let them deliver from Consumption which the Gods have sent.
The father of these Herbs was Heaven, their mother Earth, the
Sea their root.
The Waters are the best, and heavenly Plants.
From every limb of thine have they removed Consumption caused by sin.
I speak to Healing Herbs spreading, and bushy, to creepers, and to those whose sheath is
single,
I call for thee the fibrous and the reed-like, and branching.

Plants, dear to the Visve Devas, powerful, giving life to men.
 The conquering strength, the power and might which ye, victorious Plants, possess,
 Therewith deliver this man here from this Consumption, O ye
 Plants: so I prepare the remedy.
 The living Plant that giveth life, that driveth malady away,
 Arundhatr, the rescuer, strengthening, rich a sweets I call, to free this man from scath and
 harm.
 Hitherward let the sapient come, the friendly sharers of my speech.
 That we may give this man relief and raise him from his evil plight.
 Germ of the Waters, Agni's food, Plants ever growing fresh and new,
 Sure, healing, bearing thousand names, let them be all collected here.
 Let Plants whose soul is water, girt with Avakās, piercing with their sharp horns expel the
 malady.
 Strong, antidotes of poison, those releasers, free from Varuna,
 And those that drive away Catarrh, and those that frustrate magic arts, let all those Plants
 come hitherward.
 Let purchased Plants of mightier power, Plants that are praised for excellence.
 Here in this village safely keep cattle and horses, man and beast.
 Sweet is their root, sweet are these Plants' top branches, sweet also is their intermediate
 portion;
 Sweet is their foliage, and sweet their blossom, combined with sweetness is their taste of
 Amrit: food, fatness let them yield, with kine preceding.
 These Plants that grow upon the earth, whate'er their number and their size,
 Let these with all their thousand leaves free me from Death and misery.
 May the Plants' Tiger-amulet, protective, guardian from the curse,
 Beat off the brood of demons, drive all maladies afar from us.
 Before the gathered Plants they fly and scatter, as though a lion's roar or fire dismayed them.
 Expelled by Plants, let men's and kine's Consumption pass from us to the navigable rivers.
 Emancipated from the sway of Agni, of Vaisvānara, go, covering the earth, ye Plants whose
 ruler is Vanaspati.
 May these be pleasant to our heart, auspicious, rich in store of milk,
 These Plants of the Angirases which grow on mountains and on plains.
 The Plants I know myself, the plants that with mine eye I look upon,
 Plants yet unknown, and those we know, wherein we find that power is stored,
 Let all the congregated Plants attend and mark mine utterance,
 That we may rescue this man here and save him from severe distress.
 Asvattha, Darbha, King of Plants, is Soma, deathless sacrifice
 Barley and Rice are healing balms, the sons of Heaven who never die.
 Lift yourselves up, ye Healing Plants, loud is the thunder's crash and roar.
 When with full flow Parjanya, ye Children of Prisni! blesseth; you.
 We give the essence of that stream of nectar of this man to drink:
 So I prepare a remedy that he may live a hundred years.
 Well doth the wild boar know a Plant, the mungoose knows the
 Healing Herb.
 I call, to aid this man, the Plants which Serpents and Gandharvas know.
 Plants of Angirases which hawks, celestial Plants which eagles know;
 Plants known to swans and lesser fowl, Plants known to all the birds that fly.
 Plants that are known to sylvan beasts,—I call them all to aid this man.
 The multitude of herbs whereon the Cows whom none may slaughter feed, all that are food
 for goats and sheep,

So many Plants, brought hitherward, give shelter and defence to thee!
 Hitherward unto thee I bring the Plants that cure all maladies,
 All Plants wherein physicians have discovered health-bestowing power.
 Let Plants with flower and Plants with bud, the fruitful and the fruitless, all,
 Like children of one mother, yield their stores for this man's perfect health.
 From the Five-arrowed, from the Ten-arrowed have I delivered thee,
 Freed thee from Yama's fetter and from all offence against the
 Gods,

HYMN VIII

Imprecations directed against a hostile army

Indra the Shaker shake them up, brave, hero, fortdemolisher,
 That into thousand fragments we may strike the armies of our foes!
 Let Pūtirajju with her breath corrupt and putrefy that host,
 And terror smite our foemen's heart when fire and smoke are seen afar.
 Asvattha, rend those men; do thou devour them quickly,
 Khadira!
 Like reeds let them be broken through, down-smitten by a lifted rush.
 Let Parushāhva make them reeds, and let the bulrush strike them down:
 Bound in a mighty net let them break quickly like an arrow's shaft.
 Air was the net; the poles thereof were the great quarters of the sky:
 Sakra therewith enveloped and cast on the ground the Dasyus' host.
 Verily mighty is the net of mighty Sakra rich in wealth:
 Therewith press all the foemen down so that not one of them escape!
 Great is thy net, brave Indra, thine the mighty match for a thousand, Lord of Hundred
 Powers!
 Holding them, with his host, therewith hath Indra slaughtered
 Dasyus a hundred, thousand, myriad, hundred millions.
 This world so mighty was the net of Sakra, of the Mighty One:
 With this, the net of Indra, I envelop all those men with gloom.
 Great weakness and misfortune, pain which words can never charm away,
 Languor, fatigue, bewilderment, with these I compass all the foes.
 I give those foemen up to Death: bound in the bonds of Death are they.
 I bind and carry them away to meet Death's wicked messengers.
 Bear them away, Death's messengers! envoys of Yama! bind them fast.
 More than a thousand be their slain: the club of Bhava pierce them through!
 Forth go the Sādhyas in their might bearing one netpole raised aloft.
 One pole the Rudras carry, one the Vasus, and the Ādityas one.
 The Visve Devas from above shall come depressing it with might,
 And in the midst the Angirases, slaying the mighty host, shall go.
 Trees of the forest, trees that bear flower and fruit, and herbs and plants,
 Quadraped, biped send I forth that they may strike this army dead,
 Gandharvas, and Apsarases, Gods, Serpents, Fathers, Holy
 Men,
 Seen and unseen, I send them forth that they may strike this army dead.
 Here spread are snares of Death wherefrom thou, once within them, ne'er art freed:
 Full many a thousand of the host yonder this horn shall smite and slay.
 The Gharma hath been warmed with fire: this Homa slays a thousand men.
 Let Bhava, Prisnibāhu, and Sarva destroy that armament.
 Their portion be the fire of Death, hunger, exhaustion, slaughter, fear.

With your entangling snares and nets, Sarva and Indra! slay that host.
 Fly, conquered, in alarm, ye foes, run driven by the spell away!
 Let not one man escape of those when routed by Brihaspati.
 Down fall their weapons on the ground: no strength be theirs to point a shaft:
 Then in their dreadful terror let their arrows wound their vital parts.
 Let Heaven and Earth roar out in wrath against them, and Air with all the Deities in concert,
 Let them not find a surety or a refuge, but torn away go down to Death together.
 The mules of the Gods' car are heaven's four quarters; their hooves are sacred cakes, the air
 its body.
 Its sides are Heaven and Earth, its reins the Seasons, Voice is its hood, its grooms are sky's
 mid-regions.
 Year is the car, Full Year the seat for driving, Virāj the pole, the chariot's front is Agni, Indra
 the warrior, and the Moon the driver.
 Hence conquer, conquer, Hail! be thou the victor! Let these be conquerors and those be
 conquered.
 Good luck to these, ill luck to those men yonder! With the dark-blue-and-red our foes I cover.

HYMN IX

An enunciation of cosmogonical, ritual, and metrical doctrine

Whence were these two produced? which was that region?
 From what world, from which earth had they their being?
 Calves of Virāj, these two arose from water. I ask thee of these twain, who was their milker.
 He who prepared a threefold home, and lying there made the water bellow through his
 greatness,
 Calf of Virāj, giving each wish fulfilment, made bodies for him- self far off, in secret.
 Which are the three, the mighty three, whereof the fourth divides the voice,
 This may the Brāhman know by prayer and fervour, whereto belongs the one, whereto the
 other.
 Out of the Brihat as the sixth five Salmons have been fashioned forth:
 From Brihatī was Brihat formed: whence was the Brihatī com- posed?
 On measure Brihatī is based, and measure on the measurer:
 From magic might came magic might, from magic might came
 Mātali.
 Vaisvānara's image is the sky above us, so far as Agni forced both spheres asunder.
 Thence from that region as the sixth come praise-songs, and every sixth day hence again go
 upward.
 We, Kagyapa! six present Rishis, ask thee—for thou hast prov- ed things tried and meet for
 trial
 They call Virāj the Father of Devotion: tell her to us thy friends in all her figures.
 She whom, advancing, sacrifices follow, and when she takes her station stand beside her,
 By whose control and hest the spirit moveth, she is Virāj, in highest heaven, O Rishis.
 Breathless, she moves by breath of living creatures, Svarāj pre- cedes, Virāj comes closely
 after.
 Some men behold her not, and some behold her, Virāj meet- shaped, who thinks of all
 existence.
 Who hath perceived Virāj's duplication, perceived her seasons and her rule and practice?
 Who knows her steps, how oft, how far extended, who knows her home and number of her
 dawnings?
 She here who first of all sent forth her lustre moves onward resting on these lower creatures.
 Exalted power and might are stored within her: the woman hath prevailed, the new-come

mother.

Both Dawns on wings of song, with rich adornment, move on together to their common dwelling.

Sūrya's two wives, unwasting, most prolific, knowing their way, move, rich in light, together. The three have passed along the path of Order—three warm libations have regarded offspring. One quickens progeny, one strengthens vigour, and one protects the kingdom of the pious. She who was fourth was made by Agni, Soma, and Rishis as. they formed both halves of worship,

Gāyatrī, Trishtup, Jagatī, Anushtup, Brihadarki lightening the sacrificer.

Five milkings answer to the fivefold dawning, five seasons to the cow who bears five titles.

The five sky-regions made fifteen in number, one head have these to one sole world directed.

Six Elements arose, first-born of Order: the six-day time is carried by six Sāmans.

Six-yoked the plough is, as each trace is numbered: they call both broad ones six; six, Earth and Heaven.

They call the cold months six, and six the hot ones. Which, tell us, of the seasons is redundant?

Seven sages, eagles, have sat down together: seven metres match the seven Consecrations.

Seven are the Homas, seven the logs for burning, seven are the streams of mead, and seven the seasons.

Into the world have come seven streams of butter; those we have heard of as the Seven Vultures.

Seven metres, by four syllables increasing, each of the seven founded upon another

How are the hymns of praise on these supported, and how are these imposed upon the praise-songs?

How hath the Gāyatri filled out three triads? On the fifteen how is the Trishtup moulded, Jagatī fashioned on the three-and-thirty? How is Anushtup formed? how Ekavinsa?

Eight Elements sprang up, first born of Order: the Priests divine are eight in number, Indra!

Eight are the wombs of Aditi, eight her children; for the eighth night is the libation destined.

So planning bliss for you have I come hither to win your friendship: kind am I, and gracious.

Born from one source, propitious is your wisdom: knowing full well to all of you it cometh.

To Indra eight, to Yama six, seven to the Rishis, seven to each:

The number five accompanies waters and men and healing herbs.

The Heifer, all his own, poured forth for Indra control and milk at her first time of milking;

And he then satisfied the four divisions, the Gods and men and

Asuras and Rishis.

Who is the Cow? Who is the Single Rishi? What is the law, what are the benedictions?

What on the earth is the one only Spirit? Which of the number is the Single Season?

One is the Cow, one is the Single Spirit, one is the law, single are benedictions.

The Spirit dwelling on the earth is single: the Single Season never is transcended.

HYMN X

A glorification of the mystical abstraction Virāj

Viraj at first was This. At birth all feared her; the thought, She will become this All, struck terror.

She rose, the Gārhapatya fire she entered. He who knows this becomes lord of a household, performer of domestic sacri- fices.

She mounted up, the Eastward fire she entered. He who knows this becomes the Gods' beloved, and to his call they come when she invokes them.

She mounted up, the Southward fire she entered.

He who knows this becomes a fit performer of sacrifice, meet for honour, shelter-giver.

She mounted up, she entered the Assembly. He who knows this becomes polite and courtly, and people come as guests to his assembly.

She mounted up, she passed within the meeting. He who knows this becomes fit for the meeting, and to his hall of meeting come the people.

She mounted up, she entered Consultation. Whoso knows this is fit to be consulted, and to his consultation come the people.

She mounted up, and, into four divided, she took her station in the air's mid-region.

Of her the Gods and men said, This she knoweth. That we may both have life let us invoke her.

Thus did they cry to her:

Come, Strength! come, Food! come, Charmer! come, Free-giver!

Her calf, her well-beloved calf, was Indra: Gāyatri was her rope, the cloud her udder.

Two teats she had, Rathantara and Brihat, two, Yajñāyajniya and Vāmadevya.

With the Rathantara the Gods milked from her the Plants, and all the wide expanse with Brihat.

They drew the Waters forth with Vāmadevya, with Yajñāyajniya they milked out worship.

For him who knoweth this, Rathantara poureth out Plants, and Brihat yieldeth wide expansion.

Waters from Vāmadevya come, from Yajñāyajniya sacrifice.

She rose, she came unto the tress: they killed her. A year went by and she again existed.

Hence in a year the wounds of trees heal over. He who knows this sees his loathed rival wounded.

She mounted up, she came unto the Fathers: they killed her: in a month she re-existed.

Hence men give monthly offerings to the Fathers: who knows this, knows the path which they have trodden.

She rose, she came unto the Gods: they killed her: but in a fortnight she again was living.

Fortnightly, hence, men serve the Gods with Vasat! Who knows this knows the way which Gods pass over.

She mounted up, she came to men: they killed her Presently she regained her life and being.

Hence on both days to men they bring and offer—who knows this—near-seated in the dwelling.

She rose, approached the Asuras: they called her: their cry was,

Come, O Māyā, come thou hither.

Her dear calf was Virochana Prāhrādi: her milking vessel was a pan of iron.

Dvimūrdhā Ārtvya milked her, yea, this Māyā, The Asuras depend for life on Māyā. He who knows this becomes a fit supporter.

She mounted up, she came unto the Fathers. The Fathers called. to her, O Food, come hither.

King Yama was her calf, her pail was silvern. Antaka, Mrityu's son, milked her, this Svadhā.

This Food the Fathers make their lives' sustainer. He who knows this becomes a meet supporter.

She mounted up, she came to men. They called her, Come unto- us, come hither thou Free-giver!

Earth was her milking-pail, the calf beside her Manu Vaivasvata, Vivasvān's offspring.

Prithi the son of Vena was her milker: he milked forth hus- bandry and grain for sowing.

These men depend for life on corn and tillage. He who knows this becomes a meet supporter, successful in the culture of his_ corn-land.

She rose, she came unto the Seven Rishis. They called her,.

Come, Rich in Devotion! hither.

King Soma was her calf. the Moon her milk-pail. Brihaspati.

Āngirasa, her milker,
 Drew from her udder Prayer and Holy Fervour. Fervour and
 Prayer maintain the Seven Rishis.
 He who knows this becomes a meet supporter, a priest illustri- ous for his sacred knowledge.
 She rose, she came unto the Gods. They called her, crying, O
 Vigour, come to us, come hither!
 God Savitar milked her, he milked forth Vigour. The Gods depend for life upon that Vigour.
 He who knows this becomes a meet supporter.
 She rose approached the Apsarases and Gandharvas. They called her, Come to us, O
 Fragrant-scented!
 The son of Sūryavarchas, Chitraratha, was her dear calf, her pail. a lotus-petal.
 The son of Sūryavarchas, Vasuruchi, milked and drew from her most delightful fragrance.
 That scent supports Apsarases and Gandharvas. He who knows this becomes a meet
 supporter, and round him ever breathes delicious odour.
 She mounted up, she came to Other People. They called her, crying, Come, Concealment!
 hither.
 Her dear calf was Vaisravana Kubera, a vessel never tempered was her milk-pail.
 Rajatanābhi, offspring of Kubera, milked her, and from her udder drew concealment.
 By that concealment live the Other People. He who knows this becomes a meet supporter,
 and makes all evil disappear and vanish.
 She mounted up, she came unto the Serpents. The Serpents called her, Venomous! come
 hither.
 Her calf was Takshaka, Visāla's offspring: a bottlegourd suppli- ed a milking-vessel.
 Irāvān's offspring, Dhritarāshtra milked her, and from her udder drew forth only poison.
 That poison quickens and supports the Serpents: He who knows this becomes a meet
 supporter.
 One would ward off, for him who hath this knowledge, if with a bottle-gourd he sprinkled
 water.
 And did he not repel, if in his spirit he said, I drive thee back, he would repel it.
 The poison that it drives away, that poison verily repels.
 The man who hath this knowledge pours its venom on his hated foe.

Book IX

HYMN I

A glorification of the Asvins' whip and a prayer for blessings

The Asvins' Honey-whip was born from heaven and earth, from middle air, and ocean, and from fire and wind.

All living creatures welcome it with joyful hearts, fraught with the store of Amrit it hath gathered up.

They call thee earth's great strength in every form, they call thee too the ocean's genial seed. Whence comes the Honey-whip bestowing bounty, there Vital Spirit is, and Amrit treasured.

In sundry spots, repeatedly reflecting, men view upon the earth: her course and action;

For she, the first-born daughter of the Maruts, derives her origin from Wind and Agni.

Daughter of Vasus, mother of Ādityas, centre of Amrit breath of living creatures.

The Honey-whip, gold-coloured, dropping fatness, moves as a mighty embryo 'mid mortals.

The deities begat the Whip of Honey: her embryo assumed all forms and fashions.

The mother nourishes that tender infant which at its birth looks on all worlds and beings.

Who understandeth well, who hath perceived it, her heart's un-injured Soma-holding beaker?

Let the wise Brāhman priest therein be joyful.

He understandeth them, he hath perceived them, her breasts that pour a thousand streams, uninjured.

They unreluctantly yield strength and vigour.

She who with voice upraised in constant clamour, mighty, life-giving, goes unto her function,

Bellowing to the heated three libations, suckles with streams of milk, and still is lowing.

On whom, well-fed, the Waters wait in worship, and steers and self-refulgent bulls attend her.

For thee, for one like thee down pour the Waters, and cause desire and strength to rain upon thee.

The thunder is thy voice, O Lord of Creatures: a Bull, thou castest on the earth thy vigour.

The Honey-whip, the Manus' first-born daughter, derives her origin from Wind and Agni.

As at the morning sacrifice the Asvins twain love Soma well,

Even so may both the Asvins lay splendour and strength within my soul.

As at the second sacrifice Indra and Agni love him well,

Let the pair, Indra Agni, lay splendour and strength within my soul.

As at third sacrifice Soma is the Ribhus' well-beloved one,

Even so may they, the Ribhus, store splendour and strength within my soul.

Fain would I bring forth sweetness, fain would make it mine.

Bringing milk, Agni! have I come: splendour and strength bestow on me!

Grant me, O Agni, splendid strength, and progeny, and length-ened life.

May the Gods know me as I am, may Indra with the Rishis know.

As honey-bees collect and add fresh honey to their honey store,

Even so may both the Asvins lay splendour and strength within my soul.

As over honey flies besmear this honey which the bees have made,

So may both Asvins lay in me splendour and strength and power and might.

May all the sweetness that is found in hills and mountains, steeds and kine,

And wine that floweth from the cup,—may all that sweetness be in me.

May both the Asvins, Lords of Light, balm me with honey of the bees,

That I may speak among the folk words full of splendour and of strength.
 The thunder is thy voice, O Lord of Creatures: a Bull, thou castest strength on earth and heaven.
 To that all cattle look for their existence: with this she nourishes their force and vigour.
 The Whip itself is Heaven, Earth is the handle, the point of juncture is the Air's mid-region.
 The lash is lightning, and the tip is golden.
 Whoever knows the Whip's seven kinds of honey, becomes himself a man endowed with sweetness.
 Brāhman and King, the draught-ox and the milch-cow, barley and rice, and honey is the seventh.
 Sweet is the man, sweet are his goods and chattels: he who knows this conquers the worlds of sweetness.
 The thundering of Prajāpati in heaven is verily manifest to living creatures.
 Therefore I stand from right to left invested, and, O Prajāpati,
 I cry, regard me!
 The man who hath this knowledge is regarded by living beings and the Lord of Creatures.

HYMN II

A glorification of Kāma as God of desire of all that is good

Kāma the Bull, slayer of foes, I worship with molten butter, sacrifice, oblation.
 Beneath my feet cast down mine adversaries with thy great manly power, when I have praised thee.
 That which is hateful to mine eye and spirit, that harasses and robs me of enjoyment,
 The evil dream I loose upon my foemen. May I rend him when
 I have lauded Kāma.
 Kāma, do thou, a mighty Lord and Ruler, let loose ill dream, misfortune, want of children,
 Homelessness, Kāma! utter destitution, upon the sinner who designs my ruin.
 Drive them away, drive them afar, O Kāma; indigence fall on those who are my foemen!
 When they have been cast down to deepest darkness, consume their dwellings with thy fire,
 O Agni.
 She, Kāma! she is called the Cow, thy daughter, she who is named Vāk and Virāj by sages.
 By her drive thou my foemen to a distance. May cattle, vital breath, and life forsake them.
 By Kāma's might, King Varuna's and Indra's, by Vishnu's strength, and Savitar's instigation,
 I chase my foes with sacrifice to Agni, as a deft steersman drives his boat through waters.
 May Kāma, mighty one, my potent warder, give me full free- dom from mine adversaries.
 May all the Deities be my protection, all Gods come nigh to this mine invocation.
 Accepting this oblation rich with fatness, be joyful here, ye
 Gods whose chief is Kāma,
 Giving me freedom from mine adversaries.
 Ye, Indra, Agni, Kāma! come together and cast mine adver- saries down beneath me.
 When they have sunk into the deepest darkness, O Agni, with thy fire consume their dwellings.
 Slay those who are mine enemies, O Kāma: headlong to depth of blinding darkness hurl them.
 Reft be they all of manly strength and vigour! Let them not have a single day's existence.
 Kāma hath slain those who were mine opponents, and given me ample room to grow and prosper.
 Let the four regions bow them down before me, and let the six expanses bring me fatness.
 Let them drift downward like a boat torn from the rope that held it fast.
 There is no turning back for those whom our keen arrows have repelled.

Agni averts, Indra averts, and Soma: may the averting Gods avert this foeman.
 To be avoided by his friends, detested, repelled, with few men round him, let him wander.
 Yea, on the earth descend the lightning-flashes: may the strong
 God destroy your adversaries.
 This potent lightning nourishes things shaken, and things un- shaken yet, and all the thunders.
 May the Sun, rising with his wealth and splendour, drive in victorious might my foemen
 downward.
 Thy firm and triply-barred protection, Kāma! thy spell, made weapon-proof extended armour
 With that drive thou my foemen to a distance. May cattle, vital breath, and life forsake them.
 Far from the world wherein we live, O Kāma, drive thou my foemen with that selfsame
 weapon
 Wherewith the Gods repelled the fiends, and Indra cast down the Dasyus into deepest
 darkness.
 As Gods repelled the Asuras, and Indra down to the lowest darkness drove the demons,
 So, Kāma, from this world, to distant places, drive thou the men who are mine adversaries.
 First before all sprang Kāma into being. Gods, Fathers, mortal men have never matched him.
 Stronger than these art thou, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Wide as the space which heaven and earth encompass, far as the flow of waters, far as Agni,
 Stronger than these art thou, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Vast as the quarters of the sky and regions that lie between them spread in all directions, vast
 as celestial tracts and views of heaven,
 Stronger than these art thou, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Many as are the bees, and bats, and reptiles, and female serpents of the trees, and beetles,
 Stronger art thou than these, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Stronger art thou than aught that stands or twinkles, stronger art thou than ocean, Kāma!
 Manyu!
 Stronger than these art thou, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Not even Vāta is the peer of Kāma, not Agni, Chandramas the Moon, nor Sūrya.
 Stronger than these art thou, and great for ever. Kāma, to thee, to thee I offer worship.
 Thy lovely and auspicious forms, O Kāma, whereby the thing thou wilt becometh real,
 With these come thou and make thy home among us, and make malignant thoughts inhabit
 elsewhere.

HYMN III

On the consecration of a newly built house

We loose the ties and fastenings of the house that holds all precious things,
 The bands of pillars and of stays, the ties of beams that form the roof.
 All-wealthy House! each knot and band, each cord that is attached to thee
 I with my spell untie, as erst Brihaspati disclosed the cave.
 He drew them close, he pressed them fast, he made thy knotted. bands secure:
 With Indra's help we loose them as a skilful Slaughterer severs joints.
 We loose the bands of thy bamboos, of bolts, of fastening, of thatch,
 We loose the ties of thy side-posts, O House that holdest all we prize.
 We loosen here the ties and bands of straw in bundles, and of clamps,
 Of all that compasses and binds the Lady Genius of the Home.
 We loose the loops which men have bound within thee, loops to tie and hold.
 Be gracious, when erected, to our bodies, Lady of the Home.
 Store-house of Soma, Agni's hall, the ladies' bower, the resi- dence,
 The seat of Gods art thou, O Goddess House.
 We with our incantation loose the net that hath a thousand. eyes.

The diadem, securely tied and laid upon the central beam.
 The man who takes thee as his own, and he who was thy builder,.
 House!
 Both these, O Lady of the Home, shall live to long-extended' years.
 There let her come to meet this man. Firm, strongly fastened,. and prepared
 Art thou whose several limbs and joints we part and loosen one by one.
 He who collected timber for the work and built thee up, O
 House,
 Made thee for coming progeny, Prajāpati, the Lord Supreme.
 Homage to him! We worship too the giver and the Mansion's lord:
 Homage to Agni! to the man who serves at holy rites for thee.
 Homage to kine and steeds! to all that shall be born within the house
 We loose the bonds that fasten thee, mother of multitudes to come!
 Agni thou shelterest within, and people with domestic beasts.
 We loose the bonds that fasten thee, mother of multitudes to come!
 All space that lies between the earth and heaven, therewith I take this house for thy
 possession,
 And all that measures out the air's mid-region I make a hollow to contain thy treasures.
 Therewith I take the house for his possession.
 Rich in prosperity, rich in milk, founded and built upon the earth,
 Injure not thy receivers, House who holdest food of every sort!'

Grass-covered, clad with straw, the house, like Night, gives rest to man and beast.
 Thou standest, built upon the earth, like a she-elephant, borne on feet.
 I loosen and remove from thee thy covering formed by mats of reed.
 What Varuna hath firmly closed Mitra shall ope at early morn.
 May Indra, Agni, deathless Gods, protect the house where
 Soma dwells,
 House that was founded with the prayer, built and erected by the wise.
 Nest upon nest hath been imposed, compartment on compart- ment laid:
 There man shall propagate his kind, and there shall everything born.
 Within the house constructed with two side-posts, or with four, or six.
 Built with eight side-posts, or with ten, lies Agni like a babe unborn.
 Turned to thee, House! I come to thee, innocent, turned to welcome me:
 For Fire and Water are within, the first chief door of sacrifice.
 Water that kills Consumption, free from all Consumption, here
 I bring.
 With Agni, the immortal one, I enter and possess the house.
 Lay thou no cord or noose on us: a weighty burthen, still be light!
 Withersoever be our will, O House, we bear thee like a bride.
 Now from the east side of the house to the Great Power be homage paid!
 Hail to the Gods whose due is Hail!
 Now from the south side of the house, etc.
 Now from the west side of the house, etc.
 Now from the north side of the house, etc.
 So from the mansion's every side to the Great Power be homage paid!
 Hail to the Gods whose due is Hail!

HYMN IV

A glorification of the typical sacrificial bull

The Bull, fierce, thousandfold, filled full of vigour, bearing within his flanks all forms and natures,

Brihaspati's Steer, hath stretched the thread, bestowing bliss on the worshipper, the liberal giver.

He who at first became the Waters' model, a match for everyone, like Earth the Goddess; The husband of the cows, the young calves' father, may be secure us thousandfold abundance.

Masculine, pregnant, steadfast. full of vigour, the Bull sustains a trunk of goodly treasure. May Agni Jātavedas bear him offered, on pathways traversed by the Gods, to Indra. The husband of the cows, the young calves' father, father is he of mighty water-eddies. Calf, after-birth, new milk drawn hot, and biestings, curds, butter, that is his best genial humour.

He is the Gods' allotted share and bundle, essence of waters, and of plants, and butter. Sakra elected him, the draught of Soma. What was his body was a lofty mountain.

A beaker filled with Soma juice thou bearest. framer of forms, begetter of the cattle.

Kindly to us be these thy wombs here present, and stay for us,

O Axe, those that are yonder.

He bears oblation, and his seed is butter. Thousand-fold plenty; sacrifice they call him.

May he, the Bull, wearing the shape of Indra, come unto us, O

Gods, bestowed, with blessing.

Both arms of Varuna, and Indra's vigour, the Maruts' hump is he, the Asvins' shoulders.

They who are sages, bards endowed with wisdom, call him

Brihaspati compact and heightened.

Thou, vigorous, reachest to the tribes of heaven. Thee they call

Indra, thee they call Sarasvān.

Turned to one aim, that Brāhman gives a thousand who offers up the Bull as his oblation.

Brihaspati, Savitar gave thee vital vigour: thy breath was brought from Tvashtar and from Vāyu.

In thought I offer thee in air's mid-region. Thy sacrificial grass be Earth and Heaven!

Let the priest joyfully extol the limbs and members of the Bull

Who moved and roared among the kine as Indra moves among the Gods.

The sides must be Anumati's, and both rib-pieces Bhaga's share,

Of the knee-bones hath Mitra said, Both these are mine, and only mine.

The Ādityas claim the hinder parts, the loins must be Brihas- pati's.

Vāta, the God, receives the tail: he stirs the plants and herbs therewith,

To Sūryā they assigned the skin, to Sinivāli inward parts.

The Slaughterer hath the feet, they said, when they distributed the Bull.

They made a jest of kindred's curse: a jar of Soma juice was set,

What time the deities, convened, assigned the Bull's divided parts.

They gave the hooves to tortoises, to Saramā scraps of the feet:

His undigested food they gave to worms and things that creep and crawl.

That Bull, the husband of the kine, pierces the demons with his horns,

Banishes famine with his eye, and hears good tidings with his ears.

With hundred sacrifices he worships: the fires consume him not:

All Gods promote the Braman who offers the Bull in sacrifice.

He who hath given away the Bull to Brāhmans frees and cheers his soul.

In his own cattle-pen he sees the growth and increase of his cows.

Let there be cattle, let there be bodily strength and progeny:

All this may the Gods kindly grant to him who gives away the

Bull.

Indra here verily hath rejoiced: let him bestow conspicuous wealth.
May he draw forth at will from yonder side of heaven a deft cow, good to milk, whose calf is never wanting.

With close connexion mingle with the cows in this our cattle- pen:
Mingle, the Bull's prolific flow, and, Indra! thine heroic strength!
Here we restore this Bull, your youthful leader: sporting with him, go, wander at your pleasure.
Ne'er, wealthy ones! may he be reft of offspring; and do ye favour us with growth of riches.

HYMN V

A glorification of a sacrificial goat

Seize him and bring him hither. Let him travel. foreknowing, to the regions of the pious.
Crossing in many a place the mighty darkness, let the Goat mount to the third heaven above us.

I bring thee hither as a share for Indra; prince, at this sacrifice,. for him who worships.
Grasp firmly from behind all those who hate us: so let the sacrificer's men be sinless.
Wash from his feet all trace of evil-doing: foreknowing, with cleansed hooves let him go upward.

Gazing on many a spot, crossing the darkness, let the Goat mount to the third heaven above us.

Cut up this skin with the grey knife, Dissector! dividing joint from joint, and mangle nothing
Do him no injury: limb by limb arrange him, and send him up to the third cope of heaven.

With verse upon the fire I set the caldron: pour in the water; lay him down within it!
Encompass him with fire, ye Immolators. Cooked, let him reach the world where dwell the righteous.

Hence come thou forth, vexed by no pain or torment. Mount to the third heaven from the heated vessel.

As fire out of the fire hast thou arisen. Conquer and win this lucid world of splendour.
The Goat is Agni: light they call him, saying that living man must give him to the Brāhman.
Given in this world by a devout believer, the Goat dispels and drives afar the darkness.
Let the Panchaudana Goat, about to visit the three lights, pass away in five divisions.
Go midst the pious who have paid their worship, and parted, dwell on the third cope of heaven.

Rise to that world, O Goat, where dwell the righteous: pass, like a Sarabha veiled, all difficult places.

The Goat Panchaudana, given to a Brāhman, shall with all fullness satisfy the giver.
The Goat Panchaudana, given to a Brāhman, sets the bestower on the pitch of heaven,
In the third vault, third sky, third ridge. One only Cow omniform art thou, that yields all wishes.

That is the third light that is yours, ye Fathers. He gives the Goat Panchaudana to the Brāhman.

Given in this world by the devout believer, the Goat dispels and drives afar the darkness.
Seeking the world of good men who have worshipped, he gives the Goat Panchaudana to the Brāhman.

Win thou this world as thy complete possession. Auspicious unto us be he, accepted!
Truly the Goat sprang from the glow of Agni, inspired as sage with all a sage's power.
Sacrifice, filled, filled full, offered with Vashat—this let the Gods arrange at proper seasons.
Home-woven raiment let him give, and gold as guerdon to the priests.
So he obtains completely all celestial and terrestrial worlds.

Near to thee, Goat! approach these streams of Soma, divine, distilling meath, bedecked with

butter!

Stay thou the earth and sky and fix them firmly up on the seven- rayed pitch and height of heaven.

Unborn art thou, O Goat: to heaven thou goest. Though thee Angirases knew that radiant region.

So may I know that holy world.

Convey our sacrifice to heaven, that it may reach the Gods, with that Whereby thou, Agni, bearest wealth in thousands, and all pre- cious things.

The Goat Panchaudana, when cooked, transporteth, repelling Nirriti, to the world of Svarga.

By him may we win worlds which Sūrya brightens.

The droppings of the Odanas attending the Goat which I have lodged with priest or people May all this know us in the world of virtue, O Agni, at the meeting of the pathways.

This Unborn cleft apart in the beginning: his breast became the earth, his back was heaven. His middle was the air, his sides the regions; the hollows of his belly formed both oceans.

His eyes were Truth and Right. The whole together was Truth:

Virāj his head and Faith his breathing.

This Goat Panchaudana was indeed a sacrifice unlimited.

A boundless sacrifice he performs, he wins himself a boundless world:

Who gives the Goat Panchaudana illumined with a priestly fee.

Let him not break the victim's bones, let him not suck the marrow out.

Let the man, taking him entire, here, even here deposit him.

This, even this is his true form: the man uniteth him therewith.

Food, greatness, strength he bringeth him who giveth the Goat Panchaudana illumed with guerdon.

The five gold pieces, and the five new garments, and the five milch-kine yield him all his wishes.

Who gives the Goat Panchaudana illumined with a priestly fee.

The five gold pieces, area light to light him, robes become armour to defend his body;

He winneth Svarga as his home who giveth the Goat Panchaud- ana illumed with bountry.

When she who hath been wedded finds a second husband after- ward,

The twain shall not be parted if they give the Goat Panchaud- ana.

One world with the re-wedded wife becomes the second hus- band's home.

Who gives the Goat Panchaudana illumined with the priestly fee.

They who have given a cow who drops a calf each season, or an ox,

A coverlet, a robe, or gold, go to the loftiest sphere of heaven.

Himself, the father and the son, the grandson, and the father's sire,

Mother, wife, her who bore his babes, all the beloved ones I call.

The man who knows the season named the Scorching—the Goat Pafichaudana is this scorching season

He lives himself, he verily burns up his hated rival's fame,

Who gives the Goat Panchaudana illumined with the priestly fee.

The man who knows the season called the Working takes to himself the active fame, his hated rival's active fame.

The Goat Panchaudana is this Working season.

He lives himself, etc.

The man who knows the season called the Meeting takes to him- self the gathering fame, his hated rival's gathering fame.

The Goat Panchaudana is this Meeting season.

The man who knows the called the Swelling takes to himself the swelling fame, his hated

rival's swelling fame.

The Goat Panchaudana is this Swelling season.

He lives himself, etc.

The man who knows the season called the Rising takes to him- self the rising fame, his hated rival's rising fame.

The Goat Panchaudana in this Rising season.

The man who knows the season called Surpassing takes to him- self the conquering fame, his hated rival's conquering fame.

The Goat Panchaudana is this Conquering season.

He lives himself, he verily burns up his hated rival's fame

Who gives the Goat Panchaudana illumined with a priestly fee.

He cooks the Goat and the five boiled rice messes. May the uni- ted Quarters, all accordant, and intermediate points, accept him from thee.

May these preserve him for thee. Here I offer to these the molten butter as oblation.

HYMN VI

A glorification of hospitable reception of guests

Whoso will know Prayer with immediate knowledge, whose mem- bers are the stuff, whose spine the verses:

Whose hairs are psalms, whose heart is called the Yajus, whose coverlet is verily oblation— Verily when a host looks at his guests he looks at the place of sacrifice to the Gods.

When he salutes them reverently he undergoes preparation for a religious ceremony: when he calls for water, he solemnly brings sacrificial water.

The water that is solemnly brought at a sacrifice is this same water.

The libation which they bring; the sacrificial victim dedicated to Agni and Soma which is tied to the post, that, verily, is this man.

When they arrange dwelling-rooms they arrange the sacred chamber and the shed for housing the Soma cars.

What they spread upon the floor is just Sacrificial Grass.

With the couch that the men bring, he wins for himself the world of Svarga.

The pillow-coverings that they bring are the green sticks that surround the sacrificial altar.

The ointment that they bring for injunction is just clarified liquid butter.

The food they bring before the general distribution represents the two sacrificial cakes of rice meal.

When they call the man who prepares food they summon the preparer of oblation.

The grains of rice and barley that are selected are just filaments of the Soma plant.

The pestle and mortar are really the stones of the Soma press.

The winnowing-basket is the filter, the chaff the Soma dregs, the water, the pressing-gear.

Spoon, ladle, fork, stirring-prong are the wooden Soma tubs; the earthen cooking-pots are the mortar-shaped Soma vessels; this earth is just the black-antelope's skin.

Or the host acts in this way to a Yajamāna's Brāhman: when he looks at the furniture and utensils he says, More here t yet more here.

When he says, Bring out more, he lengthens his life thereby.

He brings oblations: he makes the men sit down.

As the guest of the seated company he himself offers up sacrifice.

With ladle, with hand, in life, at the sacrificial post, with cry of

Ladle! with exclamation of Vashat!

Now these guests, as priests beloved or not beloved, bring one to the world of Svarga.

He who hath this knowledge should not eat hating, should not eat the food of one who hates him, nor of one who is doubt- ful, nor of one who is undecided.

This man whose food they eat hath all his wickedness blotted out.
 All that man's sin whose food they do not eat remains unblotted out.
 The man who supplies food hath always pressing stones adjusted, a wet Soma filter, well prepared religious rites, and mental power to complete the arranged sacrifice.
 The arranged sacrifice of the man who offers food is a sacrifice to Prajāpati.
 The man who offers food follows the steps of Prajāpati.
 The fire of the guests is the Āhavanīya, the fire in the dwelling is the Gārhapatya, that whereon they cook food is the Southern Sacrificial Fire.
 Now that man who eats before the guest eats up the sacrifice and the merit of the house.
 He devours the milk and the sap:
 And the vigour and prosperity.
 And the progeny and the cattle:
 And the fame and reputation.
 The man who eats before the guest eats up the glory and the understanding of the house.
 The man should not eat before the guest who is a Brāhman versed in holy lore.
 When the guest hath eaten he should eat. This is the rule for the animation of the sacrifice and the preservation of its continuity.
 Now the sweetest portion, the produce of the cow, milk, or flesh, that verily he should not eat.
 The man who having this knowledge pours out milk and offers it wins for himself as much thereby as he gains by the performance of a very successful Agnishtoma sacrifice.
 The man who having this knowledge pours out clarified butter and offers it wins for himself thereby as much as he gains by the performance of a very successful Atirātra sacrifice.
 He who pours out mead and offers it wins for himself thereby as much as he gains by the performance of a very successful Sattasadya sacrifice.
 He who having this knowledge besprinkles flesh and offers it wins for himself thereby as much as he gains by the performance of a very successful Twelve-Day sacrifice.
 The man who having this knowledge pours out water and offers it obtains a resting-place for the procreation of living beings and becomes dear to living beings, even the man who having this knowledge pours out water and offers it.
 or him Dawn murmurs, and Savitar sings the prelude; Brihaspati chants with vigour, and Tvashtar joins in with increase; the Visve Devāh take up conclusion. He who hath this knowledge is the abiding-place of welfare, of progeny, and of cattle.
 For him the rising Sun murmurs, and Early Morning sings the prelude; Noon chants the psalm, Afternoon joins in; the setting Sun takes up the conclusion. He who hath this knowledge is the abiding place of welfare, of progeny, and of cattle.
 For him the Rain-cloud murmurs when present, sings the prelude when thundering, joins in when lightening, chants the psalm when raining, and takes up the conclusion when it stays the downpour. He who hath this knowledge is the abiding-place of welfare, of progeny, and of cattle.
 He looks at the guests, he utters a gentle sound; he speaks, he signs the prelude; he calls for water, he chants the psalm; he offers the residue of the sacrifice, he takes up the conclusion.
 When he summons the door-keeper he gives instruction.
 He (the door-keeper) pronounces the sacrificial formula in his answer to what he hears.
 When the attendants with vessels in their hands, foremost and hindmost, come in, they are just the priests who manage the Soma cups.
 Not one of them is incompetent to sacrifice.
 Or if the host, having offered food to his guest, goes up to the house, he virtually enters the bath of purification.

When he distributes food he distributes priestly fees; what he performs he asks as favour.
He having been invited on earth, regales, invited in that, which wears all various forms on earth.

He, having been invited in air, regales, invited, in that which wears all various forms in air.
He having been invited in the sky, regales, invited, in that which wears all various forms in the sky.

He, having been invited among the gods, regales, invited in that which wears all various forms among the Gods.

He, having been invited in the worlds, regales, invited, in that which wears all various forms in the worlds.

He, having been invited hath been invited.

He gains this world and the world yonder.

He who hath this knowledge wins the luminous spheres.

HYMN VII

A glorification of the typically bull and cow

Prajapati and Parameshthin are the two horns, Indra is the head, Agni the forehead, Yama the joint of the neck.

King Soma is the brain, Sky is the upper jaw, Earth is the lower jaw.

Lightning is the tongue, the Maruts are the teeth, Revati is the neck, the Krittikās are the shoulders, the Gharma s the shoulder-bar.

His universe is Vāyu, Svarga is his world, Krishpadram is the tendons and Vertebrae.

The Syena ceremony is the breast, Air is the region of the belly,.

Brihaspati is the hump, Brihatī the breast-bone and cartilages of the ribs.

The consorts of the Gods are the ribs, the attendants are ribs.

Mitra and Varuna are the shoulder-blades. Tvashtar and Arya- man the fore-arms, Mahādeva is the arms.

Indrāni is the hinder parts, Vāyu the tail, Pavamāna the hair.

Priestly rank and princely power are the hips, and strength is. the thigh.

Dhātār and Savitar are the two knee-bones, the Gandharvas are the legs the Apsarases are bits of the feet, Aditi is the hooves.

Thought is the heart, intelligence is the liver, law the pericar- dium.

Hunger is the belly, refreshing drink is the rectum, mountains. are the inward parts.

Wrath is the kidneys, anger the testes, offspring the generative organ.

The river is the womb, the Lords of the Rain are the breasts, the thunder is the udder.

The All-embracing (Aditi) is the hide, the herbs are her hair, and the Lunar Mansions her form.

The hosts of Gods are her entrails, man are her bowels, and demons her abdomen.

Rākshasas are the blood, the Other Folk are the contents of the Stomach.

The rain-cloud is her fat, her resting-place her marrow.

Sitting he is Agni, when he hath stood up he is the Asvins.

Standing east-wards he is Indra, standing southwards, Yama.

Standing westwards he is Dhātār, standing northwards Savitar.

When he hath got his grass he is King Soma.

He is Mitra when he looks about him, and when he hath turned round he is joy.

When he is yoking he belongs to the All-Gods, when yoked he is Prajāpati, when unyoked he is All.

This verily is omniform, wearing all forms, bovine-formed.

Upon him wait omniform beasts, wearing every shape, each one who hath this knowledge.

HYMN VIII

A charm for the cure of various diseases connected with Consumption

Each pain and ache that racks the head, earache, and erysipelas,
 All malady that wrings thy brow we charm away with this our spell.
 From both thine ears, from parts thereof, thine earache, and the throbbing pain,
 All malady that wrings thy brow we charm away with this our spell.
 So that Consumption may depart forth from thine ears and from thy mouth,
 All malady that wrings thy brow we charm away with this our spell.
 The malady that makes one deaf, the malady that makes one blind,
 All malady that wrings thy brow we charm away with this our spell.
 The throbbing pain in all thy limbs that rends thy frame with fever-throes,
 All malady that wrings thy brow we charm away with this our spell.
 The malady whose awful look makes a man quiver with alarm,
 Fever whom every Autumn brings we charm away with this our spell.
 Disease that creeps about the thighs and, after, reaches both the groins,
 Consumption from thine inward parts we charm away with this our spell.
 If the disease originates from love, from hatred, from the heart,
 Forth from the heart and from the limbs we charm the wasting malady.
 The yellow Jaundice from thy limbs, and Colic from the parts within,
 And Phthisis from thine inward soul we charm away with this our spell.
 Let wasting malady turn to dust, become the water of disease.
 I have evoked the poison-taint of all Consumptions out of thee.
 Forth from the hollow let it run, and rumbling sounds from thine inside.
 I have evoked the poison-taint of all Consumptions out of thee.
 Forth from thy belly and thy lungs, forth from thy navel and thy heart.
 I have evoked the poison taint of all Consumptions out of thee.
 The penetrating stabs of pain which rend asunder crown and head,
 Let them depart and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 The pangs that stab the heart and reach the breast-bone and connected parts,
 Let them depart and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 The stabs that penetrate the sides and pierce their way along the ribs,
 Let them depart and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 The penetrating pangs that pierce thy stomach as they shoot across,
 Let them depart and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 The pains that through the bowels creep, disordering the inward parts,
 Let them depart and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 The pains that suck the marrow out, and rend and tear the bones apart,
 May they speed forth and pass away, free from disease and harming not.
 Consumptions with their Colic pains which make thy limbs insensible
 I have evoked the poison-taint of all Consumptions out of thee.
 Of piercing pain, of abscesses, rheumatic ache, ophthalmia—
 I have evoked the poison-taint of all Consumptions out of thee.
 I have dispelled the piercing pains from feet, knees, hips, and hinder parts,
 And spine, and from the neck and nape the malady that racked the head.
 Sound are the skull-bones of thy head and thy heart's beat is regular.
 Thou, Sun, arising with thy beams hast chased away the head's disease, hast stilled the pain
 that racked the limbs.

HYMN IX

Enunciation of mystico-theological and cosmological doctrine

The second brother of this lovely Hotar, hoary with eld, is the voracious Lightning.
The third is he whose back is balmed with butter. Here have I seen the King with seven male children.

The seven make the one-wheeled chariot ready: bearing seven names the single Courser draws it.

The wheel, three-naved, is sound and undecaying: thereon these worlds of life are all dependent.

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

Seven sisters utter songs of praise together, in whom the Cows' seven names are held and treasured.

Who hath beheld at birth the Primal Being, when She who hath no bone supports the bony? Where is the blood of earth, the life, the spirit? Who may approach the man who knows, to ask it?

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.

Unripe in mind, in spirit undiscerning, I ask of these the Gods' established places.

High up above the yearling Calf the sages, to form a web, their own seven threads have woven.

Here, ignorant, I ask the wise who know it, as one who knows not, for the sake of knowledge,
What is That One, who in the Unborn's image hath established and fixed firm this world's six regions.

The Mother gave the Sire his share of Order. With thought at first she wedded him in spirit.
She, coyly loth, was filled with dew prolific. With adoration men approached to praise her.
Yoked was the Mother to the boon Cow's car-pole; in humid folds of cloud the infant rested.
Then the Calf lowed and looked upon the Mother, the Cow who wears all shapes in three directions.

Bearing three mothers and three fathers, single he stood erect: they never made him weary.
On yonder heaven's high ridge they speak together in speech not known to all, themselves all-knowing.

Upon the five-spoked wheel revolving ever, whereon all creatures rest and are dependent,
The axle, heavy-laden, is not heated: the nave from ancient time remains unheated.
They call him in the farther half of heaven the Sire five-footed, of twelve forms, wealthy in watery store.

These others, later still, say that he takes his stand upon a seven-wheeled car, six-spoked, whose sight is clear.

Formed with twelve spokes, too strong for age to weaken, this wheel of during Order rolls round heaven.

Herein established, joined in pairs together, seven hundred sons and twenty stand, O Agni.
The wheel revolves, unwasting, with its felly: ten draw it, yoked to the far-stretching car-pole.

Girt by the region moves the eye of Sūrya, on whom dependent rest all living creatures.
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.
Of the co-born they call the seventh single-born: the six twin, pairs are called the Rishis, sons of Gods.

Their good gifts sought of men are ranged in order due, and, various, form by form, move for

their guiding Lord.

Beneath the upper realm, above this lower, bearing her Calf at foot, the Cow hath risen.
Whitherward, to what place hath she departed? Where doth she calve? Not in this herd of cattle.

Who, that the father of this Calf discerneth beneath the upper realm, above the lower,
Showing himself a sage, may here declare him? Whence hath the godlike spirit had its rising?
Those that come hitherward they call departing, those that depart they call directed hither.
Whatever ye have made, Indra and Soma! steeds draw, as' twere, yoked to the region's car-pole.

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 berry: the other, eat- ing not, regardeth only.
The tree whereon the fine Birds eat the sweetness, where they all rest and procreate their offspring

Upon the top, they say the fruit is luscious: none gaineth it who knoweth not the Father.
Where the fine birds hymn ceaselessly their portion of life eter- nal, and the sacred synods.
There is the Universe's Guard and Keeper who, wise hath entered into me the simple.

HYMN X

Continuation of Hymn 9

How on the Gāyatri the Gāyatri was based; how from the
Trishtup they fashioned the Trishtup forth:

How on the Jagatī was based the Jagatī—they who know this have won themselves immortal life.

With Gāyatri he measures out the praise-song, Sāman with praise-song, triplet with the Trishtup,

The triplet with the two or four-foot measure, and with the syllable they form seven metres.

With Jagatī the flood in heaven he stablished, and saw the Sun in the Rathantara Sāman.

Gāyatri hath, they say, three logs for burning: hence it excels in majesty and vigour.

I invoke this Milch-cow good at milking, so that the Milker, deft of hand, may milk her.

May "Savitar give goodliest stimulation. The caldron is made hot: he will proclaim it.

She, Lady of all treasures, hath come hither, yearning in spirit for her calf, and lowing.

May this Cow yield her milk for both the Asvins, and may she prosper to our high advantage.

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.

He also snorts, by whom encompassed round the Cow lows as she closely clings to him who sheds the rain.

She with her shrilling cries hath humbled mortal men, and turn- ed to lightning, hath stripped off her covering robe.

That which hath breath and life and speed and motion lies firmly stablished in the midst of houses.

The living moves by powers of the departed: the immortal is the brother of the mortal.

The old hath waked the young Moon from his slumber, who runs his circling course with many round him.

Behold the God's high wisdom in its greatness: he who died yesterday to-day is living.

He who hath made him doth not comprehend him: from him who saw him surely he is hidden.

He, yet enveloped in his mother's bosom, source of much life, hath sunk into destruction.

I saw the Herdsman, him who never stumbles, approaching by his pathways and departing.
 He clothed with gathered and diffusive splendours, within the worlds continually travels.
 Dyaus is our father, our begetter: kinship is here. This great
 Earth is our kin and mother.
 Between the wide-spread world-halves is the birth-place. The
 Father laid the Daughter's germ within it.
 I bid thee tell me earth's extremest limit, about the Stallion's genial flow I ask thee;
 I ask about the universe's centre, and touching highest heaven where Speech abideth.
 The earth's most distant limit is this altar: this Soma is the
 Stallion's genial humour;
 This sacrifice the universe's centre: this Brāhman highest heaven where Speech abideth.
 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.
 Back, forward goes he, grasped by power inherent, immortal born the brother of the mortal.
 Ceaseless they move in opposite directions: men mark the one and fail to mark the other.
 Seven germs unripened yet are Heaven's prolific seed: their functions they maintain by
 Vishnu's ordinance.
 Endued with wisdom through intelligence and thought, present on every side they compass us
 about.
 Upon what syllable of holy praise-hymn, as 'twere their highest heaven, the Gods repose
 them
 Who knows not this, what will he do with praise-hymn? But they who know it well sit here
 assembled.
 They, ordering the verse's foot by measure, with the half-verse arranged each thing that
 moveth.
 Prayer was diffused in many forms three-footed thereby the world's four regions have their
 being
 Fortunate mayst thou be with goodly pasture, and may we also be exceeding wealthy.
 Feed on the grass, O Cow, through all the seasons, and coming hitherward drink limpid
 water.
 Forming the water-floods the Cow herself hath lowed, one-foot- ed or two-footed or four-
 footed, she,
 Who hath become eight-footed or acquired nine feet, the uni- verse's thousand-syllabled
 Pankti. From her descend in streams the seas of water.
 Dark the descent: the birds are golden-coloured. Robed in the floods they fly aloft to heaven.
 Again from Order's seat have they descended, and inundated all the earth with fatness.
 The footless Maid precededeth footed creatures. Who marketh,
 Mitra Varuna! this your doing?
 The Babe unborn supporteth this world's burthen, supporteth
 Right and watcheth Wrong and Falsehood.
 Virāj is Speech, and Earth, and Air's mid-region. He is Praja- pati, and he is Mrityu.
 He is the Lord Imperial of the Sādhyas. He rules what is and what shall be hereafter. May he
 make me lord of what is and shall be.
 I saw from far away the smoke of fuel with spires that rose on high o'er that beneath it.
 The heroes cooked and dressed the spotted bullock. These were the customs in the days
 aforetime.
 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 not the figure.

Speech hath been measured out in four divisions: the Brāhmans who have wisdom comprehend them.

Three, kept in close concealment, cause no motion. Of Speech men speak the fourth division only.

They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; and he is heavenly nobly-winged Garutmān.

That which is One bards call by many a title: they call It Agni,

Yama, Mātariśwan.

Book X

HYMN I

A charm against witchcraft

Afar let her depart: away we drive her whom, made with hands, all-beautiful,
 Skilled men prepare and fashion like a bride amid her nuptial train.
 Complete, with head and nose and ears, all-beauteous, wrought with magic skill
 Afar let her depart: away we drive her.
 Made by a Sidra or a Prince, by priests or women let her go.
 Back to her maker as her kin, like a dame banished by her lord.
 I with this salutary herb have ruined all their magic arts,
 The spell which they have cast upon thy field, thy cattle, or thy men.
 Ill fall on him who doeth ill, on him who curseth fall the curse!
 We drive her back that she may slay the man who wrought the witchery.
 Against her comes the Angirasa, the Priest whose eye is over us.
 Turn back all witcheries and slay those practisers of magic arts.
 Whoever said to thee, Go forth against the foeman up the stream,
 To him, O Krityā, go thou back. Pursue not us, the sinless ones.
 He who composed thy limbs with thought as a deft joiner builds a car,
 Go to him: thither lies thy way. This man is all unknown to thee.
 The cunning men, the sorcerers who fashioned thee and held thee fast,—
 This cures and mars their witchery, this, repellent, drives it back the way it came. With this
 we make thee swim.
 When we have found her ducked and drenched, a hapless cow whose calf hath died,
 Let all my woe depart and let abundant riches come to me.
 If, as they gave thy parents aught, they named thee, or at sacri- fice,
 From all their purposed evil let these healing herbs deliver thee.
 From mention of thy name, from sin against the Fathers or the
 Gods,
 These herbs of healing shall by prayer release thee, by power, by holy texts, the milk of
 Rishis.
 As the wind stirs the dust from earth and drives the rain cloud from the sky,
 So, chased and banished by the spell, all misery departs from me.
 Go with a resonant cry, depart, like a she-ass whose cords are loosed.
 Go to thy makers: hence! away! Go driven by the potent spell.
 This, Krityā, is thy path, we say, and guide thee. We drive thee back who hast been sent
 against us.
 Go by this pathway, breaking loose for onslaught even as a host complete with cars and
 horses.
 No path leads hitherward for thee to travel. Turn thee from us: far off, thy light is yonder.
 Fly hence across the ninety floods, the rivers most hard to pass.
 Begone, and be not wounded.
 As wind the trees, so smite and overthrow them: leave not cow, horse, or man of them
 surviving
 Return, O Krityā, unto those who made thee. Wake them from sleep to find that they are
 childless.
 The charm or secret power which they have buried for thee in sacred grass, field, cemetery,

Or spell in household fire which men more cunning have wrought against thee innocent and simple,—

That tool of hatred, understood, made ready, stealthy and buried deep, have we discovered, p
Let that go back to whence it came, turn thither like a horse and kill the children of the sorcerer.

Within our house are swords of goodly iron. Krityā, we know thy joints and all their places.

Arise this instant and begone! What, stranger! art thou seek- ing here?

O Krityā, I will cut thy throat and hew thy feet off. Run, be- gone!

Indra and Agni, Guardian Lords of living creatures, shield us well!

May Soma, gracious friend, imperial Sovran, and the world's

Masters look on us with favour.

Bhava and Sarva cast the flash of lightning, the weapon of the

Gods, against the sinner who made the evil thing, who deals in witchcraft!

If thou hast come two-footed or four-footed, made by the sorcerer, wrought in perfect beauty,

Become eight-footed and go hence. Speed back again, thou evil one.

Anointed, balmed, and well adorned, bearing all trouble with thee, go.

Even as a daughter knows her sire, so know thy marker, Krityā, thou.

Krityā, begone, stay not. Pursue as 'twere the wounded crea- ture's track.

He is the chase, the hunter thou he may not slight or humble thee.

He waits, and aiming with his shaft smites him who first would shoot at him,

And, when the foeman deals a blow before him, following strikes him down.

Hearken to this my word; then go thither away whence thou hast come; to him who made thee go thou back.

The slaughter of an innocent, O Krityā, is an awful deed. Slay not cow, horse, or man of ours.

In whatsoever place thou art concealed we rouse thee up there- from: become thou lighter than a leaf.

If ye be girt about with clouds of darkness, bound as with a net.

We rend and tear all witcheries hence and to their maker send them back.

The brood of wizard, sorcerer, the purposer of evil deed.

Crush thou, O Krityā spare not, kill those practisers of magic arts.

As Sūrya frees himself from depth of darkness, and casts away the night and rays of morning,

So I repel each baleful charm which an enchanter hath pre- pared;

And, as an elephant shakes off the dust, I cast the plague aside.

HYMN II

Purusha, Primeval Man or humanity personified

Who framed the heels of Pūrusha? Who fashioned the flesh of him? Who formed and fixed his ankles?

Who made the openings and well-moulded fingers? Who gave him foot-soles and a central station?

Whence did they make the ankles that are under, and the knee- bones of Pūrusha above them?

What led them onward to the legs' construction? Who planned and formed the knees' articulations?

A fourfold frame is fixt with ends connected, and up above the knees a yielding belly.

The hips and thighs, who was their generator, those props where- by the trunk grew firmly stablished?

Who and how many were those Gods who fastened the chest of Pūrusha and neck together?

How many fixed his breasts? Who formed his elbows? How many joined together ribs and shoulders?

Who put together both his arms and said, Let him show manly strength?
 Who and what God was he who set the shoulderblades upon the trunk?
 Who pierced the seven openings in the head? Who made these ears, these nostrils, eyes, and mouth,
 Through whose surpassing might in all directions bipeds and quadrupeds have power of motion?
 He set within the jaws the tongue that reaches far, and thereon placed Speech the mighty Goddess.
 He wanders to and fro mid living creatures, robed in the waters.
 Who hath understood it?
 Who was he, first, of all the Gods who fashioned his skull and brain and occiput and forehead,
 The pile that Pūrusha's two jaws supported? Who was that God who mounted up to heaven?
 Whence bringeth mighty Pūrusha both pleasant and unpleasant things, Of varied sort, sleep, and alarm, fatigue, enjoyments and de- lights?
 Whence is there found in Pūrusha want, evil, suffering, dis- tress?
 Whence come success, prosperity opulence, thought, and utte- rance?
 Who stored in him floods turned in all directions, moving diverse and formed to flow in rivers,
 Hasty, red, copper-hued, and purple, running all ways in Purusha, upward and downward?
 Who gave him visible form and shape? Who gave him magni- tude and name?
 Who gave him motion, consciousness? Who furnished Pūrusha with feet?
 Who wove the vital air in him, who filled him with the down- ward breath?
 What God bestowed on Pūrusha the general pervading air?
 What God, what only Deity placed sacrifice in Pūrusha?
 Who gave him truth and falsehood? Whence came Death and immortality?
 Who wrapped a garment round him? Who arranged the life he hath to live?
 Who granted him the boon of speech? Who gave this fleetness to his feet?
 Through whom did he spread waters out, through whom did he make Day to shine?
 Through whom did he enkindle Dawn and give the gift of even- tide?
 Who set the seed in him and said, Still be the thread of life spun out?
 Who gave him intellect besides? Who gave him voice and gestic power?
 Through whom did he bedeck the earth, through whom did he encompass heaven?
 Whose might made Pūrusha surpass the mountains and created things?
 Through whom seeks he Parjanya out, and Soma of the piercing sight?
 Through whom belief and sacrifice? Through whom was spirit laid in him?
 What leads him to the learned priest? What leads him to this Lord Supreme?
 How doth he gain this Agni? By whom hath he measured out the year?
 He, Brahma gains the learned priest, he Brahma, gains this Lord Supreme.
 As Brahma, Man wins Agni here Brahma hath measured out the year.
 Through whom doth he abide with Gods? Through whom with the Celestial Tribes?
 Why is this other called a star? Why is this called the Real Power?
 Brahma inhabits with the Gods, Brahma among the Heavenly Tribes.
 Brahma this other star is called. Brahma is called the Real

Power.

By whom was this our earth disposed? By whom was heaven placed over it?

By whom was this expanse of air raised up on high and stretched across?

By Brahma was this earth disposed: Brahma is sky arranged above.

Brahma is this expanse of air lifted on high and stretched across.

Together, with his needle hath Atharvan sewn his head and heart.

And Pavamāna hovered from his head on high above his brain.

That is indeed Atharvan's head, the well-closed casket of the Gods.

Spirit and Food and Vital Air protect that head from injury.

Stationed on high, Purusha hath pervaded all regions spread aloft and stretched transversely.

He who knows Brahma's cattle, yea, the fort whence Purusha is named,

Yea, knows that fort of Brahma girt about with immortality,

Brahma and Brāhmas have bestowed sight, progeny, and life on him.

Sight leaves him not, breath quits not him before life's natural decay,

Who knows the fort of Brahma, yea, the fort whence Purusha is named.

The fort of Gods, impregnable, with circles eight and portals nine,

Contains a golden treasure-chest, celestial, begirt with light.

Men deep in lore of Brahma know that Animated Being which

Dwells in the golden treasure-chest that hath three spokes and three supports.

Brahma hath passed within the fort, the golden castle; ne'er subdued,

Bright with excessive brilliancy, compassed with glory round about.

HYMN III

Purusha, Primeval Man or humanity personified

Here is my charm the Varana, slayer of rivals, strong in act.

With this grasp thou thine enemies, crush those who fain would injure thee.

Break them in pieces; grasp them and destroy them. This Amulet shall go before and lead thee.

With Varana the Gods, from morn to morning, have warded off the Asuras' enchantment.

This charm, this Varana healeth all diseases, bright with a thousand eyes and golden glister.

This charm shall conquer and cast down thy foemen. Be thou the first to slay the men who hate thee.

This will stay witchcraft wrought for thee, will guard thee from the fear of man:

From all distress and misery this Varana will shield thee well.

Guard against ill of varied kind is Varana this heavenly Plant.

The Gods have stayed and driven off Consumption which had seized this man.

If in thy sleep thou see an evil vision, oft as the beast repeats his loathed approaches,

This Amulet, this Varana will guard thee from sneeze, and from the bird's ill-omened message.

From Mischief, from Malignity, from incantation, from alarm,

From death, from stronger foeman's stroke the Varana will guard thee well.

Each sinful act that we have done,—my mother, father, and my friends,

From all the guilt this heavenly Plant will be our guard and sure defence.

Affrighted by the Varana let my rivals near akin to me

Pass to the region void of light: to deepest darkness let them go.

Safe are my cattle, safe am I, long-lived with all my men around.

This Varana, mine Amulet, shall guard me well on every side.

This Varana is on my breast, the sovran, the celestial Plant.

Let it afflict my foemen as Indra quelled fiends and Asuras.

Through hundred autumn seasons, long to live, I wear this
 Varana.
 May it bestow on me great strength, cattle, and royalty and power.
 As with its might the wind breaks down the trees, the sovrans of the wood,
 So break and rend my rivals, born before me and born after.
 Let the Varana protect thee well.
 As Agni and the wind devour the trees, the sovrans of the wood,
 Even so devour my rivals, born before me and born after. Let the Varana protect thee well.
 As, shattered by the tempest, trees lie withering ruined on the ground.
 Thus over throw my rivals thou, so crush them down and ruin. them, those born before and
 after. Let this Varana protect thee well.
 Cut them in pieces, Varana! before their destined term of life,
 Those who would hurt his cattle, those who fain would harm. the realm he rules.
 As Sūrya shines with brightest sheen, as splendour hath been stored in him,
 So may the Charm, the Varana, give me prosperity and fame.
 With lustre let it sprinkle me, and balm me with magni- fidence.
 As glory dwelleth in the Moon and in the Sun who vieweth men,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As glory dwelleth in the Earth, and in this Jātavedas here,
 So may the Charm etc.
 As glory dwelleth in a maid, and in this well-constructed car,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As glory dwelleth in the draught of Soma and the honeyed. drink,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As glory dwells in sacrifice to Agni, and the hallowing word,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As glory is bestowed upon the patron and this sacrifice,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As glory dwelleth in the Lord of Life and in this God Supreme.,
 So may the Charm, etc.
 As immortality and truth have been established in the Gods,
 So may the Charm, the Varana, give me prosperity and fame.
 With lustre let it sprinkle me, and balm me with magnificence.

HYMN IV

A charm to destroy venomous serpents

The first of all is Indra's car, next is the chariot of the Gods the third is Varuna's alone.
 The last, the Serpents' chariot, struck the pillar and then sped away.
 Their lustre is the Darbha-grass, its young shoots are their horse's tail: the reed's plume is
 their chariot seat.
 Strike out, white courser! with thy foot, strike both with fore and hinder foot,
 Stay the dire poison of the Snakes, and make it weak as soaking wood.
 Loud neighing he hath dived below, and rising up again replied,
 Stayed the dire poison of the Snakes, and made it weak as soaking wood.
 Paidva kills Kasarnila, kills both the white Serpent and the black,
 Paidva hath struck and cleft in twain Ratharvi's and the Viper's head.
 Go onward, horse of Pedu! go thou first: we follow after thee.
 Cast thou aside the Serpents from the pathway whereupon we tread.
 Here was the horse of Pedu born: this is the way that takes him hence.
 These are the tracks the courser left, the mighty slayer of the

Snakes.

Let him not close the opened mouth, nor open that which now is closed.
 Two snakes are in this field, and both, female and male, are powerless.
 Powerless are the serpents here, those that are near and those afar.
 I kill the scorpion with a club, and with a staff the new-come snake.
 This is the remedy against Aghāsva and the adder, both:
 Indra and Paidva have subdued and tamed the vicious snake for me.
 We fix our thoughts on Pedu's horse, strong, off-spring of a steadfast line.
 Behind our backs the vipers here crouch down and lie in wait for us.
 Bereft of life and poison they lie slain by bolt-armed Indra's hand. Indra and we have
 slaughtered them.
 Tiraschirājis have been slain, and vipers crushed and brayed to bits.
 Slay Darvi in the Darbha-grass, Karikrata, and White and
 Black.
 The young maid of Kirāta race, a little damsel, digs the drug,
 Digs it with shovels wrought of gold on the high ridges of the hills.
 Hither the young unconquered leech who slays the speckled snake hath come.
 He verily demolishes adder and scorpion; both of them.
 Indra, Mitra and Varuna, and Vāta and Parjanya both have given the serpent up to me.
 Indra hath given him up to me, the female viper and the male,
 The adder, him with stripes athwart. Kasarnila, Dasonasi.
 O Serpent, Indra hath destroyed the sire who first engendered thee:
 And when these snakes are pierced and bored what sap and vigour will be theirs?
 Their heads have I seized firmly as a fisher grasps the spotted prey,
 Waded half through the stream and washed the poison of the serpents off.
 Let the floods hurry on and bear the poison of all snakes afar.
 Tiraschirājis have been slain and vipers crushed and brayed to bits.
 As from the salutary plants I deftly pick the fibres out, And guide them skilfully like mares,
 so let thy venom, Snake! depart,
 All poison that the sun and fire, all that the earth and plants contain,
 Poison of most effectual power—let all thy venom pass away.
 Serpents which fire or plants have generated, those which have sprung from waters or the
 lightning,
 Whose mighty broods are found in many places, these serpents we will reverently worship.
 Thou art a maid called Taudi, or Ghritāchi is thy name. Thy place;
 Is underneath my foot. I take the poison-killing remedy.
 From every member drive away the venom, and avoid the heart.
 Then let the poison's burning heat pass downward and away- from thee.
 The bane hath fled afar. It wept, and asked the poison how it fared.
 Agni hath found the venom of the serpent, Soma drawn it out.
 Back to the biter hath returned the poison, and the snake hath died.

HYMN V

A charm to overthrow a rival and gain strength, dignity, long life, children, and general prosperity

Ye are the power of Indra, ye the force and strength of Indra, ye his hero might and manliness.
 I join you with the bonds of Prayer to the victorious enterprise.
 For the victorious enterprise let all creation stand by me. For me ye, Waters, are prepared.
 Ye are the share of Agni. Grant, O heavenly Waters unto us the

Waters' brilliant energy.

By statute of Prajāpati I set you down for this our world.

Waters, your ceremonial share of Waters which the waters hold, which aids our sacrifice to Gods,

This as a remnant here I leave. Do not thou wash it clean away.

With this we let the man go by who hates us and whom we abhor.

Him would I fain o'erthrow and slay with this our ceremonial act, with this our prayer, our thunder-bolt.

Whatever evil I have done within this last triennium,

From all that woe and misery let the waters shield and guard me well.

Onward I urge your gathered floods: enter your own abiding- place,

Uninjured and with all your strength. Let nothing bend or bow us down.

May the pure Waters cleanse us from defilement,

Fair to behold remove our sin and trouble, and bear away ill- dream and all pollution.

Thou art the step of Vishnu, rival-slayer, sharpened by earth, aglow with fire of Agni,

Earth have I ranged: from earth we bar him who hates us and whom we hate.

Ours is superior place and ours is conquest: may I in all fights tread down spite and malice.

Let him not live, let vital breath desert him.

With this I here invest the power and splendour, the life of that man and his vital breathing, the son of such a sire and such a woman, here do I overthrow and cast him downward.

I follow Sūrya's course in heaven, the course that takes him to the South.

May that bestow upon me wealth and glory of a Brāhman's rank.

I turn me to the regions bright with splendour.

May they bestow upon me wealth and glory of a Brāhman's rank.

I turn me to the Rishis Seven. May they, etc.

I turn me unto Prayer. May that, etc.

I turn me unto Brāhmans. May they etc.

We hunt that man, we beat him down and slay him with our murderous blows.

We with the spell have hurried him to Parameshthin's opened jaws.

Let the shot missile catch him with Vaisvānara's two mighty fangs.

This offering, and the mightiest Goddess, the Fuel, eat him up!

Thou art the bound of Varuna the King.

Bind, such an one, the son of such a woman, in vital breath and in the food that feeds him.

All food of thine, O Lord of Life, that lies, upon the face of earth,

Thereof bestow thou upon us. O Lord of Life, Prajāpati!

Celestial Waters have I sought: with juice have I besprinkled them.

With milk, O Agni, have I come; bestow upon me splendid strength.

Give me the boon of splendid strength; give, Agni! progeny and life.

May the Gods know this prayer of mine, may Indra with the

Rishis know.

What curse soever couples launch against us, whatever bitter speech the chatterers utter,

With Manyu's arrow, offspring of the spirit, transfix thou to the heart the Yātudhānas,

Destroy the Yātudhānas with thy fervour, consume the demons with thy wrath, O Agni.

Destroy the fool's gods with thy fiery splendour, destroy the blazing ones, the insatiable.

Well-skilled, against this man I hurl the Water's bolt with four spikes, to cleave his head asunder.

May it destroy all members of his body. Let the whole host of

Gods approve my purpose.

HYMN VI

The glorification of an all-powerful amulet

With power I cut away the head of my malignant rival, of mine evil-hearted enemy.

This Amulet of citron-wood shall make for me a trusty shield

Filled with the mingled beverage, with sap and vigour hath it come.

What though the strong-armed carpenter have cleft thee with his hand and axe.

Pure animating waters shall cleanse thee and make thee bright again.

This Amulet, decked with chain of gold, shall give faith, sacrifice, and might, and dwell as guest within our house.

To this we give apportioned food, clarified butter, wine, and meath.

May it provide each boon for us as doth a father for his sons.

Again, again, from morn to morn, having approached the deities.

The Charm Brihaspati hath bound, the fatness-dropping citron- wood, the potent Khadira for strength,

This Agni hath put on: it yields clarified butter for this man.

Again, again, from morn to morn. With this subdue thine enemies.

The Charm Brihaspati hath bound, the fatness-dropping citron- wood, the potent Khadira, for strength,

This Charm hath Indra put on him for power and manly puissance.

It yieldeth strength to strengthen him, again, again, from morn to morn, having approached the deities.

The Charin Brihaspati, etc.

This Charm hath Soma put on him for might, for hearing, and for sight.

This yields him energy indeed, again, again, etc.

The Charm Brihaspati, etc.

This Sūrya put on him, with this conquered the regions of the sky.

This yieldeth him ability, again, etc.

The Charm Brihaspati, etc.

This Charm did Chandra wear, with this conquered the forts of Asuras, the golden forts of Dānavas.

This yields him glory and renown, again, etc.

The Amulet Brihaspati bound on the swiftly-moving Wind.

This yieldeth him a vigorous steed, again, etc.

The Asvins with this Amulet protect this culture of our fields.

This yields the two Physicians might, again, etc.

Savitar wore this Amulet: herewith he won this lucid heaven.

This yields him glory and delight, again, etc.

Wearing this Charm the Waters flow eternally inviolate. This yieldeth them ambrosia, again etc.

King Varuna assumed and wore this salutary Amulet.

This yieldeth him his truthfulness, again, etc.

Wearing this Amulet the Gods conquered in battle all the worlds.

This yieldeth victory for them, again, etc.

The Amulet Brihaspati formed for the swiftly-moving Wind,

This salutary Amulet the Deities assumed and wore.

This yieldeth them the universe, again, again, from morn to morn. With this subdue thine enemies.

The seasons formed that Amulet, the Groups of Seasons fashion- ed it.

The Year having constructed it preserveth everything that is.

The regions of the heaven, the points that lie between them fashioned it.

Created by Prajāpati, may the Charm cast my foemen down.

Atharvan made the Amulet, Atharvan's children fashioned it.
 With them the sage Angirases broke through the Dasyus' fortresses. With this subdue thine enemies.
 Dhātār bound on this Amulet: he ranged and ordered all that is. With this do thou subdue thy foes.
 The Amulet Brihaspati formed for the Gods, that slew the fiends.
 That Amulet here hath come to me combined with sap and energy.
 The Amulet, etc.
 That Amulet here hath come to me, hath come with cows, and goats, and sheep, hath come with food and progeny.
 The Amulet, etc.
 That Amulet here hath come to me with store of barley and of rice, with greatness and prosperity.
 The Amulet, etc.
 That Amulet here hath come to me with streams of butter and of mead, with sweet delicious beverage.
 The Amulet, etc.
 That Amulet here hath come to me with power and abundant strength, hath come with glory and with wealth.
 The Amulet, etc..
 That Amulet here hath come to me with splendour and a blaze of light, with honour and illustrious fame.
 The Amulet Brihaspati made for the Gods, that slew the fiends,
 That Amulet here hath come to me combined with all prosperities.
 That Amulet may the Deities bestow on me to win success,
 The conquering, strength-increasing Charm, the damager of enemies.
 I bind on me my happy fate with holy prayer and energy.
 Foeless destroyer of the foe, it hath subdued mine enemies.
 May this Chaim, offspring of the Gods, make me superior to my foe.
 So may this charm whose milk expressed these three worlds longingly await,
 Be fastened on me here, that it may crown me with surpassing power.
 The Charm to which men, Fathers, Gods look ever for their maintenance,
 May this be fastened on me here, to crown me with surpassing power
 As, when the plough hath tilled the soil, the seed springs up in. fertile land,
 Let cattle, progeny, and food of every kind spring up with me.
 Charm, forwarder of sacrifice, who hast a hundred priestly fees.
 Speed to preeminence him to whom I have attached thy happy fate.
 Love thou, O Agni, pleased with burnt oblations, this sacred fuel that is ranged in order.
 In him may we find grace and loving-kindness, happiness, progeny, and sight and cattle, in
 Jātavedas kindled with devotion.

HYMN VII

Skambha, the Pillar or Fulcrum of all existence

Which of his members is the seat of Fervour: Which is the base of Ceremonial Order?
 Where in him standeth Faith? Where Holy Duty? Where, in what part of him is truth implanted?
 Out of which member glows the light of Agni? From which proceeds the breath of Mātārisvan?
 From which doth Chandra measure out his journey, travelling over Skambha's mighty body?
 Which of his members is the earth's upholder? Which gives the middle air a base to rest on?

Where, in which member is the sky established? Where hath the space above the sky its dwelling?

Whitherward yearning blazeth Agni upward? Whitherward yearning bloweth Mātarisvan?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha to whom with long- ing go the turning pathways? Whitheward go the half-months, and, accordant with the full year, the months in their procession?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha to whom go seasons and the groups of seasons?

Whitherward yearning speed the two young Damsels, accordant,
Day and Night, of different colour?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha to whom the Waters take their way with longing?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha,

On whom Prajāpati set up and firmly stablished all the worlds?

That universe which Prajāpati created, wearing all forms,, the highest, midmost, lowest,

How far did Skambha penetrate within it? What portion did he leave unpenetrated?

How far within the past hath Skambha entered? How much of him hath reached into the future?

That one part which he set in thousand places,—how far did
Skambha penetrate within it?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha in whom men recognize the Waters, Brahma,
In whom they know the worlds and their enclosures, in whom are non-existence and existence?

Declare that. Skambha, who is he of many,

In whom, exerting every power, Fervour maintains her loftiest vow;

In whom are comprehended Law, Waters, Devotion and Belief

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha

On whom as their foundation earth and firmament and sky are set;

In whom as their appointed place rest Fire and Moon and Sun and Wind?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha

He in whose body are contained all three-and-thirty Deities?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha.

In whom the Sages earliest born, the Richas, Sāman, Yajus,

Earth, and the one highest Sage abide?

Who out of many, tell me, is the Skambha.

Who comprehendeth, for mankind, both immortality and death,

He who containeth for mankind the gathered waters as his veins?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha,

He whose chief arteries stand there, the sky's four regions, he irk whom Sacrifice putteth forth its might?

They who in Purusha understand Brahma know Him who is.
Supreme.

He who knows Him who is Supreme, and he who knows the
Lord of Life,

These know the loftiest Power Divine, and thence know Skam- bha thoroughly.

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha

Of whom Vaisvānara became the head, the Angirases his eye, and Yātus his corporeal parts?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha

Whose mouth they say is Holy Lore, his tongue the Honey- sweetened Whip, his udder is
Virāj, they say?

Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha

From whom they hewed the lichas off, from whom they chipped the Yajus, he

Whose hairs are Sāma-verses and his mouth the Atharvāngi- rases?
 Men count as 'twere a thing supreme nonentity's conspicuous branch;
 And lower man who serve thy branch regard it as an entity.
 Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha
 In whom Ādityas dwell, in whom Rudras and Vasus are contained,
 In whom the future and the past and all the worlds are firmly set;
 Whose secret treasure evermore the three-and thirty Gods protect?
 Who knoweth now the treasure which, O Deities ye watch and guard?
 Where the Gods, versed in Sacred Lore, worship the loftiest
 Power Divine
 The priest who knows them face to face may be a sage who knows the truth.
 Great, verily, are those Gods who sprang from non-existence into life.
 Further, men say that that one part of Skambha is nonentity.
 Where Skambha generating gave the Ancient World its shape and form,
 They recognized that single part of Skambha as the Ancient
 World,
 The three-and-thirty Gods within his body were disposed as limbs:
 Some, deeply versed in Holy Lore, some know those three-and- thirty Gods.
 Men know Hiranyagarbha as supreme and inexpressible:
 In the beginning, in the midst of the world, Skambha poured that gold.
 On Skambha Fervour rests, the worlds and Holy Law repose on him.
 Skambha, I clearly know that all of thee on Indra is imposed.
 On Indra Fervour rests, on him the worlds and Holy Law recline.
 Indra, I clearly know that all of thee on Skambha findeth rest.
 Ere sun and dawn man calls and calls one Deity by the other's name.
 When the Unborn first sprang into existence he reached that independent sovran lordship;
 than which aught higher never hath arisen.
 Be reverence paid to him, that highest Brahma, whose base is
 Earth, his belly Air, who made the sky to be his head.
 Homage to highest Brahma, him whose eye is Sūrya and the
 Moon who groweth young and new again, him who made
 Agni for his mouth.
 Homage to highest Brahma, him whose two life-breathings were the Wind,
 The Angirases his sight: who made the regions be his means of sense.
 Skambha set fast these two, the earth and heaven, Skambha maintained the ample air between
 them.
 Skambha established the six spacious regions: this whole world
 Skambha entered and pervaded.
 Homage to highest Brahma, him who, sprung from Fervour and from toil,
 Filled all the worlds completely, who made Soma for himself alone.
 Why doth the Wind move ceaselessly? Why doth the spirit take no rest?
 Why do the Waters, seeking truth, never at any time repose?
 Absorbed in Fervour, is the mighty Being, in the world's centre, on the waters' surface.
 To him the Deities, one and all betake them. So stand the tree- trunk with the branches round
 it.
 Who out of many, tell me, is that Skambha.
 To whom the Deities with hands, with feet, and voice, and ear, and eye.
 Present unmeasured tribute in the measured hall of sacrifice?
 Darkness is chased away from him: he is exempt from all dist- ress.
 In him are all the lights, the three abiding in Prajāpati.

He verily who knows the Reed of Gold that stands amid the flood, is the mysterious Lord of Life.

Singly the two young Maids of different colours approach the six-pegged warp in turns and weave it.

The one draws out the threads, the other lays them: they break them not, they reach no end of labour.

Of these two, dancing round as 'twere, I cannot distinguish whether ranks before the other. A Male in weaves this web, a Male divides it: a Male hath stretched it to the cope of heaven These pegs have buttressed up the sky. The Sāmāns have turned them into shuttles for the weaving.

HYMN VIII

Speculations on the Supreme Being and Cosmogonical and theological subjects

Worship to loftiest Brahma, Lord of what hath been and what shall be,

To him who rules the universe, and heavenly light is all his own!

Upheld by Skambha's power these two, the heaven and the earth, stand fast.

Skambha is all this world of life, whatever breathes or shuts an eye.

Three generations have gone by and vanished and others near have entered into sunlight.

There stood on high he who metes out the region into green, plants hath passed the Golden-coloured.

One is the wheel, the tires are twelve in number, the naves are three What man hath understood it?

Three hundred spokes have thereupon been hammered, and sixty pins set firmly in their places.

Discern thou this, O Savitar. Six are the twins, one singly born.

They claim relationship in that among them which is born alone.

Though manifest, it lies concealed in the vast place they call the old:

Therein is firmly stationed all the moving, breathing universe.

Up, eastward downward in the west, 'it rolleth, with countless elements, one-wheeled, single-fellied.

With half it hath begotten all creation. Where hath the other half become unnoticed?

In front of these the five-horsed car moves onward: side-horses, harnessed with the others draw it.

No one hath seen its hither course untravelled; the height sees it more near, the depth more distant.

The bowl with mouth inclined and bottom upward holds stored within it every form of glory.

Thereon together sit the Seven Rishis who have become this mighty One's protectors

The Verse employed at opening and conclusion, the Verse employed in each and every portion;

That by which sacrifice proceedeth onward. I ask thee which is that of all the Verses.

That which hath power of motion, that which flies, or stands, which breathes or breathes not, which, existing, shuts the eye

Wearing all forms that entity upholds the earth, and in its close consistence still is only one.

The infinite to every side extended, the finite and the infinite around us,

These twain Heaven's Lord divides as he advances, knowing the past hereof and all the future

Within the womb Prajāpati is moving: he, though unseen, is born in sundry places.

He with one half engendered all creation. What sign is there to tell us of the other?

All men behold him with the eye, but with the mind they know not him.

Holding aloft the water as a water-bearer in her jar.

With the full vase he dwells afar, is left far off what time it fails,

A mighty Being in creation's centre: to him the rulers of the realms bring tribute.
 That, whence the Sun arises, that whither he goes to take his rest,
 That verily I hold supreme: naught in the world surpasses it.
 Those who in recent times, midmost, or ancient, on all sides. greet the sage who knows the
 Veda,
 One and all, verily discuss Āditya, the second Agni, and the threefold Hansa.
 This gold-hued Haiisa's wings, flying to heaven, spread o'er a thousand days' continued
 journey.
 Supporting all the Gods upon his bosom, he goes his way behol- ding every creature.
 By truth he blazes up aloft by Brahma, he looks down below:
 He breathes obliquely with his breath, he on whom what is. highest rests.
 The sage who knows the kindling-sticks whence by attrition wealth is drawn,
 Will comprehend what is most high, will know the mighty
 Brāhmana.
 Footless at first was he produced, footless he brought celestial light.
 Four-footed grown, and meet for use, he seized each thing enjoyable.
 Useful will he become, and then will he consume great store of food
 The man who humbly worshippeth the eternal and victorious
 God.
 Him too they call eternal; he may become new again to-day.
 Day and Night reproduce themselves, each from the form the other wears.
 A hundred, thousand, myriad, yea a hundred million stores of wealth that passes count are
 laid in him.
 This wealth they kill as he looks on, and now this God shines bright therefrom.
 One is yet finer than a hair, one is not even visible. And hence the Deity who grasps with
 firmer hold is dear to me.
 This fair one is untouched by age, immortal in a mortal's house.
 He for whom she was made lies low, and he who formed her hath grown old.
 Thou art a woman, and a man; thou art a damsel and a boy.
 Grown old thou totterest with a staff, new-born thou lookest every way.
 Either the sire or son of these, the eldest or the youngest child.
 As sole God dwelling in the mind, first born, he still is in the womb.
 Forth from the full he lifts the full, the full he sprinkles with the full.
 Now also may we know the source from which the stream is sprinkled round.
 Brought forth in olden time, the everlasting, high over all that is was she, the Ancient.
 The mighty Goddess of the Morn, refulgent with one eye, looketh round with one that
 winketh,
 Known by the name of Guardian Grace the Deity sits girt by
 Right.
 The trees have taken from her hue, green-garlanded, their robe of green.
 When he is near she leaves him not, she sees him not though he is near.
 Behold the wisdom of the God; he hath not died, he grows not old.
 Voices that never were before emitted speak as fitteth them.
 Whither they go and speak, they say there is the mighty Brāh- mana.
 I ask thee where the waters' flower by wondrous magic art was placed,
 Thereon the Gods and men are set as spokes are fastened in the nave.
 Who gave command unto the wind that bloweth!
 Who ranged the five united heavenly regions?
 Who were the Gods who cared not for oblations!
 Which of them brought the sacrificial waters?

One God inhabiteth the earth we live on; another hath encompassed air's mid-region.
One, the Supporter, takes the heaven and bears it: some keeping watch guard all the quarters safely.

The man who knows the drawn-out string on which these creatures all are strung,
The man who knows the thread's thread, he may know the mighty Brāhmaṇa.
I know the drawn-out string, the thread whereon these creatures all are strung.
I know the thread's thread also, thus I know the mighty Brah- ma na.
When Agni passed between the earth and heaven devouring with his flame the all-consumer,
Where dwelt afar the spouses of one husband, where at that moment, where was Mātariśvan?
Into the floods had Mātariśvan entered, the deities had past in- to the waters.
There stood the mighty measurer of the region: into the verdant plants went Pavamāna.
Over the Gāyatri, above the immortal world he strode away.
Those who by Song discovered Song—where did the Unborn see that thing?
Luller to rest, and gatherer-up of treasures, Savitar like a God whose laws are constant, hath stood like Indra in the war for riches.
Men versed in sacred knowledge know that living Being that abides.
In the nine-portalled Lotus Flower, enclosed with triple bands and bonds.
Desireless, firm, immortal, self-existent, contented with the essence, lacking nothing,
Free from the fear of Death is he who knoweth that Soul courageous, youthful, undecaying.

HYMN IX

The Sataudanā or Hundredfold Oblation

Binding the mouths of those who threaten mischief, against my rivals cast this bolt of thunder,
Indra first gave the Hundredfold Oblation, welfare of him who worships, foe-destroying.
Thy skin shall be the Altar; let thine hair become the Sacred Grass.
This cord hath held thee firmly: let this pressing-stone dance round on thee:
The holy water be thy hair: let thy tongue make thee clean, O Cow.
Go, Hundredfold Oblation, made bright and adorable, to heaven.
He who prepares the Hundredfold Oblation gains each wish thereby:
For all his ministering priests, contented, move as fitteth them.
He rises up to heaven, ascends to yonder third celestial height.
Whoever gives the Hundredfold Oblation with the central cake.
That man completely wins those worlds, both of the heavens and of the earth,
Whoever pays the Hundredfold Oblation with its golden light.
Thine Immolators, Goddess! and the men who dress thee for the feast, all these will guard thee, Hundredfold Oblation!
Have no fear of them.
The Vasus from the South will be thy guards, the Maruts from the North,
Ādityas from the West; o'ertake and pass the Agnishtoma, thou!
The Gods, the Fathers, mortal men, Gandharvas, and Apsaras,
All these will be the guards: o'ertake and pass the Atirātra, thou!
The man who pays the Hundredfold Oblation winneth all the worlds,
Air, heaven, and earth, Ādityas, and Maruts, and regions of the sky.
Sprinkling down fatness, to the Gods will the beneficent Goddess go.
Harm not thy dresser, Cow! To heaven, O Hundredfold Oblation, speed!
From all the Gods enthroned in heaven, in air, from those who dwell on earth,
Draw forth for evermore a stream of milk, of butter, and of mead.

Let thy head, let thy mouth, let both thine ears, and those two jaws of thine.
 Pour for the giver mingled curd, and flowing butter, milk, and mead.
 Let both thy lips, thy nostrils, both thy horns, and these two eyes of thine.
 Pour for the given, etc.
 Let heart and pericardium, let thy lungs with all the bronchial tubes, etc.
 Let liver, and let kidneys, let thine entrails, and the parts within, etc.
 Let rectum and omentum, let thy belly's hollows, and thy skin, etc.
 Let all thy marrow, every bone, let all thy flesh, and all thy blood, etc.
 Let both thy shoulders and thy hump, thy forelegs, and their lower parts, etc.
 Let neck and nape and shoulder-joints, thy ribs and inter-costal parts, etc.
 So let thy thighs and thy knee-bones, thy hinder quarters, and thy hips, etc.
 So let thy tail and all the hairs thereof, thine udder, and thy teats, etc.
 Let all thy legs, the refuse of thy feet, thy heelropes, and thy hooves.
 Pour for the giver mingled curd, and flowing butter milk, and mead.
 Let all thy skin, Sataudanā! let every hair thou hast, O Cow,
 Pour for the giver mingled curd, and flowing butter, milk, and mead.
 Sprinkled with molten butter, let the two meal-cakes be sport for thee.
 Make them thy wings, O Goddess, and bear him who dresses thee to heaven.
 Each grain of rice in mortar or on pestle, all on the skin or in the winnowing-basket,
 Whatever purifying Mātarisvan, the Wind, hath sifted, let the
 Hotar Agni make of it an acceptable oblation.
 In the priest's hands I lay, in separate order, the sweet celestial
 Waters, dropping fatness.
 As here I sprinkle them may all my wishes be granted unto me in perfect fulness. May we
 have ample wealth in our posses- sion.

HYMN X

A glorification of the sacred Cow as representing the radiant heavens

Worship to thee springing to life, and worship unto thee when born!
 Worship, O Cow, to thy tail-hair, and to thy hooves, and to thy form!
 The man who knows the Seven Floods, who knows the seven distances,
 Who knows the head of sacrifice, he may receive the holy Cow.
 I know the Seven Water-floods, I know the seven distances,
 I know the head of sacrifice, and Soma shining bright in her.
 Hitherward we invite with prayer the Cow who pours a thou- sand streams,
 By whom the heaven, by whom the earth, by whom these waters are preserved.
 Upon her back there are a hundred keepers, a hundred metal bowls, a hundred milkers.
 The Deities who breathe in her all separately know the Cow.
 Her foot is sacrifice, her milk libation, Svadhā her breath, Mahī- lukā the mighty:
 To the God goes with prayer the Cow who hath Parjanya for her lord.
 Agni hath entered into thee; Soma, O Cow, hath entered thee.
 Thine udder is Parjanya, O blest Cow; the lightnings are thy teats.
 Thou pourest out the Waters first, and corn-lands afterward,
 O Cow.
 Thirdly thou pourest princely sway. O Cow, thou pourest food and milk.
 When, Holy One, thou camest nigh invited by the Ādityas' call,
 Indra gave thee to drink, O cow, a thousand bowls of Soma juice.
 The Bull, what time thou followedst the way of Indra, summon- ed thee:
 Thence the Fiend-slayer, angered, took thy water and thy milk away.
 O Cow, the milk which in his wrath the Lord of Riches took from thee,

That same the vault of heaven now preserveth in three reser- voirs.
 The Cow Celestial received that Soma in three vessels, where.
 Atharvan, consecrated, sate upon the Sacred Grass of gold.
 Come hither with the Soma, come with every footed thing; the
 Cow
 With Kalis and Gandharvas by her side hath stepped upon the sea.
 Come hither with the Wind, yea, come with every creature borne on wings.
 Laden with holy verse and song the Cow hath leapt into the sea.
 Come with the Sun, come hitherward with every creature that hath eyes,
 Bearing auspicious lights with her the Cow hath looked across the sea.
 When, covered round about with gold, thou stoodest there, O
 Holy One,
 The ocean turned into a horse and mounted on thy back, O
 Cow,
 Then came and met the Blessed Ones, Deshtri, the Cow, and
 Svadhā, where
 Atharvan, consecrated. sate upon the Sacred Grass of gold.
 The Kshatriya's mother is the Cow, thy mother, Svadhā! is the
 Cow.
 Sacrifice is the weapon of the Cow: the thought arose from, her.
 From Brahma's summit there went forth a drop that mounted up on high:
 From that wast thou produced, O Cow, from that the Hotar sprang to life.
 Forth from thy mouth the Gāthās came, from thy neck's nape sprang strength, O Cow.
 Sacrifice from thy flanks was born, and rays of sunlight from. thy teats,
 From thy fore-quarters and thy thighs motion was generated,
 Cow!
 Food from thine entrails was produced, and from thy belly came the plants.
 When into Varuna's belly thou hadst found a passage for thy- self,
 The Brāhman called thee thence, for he knew how to guide and lead thee forth.
 All trembled at the babe that came from him who brings not to the birth.
 He hath produced her—thus they cried—He is a cow, and formed by spells, he hath become
 skin to her.
 He only joineth battle, yea, he who alone controlleth her.
 Now sacrifices have become victories, and the Cow their eye.
 The Cow hath welcomed sacrifice: the Cow hath held the Sun in place.
 Together with the prayer the mess of rice hath passed into the
 Cow.
 They call the Cow immortal life, pay homage to the Cow as
 Death.
 She hath become this universe, Fathers, and Rishis, hath become the Gods, and men, and
 Asuras.
 The man who hath this knowledge may receive the Cow with. welcoming.
 So for the giver willingly doth perfect sacrifice pour milk.
 Within the mouth of Varuna three tongues are glittering with light.
 That which shines midmost of them is this Cow most difficult to hold.
 Four-parted was the Cow's prolific humour.
 One-fourth is Water, one-fourth life eternal, one-fourth is sacri- fice, one-fourth are cattle.
 The Cow is Heaven, the Cow is Earth, the Cow is Vishnu, Lord of Life. e The Sādhyas and
 the Vasus have drunk the out-pourings of the
 Cow.

When these, Sādhyas and Vasus, have drunk the out-pourings of the Cow,
They in the Bright One's dwelling-place pay adoration to her milk.
For Soma some have milked her: some worship the fatness she hath poured.
They who have given a cow to him who hath this knowledge have gone up to the third region
of the sky.
He who hath given a Cow unto the Brāhmans winneth all the worlds.
For Right is firmly set in her devotion, and religious zeal.
Both Gods and mortal men depend for life and being on the
Cow.
She hath become this universe: all that the Sun surveys is she.

Book XI

HYMN I

An accompaniment to the preparation and presentation of a Brahmaudana

Agni, spring forth! Here Aditi, afflicted, cooks a Brahmaudana, yearning for children.
Let the Seven Rishis, World-creators, rub thee into existence here with gift of offspring.
Raise, as I bid, the smoke, my strong companions, lovers of free- dom from deceit and malice!

Victor in fight heroic, here is Agni by whom the Gods subdued the hostile demons.
Thou, Agni, wart produced for mighty valour, to cook Brahmaudana, O Jātavedas.
Seven Rishis, makers of the world, begat thee, Grant to this woman wealth with store of heroes.

Burn up, O Agni, kindled with the fuel. Knowing the Gods who merit worship, bring them.
Cooking, for these, oblation, Jātavedas! lift up this man to heaven's most lofty summit.
Your portion from of old is triply parted, portion of Gods, of Fathers, and of mortals.

Know, all, your shares. I deal them out among you. The portion of the Gods shall save this woman.

Strong art thou, Agni, conquering, all-surpassing. Crush down our foemen, ruin those who hate us.

So let this measure, measured, being measured, make all our kin thy tributary vassals.
Increase with kinsmen and with all abundance: to mighty strength and power lift up this woman.

Erect, rise upward to the sky's high station, rise to the lofty world which men call Svarga.
May this great Earth receive the skin, this Goddess Prithivī, showing us her love and favour.
Then may we go unto the world of virtue.

Fix on the skin these two joined press-stones, duly rending the fibres for the sacrificer.
Strike down and slay those who assail this woman, and elevating raise on high her offspring.
Grasp with thy hand, O man, the well-formed press-stones: the holy Gods have come unto thy worship.

Three wishes of thy heart which thou electest, these happy gains for thee I here make ready.
Here thy devotion is, here is thy birthplace. Aditi, Mother of brave sons, accept thee!

Wipe away those who fight against this woman with wealth and store of goodly sons endow her.

Rest in the roaring frame of wood: be parted from husk and chaff, ye Sacrificial Fibres.

May we surpass in glory all our rivals. I cast beneath my feet the men who hate us.

Go, Dame, and quickly come again: the waters, enclosed, have mounted thee that thou mayst bear them.

Take thou of these such as are fit for service: skilfully separating. leave the others.

Hither these Dames have come in radiant beauty. Arise and seize= upon thy strength, O woman.

To thee hath sacrifice come: take the pitcher, blest with a good lord, children, children's children.

Instructed by the Rishis, bring those waters, the share of strength which was of old assigned you.

Let this effectual sacrifice afford you protection, fortune, offspring, men, and cattle.

Agni, on thee the sacrificial caldron hath mounted: shining,. fiercely flaming, heat it.

May hottest flames, divine, sprung from the Rishis, gathering, with the Seasons, heat this portion.

Purified, bright, and holy, let these Women, these lucid waters glide into the caldron.

Cattle and many children may they give us. May he who cooks. the Odana go to heaven.

Ye, Sacrificial Rice and Soma Fibres, cleansed and made pure by prayer and molten butter.

Enter the water: let the caldron take you. May he who dresses this ascend to heaven.

Expand thyself abroad in all thy greatness, with thousand Prish- thas, in the world of virtue.

Grandfathers, fathers, children, and descendants, fifteenth am I to thee when I have dressed it.

With thousand streams and Prishthas, undecaying, Brahmaudana is celestial, God-reaching.

Those I give up to thee with all their children. Force them to tribute, but to me be gracious.

Rise to the altar: bless this dame with offspring. Promote this woman; drive away the demons.

May we surpass in glory all our rivals. I cast beneath my feet the men who hate us.

Approach this woman here with store of cattle: together with the deities come to meet her.

Let not a curse or imprecation reach thee: in thine own seat shine forth exempt from sickness.

Fashioned at first by Right, set by the spirit, this altar of Brahmau- dana was appointed.

Place the pure boiler on it, woman! set thou therein the rice mess of Celestial Beings.

This second hand of Aditi, this ladle which the Seven Rishis, world-creators, fashioned.

May this scoop deftly pile upon the altar, therein, the members of the rice-oblation.

Let the dressed offering and divine Ones serve thee: creep from. the fire again, own these as masters.

Made pure with Soma rest within the Brāhmans: let not thine eaters, Rishis' sons, be injured.

Give understanding unto these, King Soma! all the good Brāh mans who attend and serve thee.

Oft, in Brahmaudana, and well I call on: Rishis, their sons, and those who sprang from Fervour.

Here I set singly in the hands of Brāhmans these cleansed and. purifie d and holy Women,

May Indra, Marut girt, grant me the blessing which as I sprinkle you, my heart desireth.

Here is my gold, a light immortal: ripened grain from the field this Cow of Plenty give me!

This wealth I place among the Brāhmans, making a path that leads to heaven among the Fathers.

Lay thou the chaff in Agni Jātavedas: remove the husks and drive them to a distance.

That, we have heard, that is the House-Lord's portion: we know the share allotted to Destruction.

Mark him who toils and cooks and pours oblation: make this man climb the path that leads to heaven,

That he may mount and reach life that is highest, ascending to the loftiest vault above us.

Adhvaryu, cleanse that face of the Supporter. Make room, well knowing, for the molten butter.

Purify duly all the limbs with fatness. I make a path to heaven amid the Fathers.

Supporter, send to those men fiends and battle, to all non-Brah- mans who attend and serve thee.

Famous and foremost, with their great possessions, let not these here, the Rishis sons, be injured.

I set thee, Odana, with Rishis' children: naught here belongs to men not sprung from Rishis.

Let Agni my protector, all the Maruts, the Visve Devas guard the cooked oblation.

May we adore thee, Sacrifice that yieldeth an everlasting son, cow, home of treasures,

Together with increasing store of riches, long life and immor- tality of children.

Thou art a Bull that mounts to heaven: to Rishis and their off- spring go.

Rest in the world of pious men: there is the place prepared for us.

Level the ways: go thitherward, O Agni. Make ready thou the
Godward-leading pathways.

By these our pious actions may we follow sacrifice dwelling in the seven-rayed heaven.
May we invested with that light go upward, ascending to the sky's most lofty summit.
Wherewith the Gods, what time they had made ready
Brahmaudana, mounted to the world of virtue.

HYMN II

Prayer and praise to Bhava, Sarva and Rudra

Bhava and Sarva, spare us, be not hostile. Homage to you, twin
Lords of beasts and spirits!

Shoot not the arrow aimed and drawn against us: forbear to harm our quadrupeds and bipeds.
Cast not our bodies to the dog or jackal, nor, Lord of Beasts! to carrion-kites or vultures.

Let not thy black voracious flies attack them; let not thy birds obtain them for their banquet.
We offer homage to thy shout, Bhava! thy breath, thy racking pains:

Homage, Immortal One! to thee, to Rudra of the thousand eyes.

We offer reverence to thee from eastward, and from north and south,
From all the compass of the sky, to thee and to the firmament.

Homage, O Bhava, Lord of Beasts, unto thy face and all thine eyes,
To skin, and hue, and aspect, and to thee when looked at from behind!

We offer homage to thy limbs, thy belly, and thy tongue, and mouth we offer homage to thy
smell.

Never may we contend with him, the mighty archer, thousand- eyed.

Rudra who wears black tufts of hair, the slaughterer of
Ardhaka.

May he, may Bhava from all sides avoid us, avoid us even as fire avoids the waters. Let him
not threaten us. To him be homage!

Four times, eight times be homage paid to Bhava, yea, Lord of
Beasts, ten times be reverence paid thee!

Thine are these animals, five several classes, oxen, and goats and sheep, and men, and horses
Thine the four regions, thine are earth and heaven, thine,
Mighty One, this firmament between them;

Thine everything with soul and breath here on the surface of the land.

Thine is this ample wealth-containing storehouse that holds with- in it all these living
creatures.

Favour us, Lord of Beasts, to thee be homage! Far from us go ill-omens, dogs, and jackals,
and wild-haired women with their horrid shrieking!

A yellow bow of gold thou wieldest, slaying its hundred, tufted
God! smiting its thousand.

Weapon of Gods, far flies the shaft of Rudra: wherever it may be, we pay it homage.

Thou, Rudra, followest close the foe who lies in wait to conquer thee.

Even as a hunter who pursues the footsteps of the wounded game.

Accordant and allies, Bhava and Rudra, with mighty strength ye go to deeds of valour.

Wherever they may be, we pay them homage.

Be homage, Rudra, unto thee approaching and departing hence!

Homage to thee when standing still, to thee when seated and at rest!

Homage at evening and at morn, homage at night, homage by day .

To Bhava and to Sarva, both, have I paid lowly reverence,

Let us not outrage with our tongue far-seeing Rudra, thousand- eyed,

Inspired with varied lore, who shoots his arrows forward, far away.

Foremost we go to meet his car, the chariot of the long-haired
 God,
 Drawn by brown horses, dusky, black, o'erthrowing, slaying, terrible. Let reverence be paid
 to him.
 Cast not thy club at us, thy heavenly weapon. Lord of Beasts, be not wroth with us. Let
 reverence be paid to thee.
 Shake thy celestial branch above some others elsewhere, not o'er us.
 Do us no harm, but comfort us: avoid thou us, and be not wroth. Never let us contend with
 thee.
 Covet not thou our kine or men, covet not thou our goats or sheep.
 Elsewhither, strong One! turn thine aim: destroy the mockers' family.
 Homage to him whose weapon, Cough or Fever, assails one like the neighing of a stallion; to
 him who draws one forth and then another!
 Homage be paid him with ten Sakvari verses who stands established in the air's mid-region,
 slaying non-sacrificing
 God-despisers!
 For thee were forest beasts and sylvan creatures placed in the wood, and small birds, swans,
 and eagles.
 Floods, Lord of Beasts! contain thy living beings: to swell thy strength flow the celestial
 Waters.
 Porpoises, serpents, strange aquatic monsters, fishes, and things unclean at which thou
 shootest.
 Nothing is far for thee, naught checks thee, Bhava! The whole earth in a moment thou
 surveyest. From the east sea thou smitest in the northern.
 O'erwhelm us not with Fever or with poison, nor, Rudra! with the fire that comes from
 heaven. Elsewhere, and not on us, cast down this lightning.
 Ruler of heaven and Lord of earth is Bhava: Bhava hath filled the spacious air's mid-region.
 Where'er he be, to him be paid our homage!
 King Bhava, favour him who offers worship, for thou art
 Pasupati, Lord of victims.
 Be gracious to the quadruped and biped of the believer in the
 Gods' existence.
 Harm thou among us neither great nor little, not one who bears us, not our future bearers.
 Injure no sire among us, harm no mother. Forbear to injure our own bodies, Rudra.
 This lowly reverence have I paid to Rudra's dogs with mighty mouths,
 Hounds terrible with bark and howl, who gorge unmasticated food.
 Homage to thy loud-shouting hosts and thy long-haired followers!
 Homage to hosts that are adored, homage to armies that enjoy
 Homage to all thy troops, O God. Security and bliss be ours!

HYMN III

A glorification of the Odana or oblation of boiled rice

1. Of that Odana Brihaspati is the head, Brahma the mouth.
2. Heaven and Earth are the ears, the Sun and Moon are the eyes, the seven Rishis are the
 vital airs inhaled and exhaled.
3. Vision is the pestle, Desire the mortar. 4. Diti is the winnowing basket, Aditi is she who
 holds it, Vāta is the sifter.
5. Horses are the grains, oxen the winnowed ricegrains, gnats the husks. 6. Kabru is the
 husked grain, the rain cloud is the reed. 7. Grey iron is its flesh, copper its blood. 8. Tin is its
 ashes, gold its colour, the blue lotus flower its scent. 9. The threshing-floor is its dish, the

wooden swords its shoulders, the car-shafts its backbones. 10. Collar-bones are its entrails, straps its intestines. 11. This earth, verily becomes the jar, and heaven the cover of the Odana as it is cooking.

12. Furrows are its ribs, sandy soils the undigested contents of its stomach. 13. Law is its water for the hands and family custom its aspersion. 14. The jar covered with the Rich has been solemnly directed by the priestly office. 15. Received by the Brāhman, it has been carried round. 16. The Brihat is, the stirring-spoon, the Rathantara the ladle. 17. The Seasons are the dressers, the Groups of Seasons kindle the fire.

18. The caldron flames round the oblation (*charu*) whose mouth consists of five openings.

19. The sacrificial word, all worlds are to be won with Odana.

20. Whereon in order rest the three, the ocean, and the heaven, and earth.

21. Within the residue whereof the Gods arranged six eightieth parts—

22. I ask thee, of this Odana what is the mighty magnitude.

23. He who may know the magnitude of the Odana. 24. Would say,

Not small, nor devoid of moistening sauce; not this, nor any- thing whatever. 25. He would not declare it to be greater than the giver imagines it to be. 26. The theologians say, Thou hast eaten the averted Odana and the Odana turned hither- ward. 27. Thou hast eaten the Odana and the Odana will eat thee. 28. Thou hast eaten this averted; thy inward breath will leave thee; so he said to this one. 29. Thou hast eaten this turned hitherward; thy downward breath will leave thee; so he said to this one. 30. I indeed have not eaten the Odana, nor has the Odana eaten me. 31. The Odana has just eaten the Odana.

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32. And thence he said to this one, Thou hast eaten this with a different head from that with which the ancient Rishis ate: thy offspring, reckoning from the eldest, will die. I have eaten it neither turned downward, nor turned away, nor turned hitherward. With Brihaspati as head: with him I have eaten, with him have I come to it. Now this Odana is complete with all members, joints, and body. Complete, verily, with all his members, joints, and body is he who possess this knowledge.

33. And thence he said to him, Thou hast eaten this with other ears than those with which the ancient Rishis ate it.

Thou wilt be deaf. I have eaten it neither, etc. (as in verse 32).

With Heaven and Earth as ears, with these I have eaten it, with these I have come to it. Now this Odana, etc. (as in 32).

34. And thence he said to him. Thou hast eaten this with other eyes . . . thou wilt be blind. With Sun and Moon, etc.

35. And thence, etc. . . with other month. Thy offspring will die, reckoning from the head . . . With Brahma as mouth.

36. And thence, etc. . . with other tongue . . . Thy tongue will die . . . With the tongue of Agni. 37. And thence, etc. . .

With other teeth . . . Thy teeth will fall out . . . With the

Seasons as teeth. 38. And thence, etc. . . with other vital airs. . . Thy vital airs will leave thee . . . With the Seven

Rishis as the vital airs. 39. And thence, etc. . . with other expanse . . . Consumption will destroy thee . . . With the firmament as expanse. 40 And thence, etc. . . with other back. . .

Lightning will slay thee. . . With the heaven as back. 41. And thence, etc. . . with other breast . . . Thou wilt fail in agriculture. . . With the earth as breast. 42. And thence, etc. . . with other belly . . . colic will destroy thee . . .

With truth as belly. 43. And thence, etc. . . with other abdomen . . . Thou wilt die in the water . . . With the sea as abdomen. 44. And thence, etc. . . with other thighs . . .

Thy thigh will perish . . . With Mitra-Varuna as thighs.

45. And thence, etc. . . . with other knees . . . Thou wilt become a sick man . . . With the knees of Tvashtar. 46. And thence, etc. . . . with other feet . . . Thou wilt become a wanderer . . . With the feet of the Asvins. 47. And thence, etc. . . . with other fore-parts of the feet . . . A serpent will kill thee . . . With the fore-parts of Savitar's feet. 48. And thence, etc. . . . with other hands . . . The Brāhmaṇa (divine power) will kill thee . . . With the hands of Right. 49. And thence, etc. . . . with other basis . . . Without standing-ground and resting-place thou wilt die . . . Having taken my stand on truth. With this I ate it, with this I came to it. Now this Odana is complete with all members, joints, and body.

Complete, verily, with all his members, joints, and body is he who possesses this knowledge.

HYMN IV

A glorification of Prāna, Breath or Vital Spirit

Homage to Prāna, him who hath dominion o'er the universe,
 Who hath become the Sovran Lord of all, on whom the whole depends!
 Homage, O Prāna, to thy roar, to thunder-peal and lightning flash!
 Homage, O Prāna, unto thee what time thou sendest down thy rain!
 When Prāna with a thunderous voice shouts his loud message to the plants,
 They straightway are impregnate, they conceive, and bear abundantly.
 When the due season hath arrived and Prāna shouteth to herbs,
 Then all is joyful, yea, each thing upon the surface of the earth.
 When Prāna hath poured down his flood of rain upon the mighty land.
 Cattle and beasts rejoice thereat: Now great will be our strength, they cry.
 Watered by Prāna's rain the plants have raised their voices in accord:
 Thou hast prolonged our life, they say, and given fragrance to us all.
 Homage to thee when coming nigh, homage to thee departing hence!
 Homage, O Prāna, be to thee when standing and when sitting still.
 Homage to thee at every breath thou drawest in and sendest forth!
 Homage to thee when turned away, homage to thee seen face to face! This reverence be to all of thee!

Prāna, communicate to us thy dear, thy very dearest form.
 Whatever healing balm thou hast, give us thereof that we may live.
 Prāna robes living creatures as a father his beloved son. Prāna is sovran Lord of all, of all that breathes not, all that breathes
 Prāna is Fever, he is Death. Prāna is worshipped by the Gods.
 Prāna sets in the loftiest sphere the man who speaks the words of truth.
 Prāna is Deshtri, and Virāj Prāna is revered by all. He is the Sun, he is the Moon. Prāna is called Prajāpati.
 Both breaths are rice and barley, and Prāna is called the toiling ox:
 In barley is the inbreath laid, and rice is named the outward breath.
 The human infant in the womb draws vital breath and sends it
 Out:
 When thou, O Prāna, quickenest the babe it springs anew to life.
 The name of Prāna is bestowed on Mātarisvan and on Wind.
 On Prāna, past and future, yea, on Prāna everything depends.
 All herbs and plants spring forth and grow when thou, O Prāna quickenest,
 Plants of Atharvan, Angiras, plants of the deities and men.
 When Prāna hath poured down his flood of rain upon the mighty earth,
 The plants are wakened into life, and every herd that grows on ground.
 The man who knows this truth of thee, O Prāna, and what bears thee up

To him will all present their gift of tribute in that loftiest will all present their gift of tribute in that loftiest world.

As all these living creatures are thy tributaries, Prāna, so

Shall they bring tribute unto him who hears thee with attentive ears.

Filled with a babe, mid deities he wanders: grown; near at hand, he springs again to being.

That Father, grown the present and the future, hath past into the son with mighty powers.

Hansa, what time he rises up, leaves in the flood one foot un- moved.

If he withdrew it there would be no more tomorrow or to-day,

Never would there be night, no more would daylight shine or morning flush.

It rolleth on, eight-wheeled and single-fellied, and with a thousand eyes, forward and backward.

With one half it engendered all creation. What sign is there to tell us of the other?

Homage, O Prāna unto thee armed with swift bow among the rest,

In whose dominion is this All of varied sort that stirs and works!

May he who rules this Universe of varied sort, that stirs and works,

Prāna, alert and resolute, assist me through the prayer I pray.

Erect among the sleepers he wakes, and is never laid at length,

No one hath ever heard that he hath been asleep while others slept.

Thou, Prāna, never shalt be hid, never shalt be estranged from me.

I bind thee on myself for life, O Prāna, like the Waters' germ.

HYMN V

A glorification of the Brahmachāri or religious student

Stirring both worlds the Brahmachāri moveth: in him the deities are all one-minded.

He hath established firmly earth and heaven: he satisfies his

Master with his Fervour.

After the Brahmachāri go the Fathers, the heavenly hosts, all

Gods in separate order.

After him too have the Gandharvas followed, thirty and three, three hundred, and six thousand. He satisfies all Gods with his devotion.

The Master, welcoming his new disciple, into his bowels takes the Brahmachāri.

Three nights he holds and bears him in this belly. When he is born, the Gods convene to see him.

This log is earth, the second log is heaven: he fills the air's mid region with the fuel.

With fuel, with his zone the Brahmachāri contents the worlds, with labour and with Fervour.

The Brahmachāri, earlier born than Brahma, sprang up through

Fervour, robed in hot libation.

From him sprang heavenly lore, the highest Brahma, and all the

Gods, with life that lasts for ever.

Lighted by fuel goes the Brahmachāri, clad in black-buck skin, consecrate, long-bearded.

Swiftly he goes from east to northern ocean, grasping the worlds, oft bringing them anear him.

The Brahmachāri, fathering Prayer, world, Waters, Virāj, Prajā- pati, and Parameshthin,

Lay as a germ within the Immortal's bosom, then became Indra and destroyed the demons.

The Master fashioned both these cloudy regions, profound and spacious pair, the earth and heaven.

The Brahmachāri guards them with his Fervour. In him the deities are all one-minded.

The Brahmachāri first of all brought hither this ample earth as alms, and heaven above it.

He makes these twain two fuel-logs, and worships, On these sup- ported rest all living creatures.

Both treasuries of sacred lore lie hidden, one hitherward, beyond heaven's ridge the other.
The Brahmachārī with his Fervour guards them. He makes this all his own as knowing
Brahma.

Hitherward one, hence from the earth the other, two Agnis meet between these cloudy
regions.

Close to these two firm rays of light are clinging. The Brahma- chārī enters them through
Fervour.

Thundering, shouting, ruddy-hued, and pallid, he bears along the earth great manly vigour.
Down on the ridge of earth the Brahmachārī pours seed, and this gives life to heaven's four
regions.

The Brahmachārī stores with fuel Waters, and Fire, and Sun, and
Moon, and Mātariśvan.

The Water's lights move separate in the rain-cloud, Man, rain, and water are their molten
butter.

The Master is Death, Varuna, Soma, the plants of earth, and milk.

The thunder-clouds were men of war. By these this heavenly light was brought.

Varuna, made a Master, takes at home the butter to himself.

Whatever with Prajāpati he sought, the Brahmachārī gave like
Mitra from his loftiest soul.

The pupil is the Master, yea, the pupil is Prajāpati.

Prajāpati shines bright; the bright Virāj grew potent Indra's self.

By Fervour and by self-restraint the King protects the realm he rules.

By self-restraint the Master seeks a Brahmachari to instruct.

By self-restraint a maiden finds a youth to be her wedded lord.

By self-restraint the ox and horse seek to win fodder for them- selves.

By Fervour and by self-restraint the Gods drave Death away from them,

And Indra brought by self-restraint heaven's lustre to the deities.

The plants, what is and what shall be, day, night, the tall tree of the wood,

The year with seasons of the year, all from the Brahmachārī sprang.

All creatures of the earth and heaven, tame animals and sylvan beasts,

Winged and wingless creatures, from the Brahmachārī sprang to life,

All children of Prajāpati have breath distinctly in themselves.

The Brahma that is stored within the Brahmachārī guards them all.

Piled up on high, but never yet ascended, that power of deities is brightly shining.

From that sprang heavenly lore, the loftiest Brahma, and all the
Gods with, life that lasts for ever.

The Brahmachārī wields the radiant Brahma wherein all Gods are woven close together;

Creating breath, inhaling and exhaling, voice, mind, and heart,

Brahma and holy wisdom.

Bestow on us the power of sight and hearing, glory and food and seed and blood and belly.

These, standing on the flood, the Brahmachārī formed practising in sea his hot devotion.

When he hath bathed, brown, yellow-hued, he shines exceedingly on earth.

HYMN VI

A prayer to all Divinities and Sanctities for deliverance from distress

We call on Agni, on the trees lords of the forest, herbs and. plants,

Indra, Sūrya, Brihaspati: may they deliver us from woe.

We call on Vishnu, Bhaga, on Mitra and Varuna the King,

Ansa Vivasvān we address: may they deliver us from woe.

We call on Savitar the God, on Pūshan the establisher,

Tvashtar the foremost we address: may they deliver us from woe.
 Gandharvas and Apsarases; the Asvins, Brāhmanaspati,
 Aryaman, God, by name we call: may they deliver us from woe.
 This word of ours to Day and Night, and to the Sun and Moon we speak,
 All the Ādityas we address: may they deliver us from woe.
 Vāta, Parjanya we address, the Quarters, and the Firmament,
 And all the Regions of the sky: may they deliver us from woe.
 From all that brings a curse may Day and Night and Dawn deliver me,
 May Soma free me, God to whom they give the name of Chan- dramās.
 All creatures both of heaven and earth, wild beasts and sylvan animals,
 And winged birds of air we call: may they deliver us from woe.
 Bhava and Sarva we address, and Rudra who is Lord of Beasts,
 Their arrows which we feel and know: may they be ever kind to us.
 We speak to Constellations, Heaven, to Earth, to Genii, and to
 Hills,
 To Seas, to Rivers, and to Lakes: may they deliver us from woe.
 Or the Seven Rishis we address, Waters divine, Prajāpati,
 Fathers with Yama at their head: may they deliver us from woe.
 Gods whose abode is in the heaven and those who dwell in middle air,
 And Mighty ones who rest on earth: may they deliver us from. woe.
 Ādityas, Rudra, Vasus, Gods aloft in heaven, Atharvan's sons,
 The sages, sons of Angiras: may they deliver us from woe.
 To sacrifice, to worshipper, hymns, songs, and healing charms, we speak,
 To priestly acts and Yajus texts: may they deliver us from woe.
 To the five kingdoms of the plants which Soma rules as Lord we speak.
 Darbha, hemp, barley, mighty power: may these deliver us from woe,
 To demons and fierce fiends we speak, to Holy Genii, Fathers,.
 Snakes,
 And to the hundred deaths and one: may these deliver us from woe.
 We speak to Seasons, Season-Lords, to years and sections of the year,
 To Months, half-months, and years complete: may they deliver us from woe.
 Come hither from the south, ye Gods, rise and come forward from the west.
 Gathered together, all ye Gods, ye mighty Ones, from east and north: may they deliver us
 from woe.
 This we address to all the Gods, faithful, maintainers of the
 Right,
 With all their Consorts by their side: may they deliver us from woe.
 We speak to the collected Gods, faithful, maintainers of the
 Right.
 Present with their collective Dames: may these deliver us from woe.
 The spirit, yea, the spirits' Lord, ruler of spirits, we address.
 Together let all spirits meet: may these deliver us from woe.
 The five Sky regions, Goddesses, and the twelve Seasons which are Gods.
 The teeth of the completed year, may these deliver us from woe.
 The deathless balm that Mātali knows, purchased at a chariot's price,
 Indra effused into the floods. Waters, give us that healing balm!

HYMN VII

A glorification of the Uchchhishta or Residue of Sacrifice

The Residue of Sacrifice containeth name, and from, and world:
 Indra and Agni and the whole universe are comprised therein.
 The Residue of Sacrifice holdeth Earth, Heaven, and all that is:
 The Residue of Sacrifice holdeth sea, waters, Moon, and Wind.
 Real, non-real, both are there, Prajāpati, and Death, and strength:
 Thereon depend the worldly ones: in me are glory Dra and Vra.
 The firm, the fast, the strong, the hard, Brahma, the All-creating
 Ten.

Gods, as a wheel about the nave, are fixed all round the
 Residue.

Verse, Song, and Sacrificial Text, chanting, the prelude, and the laud,
 The hum is in the Residue, the tone, the murmur of the psalm.
 Within the Residue, like babes unborn, the parts of sacrifice,
 Aindrāgne Pāvamāna lie. Mahānāmnī, Mahavrata.

The Vājapeya, Royal Rite, the Agnishoma and its forms,
 Hymns, joyfulest with living grass the Asvamedha, are therein,
 Dikshā and Agnyādheya rite that sates the wish, with magic- hymn,
 Suspended rites, long sessions, are contained within the Residue.
 Faith fire-oblation, fervent zeal, service, and sacrificial cry,
 Guerdon, good works and their reward, are stored within the
 Residue.

Sacrifice of one night, or two, Sadya1 kri, Ukthya, and Prakri,
 Call, deep-toned summons are therein, fine parts, through lore, of sacrifice,
 Sacrifice of four nights, of five, of six nights, day and night conjoined,
 Shodai, seven-night sacrifice, all these sprang from the Residue, these which the Immortal
 One contains.

Pratihāra and Nidhanam, the Visvajit, the Abhijit,
 The two Sāhnātirātrās and Twelve-day rite are stored therein.
 Pleasantness, reverence, peace, and power, strength, vigour, immortality
 All forward wishes are with love satisfied in the Residue.
 Nine several oceans, earths, and skies are set within, the Residue,
 Bright shines the Sun therein, in me, the Residue, are Day and
 Night.

The Residue the Father's sire, who bears this universe, supports
 Vishūvān, Upahavya, and all worship offered secretly.
 The Father's sire, the Residue, grandson of Spirit, primal Sire,
 Lord of the universe, the Bull, dwells on the earth victorious.
 Right, truth, dominion, fervent zeal, toil, duty, action, future, past,
 Valour; prosperity, and strength dwell in the Residue in strength.
 Welfare, resolve and energy, the six expanses, kingship, sway,
 Prayer, and direction, and the year, oblation, planets, are there- in;
 And the four Hotars, Apri hymns, the Nivids, and Four- monthly rites,
 Oblations, sacrifices, and animal offerings, and their forms.
 Months, half-months, sections of the year, seasons are in the
 Residue,

The waters resonant afar, the thunder, and the mighty noise.
 Pebbles, sand, stones, and herbs, and plants, and grass are in the Residue,
 Closely embraced and laid therein are lightnings and the clouds and rain.
 Gain, acquisition, and success, fulness, complete prosperity.
 Great gain and wealth, are laid, concealed and treasured, in the

Residue.

All things that breathe the breath of life, all creatures that have eyes to see,
All the celestial Gods whose home is heaven sprang from the
Residue.

Verses, and Songs, and magic hymns, Purāna, sacrificial text.
All the celestial Gods whose home is heaven sprang from the
Residue.

Inbreath and outbreath, eye and ear, decay and freedom from decay,
All the celestial Gods whose home is heaven sprang from the
Residue.

All pleasures and enjoyments, all delights and rapturous ecstasies,
All the celestial Gods whose home is heaven sprang from the
Residue.

The Deities, the Fathers, men, Gandharvas, and Apsarases.
All the celestial Gods whose home is heaven sprang from the
Residue.

HYMN VIII

On the origin of some Gods and the creation of man

When Manyu brought his consort home forth from Sankalpa's dwelling-place,
Who were the wooers of the bride, who was the chief who courted her?
Fervour and Action were the two, in depths of the great billowy sea?
These were the wooers of the bride; Brahma the chief who courted her.
Ten Gods before the Gods were born together in the ancient time.
Whoso may know them face to face may now pronounce the mighty word.
Inbreath and outbreath, eye and ear, decay and freedom from decay,
Spiration upward and diffused, voice, mind have brought us wish and plan.
As yet the Seasons were unborn, and Dilator and Prajāpati,
Both Asvins, Indra, Agni. Whom then did they worship as supreme?
Fervour and Action were the two, in depths of the great billowy sea;
Fervour sprang up from Action: this they served and worshipped as supreme.
He may account himself well versed in ancient time who knows by name.
The earth that was before this earth, which only wisest Sages know.
From whom did Indra spring? from whom sprang Soma? whence was Agni born?
From whom did Tvashtar spring to life? and whence is Dilator's origin?
Indra from Indra, Soma from Soma, Agni from Agni sprang
Tvashtar from Tvashtar was produced, Dilator was Dhātār's origin.
Those Gods who were of old, the Ten begotten earlier than the
Gods,
What world do they inhabit since they gave the world unto their sons?
When he had brought together hair, sinew and bone, marrow and flesh.
And to the body added feet, then to what world did he depart?
Whence, from what region did he bring the hair, the sinews, and the bones,
Marrow and limbs, and joints, and flesh? Who was the bringer, and from whence?
Casters, those Gods were called who brought together all the elements:
When they had fused the mortal man complete, they entered into him.
The thighs, the knee-bones, and the feet, the head, the face,
Land both the hands,
The ribs, the nipples, and the sides—what I ishī hath constructed that?
Head, both the hands, and face, and tongue, and neck, and inter-coastal parts,

All this, investing it with skins, Mahi conjoined with bond and tie.
 What time the might body lay firmly compact with tie and bond,
 Who gave its colour to the form, the hue wherewith it shines to-day?
 All Deities had lent their aid: of this a noble Dame took note,
 Tsā, the Consort of Command. She gave its colour to the form.
 When Tvashtar, Tvashtar's loftier Sire, had bored it out and hollowed it.
 Gods made the mortal their abode, and entered and possessed the man.
 Sleep, specially, Sloth, Nirriti, and deities whose name is Sin,
 Baldness, old age, and hoary hairs within the body found their way.
 Theft, evil-doing, and deceit, truth, sacrifice, exalted fame,
 Strength, princely power, and energy entered the body as a home.
 Prosperity and poverty, kindnesses and malignities,
 Hunger and thirst of every kind entered the body as a home.
 Reproaches, freedom from reproach, all blamable, all blameless deeds,
 Bounty, belief, and unbelief entered the body as a home.
 All knowledge and all ignorance, each other thing that one may learn,
 Entered the body, prayer, and hymns, and songs, and sacrificial texts.
 Enjoyments, pleasures, and delights, gladness, and rapturous ecstasies.
 Laughter and merriment and dance entered the body as a home.
 Discourse and conversation, and the shrill-resounding cries of woe,
 All entered in, the motives and the purposes combined there- with.
 Inbreath and outbreath, ear and eye, decay and freedom from decay.
 Breath upward and diffused, voice, mind, these quickly with the body move,
 All earnest wishes, all commands, directions, and admonish- ments.
 Reflections, all deliberate plans entered the body as a home.
 They laid in the abhorrent frame those waters hidden, bright, and thick,
 Which in the bowels spring from blood, from mourning or from hasty toil.
 Fuel they turned to bone, and then they set light waters in the frame.
 The molten butter they made seed: then the Gods entered into man.
 All Waters, all the Deities. Virāj with Brahma at her side:
 Brahma into the body passed: Prajāpati is Lord thereof.
 The Sun and Wind formed, separate, the eye and vital breath of man.
 His other person have the Gods bestowed on Agni as a gift.
 Therefore whoever knoweth man regardeth him as Brāhman's self:
 For all the Deities abide in him as cattle in their pen.
 At his first death he goeth hence, asunder, in three separate parts.
 He goeth yonder with one part, with one he goeth yonder: here he sinketh downward with a
 third.
 In the primeval waters cold the body is deposited.
 In this there is the power of growth: from this is power of growth declared.

HYMN IX

An incantation for the destruction of a hostile army

All arms and every arrow, all the power and might that bows possess,
 The warlike weapon, axes, swords, the plan and purpose in the heart,
 All this, O Arbudi, make thou visible to our enemies, and let them look on mist and fog.
 Arise ye and prepare yourselves: ye, the celestial hosts, are friends.
 Let your mysterious natures be seen by our friends O Arbudi.
 Rise both of you: begin your work with fettering and binding. fast,
 Assail, both of you, Arbudi, the armies of our enemies.

The God whose name is Arbudi, and Nyarbudi the Mighty
 One,
 The two by whom the air and this great earth are compassed and possessed,
 With these two friends of Indra I go forth to conquer with the host.
 Rise with our army stand thou up. O Godlike Being, Arbudi.
 Breaking the hosts of enemies, surround them with thy winding coils.
 Exhibiting, O Arbudi, seven children of the mist and fog,
 When butter hath been offered, rise with all of these and with the host.
 Beating her breast, with tearful face, let the short-earned, the wild-haired hag.
 Shriek loudly when a man is slain, pierced through by thee, O
 Arbudi;
 Snatching away the vertebra, while with her thought she seeks her son,
 Her husband, brother, kin, when one, Arbudi! hath been pierc- ed by thee.
 Let vultures, ravens, kites, and crows, and every carrion-eating bird.
 Feast on our foes, and show where one, Arbudi! hath been pierced by thee.
 Then let each greedy beast of prey, and fly and worm regale itself
 Upon the human corpse where one, Arbudi, hath been pierced by thee.
 Attack them, both of you; bear off their vital breath O Nyar- budi.
 Let mingled shouts and echoing cries of woe amid our foemen show where thou, O Arbudi,
 hast pierced
 Shake them, and let them sink with fear: e'erwhelm our enemies with dread.
 With widely-grasping bends of arm, O Arbudi, crush down our foes.
 Let those mens' arms grow faint and weak, dull be the purpose of their heart;
 And let not aught of them be left when thou, O Arbudi, hast pierced.
 Self-smiting, beating breast and thigh, careless of unguent, with their hair dishevelled,
 weeping, hags shall run together, when a man is slain, when thou, O
 Arbudi, hast pierced.
 Apsarases with dog-like mates, and Rūpakās, O Arbudi,
 And her who licks the cup inside, and seeks to wound in ill- kept place,
 All these, O Arbudi, do thou make visible to our enemies and let them look on mists and fog.
 The fiend who creeps upon the sword, maimed, dwelling where
 Lthe wounded lie,
 The misty shapes that lurk concealed, Gandharvas and Apsara- ses, demons, and snakes and
 Other Folk;
 Armed with four fangs and yellow teeth, deformed, with faces smeared with blood, the
 terrible and fearless ones,
 Make thou, O Arbudi, those wings of hostile armies quake with dread.
 Let Conqueror and Victor, friends of Indra, overcome our foes.
 Stifled and crushed, O Nyarbudi, low let the smitten foeman lie.
 With tongue of fire and crest of smoke go conquering maidens with our host!
 May Indra, Lord of Might, strike down each bravest warrior of the foes,
 Whom this our band hath put to flight: let not one man of those escape.
 Let their hearts burst asunder, let their breath fly up and pass away.
 Let dryness of the mouth o'ertake our foemen, not the friendly ones.
 The clever and the foolish ones, those who are twisted round, the deaf,
 The dusky-hued, the hornless goats and those whose voice is like the buck's,
 All these, O Arbudi, do thou make visible to our enemies: cause them to look on mists and
 fog.
 Arbudi and Trishandhi fall upon our foes and scatter them,
 So that, O Indra, Lord of Might, Slayer of Vritra, we may kill thousands of these our

enemies!

Tall trees, and those who live in woods, the herbs and creeping plants of Earth,
Gandharvas, and Apsarases, Snakes, [] Beings, Fathers,
Gods,

All these do thou, O Arbudi, make visible to our enemies: cause them to look on mists and fog.

High sway have Maruts, and the God Āditya, Brāhmanaspati,

High sway have Indra, Agni, and Dilator, Mitra, Prajāpati,

High sway have Rishis given to you, showing upon our enemies where thou, O Arbudi, hast pierced.

With full dominion over these, rise, stand ye up, prepare your- selves,

Ye are our friends, celestial hosts. When ye have won this battle, go, each to his several sphere, apart.

HYMN X

Rise up, with all your banners rise; prepare your strength, ye vapoury Forms!

Serpents and fiends and Other Folk, charge and pursue our enemies!

Let those who bear an evil name, in air, in heaven on earth, and men,

After Trishandhi's will, revere your power, the sway that Know- ledge gives, together with your ruddy flags.

Let those with iron faces, with faces like needles or like combs,

Flesh-eaters, rapid as the wind, cling closely to our foemen with

Trishandhi for their thunderbolt.

Omniscient Āditya, make full many a corpse to disappear.

Let this devoted army of Trishandhi be in my control.

Rise up, O Godlike Being, rise, Arbudi, with thine army: this,

Tribute is sacrificed to thee, Trishandhi's welcome offering

May this four-footed White-foot, may this arrow brace and bind thee fast:

Together with Trishandhi's host, be thou, O Witchcraft, meant for foes.

Down let the dim-eyed demon fly, and let her shorteared sister shriek:

Red be the banners when the host of Arbudi hath won the day.

Let all the birds that move on wings come downward, all fowls that roam the heavens and air's midregion.

Let beasts of prey and flies attacks, and vultures that eat raw flesh mangle and gnaw the carcase.

By that same binding treaty which thou madest, Brihaspati! with Indra! and with Brahma,
By Indra's pledge I bid the Gods come hither. Conquer on this side, not on their side yonder.

Brihaspati Angirasa, Rishis made strong and keen by prayer,

Have set Trishandhi in the heaven, dire weapon that destroys the fiends.

The Gods enjoyed Trishandhi for the sake of energy and power,

Him under whose protection, both, Indra and yon Āditya stand.

The Gods, victorious, won themselves all worlds by this oblation, which

Brihaspati Angirasa effused, a very thunderbolt, a weapon to destroy the fiends.

That fiend-destroying weapon which Brihaspati Angirasa poured out and made a thunderbolt.

Even therewith, Brihaspati, I brush that hostile armament, and strike the foemen down with might.

Over to us come all the Gods who eat the hallowed sacrifice

With this oblation be ye pleased: conquer on this side, not on that.

Over, to us let all Gods come: dear is Trishandhi's offering.

Keen the great pledge through which, of old, the Asuras were overthrown.

Let Vāyu bend the arrow-points of those who are our enemies.
 Let Indra break their arms away: no power to lay the shaft be theirs!
 Āditya utterly destroy their missile! Chandramās bar the path of him who lingers!
 If they have issued forth strongholds of Gods, and made their shields of prayer,
 Gaining protection for their lives, protection round about, make all their instigation powerless
 With the Flesh-eater and with Death, following the Purohita,
 On! forward with Trishandhi's host! conquering enemies advance!
 Do thou, Trishandhi, with the gloom of darkness compass round our foes;
 Let none escape of them expelled with speckled butter mixt with curds.
 Let White-foot fall upon those wings of our opponents' arma- ment;
 Mazed and bewildered be those hands of foes this day, O Nyar- budi.
 Mazed are the foemen, Nyarbudi! Slay thou each bravest man of them: with this our army
 slaughter them.
 Low lie the warrior, mailed, unmailed, each foeman in the rush of war.
 Down-smitten with the strings of bows, the fastenings of mail, the charge!
 The armour-clad, the armourless, enemies clothed with coats of mail,
 All these struck down, O Arbudi, let dogs devour upon the earth.
 Car-borne and carless fighting men, riders and those who go on foot,
 All these, struck down, let vultures, kites, and all, the birds of air devour.
 Low let the hostile army lie, thousands of corpses, on the ground,
 Pierced through and rent to pieces where the deadly weapons clash in fight.
 With eagles let them eat the evil-hearted, pierced in the vitals, lying crushed and howling.
 The foe whoe'er will fight against this our protecting sacrifice.
 With this which Gods attend, with this which never fails to gain its end,
 Let Indra, Vritra-slayer, smite, and with Trishandhi as a bolt.

Book XII

HYMN I

A hymn of prayer and praise to Prithivī or deified Earth

Truth, high and potent Law, the Consecrating Rite, Fervour,
Brahma, and Sacrifice uphold the Earth.

May she, the Queen of all that is and is to be, may Prithivī make ample space and room for us.

Not overawed by the crowd of Manu's sons, she who hath many heights and floods and level plains;

She who bears plants endowed with many varied powers, may
Prithivī for us spread wide and favour us.

In whom the sea, and Sindhu, and the waters, in whom our food and corn-lands had their being,

In whom this all that breathes and moves is active, this Earth. assign us foremost rank and station!

She who is Lady of the earth's four regions, in whom our food and corn-lands had their being,

Nurse in each place of breathing, moving creatures, this Earth. vouchsafe us kine with milk that fails not!

On whom the men of old before us battled, on whom the Gods attacked the hostile demons,
The varied home of bird, and kine and horses, this Prithivī vouchsafe us luck and splendour!
Firm standing-place, all-bearing, store of treasures, gold-breasted, harbourer of all that moveth.

May Earth who bears Agni Vaisvānara, Consort of mighty

Indra, give us great possessions

May Earth, may Prithivī, always protected with ceaseless care by
Gods who never slumber,

May she pour out for us delicious nectar, may she bedew us with a flood of splendour.
She who at first was water in the ocean, whom with their wondrous powers the sages followed,

May she whose heart is in the highest heaven, compassed about with truth, and everlasting,
May she, this Earth, bestow upon us lustre, and grant us power in loftiest dominion.

On whom the running universal waters flow day and night with never-ceasing motion,
May she with many streams pour milk to feed us, may she bedew us with a flood of splendour.

She whom the Asvins measured out, o'er whom the foot of
Vishnu strode,

Whom Indra, Lord of Power and Might, freed from all foemen for himself,

May Earth pour out her milk for us, a mother unto me her son.

O Prithivī, auspicious be thy woodlands, auspicious be thy hills and snow-clad mountains.
Unslain, unwounded, unsubdued, I have set foot upon the
Earth,

On earth brown, black, ruddy and every-coloured, on the firm earth that Indra guards from danger.

O Prithivī, thy centre and thy navel, all forces that have issued from thy body
Set us amid those forces; breathe upon us. I am the son of

Earth, Earth is my Mother. Parjanya is my Sire; may he promote me.
 Earth on whose surface they enclose the altar, and all-performers spin the thread of worship;
 In whom the stakes of sacrifice, resplendent, are fixed and raised on high before the oblation,
 may she, this Earth, prospering, make us prosper.
 The man who hates us, Earth! who fights against us, who threaten us with thought or deadly
 weapon, make him our thrall as thou hast done aforetime.
 Produced from thee, on thee move mortal creatures: thou bearest them, both quadruped and
 biped.
 Thine, Prithivī, are these Five human Races, for whom, though mortal, Sūrya as he rises
 spreads with his rays the light that is immortal.
 In concert may these creatures yield us blessings. With honey of discourse, O Earth, endow
 me.
 Kind, ever gracious be the Earth we tread on, the firm Earth,
 Prithivī, borne up by Order, mother of plants and herbs, the all-producer.
 A vast abode hast thou become, the Mighty. Great stress is on thee, press and agitation, but
 with unceasing care great Indra guards thee.
 So make us shine, O Earth, us with the splendour of gold. Let no man look on us with hatred.
 Agni is in the earth, in plants; the waters hold Agni in them, in the stones is Agni.
 Agni abideth deep in men: Agnis abide in cows and steeds.
 Agni gives shine and heat in heaven: the spacious air is his, the
 God's
 Lover of fatness, bearer of oblation, men enkindle him.
 Dark-kneed, invested with a fiery mantle, Prithivī sharpen me and give me splendour!
 On earth they offer sacrifice and dressed oblation to the Gods.
 Men, mortals, live upon the earth by food in their accustomed way.
 May that Earth grant us breath and vital power. Prithivī give me life of long duration!
 Scent that hath risen from thee, O Earth, the fragrance which. growing herbs and plants and
 waters carry,
 Shared by Apsarases, shared by Gandharvas therewith make thou me sweet: let no man hate
 me.
 Thy scent which entered and possessed the lotus, the scent which they prepared at Sūryā's
 bridal,
 Scent which Immortals Earth! of old collected, therewith make thou me sweet: let no man
 hate me.
 Thy scent in women and in men, the luck and light that is in. males,
 That is in heroes and in steeds in sylvan beasts and elephants,
 The splendid energy of maids, therewith do thou unite us,
 Earth! Let no man look on us with hate.
 Rock earth, and stone, and dust, this Earth is held together,. firmly bound.
 To this gold-breasted Prithivī mine adoration have I paid.
 Hither we call the firmly held, the all-supporting Prithivī,
 On whom the trees, lords of the wood, stand evermore immov- able.
 Sitting at ease or rising up, standing or going on our way.
 With our right foot and with our left we will not reel upon the earth.
 I speak to Prithivī the purifier, to patient Earth who groweth strong through Brahma.
 O Earth, may we recline on thee who bearest strength, increase, portioned share of food, and
 fatness.
 Purified for our bodies flow the waters: we bring distress on him who would attack us.
 I cleanse myself, O Earth, with that which cleanseth.
 Earth, be thine eastern and thy northern regions, those lying southward and those lying

westward.

Propitious unto me in all my movements. Long as I tread the ground let me not stumble.
Drive us not from the west or east, drive us not from the north or south,
Be gracious unto us, O Earth: let not the robbers find us; keep the deadly weapon far away.
Long as, on thee, I look around, possessing Sūrya as a friend,
So long, through each succeeding year, let not my power of vision fail.
When, as I lie, O Earth, I turn upon my right side and my left,
When stretched at all our length we lay our ribs on thee who meetest us.
Do us no injury there, O Earth who furnishest a bed for all.
Let what I dig from thee, O Earth, rapidly spring and grow again.
O Purifier, let me not pierce through thy vitals or thy heart.
Earth, may thy summer, and thy rains, and autumn, thy winter, and thy dewy frosts, and
spring-time.

May thy years, Prithivī! and ordered seasons, and day and night pour out for us abundance.
The purifier, shrinking from the Serpent, she who held fires that lie within the waters,
Who gives as prey the God-blaspheming Dasyus, Earth choosing
Indra for her Lord, not Vritra, hath clung to Sakra, to the
Strong and Mighty.

Base of the seat and sheds, on whom the sacrificial stake is reared,
On whom the Yajus-knowing priests recite their hymns and chant their psalms,
And ministers are busied that Indra may drink the Soma juice;
On whom the ancient Rishis, they who made the world, sang forth the cows,
Seven worshippers, by session, with their fervent zeal and sacrifice;
May she, the Earth, assign to us the opulence for which we yearn,
May Bhaga share and aid the task and Indra come to lead the way.
May she, the Earth, whereon men sing and dance with varied shout and noise,
Whereon men meet in battle, and the war-cry and the drum resound,
May she drive off our foemen, may Prithivī rid me of my foes.
On whom is food, barley and rice, to whom these Races Five belong,
Homage to her, P arjanya's wife, to her whose marrow is the rain!
Whose castles are the work of Gods, and men wage war upon her plain
The Lord of Life make Prithivī, who beareth all things in her womb, pleasant to us on every
side!

May Earth the Goddess, she who bears her treasure stored up in many a place, gold, gems,
and riches,
Giver of opulence, grant great possessions to us bestowing them with love and favour.
Earth, bearing folk of many a varied language with divers rites as suits their dwelling-places,
Pour, like a constant cow that never faileth, a thousand streams of treasure to enrich me!
Thy snake, thy sharply stinging scorpion, lying concealed, be- wildered, chilled with cold of
winter,
The worm, O Prithivī, each thing that in the Rains revives and stirs,
Creeping, forbear to creep on us! With all things gracious bless thou us.
Thy many ways on which the people travel, the road for car and wain to journey over,
Thereon meet both the good and bad, that pathway may we attain without a foe or robber.
With all things gracious bless thou us.
Supporting both the foolish and the weighty she bears the death both of the good and evil.
In friendly concord with the boar, Earth opens herself for the wild swine that roams the
forest.

All sylvan beasts of thine that love the woodlands, man-eaters,. forest-haunting, lions, tigers,
Hyena, wolf, Misfortune, evil spirit, drive from us, chase the demons to a distance.

Gandharvas and Apsarases, Kimīdins, and malignant sprites,
 Pisāchas all, and Rākshasas, these keep thou, Earth! afar from us.
 To whom the winged bipeds fly together, birds of each various kind, the swans, the eagles;
 On whom the Wind comes rushing, Mātariśvan, rousing the dust and causing trees to tremble,
 and flame pursues the blast. hither and thither;
 Earth, upon whom are settled, joined together, the night and day, the dusky and the ruddy,
 Prithivī compassed by the rain about her,
 Happily may she stablish us in each delightful dwelling place.
 Heaven, Earth, the realm of Middle Air have granted me this ample room,
 Agni, Sun, Waters, all the Gods have joined to give me mental power.
 I am victorious, I am called the lord superior on earth,
 Triumphant, all-o'erpowering the conqueror on every side
 There, when the Gods, O Goddess, named thee, spreading thy wide expanse as thou wast
 broadening eastward,
 Then into thee passed many a charm and glory: thou madest for thyself the world's four
 regions.
 In hamlets and in woodland, and in all assemblages on earth,
 In gatherings, meeting of the folk, we will speak glorious things of thee.
 As the horse scattereth the dust, the people who dwelt upon the land, at birth, she scattered,
 Leader and head of all the world, delightful, the trees' protectress and the plants' upholder.
 Whate'er I say I speak with honey-sweetness, whatever I behold for that they love me.
 Dazzling, impetuous am I: others who fiercely stir I slay.
 Mild, gracious, sweetly odorous, milky, with nectar in her breast,
 May Earth, may Prithivī bestow her benison, with milk, on me.
 Whom Visvakarman with oblation followed, when she was set in mid-air's billowy ocean
 A useful vessel, hid, when, for enjoyment, she was made mani- fest to those with mothers.
 Thou art the vessel that containeth people, Aditi, granter of the wish, far-spreading.
 Prajāpati, the first-born Son of Order, supplieth thee with what- soe'er thou lackest.
 Let thy breasts, free from sickness and Consumption, be.
 Prithivī, produced for our advantage.
 Through long-extended life wakeful and watching still may we be thy tributary servants.
 O Earth, my Mother, set thou me happily in a place secure.
 Of one accord with Heaven, O Sage, set me in glory and in wealth.

HYMN II

A funeral hymn, and deprecation of Agni the Consumer of corpses

This is no place to hold thee; mount the Nāda: this lead is thine appointed share. Come hither.
 Together with Consumption in the cattle, Consumption in our men, go hence, go southward.
 With this we chase and banish all consumptive malady and
 Death,
 With sinner and malicious man, with helper and with minister,
 Death and Misfortune we expel, Malignity we drive away.
 O Agni, thou who eatest not the corpse, eat him who hateth us: him whom we hate we send to
 thee.
 If the corpse-eating Agni, or a tiger leaving his lair, hath entered this our homestead,
 With beans prepared in butter I expel him: far let him go to fires that lie in waters.
 When, angered that a man hath died, we in our wrath have banished thee,
 That deed is easily set right through thee: we kindle thee again.
 Again have the Ādityas, Rudras, Vasus, the Brāhman, bringer of good things, O Agni,
 Again hath Brāhmanaspati disposed thee for long life lasting through a hundred autumns.

I sweep afar, for sacrifice to Fathers, corpse-eating Agni who hath come among us,
 Although he saw this other, Jātavedas: in loftiest space let him inflame the caldron.
 I drive corpse-eating Agni to a distance: sin-laden let him go to
 Yamas vassals.

Here let this other, Jātavedas, carry oblation to the Deities, fore-knowing.
 I quickly sweep away corpse-eating Agni, Death, with his bolt potdepriving men of motion.
 From household fire, well-knowing, I divide him: so in the world of Fathers be his portion.
 Corpse-eating Agni, toil-worn, meet for praises, I send away bypaths used by the Fathers.
 Stay there; keep watch among the Fathers: come not again to us by ways whereon Gods
 travel.

They being cleansed and bright, the purifiers, kindle Sankasuka for our well-being.
 Impurity leaveth us and sin departeth: lighted by the good cleanser Agni cleanseth.
 Agni the God, the Breaker-up, hath mounted to the heights of heaven.
 Released from all transgression, he hath from the curse delivered us.
 On Agni here, the Breaker-up, we wipe impurities away.
 Cleansed, fit for sacrifice have we become: may he prolong our lives.
 The Breaker-up, the Burster, the Destroyer, and the Silent One,
 These have expelled Consumption far, far off from thee ānd all thou hast,
 Corpse-eating Agni we expel, the Agni who bewilders men,
 Him who is in our horses, in our heroes, cows, and goats, and sheep:
 We drive thee forth to other folk, to alien cattle, alien steeds,
 Thee the corpse-eating Agni, thee the Agni who bewilders men,
 Whereon the Deities, whereon men too have purified themselves,
 Exalting fatness, cleanse thyself, Agni, therein and mount to heaven.
 O Agni, kindled and adored, turn not away to visit us.
 Shine brightly even there in heaven, so that we long may see the
 Sun.

Wipe all away on lead and reed, on Agni, him who breaketh up,
 Then on a black-hued sheep, and on a cushion pain that racks the head,
 Wipe off pollution, lay it in the lead and in the black-hued sheep,
 And headache in the cushion; then be cleansed and fit to sacrifice.
 Go onward, Death, pursue thy special pathway apart from that which Gods are wont to travel.
 To thee I say it who hast eyes and hearest: great grow the number of these men around us!
 Divided from the dead are these, the living: now is our calling on the Gods successful.
 We have gone forth for dancing and for laughter: may we with brave sons speak to the
 assembly.

Here I erect this rampart for the living: let none of these, none other, reach this limit.
 May they survive a hundred lengthened autumns, and may they bury Death beneath this
 mountain.

Live your full lives and find age delightful, all of you striving, one behind the other.
 May Tvashtar, maker of fair things, be gracious, and lead your whole lives on to full
 existence.

As the days follow days in close succession, as with the seasons duly come the seasons.
 As each successor fails not his foregoer, so constitute the lives of these, Ordainer!
 Gather your strength, my friends; the stream flows stony: acquit yourselves as men, and cross
 the river.

Abandon here the powers that were malignant, and let us cross to powers exempt from
 sickness.

Rise up erect, cross over, my companions: the stream is stony that flows here before us.
 Abandon here the powers that were ungracious, and let us cross to powers benign and

friendly.

Becoming pure and bright and purifying begin the Vaisvadevi strain for splendour..
May we rejoice, o'erpassing troublous places, with all our heroes through a hundred winters.
On pathways swept by wind, directed upward, passing beyond the lower, on the higher,
Thrice seven times have the Rishis, the Departed, forced Mrityu backward with the fastened
fetter.

Effecting Mrityu's footstep ye came hither, to further times pro- longing your existence,
Seated, drive Mrityu to his proper dwelling: then may we, living, speak to the assembly.
Let these unwidowed dames with goodly husbands adorn them- selves with fragrant balm and
unguent,

Decked with fair jewels, tearless, sound and healthy, first let the dames go up to where he
lieth.

I with oblation separate both classes, and with my prayer dis- part their several portions.
I offer food that wastes not to the Fathers, and to these men give life of long duration.
That Agni, Fathers! who, himself immortal, hath entered and possessed our mortal bosoms,
Even him I grasp and hold the God with me, Let him not hate us, may we never hate him.
When ye have left the household fire, with the Corpse-eater southward go.

Do that which is delightful to the Fathers, Brāhmans, and your- selves.

Agni, the banqueter on flesh, not banished, for the eldest son

Taketh a double share of wealth and spoileth it with poverty.

What man acquires by plough, by war, all that he wins by toil of hand,

He loses all if Agni the Carnivorous be not set aside,

Unholy, splendour-reft is he, his sacrifice unfit to eat. Krayād deprives of tilth of cow, of
riches him whom he pursues,

Oft as a greedy beggar speaks the mortal who has brought distress,

Those whom Carnivorous Agni close at hand runs after and detects.

When a dame's husband dies the house is tangled fast in

Grāhi's net.

A learned Brāhman must be sought to drive Carnivorous Agni, forth.

From any evil we have done, act of impurity or sin,

Let waters purge me and from all that comes from Agni

Breaker-up.

By pathways travelled by the Gods these waters, well-knowing, from below have mounted
upward.

High on the summit of the raining mountain the ancient rivers fresh and new are flowing.

Drive off Carnivorous Agni, thou Agni who eatest not the flesh; carry oblation paid to Gods.

The Flesh-eater hath entered him: he hath pursued the Flesh- eater.

Making two tigers different-wise, I bear away the ungracious one.

He who holds Gods within himself, the rampart and defence of men,

Agni, the sacred household fire, hath come and stands between them both.

Prolong the lives of those who live, O Agni, Let the dead go unto world of Fathers.

As goodly household fire burn up Arāti; give this man dawn brighter than all the mornings.

Subduing all our adversaries, Agni, give us their food, their strength and their possessions.

Grasp ye this Indra, furtherer, satisfier: he will release you from disgrace and trouble.

With him drive back the shaft that flies against you, with him. ward off the missile shot by
Rudra.

Seize with firm hold the Ox who boundeth forward: he will uplift you from disgrace and
trouble.

Enter this ship of Savitar; let us flee from poverty over all the six expenses.

Thou followest the day and night, supporting, standing, at peace, promoting, rich in heroes.

Long bearing undiseased and happy sleepers, be ours, O Bed, with smell of man about thee,
 They sever from the Gods, they live in sin and misery evermore,
 Those whom from very near at hand Carnivorous Agni casteth down as a horse tramples
 down the reeds.

The faithless, who from lust of wealth abide with him who feeds on flesh,
 For ever set upon the fire an alien caldron, not their own.

Forward in spirit would he fly, and often turns he back again,

Whomso Carnivorous Agni from anear discovers and torments.

Among tame beasts the black ewe is thy portion, and the bright lead is thine, they say, Flesh-
 eater!

Mashed beans have been assigned thee for oblation go seek the dark wood and the
 wildernesses.

I sought the rustling sugar-cane, white Seasamum, and cane and reed.

I made this Indra's fuel, and the Fire of Yama I removed.

Against the sinking western Sun I set them; each sundered path, knowing my way, I entered.

I have warned off the ghosts of the Departed: to these I give the boon of long existence.

HYMN III

An accompaniment to the preparation and presentation of sacrificial offerings by a
 householder and his wife, with prayer for prosperity and happiness on earth and in heaven

Mount, male from male, the skin. Go thither: summon those whom thou lovest, one and all,
 to meet thee,

Strong as ye were when first ye met each other, still be your strength the same in Yama's
 kingdom.

So strong your sight, so many be your powers, so great your force, your energies so many,
 When fire attends the body as its fuel, then may, ye gain full chargers, O ye couple.

Together in this world, in God-ward pathway, together be ye in the realms of Yama.

Invite, made pure with means of purifying, whatever seed of yours hath been developed.

Do ye, O sons, unite you with the waters, meeting this living man, ye life-sustainers,

Allot to them the Odana your mother is making ready, which they call immortal.

That which your mother and your sire, to banish sin and un- cleanness from their lips, are
 cooking.

That Odana with hundred streams, sky-reaching, hath in its might prevaded earth and heaven.

Live with your sons, when life on earth is ended, live in the sphere most rich in light and
 sweetness.

In skies that have been won by sacrificers make both the worlds, earth, heaven, your
 habitation.

Approach the eastern, yea: the eastern region, this is the sphere to which the faithful turn
 them,

Your cooked oblation that in fire was offered, together, wife and husband, meet to guard it.

Now, as your steps approach the southern quarter, move in. your circling course about this
 vessel.

Herein, accordant with the Fathers, Yama shall mightily protect your cooked oblation.

Best of the regions is indeed this western wherein the King and gracious Lord is Soma.

Thither resort for rest, follow the pious. Then gain the laden chargers, O ye couple.

Ever victorious is the northern region: may the east quarter set us first and foremost.

The Man became the five-divisioned metre. May we abide wit . all our members perfect.

This stedfast realm is Queen. To her be homage! To me and to my sons may she be gracious.

Guard thou, O Goddess Aditi, all-bounteous, our cooked oblation as an active warder.

Embrace us as a father clasps his children. Here on the Earth let kindly breezes fan us.

Let the rice-mess these two cook here, O Goddess, know this our truthfulness and zealous fervour.

If the dark bird hath come to us and, stealing the hanging. . morsel, settled in his dwelling,
Or if the slave-girl hath, wet-handed, smearing the pestle and the mortar, cleansed the waters,
This pressing-stone, broad-based and strength-bestowing, made pure by cleansing means,
shall chase the demon.

Mount on the skin: afford us great protection, Let not the sons' sin fall on wife and husband.
Together with the Gods, banning Pischas and demons, hath
Vanaspati come hither.

He shall rise up and send his voice out loudly. May we win all the worlds with him to help us.
Seven victims held the sacrificial essence, the bright one and the one that hath grown feeble.
The three-and-thirty Deities attend them. As such, conduct us io the world of Svarga.
Unto the world of Svarga shalt thou lead us: there may we dwell beside our wife and children.

I take thy hand Let not Destruction, let not Malignity come hither and subdue us.
We have subdued that sinful-hearted Grāhi. Thou shalt speak sweetly having chased the darkness.

Let not the wooden gear made ready fail us, nor harm the grain of rice that pays due worship.
Soon to be, decked with butter, all-embracing, come to this world wherewith birth unites thee.

Seize thou the winnowing-fan which rains have nourished, and let this separate the chaff and refuse.

Three worlds hath Power Divine marked out and measured,
Fheaven yonder, and the earth, and airs mid-region.

Grasp ye the stalks and in your hands retain them: let them be watered and again be winnowed.

Manifold, various are the shapes of victims. Thou growest uni- form by great abundance.
Push thou away this skin of ruddy colour: the stone will cleanse as one who cleanses raiment.
Earth upon earth I set thee. This thy body is con-substantial,. but in form it differs.
Whate'er hath been worn off or scratched in fixing, leak not thereat: I spread a charm to mend it.

Thou for thy son shalt yearn as yearns a mother. I lay thee down and with the earth unite thee.
Conjoined with sacrificial gear and butter may pot and jar stand firmly on the altar.

Eastward may Agni as he cooks preserve thee. Southward may

Indra, grit by Maruts, guard thee,

Varuna strengthen and support thee westward, and Soma on the north hold thee together.

Drops flow, made pure by filters, from the rain-cloud: to heaven and earth and to the worlds they travel,

May Indra light them up, poured in the vessel, lively and sted- fast, quickening living creatures.

From heaven they come, they visit earth, and rising from earth unite themselves with air's mid-region,

Purified, excellent, they with shine in beauty. Thus may they lead us to the world of Svarga.

Yea, and supreme, alike in conformation, and brilliant and refulgent and immortal,

As such, enjoined, well-guarding, water-givers, dress ye the

Odana for wife and husband.

Numbered, they visit earth, these drops of moisture, commensu- rate with plants and vital breathings,

Unnumbered, scattered, beautiful in colour, the bright, ones have pervaded all refulgence.

Heated, they rage and boil in agitation, they cast about their foam and countless bubbles

Like a fond woman when she sees her husband—what time ye waters and these rice-grains
 mingle,
 Take up these rice-grains lying at the bottom: led them be blent and mingled with the waters.
 This water I have measured in the vessel, if as mid-points the rice-grains have been meted.
 Present the sickle: quickly bring it hither. Let them out plants and joints with hands that harm
 not.
 So may the plants be free from wrath against us, they o'er whose realm Soma hath won
 dominion.
 Strew ye fresh grass for the boiled rice to rest on: fair let it be, sweet to the eye and spirit.
 Hither come Goddesses with Gods, and sitting here taste in proper season this oblation.
 On the strewn grass. Vanaspati, be seated; commensurate with
 Gods and Agnishtomas.
 Let thy fair form, wrought as by Tvashtar's hatchet, mark these that yearn for thee within the
 vessel.
 In sixty autumns may the Treasure-Guardian seek to gain heavenly light by cooked oblation.
 On this may sons and fathers live dependent. Send thou this mess to Fire that leads to heaven.
 On the earth's breast stand firmly as supporter: may Deities stir thee who ne'er hast shaken.
 So living man and wife with living children remove thee from the hearth of circling Agni.
 All wishes that have blessed those with fulfilment, having won all the worlds have met
 together.
 Let them plunge in both stirring-spoon and ladle: raise this and set it in a single vessel.
 Pour out the covering butter, spread it eastward: sprinkle this vessel over with the fatness.
 Greet this, ye Deities, with gentle murmur, as lowing cows wel- come their tender suckling.
 Thou hast poured oil and made the worlds: let heaven, unequal- led, be spread out in wide
 extension.
 Herein be cooked the buffalo, strong-pinioned: the Gods shall give the Deities this oblation.
 Whate'er thy wife, away from thee, makes ready, or what, O wife, apart from thee, thy
 husband,
 Combine it all: let it be yours in common while ye produce one world with joint endeavour.
 All these now dwelling on the earth, mine offspring, these whom, this woman here, my wife,
 hath borne me,
 Invite them all unto the vessel: knowing their kinship have the children met together.
 Swollen with savoury meath, the stream of treasures, sources of immortality blent with
 fatness
 Soma retains all these; in sixty autumns the Guardian Lord of
 Treasures may desire them.
 The Lord of Treasures may desire this treasure: lordless on. every side be all the others.
 Our mess, presented seeking heaven, hath mounted in three divisions all three realms of
 Svarga.
 May Agni burn the God-denying demon: let no carnivorous.
 Pis icha drink here.
 We drive him off, we keep him at a distance. Ādityas and
 Angirases pursue him!
 This meath do I announce, mingled with butter, to the Angi- rases and the Ādityas.
 With pure hands ne'er laid roughly on a Brahman go, pious. couple, to the world of Svarga.
 Of this have I obtained the noblest portion from that same world whence Parmeshthin gained
 it.
 Pour forth, besprinkle butter rich in fatness: the share of
 Angiras is here before us.
 To Deities, to Truth, to holy Fervour this treasure we consign,. this rich deposit,

At play, in meeting led it not desert us, never give out to anyone besides me.
 I cook the offering, I present oblation: only my wife attends the holy service.
 A youthful world, a son hath been begotten. Begin a life that brings success and triumph.
 There is no fault in this, no reservation, none when it goes with friends in close alliance.
 We have laid down this vessel in perfection: the cooked mess shall re-enter him who cooked it.
 To those we love may we do acts that please them. Away to darkness go all those who hate us!
 Cow, ox, and strength of every kind approach us! Thus let them banish death of human beings.
 Perfectly do the Agnis know each other, one visitor of plants and one of rivers,
 And all the Gods who shine and glow in heaven. Gold is the light of him who cooks oblation.
 Man hath received this skin of his from nature: of other animals not one is naked.
 Ye make him clothe himself with might for raiment. Odana's mouth is a home-woven vesture.
 Whatever thou may say at dice, in meeting, whatever falsehood through desire of riches,
 Ye two, about one common warp uniting, deposit all impurity within it.
 Win thou the rain: approach the Gods. Around thee thou from the skin shalt make the smoke rise upward.
 Soon to be, decked with butter, all-embracing, come to this world wherewith one birth unites thee.
 In many a shape hath heaven transformed its body, as in itself is known, of varied colour.
 Cleansing the bright, the dark form hath it banished: the red form in the fire to thee I offer.
 To the eastern region, to Agni the Regent, to Asita the Protector,
 Āditya the Archer, we present thee, this offering of ours. Do ye preserve it from aggression
 To full old age may Destiny conduct us; may full old age deliver us to Mrityu. Then may we be with our prepared oblation.
 To the southern region, to Indra the Regent, to Tiraschirāji the
 Protector, to Yama the Archer, we present, etc. (as in stanza 55)
 To the western region, to Varuna the Regent, to Pridāku the
 Protector, to Food the Archer, we present, etc.
 To the northern region, to Soma the Regent, to Svaja the Protector, to Thunderbolt the
 Archer, we present, etc.
 To the steadfast region, to Vishnu the Regent, to Kalmāshagriva the Protector, to Plants the
 Archers, we present, etc.
 To the upper region, to Brihaspati the Regent, to Svitra the
 Protector, to Rain the Archer, we present thee, this offering of ours. Do ye preserve it from
 aggression.
 To full old age may Destiny conduct us, may full old age deliver us to Mrityu. Then may we be with our prepared oblation.

HYMN IV

On the duty of giving cows to Brāhmans, and the sin and danger of withholding the gift
 Give the gift, shall be his word: and straightway they have bound the Cow
 For Brāhman priests who beg the boon. That bringeth sons and progeny.
 He trades and traffics with his sons, and in his cattle suffers loss.
 Who will not give the Cow of Gods to Rishis children when they beg.
 They perish through a hornless cow, a lame cow sinks them in a pit.
 Through a maimed cow his house is burnt: a one-eyed cow destroys his wealth.

Fierce fever where her droppings fall attacks the master of the kine.
 So have they named her Vasa, for thou art called uncontrollable.
 The malady Viklindu springs on him from ground whereon she stands,
 And suddenly, from fell disease, perish the men on whom she sniffs.
 Whoever twitches up her ears is separated from the Gods.
 He deems he makes a mark, but he diminishes his wealth thereby.
 If to his own advantage one applies the long hair of her tail,
 His colts, in consequence thereof, die, and the wolf destroys his calves.
 If, while her master owneth her, a carrion crow hath harmed her hair,
 His young boys die thereof, Decline o'ertakes them after fell disease.
 What time the Dāsi woman throws lye on the droppings of the
 Cow,
 Misshapen birth arises thence, inseparable from that sin.
 For Gods and Brāhmans is the Cow produced when first she springs to life,
 Hence to the priests must she be given: this they call guarding private wealth.
 The God-created Cow belongs to those who come to ask for her.
 They call it outrage on the priests when one retains her as his own.
 He who withholds the Cow of Gods from Rishis' sons who ask the gift
 Is made an alien to the Gods, and subject to the Brāhmans' wrath:
 Then let him seek another Cow, whate'er his profit be in this.
 The Cow, not given, harms a man when he denies her at their prayer.
 Like a rich treasure stored away in safety is the Brāhmans' Cow.
 Therefore men come to visit her, with whomsoever she is born.
 So when the Brāhmans come unto the Cow they come unto their own.
 For this is her withholding, to oppress these in another life.
 Thus after three years may she go, speaking what is not under- stood.
 He, Nārads! would know the Cow, then Brāhmans must be sought unto.
 Whoso calls her a worthless Cow, the stored-up treasure of the
 Gods,
 Bhava and Sarva, both of them, move round and shoot a shaft at him.
 The man who hath no knowledge of her udder and the teats thereof,
 She yields him milk with these, if he hath purposed to bestow the Cow.
 If he withholds the Cow they beg, she lies rebellious in his stall.
 Vain are the wishes and the hopes which he, withholding her, would gain.
 The Deities have begged the Cow, using the Brāhman as their mouth:
 The man who gives her not incurs the enmity of all the Gods.
 Withholding her from Brāhmans, he incurs the anger of the beasts,
 When mortal man appropriates the destined portion of the
 Gods.
 If hundred other Brāhmans beg the Cow of him who owneth her,
 The Gods have said, She, verily, belongs to him who knows the truth.
 Whoso to others, not to him who hath this knowledge, gives the
 Cow,
 Earth, with the Deities, is hard for him to win and rest upon.
 The Deities begged the Cow from him with whom at first she was produced:
 Her, this one, Nārada would know: with Deities he drove her forth.
 The Cow deprives of progeny and makes him poor in cattle who
 Retains in his possession her whom Brāhmans have solicited.
 For Agni and for Soma, for Kāma, Mitra and Varuna,
 For these the Brāhmans ask: from these is he who giveth not estranged.

Long as her owner hath not heard, himself, the verses, let her move
 Among his kine: when he hath heard, let her not make her home with him;
 He who hath heard her verses and still makes her roam among his kine.
 The Gods in anger rend away his life and his prosperity
 Roaming in many a place the Cow is the stored treasure of the
 Gods,
 Make manifest thy shape and form when she would seek her dwelling-place.
 Her shape and form she manifests when she would seek her dwelling-place;
 Then verily the Cow attends to Brāhman priests and their request.
 This thought he settles in his mind. This safely goeth to the
 Gods.
 Then verily the Brāhman priests approach that they may beg the
 Cow
 By Svadhā to the Fathers, by sacrifice to the Deities,
 By giving them the Cow, the Prince doth not incur the mother's wrath.
 The Prince's mother is the Cow: so was it ordered from of old.
 She, when bestowed upon the priests, cannot be given back, they say.
 As molten butter, held at length, drops down to Agni from the scoop,
 So falls away from Agni he who gives no Cow to Brāhman priests.
 Good milker, with rice-cake as calf, she in the world comes nigh to him,
 To him who gave her as a gift the Cow grants every hope and wish.
 In Yama's realm the Cow fulfils each wish for him who gave her up;
 But hell, they say, is for the man who, when they beg, bestow her not.
 Enraged against her owner roams the Cow when she hath been impregnated.
 He deemed me fruitless is her thought; let him be bound in, snares of Death!
 Whoever looking on the Cow as fruitless, cooks her flesh at home,
 Brihaspati compels his sons and children of his sons to beg.
 Downward she sends a mighty heat, though amid kine a Cow she roams.
 Poison she yields for him who owns and hath not given her away.
 The animal is happy when it is bestowed upon the priests:
 But happy is the Cow when she is made a sacrifice to Gods.
 Nārada chose the terrible Vilīpti out of all the cows Which the
 Gods formed and framed when they had risen up from sacrifice
 The Gods considered her in doubt whether she were a Cow or not.
 Mirada spake of her and said, The veriest Cow of cows is she.
 How many cows, O Nārada, knowest thou, born among man-kind
 I ask thee who dost know, of which must none who is no
 Brāhman eat?
 Vilīpti, cow, and she who drops no second calf, Brihaspati!
 Of these none not a Brāhmana should eat if he hope for eminence.
 Homage, O Nārada, to thee who hast quick knowledge of the cows.
 Which of these is the direst, whose withholding bringeth death to man?
 Vilīpti, O Brihaspati, cow, mother of no second calf—Of these none not a Brāhman should
 eat if he hope for eminence.
 Threefold are kine, Vilīpti, cow, the mother of no second calf:
 These one should give to priests, and he will not offend Prajāpati.
 This Brāhman! is your sacrifice: thus should one think when he is asked,
 What time they beg from him the Cow fearful in the withholder's house.
 He gave her not to us, so spake the Gods, in anger, of the Cow.
 With these same verses they addressed Bheda: this brought him to his death.

Solicited by Indra, still Bheda refused to give this Cow.
 In strife for victory the Gods destroyed him for that sin of his.
 The men of evil counsel who advise refusal of the Cow,
 Miscreants, through their foolishness, are subjected to Indra's wrath.
 They who seduce the owner of the Cow and say, Bestow her not.
 Encounter through their want of sense the missile shot by
 Rudra's hand.
 If in his home one cooks the Cow, sacrificed or not sacrificed.
 Wronger of Gods and Brāhmans' he departs, dishonest, from the world.

HYMN V

On the duty of giving cows to Brāhmans, and the sin and danger of withholding the gift
 Created by toil and holy fervour, found by devotion, resting in right;
 Invested with truth, surrounded with honour, compassed about with glory;
 Girt round with inherent power, fortified with faith, protected, by consecration, installed at
 sacrifice, the world her resting- place;
 Brahma her guide, the Brāhman her lord and ruler;
 Of the Kshatriya who taketh to himself this Brāhman's cow and oppreseth the Brāhman.
 The glory, the heroism, and the favouring fortune depart.
 The energy and vigour, the power and might the speech and mental strength, the glory and
 duty;
 Devotion and princely sway, kingship and people, brilliance and honour, and splendour and
 wealth;
 Long life and goodly form, and name and fame, inbreathing and expiration, and sight, and
 hearing;
 Milk and flavour, and food and nourishment, and right and truth, and action and fulfilment,
 and children and cattle;
 All these blessings of a Kshatriya depart from him when he oppreseth the Brāhman and
 taketh to himself the Brāhman's cow.
 Terrible is she this Brāhman's cow, and fearfully venomous, visibly witchcraft.
 In her are all horrors and all death.
 In her are all dreadful, deeds, all slaughters of mankind.
 This, the Brāhman's cow, being appropriated, holdeth bound in the fetter of Death the
 oppressor of the Brāhman, the blasphemous of the Gods.
 A hundred-killing bolt is she: she slays the Brāhman's injurer.
 Therefore the Brāhmans' cow is held inviolable by the wise.
 Running she is a thunderbolt, when driven away she is Vaisvā- nara;
 An arrow when she draweth up her hooves, and Mahādeva when she looketh around;
 Sharp as a razor when she beholdeth, she thundereth when she belloweth.
 Death is she when she loweth, and a fierce God when she whisketh her tail;
 Utter destruction when she moveth her ears this way and that,
 Consumption when she droppeth water;
 A missile when milking, pain in the head when milked;
 The taking away of strength when she approacheth, a hand-to- hand fighter when roughly
 touched;
 Wounding like an arrow when she is fastened by her mouth, contention when she is beaten;
 Fearfully venomous when falling, darkness when she hath fallen down.
 Following him, the Brāhman's cow extinguisheth the vital breath of the injurer of the
 Brāhman.
 Hostility when being cut to pieces, woe to children when the portions are distributed,

A destructive missile of Gods when she is being seized, misfortune when carried away;
 Misery while being additionally acquired, contumely and abuse while being put in the stall;
 Poison when in agitation, fever when seasoned with condiments;
 Sin while she is cooking, evil dream when she is cooked;
 Uprooting when she is being turned round, destruction when she hath been turned round;
 Discord by her smell, grief when she is being eviscerated: serpent with poison in its fang
 when drawn;
 Loss of power while sacrificially presented, humiliation when she hath been offered;
 Wrathful Sarva while being carved. Simidā when cut up:
 Poverty while she is being eaten. Destruction when eaten.
 The Brāhman's cow when eaten cuts off the injurer of Brāhman both from this world and
 from the world yonder.
 Her slaughter is the sin of witchcraft, her cutting-up is a thunder-bolt, her undigested grass is
 a secret spell.
 Homelessness is she when denied her rights.
 Having become Flesh-eating Agni the Brāhman's cow entereth into and devoureth the
 oppressor of Brāhman.
 She sunders all his members, joints, and roots.
 She cuts off relationship on the father's side and destroys maternal kinship.
 The Brāhman's cow, not restored by a Kshatriya, ruins the marriages and all the kinsmen of
 the Brāhman's oppressor.
 She makes him houseless, homeless, childless: he is extinguished without posterity to
 succeed him.
 . So shall it be with the Kshatriya who takes to himself the cow of the Brāhman who hath this
 knowledge.
 Quickly, when he is smitten down by death, the clamorous vultures cry:
 Quickly around his funeral fire dance women with dishevelled locks,
 Striking the hand upon the breast and uttering their evil shriek.
 Quickly the wolves are howling in the habitation where he lived:
 Quickly they ask about him, What is this? What thing hath happened here?
 Rend, rend to pieces, rend away, destroy, destroy him utterly.
 Destroy Angirasi! the wretch who robs and wrongs the Brahman, born.
 Of evil womb, thou witchcraft hid, for Vaisvadevi is thy name,
 Consuming, burning all things up, the thunderbolt of spell and charm.
 Go thou, becoming Mrityu sharp as razor's edge pursue thy course:
 Thou bearest off the tyrants' strength, their store of merit, and their prayers.
 Bearing off wrong, thou givest in that world to him who hath been wronged.
 O Cow, become a tracker through the curse the Brāhman hath pronounced,
 Become a bolt, an arrow through his sin, be terribly venomous.
 O Cow, break thou the head of him who wrongs the Brāhman, criminal, niggard, blasphemer
 of the Gods.
 Let Agni burn the spiteful wretch when crushed to death and slain by thee.
 Rend, rend to bits, rend through and through, scorch and consume and burn to dust,
 Consume thou, even from the root, the Brāhman's tyrant, god-like Cow!
 That he may go from Yama's home afar into the worlds of sin. its
 So, Goddess Cow, do thou from him, the Brāhman's tyrant, criminal, niggard, blasphemer of
 the Gods,
 With hundred-knotted thunderbolt, sharpened and edged with razor-blades,
 Strike off the shoulders and the head.
 Snatch thou the hair from off his head, and from his body strip the skin:

Tear out his sinews, cause his flesh to fall in pieces from his frame.
Crush thou his bones together, strike and beat the marrow out of him.
Dislocate all his limbs and joints.
From earth let the Carnivorous Agni drive him, let Vayu burn him from mid-air's broad
region.
From heaven let Sūrya drive him and consume him.

Book XIII

HYMN I

The glorification of Rohita, a form of Fire and of the Sun

Rise, Mighty One, who liest in the waters, and enter this thy fair and glorious kingdom.
Let Rohita who made this All uphold thee carefully nurtured for supreme dominion.
The strength that was in waters hath ascended. Mount o'er the tribes which thou hast generated.

Creating Soma, waters, plants and cattle, bring hitherward both quadrupeds and bipeds.
Ye Maruts, strong and mighty, sons of Prisni, with Indra for ally crush down our foemen.
Let Rohita, ye bounteous givers, hear you, thrice-seven Maruts who delight in sweetness!
Up to the lap of births, to lofty places, hath Rohita, the germ of Dames, ascended.
Conjoined with these he found the six realms: seeing his way in front here he received the kingship.

For thee hath Rohita obtained dominion, scattered thine enemies, become thy safeguard.
So by the potent Sakvaris let Heaven and Earth be milked to- yield thee all thy wishes.
Rohita gave the Earth and Heavens their being. There Para- meshtin held the cord extended.
Thereon reposeth Aja Ekapāda. He with his might hath stablished Earth and Heaven.
Rohita firmly stablished Earth and Heaven: by him was ether fixt by him the welkin.
He measured out mid air and all the regions: by him the Gods found life that lasts for ever.
Arranging shoots, springs, Rohita considered this Universe in all its forms and phases.
May he, gone up to heaven with mighty glory, anoint thy sovereignty with milk and fatness.
Thy risings up, thy mountings and ascensions wherewith thou fillest heaven and air's mid-region—

By prayer for these, by milk of these, increasing, in Rohita's kingdom watch, among his people.

The tribes thy heat produced have followed hither the Calf and Gāyatri, the strain that lauds him.

With friendly heart let them approach to serve thee, and the Calf Rohita come with his mother.

Erected, Rohita hath reached the welkin, wise, young, creating every form and figure.
Agni, refulgent with his heightened lustre, in the third realm hath brought us joy and gladness.

Thousand-horned Bull, may Jātavedas, worshipped with butter, balmed with Soma, rich in heroes,

Besought, ne'er quit me; may I ne'er forsake thee. Give me abundant men and herds of cattle.

Rohita is the sire and mouth of worship: to him with voice, ear, heart I pay oblation.

To Rohita come Gods with joyful spirit. May he by risings raise me till I join him.

Rohita ordered sacrifice for Visvakarman: thence have I obtained this strength and energy.

May I proclaim thee as my kin over the greatness of the world.

On thee have mounted Brihatī and Pankti. and Kakup with great splendour, Jātavedas!

The cry of Vashat with the voice uplifted and Rohita with seed on thee have mounted.

He goes into the womb of earth, he robes himself in heaven and air.

He on the Bright One's station hath reached heavenly light and all the worlds.

To us, Vāchaspati, may Earth be pleasant, pleasant our dwelling, pleasant be our couches.

Even here may Prāna be our friend: may Agni, O Parameshtin give thee life and splendour.

And those, Vāchaspati, our own five seasons, sacred to Visvakarman their creator.

Even here our friend be Prāna: Parameshthin, may Rohita vouchsafe the life and splendour.
 Breed, O Vāchaspati, joy and understanding, kine in our stall and children in our consorts.
 Even here may Prāna be our friend: may Agni, O Parameshthin, give thee life and splendour.
 With splendour let God Savitar, and Agni, with splendour
 Mitra, Varuna invest thee.
 Treading down all Malignities, come hither. Pleasant and' glorious hast thou made this
 kingdom.
 Rohita, car-borne by a speckled leader, thou, pouring water,. goest on in triumph.
 Golden, refulgent, lofty is the Lady, Rohinī, Rohita's devoted
 Consort.
 Through her may we win various spoil and booty, through her be conquerors in every battle.
 Rohita's seat is Rohinī before us: that is the path the speckled
 Mare pursueth.
 Kasyapas and Gandharvas lead her upward, and heavenly sages ever watch and guard her,
 Sūrya's bay steeds refulgent and immortal draw the light-rolling. chariot on for ever.
 Drinker of fatness, Rohita, resplendent, hath entered into various-coloured heaven,
 Rohita, Bull whose horns are sharply pointed, superior of Agni and of Sūrya,
 He who supports the sundered earth and heaven,—from him the
 Gods effect their own creations.
 Rohita rose to heaven from mighty ocean, Rohita rose and clomb all steeps and rises.
 Prepare the Milky One who teems with fatness: she is the Gods' never-reluctant milch-cow.
 Indra drink Soma: ours be peace and safety. Let Agni lead the laud, and chase our foemen.
 Both kindling and inflamed, adored with butter and enhanced thereby.
 May conquering Agni, conqueror of all, destroy mine enemies.
 Let him smite down in death and burn the foeman who attacketh me.
 Our adversaries we consume through Agni the Carnivorous.
 Beat them down, Indra, with thy bolt, beat them down, mighty with thine arm.
 I through the energy and force of Agni have secured my foes.
 Cast down our foes beneath our feet, O Agni. Brihaspati, oppress our rebel kinsman.
 Low let them fall, O Indra-Agni. Mitra-Varuna, powerless to show their anger.
 Ascending up on high, O God. O Sūrya, drive my foes away.
 Yea, beat them backward with the stone: to deepest darkness let them go.
 Calf of Virāj, the Bull of prayers and worship, whitebacked, he hath gone up to air's mid-
 region.
 Singing, they hymn the Calf, with gifts of butter: him who is
 Brahma they exalt with Brahma.
 Rise up to earth, rise up to heaven above it; rise up to opulence, rise up to kingship.
 Rise up to offspring, rise to life immortal; rise, and with Rohita unite thy body.
 With all the Gods who circle round the Sun, upholding royal sway,
 With all of these may Rohita accordant, give sovranity to thee with friendly spirit.
 Cleansed by prayer, sacrifices bear thee upward: bay coursers, ever travelling, convey thee.
 Thy light shines over sea and billowy ocean.
 Rohita, conqueror of cows and riches and gathered spoil, is heaven's and earth's upholder.
 Over earth's greatness would I tell my kinship with thee who hast a thousand births and
 seven.
 A glorious sight to beasts and men, thou goest glorious to the regions and mid-regions.
 On earth's, on Aditi's bosom, bright with glory. Fain would I equal Savitar in beauty.
 Thou, yonder, knowest all things here, when here thou knowest what is there.
 From here men see the sphere of light, Sūrya profoundly wise in heaven.
 A God, thou injurest the Gods: thou movest in the ocean's depth.

Men kindle common Agni: him only the higher sages know.
 Beneath the upper realm, above this lower, bearing her Calf at foot, the Cow hath risen
 Whitherward, to what place hath she departed? Where doth she calve? Not in this herd of
 cattle.
 She hath become one-footed or two-footed, four-footed, or eight-footed or nine-footed,
 This universe's thousand-syllabled Pankti Oceans flow forth from her in all directions.
 Rising to heaven, immortal, hear my calling. Cleansed by prayer, sacrifices bear thee upward.
 Bay coursers, ever on the road, convey thee.
 This, O Immortal One, I know of thee, thy progress to the sky thy dwelling-place in loftiest
 heaven.
 Beyond the sky, beyond the Earth looks Sūrya, and beyond the floods.
 The single eye of all that is; to mighty heaven hath he arisen.
 The earth was made his altar, and the wide expanses were the fence.
 There Rohita established both these Agnis, fervent heat and cold.
 He stablished heat and cold, he made the mountains sacrificial posts.
 Then both the Agnis, Rohita's who found celestial light, with rain for molten butter,
 sacrificed.
 Rohita's Agni-his who found heaven's light-is kindled with the prayer.
 From him the heat, from him the cold, from him the sacrifice was born.
 Both Agins-Rohita's who found the light of heaven—made strong by prayer,
 Waxing by prayer, adored with prayer, by prayer enkindled, sacrificed.
 One is deposited in Truth, one kindled in the waters: both
 Agnis of Rohita who found the light are set aflame with prayer.
 That decked by Wind, and that prepared by Indra Brāhman- aspati,
 Agnis of Rohita who found light, prayer-enkindled, sacrificed.
 Rohita made the earth to be his altar, heaven his Dakshinā.
 Then heat he took for Agni, and with rain for molten butter he created every living thing.
 The earth became an altar, heat was Agni, and the butter rain.
 There Agni made, by song and hymn, these mountains rise and stand erect.
 Then, having made the hills stand up, Rohita spake to Earth, and said:
 In thee let every thing be born, what is and what is yet to be.
 This sacrifice, the first of all, the past, the present, had its birth.
 From that arose this universe, yea, all this world of brightness, brought by Rohita the
 heavenly Sage.
 If thou should kick a cow, or by indecent act offend the Sun,
 Thy root I sever; nevermore mayst thou cast shadow on the ground.
 Thou who, between the fire and me, passest across the line of shade.
 Thy root I sever: nevermore mayst thou cast shadow on the ground.
 Whoe'er he be who, Sūrya, God! comes between thee and me to-day,
 On him we wipe away ill-dream, and troubles, and impurity.
 Let us not, Indra, leave the path, the Soma-presser's sacrifice.
 Let not malignities dwell with us.
 May we obtain, completely wrought, the thread spun out to reach the Gods,
 That perfecteth our sacrifice.

HYMN II

The glorification of the Sun as Āditya, Sūrya and Rohita

Radiant, refulgent in the sky are reared the banners of his light,
 Āditya's, who beholdeth man, mighty in act and bountiful.
 Let us laud him, the whole world's Herdsman, Sūrya, who with his rays illumines all the

regions,

Mark of the quarters, brightening them with lustre, swift, mighty-pinioned, flying in the ocean.

From west to east thou speedest freely, making by magic day and night of diverse colours.

This is Āditya, thy transcendent glory, that thou alone art born through all creation.

Victorious, inspired, and brightly shining, whom seven strong tawny-coloured coursers carry,

Whom Atri lifted from the flood to heaven, thus men behold thee as thy course thou runnest.

Let them not snare thee speeding on thy journey: pass safely, swiftly places hard to traverse,

While measuring out the day and night thou movest—O Sūrya, even Heaven and Earth the Goddess.

Hail to thy rapid car whereon, O Sūrya, thou circlest in a moment both the limits,

Whirled by thy bay steeds, best of all at drawing, thy hundred horses or seven goodly coursers!

Mount thy strong car, O Sūrya, lightly rolling, drawn by good steeds, propitious, brightly gleaming,

Whirled by thy bays, most excellent at drawing, thy hundred horses or seven goodly coursers.

Sūrya hath harnessed to his car to draw him seven stately bay steeds gay with wolden housings.

The Bright One started from the distant region: dispelling gloom the God hath climbed the heavens.

With lofty banner hath the God gone upward, and introduced the light, expelling darkness.

He hath looked round on all the worlds, the Hero, the son of

Aditi, Celestial Eagle.

Rising, thou spreadest out thy rays, thou nourishest all shapes and forms.

Thou with thy power illumest both the oceans, encompassing all spheres with thy refulgence.

Moving by magic power to east and westward, these two young creatures, sporting, circle ocean.

One of the pair beholds all living creatures: with wheels of gold the bay steeds bear the other.

Atri established thee in heaven. O Surya, to create the month.

So on thou goest, firmly held, heating, beholding all that is.

As the Calf both his parents so thou joinest both the distant bounds,

Surely the Gods up yonder knew this sacred mystery long ago.

Sūrya is eager to obtain all wealth that lies along the sea,

Great is the course spread out for him, his eastward and his westward path.

He finishes his race with speed and never turns his thought aside,

Thereby he keeps not from the Gods enjoyment of the Drink of Life.

His heralds bear him up aloft, the God who knoweth all that live,

Sūrya, that all may look on him.

The Constellations pass away, like thieves, departing in the night.

Before the all-beholding Sun.

His herald rays are seen afar refulgent o'er the world of men,

Like flames of fire that burn and blaze.

Swift and all-beautiful art thou, O Sūrya, maker of the light,

Illuming all the radiant realm.

Thou goest to the hosts of Gods, thou comest hither to mankind,

Hither, all light to behold.

With that same eye of thine wherewith thou seest, brilliant

Varuna.

The active one among mankind,

Traversing sky and wide mid-air, thou metest with thy beams our days,
 Sun, seeing all things that have life.
 Seven bay steeds harnessed to thy car bear thee, O thou far- seeing One,
 God, Sūrya, with the radiant hair.
 Sūrya, hath yoked the pure bright seven, the daughters of the car, with these,
 His own dear team, he travelleth.
 Devout, aflame with fervent heat, Rohita hath gone up to heaven.
 He is re-born, returning to his birthplace, and hath become the
 Gods' imperial ruler.
 Dear unto all men, facing all directions, with hands and palms on every side extended,
 He, the sole God, engendering earth and heaven, beareth them with his wings and arms
 together.
 The single-footed hath outstepped the biped, the biped overtakes the triple-footed.
 The biped hath outstridden the six-footed: these sit around the single-footed's body.
 When he, unwearied, fain to go, hath mounted his bays, he makes two colours, brightly
 shining.
 Rising with banners, conquering the regions, thou sendest light through all the floods, Āditya.
 Verily, Sūrya, thou art great: truly, Āditya, thou art great.
 Great is thy grandeur, Mighty One: thou, O Āditya, thou art great.
 In heaven, O Bird, and in mid-air thou shinest: thou shinest on the earth and in the waters.
 Thou hast pervaded both the seas with splendour: a God art thou, O God, light-winner,
 mighty.
 Soaring in mid-course hither from the distance, fleet and inspired, the Bird that flies above
 us,
 With might advancing Vishnu manifested, he conquers all that moves with radiant banner:
 Brilliant, observant, mighty Lord, an Eagle illuming both the spheres and air between them.
 Day and the Night, clad in the robes of Sūrya, spread forth more widely all his hero powers.
 Flaming and radiant, strengthening his body, bestowing floods that promptly come to meet
 us,
 He, luminous, winged, mighty, strength-bestower, hath mounted all the regions as he forms
 them.
 Bright presence of the Gods, the luminous herald Sūrya hath mounted the celestial regions.
 Day's maker, he hath shone away the darkness, and radiant, passed o'er places hard to
 traverse.
 He hath gone up on high, the Gods' bright presence, the eye of
 Mitra, Varuna and Agni.
 The soul of all that moveth not or moveth, Sūrya hath filled the earth and air and heaven,
 High in the midst of heaven may we behold thee whom men call
 Savitar, the bright red Eagle,
 Soaring and speeding on thy way, refulgent, unwasting light which Atri erst discovered.
 Him, Son of Aditi, an Eagle hasting along heaven's height, I supplicate in terror,
 As such prolong our lengthened life, O Sūrya: may we, unharmed, enjoy thy gracious
 favour.
 This gold-hued Hansa's wings, soaring to heaven, spread o'er a thousand days' continued
 journey
 Supporting all the Gods upon his bosom, he goes his way behold- ing every creature.
 Rohita, in primeval days Prajāpati, was, after, Time, Mouth of all sacrifices, he, Rohita,
 brought celestial light.
 He, Rohita, became the world: Rohita gave the heaven its heat.
 Rohita with his beams of light travelled along the earth and sea.

To all the regions Rohita came, the imperial Lord of heaven.
 He watches over ocean, heaven, and earth and all existing things.
 Mounting the lofty ones, he, bright, unwearied, splendidly shining, makes two separate colours,
 While through all worlds that are he sends his lustre, radiant, observant, mighty, wind-approacher.
 One form comes on, the other is reverted: to day and night the Strong One shapes and fits him.
 With humble prayer for aid we call on Sūrya, who knows the way, whose home is in the region.
 The suppliant's way, filling the earth, the Mighty circleth the world with eye that none deceiveth.
 May he, all-seeing, well-disposed and holy, give ear and listen to the word I utter.
 Blazing with light his majesty hath compassed ocean and earth and heaven and air's mid-region.
 May he, all-seeing, well-disposed and holy, give ear and listen to the word I utter.
 Agni is weakened by the people's fuel to meet the Dawn who cometh like a milch-cow,
 Like young trees shooting up on high their branches, his flames are mounting to the vault of heaven.

HYMN III

A glorification of Rohita. with a malediction on the man who wrongs a Brāhman

He who engendered these, the earth and heaven, who made the worlds the mantle that he weareth,
 In whom abide the six wide-spreading regions through which the Bird's keen vision penetrateth,
 This God is wroth offended by the sinner who wrongs the Brāhman who hath gained this knowledge
 Agitate him, O Rohita; destroy him: entangle in thy snares the Brāhman's tyrant.
 He from whom winds blow pure in ordered season, from whom the seas flow forth in all directions,
 This God, etc.
 He who takes life away, he who bestows it; from whom comes breath to every living creature,
 This God, etc.
 Who with the breath he draws sates earth and heaven, with expiration fills the ocean's belly,
 This God, etc.
 In whom Virāj, Prajāpati, Parameshthin, Agni Vaisvānara abide with Pankti,
 He who hath taken to himself the breathing of the Supreme, the vigour of the Highest,
 This God, etc.
 On whom rest six expenses and five regions, four waters, and three syllables of worship,
 He who hath looked between both spheres in anger,
 This God, etc.
 He who, consuming food, became its master, the Lord of Prayer, the Regent of Devotion,
 The world's Lord, present and to be hereafter,
 This God, etc.
 He who metes out the thirteenth month, constructed with days and nights, containing thirty members,
 This God, etc.

Dark the descent; the strong-winged birds are golden: they fly aloft to heaven, enrobed in waters.

They have come hither from the seat of Order,

This God, etc.

What silver. Kasyapa, thou hast refulgent, what brightly-shining lotus-flower collected, Wherein are gathered seven Suns together,

This God, etc.

In front the Brihat-Sāman is his mantle, and from behind

Rathantara enfolds him,

Ever with care robing themselves in splendour.

This God, etc.

One of his wings was Brihat, and the other Rathantarr., vigorous with one same purpose,

What time the Gods gave Rohita his being.

This God, etc.

At evening he is Varuna and Agni, ascending in the morning he is Mitra.

As Savitar, he moves through air's mid region, as Indra warms- the heavens from the centre.

This God, etc.

This gold-hued Harisa's wings, soaring to heaven spread o'er a thousand days' continued journey.

Supporting all the Gods upon his bosom, he goes his way beholding every creature.

This God, etc.

This is the God who dwells-within the waters, the thousand- rooted, many-powered Atri,

He who brought all this world into existence.

This God; etc.

With flying feet his tawny coursers carry the bright God through, the sky, aglow with splendour.

Whose limbs uplifted fire and heat the heavens: hither he shines- with beams of golden colour.

This God, etc.

He beside whom his bay steeds bear the Ādityas, by whom as sacrifice go many knowing.

The sole light shining spread through various places.

This God, etc.

This seven make the one-wheeled chariot ready: bearing seven names the single courser draws it.

The wheel, three-naved, is sound and undecaying: thereon these worlds of life are all dependent.

This God, etc.

Eight times attached the potent Courser draws it, Sire of the

Gods, father of hymns and praises.

So Mātariśvan, measuring in spirit the thread of Order, purifies all regions.

This God, etc.

The thread that goes through all celestial quarters within the

Gāyatri, womb of life eternal.

This God, etc.

There are the settings, three the upward risings, three are the- spaces, yea, and three the heavens.

We know thy triple place of birth, O Agni, we know the deities' triple generations.

He who, as soon as born, laid broad earth open, and set the ocean in the air's mid-region, This God, etc.

Thou, Agni, kind with lights and mental powers, hast up in heaven shone as the Sun,

enkindled.

The Maruts, sons of Prisni, sang his praises what time the Gods gave Rohita his being. This God, etc.

Giver of breath, giver of strength and vigour, he whose commandment all the Gods acknowledge,

He who is Lord of this, of man and cattle, This God, etc.

The single-footed hath outstepped the biped, the biped overtakes the triple-footed.

The quadruped hath wrought when bipeds called him, standing and looking on the five collected.

This God is wroth offended by the sinner that wrongs the Brāhman who hath gained this knowledge.

Agitate him, O Rohita; destroy him: entangle in thy snares the Brāhman's tyrant.

Born is the darksome Mother's Son, the whitely shining Calf of Night.

He, Rohita, ascendeth up to heaven, hath mounted to the heights.

HYMN IV

A glorification of the Sun as the only Deity

Down looking, on the ridge of sky Savitar goes to highest heaven.

To misty cloud filled with his rays Mahendra goes encompassed round.

Creator and Ordainer, he is Vāyu, he is lifted cloud.

Rudra, and Mahādeva, he is Aryaman and Varuna.

Agni is he, and Siirya, he is verily Mahāyama.

Calves, joined, stand close beside him, ten in number, with one single head.

From west to east they bend their way: when he mounts up he shines afar.

His are these banded Maruts: they move gathered close like porters' thongs.

To misty cloud filled with his rays Mahendra goes encompassed round,

His are the nine supports, the casks set in nine several places here.

He keepeth watch o'er creatures, all that breatheth and that breatheth not.

This conquering might hath entered him, He is the sole the simple One, the One alone.

In him these Deities become simple and One

Renown and glory, and force and cloud, the Brāhman's splendour, and food, and nourishment,

To him who knoweth this God as simple and one.

Neither second, nor third, nor yet fourth is he called;

He is called neither fifth, nor sixth, nor yet seventh

He is called neither eighth, nor ninth, nor yet tenth.

He watcheth over creatures, all that breatheth and that breatheth not.

This conquering might hath entered him. He is the sole, the simple One, the One alone,

In him these Deities become simple and One

Devotion and Religious Fervour, and renown and glory, and force and cloud, the Brāhman's splendour, and food and nourishment.

And past and future, and Faith and lustre, and heaven and sweet oblation,

To him who knoweth this God as simple and One.

He, verily, is death, he is immortality, he is the monster, he is the fiend.

He is Rudra, winner of wealth in the giving of wealth; in uttering homage he is the sacrificial exclamation Vashat duly employed.

All sorcerers on earth obey with reverence his high behest.

All constellations yonder, with the Moon, are subject to his will.

He was brought forth from Day: and Day derives his origin. from him.
 He was brought forth from Night: and Night derives her origins from him.
 He was produced from Air: and Air derives its origin from him.
 He was produced from Wind: and Wind derives his origin from. him.
 From Heaven was he produced: and Heaven derives his origin from him.
 He sprang from regions of the sky: from him the heavenly regions sprang.
 He is the offspring of the Earth: Earth hath her origin from him.
 He was produced from fire: and fire derives its origin from him.
 He is the waters' offspring: and from him the waters were produced.
 From holy verses was he born: from him the holy verses sprang.
 He is the son of sacrifice: and sacrifice was born from him.
 Sacrifice, sacrifice's Lord, he was made head of sacrifice.
 He thundereth, he lighteneth, he casteth down the thunder-stone
 For misery or happiness, for mortal man or Asura.
 Whether thou formest growing plants, or sendest rain for happiness, or hast increased the race
 of man,
 Such is thy greatness, liberal Lord! A hundred bodily forms are thine.
 Millions are in thy million, or thou art a billion in thyself.
 Stronger than immortality is Indra: stronger thou than deaths;
 Yea, stronger than Malignity art thou, O Indra, Lord of Might.
 Calling thee Master, Sovran Chief, we pay our reverence to thee.
 Worship to thee whom all behold! Regard me, thou whom all regard,
 With food, and fame, and vigour, with the splendour of a
 Brāhman's rank
 We pay thee reverence calling thee strength, power, and might, and conquering force.
 We pay thee reverence calling thee red power, the silvery expanse.
 We pay thee reverence calling thee vast, wide, the good, the universe.
 We pay thee reverence, calling thee extension, compass, width, and world.
 We pay thee reverence, calling thee rich, opulent in this and that, with wealth unceasing and
 secure
 Worship to thee whom all behold! Regard me, thou whom all regard.
 With food, and fame, and vigour, with the splendour of a
 Brāhman's rank.

Book XIV

HYMN I

On the Bridal of Sūryā, marriage ceremonies in general

Truth is the base that bears the earth; by Sūrya are the heavens upheld.
 By Law the Ādityas stand secure, and Soma holds his place in heaven.
 By Soma are the Ādityas strong, by Soma mighty is the earth:
 Thus Soma in the lap of all these constellations hath his home.
 One thinks, when men have brayed the plant, that he hath drunk the Soma's juice.
 Of him whom Brāhmans truly know as Soma never mortal eats.
 When they begin to drink thee, then, O God, thou swellest out again.
 Vāyu in Soma's sentinel. The month is that which shapes the years.
 Soma, preserved by covering rules, guarded by hymns in Brihaṭī,
 Thou standest listening to the stones; none tastes of thee who dwells on earth.
 Thought was her coverlet, the power of sight was unguent for her eyes:
 Her treasure-chest was earth and heaven, when Sūryā went unto her lord.
 Raibhi was her dear bridal friend, and Nārāsatisi led her home.
 Lovely to see was Sūryā's robe: by Gāthā beautified she moves
 Songs were the cross-bars of the pole, Kurira metre docked her head.
 Both Asvins were the paranymphs: Agni was leader of the train.
 Soma was he who wooed the maid: the groomsmen were both.
 Asvins, when
 The Sun-God Savitar bestowed his willing Sūryā on her lord.
 Her spirit was the bridal car, the canopy thereof was heaven:
 Two radiant oxen formed the team when Sūryā came unto her lord.
 Steadily went the steers upheld by holy verse and song of praise,
 The chariot-wheels were listening ears: thy path was tremulous in the sky.
 Pure, as thou wentest, were thy wheels, breath was the axle pier- cing them.
 Sūryā advancing to her lord rode on the chariot of her heart.
 The bridal pomp of Sūryā, which Savitar started, moved along.
 In Maghā days are oxen slain, in Phalgunis they wed the bride.
 When on your three-wheeled chariot, O ye Asvins, ye came as suitors unto Sūrya's bridal,
 Where was one chariot-wheel of yours? Where stood ye for the sire's command?
 Twin Lords of Lustre, at the time when ye to Sūryā's wooing came,
 Then all the Gods agreed to your proposal Pūshan as son elected you as father.
 Two wheels of thine the Brāhmans know, Sūrya! according to their times.
 That which is hidden only those who know the highest truths have learned.
 Worship we pay to Aryaman, finder of husbands, kindly friend.
 As from its stalk a cucumber, from here I loose thee, not from there
 Hence and not thence I send her free. I make her softly fettered there.
 That, bounteous Indra! she may live blest in her fortune and her sons.
 Now from the noose of Varuna I free thee, where with the bless- ed Savitar hath bound thee.
 May bless be thine together with thy wooer in Order's dwelling, in the world of virtue.
 Let Bhaga take thy hand and hence conduct thee: let the two
 Asvins on their car transport thee.
 Go to the house to be the household's mistress, and speak as lady to thy gathered people.
 Happy be thou and prosper with thy children here: be vigilant to rule the household in this

home.

Closely unite thy body with this man thy lord. So shalt thou, full of years, address thy company.

Be not divided; dwell ye here; reach the full time of human life.

With sons and grandsons sport and play, rejoicing in your happy home.

Moving by magic power from east to westward, these children twain go sporting round the ocean.

The one beholds all creatures: thou, the other, art born anew, duly arranging seasons.

Thou, born afresh, art new and new for ever; ensign of days, before the Dawns thou goest.

Coming, thou orderest for Gods their portion. Thou lengthenest,

Moon, the days of our existence.

Give thou the wollen robe away: deal treasure to the Brāhman- priests.

This Witchery hath got her feet: the wife attendeth on her lord.

It turneth dusky-red: the witch who clingeth close is driven off.

Well thrive the kinsmen of this bride: the husband is bound fast in bonds.

Unlovely is his body when it glistens with that wicked fiend,

What time the husband wraps about his limbs the garment of his wife.

The butchering, the cutting-up, the severing of limb and joint—

Behold the forms which Sūryā wears: yet these the Brāhman purifies,

Pungent is this, bitter is this, filled as it were with arrow barbs, empoisoned and not fit for use.

The Brāhman who knows Sūryā well deserves the garment of the bride.

The Brāhman takes away the robe as a fair thing that brings good luck.

He knows the expiating rite whereby the wife is kept unharmed.

Prepare, ye twain, happy and prosperous fortune, speaking the truth in faithful utterances.

Dear unto her, Brihaspati, make the husband, and pleasant be these words the wooer speaketh.

Remain ye even here and go no farther: strengthen this man, ye

Cows, with plenteous offspring.

May Dawns that come for glory, bright with Soma, here may all

Gods fix and enchant your spirits.

Come, O ye Cows, with offspring dwell around him: he doth not stint the Gods' allotted portion.

To him, your friend, may Pūshan, all the Maruts, to him may

Dhatar, Savitar send vigour.

Straight in direction be the paths, and thornless, whereby our fellows travel to the wooing.

With Bhaga and with Aryaman Dhātar endue the pair with strength!

Whatever lustre is in dice, whatever lustre is in wine,

Whatever lustre is in cows, Asvins, endue this dame therewith.

With all the sheen that balmeth wine, or thigh of female para- mour,

With all the sheen that balmeth dice, even with this adorn the dame.

He who in water shines unfed with fuel, whom sages worship in their sacrifices.

May he, the Waters' Child, send us sweet waters those that enhanced the power of mighty Indra.

I cast away a handful here, hurtful, injurious to health.

I lift another handful up, sparkling and bringing happiness.

Hither let Brāhmans bring her bathing water; let them draw such as guards the lives of heroes.

Aryaman's fire let her encircle, Pūshan! Fathers-in-law stand, with their sons, expectant.

Blest be the gold to thee, and blest the water, blest the yoke's opening, and blest the pillar.

Blest be the waters with their hundred cleansings: blest be thy body's union with thy husband.

Cleansing Apālā, Indra! thrice, thou gavest sunbright skin to her
Drawn, Satakratu! through the hole of car, of wagon, and of yoke.

Saying thy prayer for cheerfulness, children, prosperity, and wealth,
Devoted to thy husband, gird thyself for immortality.

As vigorous Sindhu won himself imperial lordship of the streams,
So be imperial queen when thou hast come within thy husband's home.

Over thy husband's fathers and his brothers be imperial queen.

Over thy husband's sister and, his mother bear supreme control.

They who have spun, and woven, and extended Goddesses who have drawn the ends
together,

May they invest thee for full long existence. Heiress of lengthen- ed life, endue this garment,
They mourn the living, they arrange the sacred rite: the men have set their thoughts upon a
distant cast:

They who have brought the Fathers this delightful gift, when wives allowed their lords the
joy of their embrace.

I place upon the lap of Earth the Goddess, a firm auspicious stone to bring thee children.

Stand on it, thou, greeted with joy, resplendent: a long long life may Savitar vouchsafe thee.

As Agni in the olden time took the right hand of this our Earth.

Even so I take and hold thy hand: be not disquieted, with me, with children and with store of
wealth.

God Savitar shall take thy hand, and Soma the King shall make thee rich in goodly offspring,

Let Agni, Lord Omniscient, make thee happy, till old old age a wife unto thy husband.

I take thy hand in mine for happy fortune that thou mayst reach old age with me thy consort,
Gods, Aryaman, Bhaga, Savitar, Purandhi, have given thee to be my household's mistress.

Bhaga and Savitar the God have clasped that hand of thine in theirs,

By rule and law thou art my wife: the master of thy house am I.

Be it my care to cherish her: Brihaspati hath made thee mine.

A hundred autumns live with me thy husband, mother of my sons!

Tvashtar, by order of the holy sages, hath laid on her Brihas- pati's robe for glory,

By means of this let Savitar and Bhaga surround this dame, like

Sūryā, with her children.

May Indra-Agni, Heaven-Earth, Mātarisvan, may Mitra-Varuna,

Bhaga, both the Asvins,

Brihaspati, the host of Maruts, Brahma, and Soma magnify this dame with offspring.

It was Brihaspati who first arranged the hair on Sūryā's head,

And therefore, O ye Asvins, we adorn this woman for her lord.

This lovely form the maiden wears in spirit I long to look on as my wife approaching,

Her will I follow with my nine companions. Who is the sage that loosed the bonds that held
her?

I free her: he who sees, within my bosom, my heart's nest knows how her fair form hath
struck me.

I taste no stolen food: myself untying Varuna's nooses I am freed in spirit.

Now from the bond of Varuna I loose thee, wherein the blessed

Savitar hath bound thee.

O bride, I give thee here beside thy husband fair space and room and pleasant paths to travel.

Lift up your weapons. Drive away the demons. Transport this woman to the world of virtue.

Dilator, most wise, hath found for her a husband. Let him who knows, King Bhaga, go before
her.

Bhaga hath formed the four legs of the litter, wrought the four pieces that compose the framework.

Tvashtar hath decked the straps that go across it, May it be blest, and bring us happy fortune. Mount this, all-hued, gold tinted, strong wheeled, fashioned of

Kinsuka, this chariot lightly rolling,

Bound for the world of life immortal, Sūryā! Made for thy lord a happy bride's procession.

To us, O Varuna, bring her, kind to brothers; bring her, Brihas- pati, gentle to the cattle.

Bring her, O Indra, gentle to her husband: bring her to us, O

Savitar, blest with children.

Hurt not the girl, ye Pillars twain upon the path which Gods have made.

The portal of the heavenly home we make the bride's auspicious road.

Let prayer he offered up before and after, prayer in the middle, lastly, all around her.

Reaching the Gods' inviolable castle shine in thy lord's world gentle and auspicious.

HYMN II

On the Bridal of Sūryā, marriage ceremonies in general, continued

For thee with bridal train they first escorted Sūryā to her home,

Give to the husband in return, Agni, the wife with future sons.

Agni hath given the bride again with splendour and a lengthened. life.

Long-lived be he who is her lord: a hundred autumns let him live.

She was the wife of Soma first: next the Gandharva was thy lord.

Agni was the third husband: now one born of woman is thy fourth.

Soma to the Gandharva, and to Agni the Gandharva gave.

Now, Agni hath bestowed on me riches and sons and this my bride.

Your favouring grace hath come, ye who are rich in spoil!

Asvins, your longings are stored up within your hearts.

Ye, Lords of Splendour have become our twofold guard: may we as dear friends reach the dwelling of the friend.

Thou, Dame, rejoicing, take with kindly spirit wealth worthy to be famed, with all thy heroes.

Give, Lords of Light a fair ford, good to drink at: remove the spiteful stump that blocks the pathway.

May all the Rivers, all the Plants, may all the Forests, all the Fields,

O Bride, protect thee from the fiend, guard his sons' mother for her lord.

Our feet are on this pleasant path, easy to travel, bringing bliss,

Whereon no hero suffers harm, which wins the wealth of other men.

Here these my words, ye men, the benediction through which the wedded pair have found high fortune.

May the divine Apsarases, Gandharvas, all they who are these fruitful trees' protectors,

Regard this bride with their auspicious, favour, nor harm the nuptial pomp as it advances.

Consumptions, which, through various folk, attack the bride's resplendent train,

These let the holy Gods again bear to the place from which they sprang.

Let not the highway thieves who lie in ambush find the wedded pair.

Let wicked men's malignities go elsewhere by an easy path.

I look upon the house and bride's procession with prayer and with the gentle eye of friendship.

All that is covered there in perfect beauty may Savitar make pleasant to the husband.

She hath come home this dame come home to bless us: this her appointed world hath Dhātār shown her.

So may Prajāpati, and both the Asvins, Aryaman, Bhaga gladden her with offspring.

This dame hath come, an animated corn-field: there sow, thou man, the seed of future harvest.

She from her teeming side shall bear thee children, and feed them from the fountain of her bosom.

Take thou thy stand, a Queen art thou, like Vishnu here,
Sarasvati!

O Sinivali, let her bear children, and live in Bhaga's grace.

So let your wave bear up the pins, and ye, O Waters, spare the thongs;

And never may the holy pair, sinless and innocent, suffer harm.

Not evil-eyed no slayer of thy husband, be strong, mild, kind, and gentle to thy household.

Mother of heroes, love thy husband's father: be happy, and through thee may we too prosper.

No slayer of thy husband or his father, gentle and bright, bring blessing on the cattle.

Loving thy husband's father, bring forth heroes. Tend well this household fire: be soft and pleasant.

Up and begone! What wish hath brought thee hither from thine own house? Thy mightier, I conjure thee.

Vain is the hope, O Nirriti, that brought thee. Fly off, Malignity; stay here no longer.

As first of all this woman hath adored the sacred household fire.

So do thou, Dame, pay homage to the Fathers and Sarasvati.

Take thou this wrapper as a screen, to be a covering for the bride

O Sinivali, let her bear children, and live in Bhaga's grace.

Let her who shall be blest with sons, the maid who finds a husband, step

Upon the rough grass that ye spread and on the skin ye lay beneath.

Over the ruddy-coloured skin strew thou the grass, the Balbuja.

Let her, the mother of good sons, sit there and serve this Agni here.

Step on the skin and wait upon this Agni: he is the God who drives away all demons.

Here bear thou children to this man thy husband: let this thy boy be happy in his birthnight.

Let many babes of varied form and nature spring in succession from this fruitful mother.

Wait on this fire, thou bringer of good fortune. Here with thy husband serve the Gods with worship.

Bliss-bringer, furthering thy household's welfare, dear gladdening thy husband and his father, enter this home, mild to thy husband's mother.

Be pleasant to the husband's sire, sweet to thy household and thy lord,

To all this clan be gentle, and favour these men's prosperity.

Signs of good fortune mark the bride. Come all of you and look at her.

Wish her prosperity: take on you her evil lucks and go your way.

Ye youthful maidens, ill-disposed, and all ye ancient woman here,

Give all your brilliance to the bride, then to your several homes depart!

Sūryā the child of Savitar mounted for high felicity Her litter with its cloth of gold, wearing all forms of loveliness.

Rise, mount the bridal bed with cheerful spirit. Here bring forth children to this man thy husband.

Watchful and understanding like Indrāni wake thou before the earliest light of Morning.

The Gods at first lay down beside their consorts; body with body met in close embracement.

O Dame, like Sūryā perfect in her grandeur, here rich in future children, meet thy husband.

Rise and go hence, Visvāvasu: with reverence we worship thee.

Steal to her sister dwelling with her father: this is the share— mark this—of old assigned thee.

Apsarases rejoice and feast together between the sun and place of sacrificing.

These are thy kith and kin: go thou and join them: I in due season worship thee Gandharva.

Homage we pay to the Gandharva's favour, obeisance to his eye and fiery anger.
 Visvāvasu, with prayer we pay thee homage. Go hence to those
 Apsarases thy consorts.
 May we be happy with abundant riches. We from this place have banished the Gandharva.
 The God is gone to the remotest region, and we have come where men prolong existence.
 In your due season, Parents! come together. Mother and sire be ye of future children.
 Embrace this woman like a happy lover. Raise ye up offspring here: increase your riches.
 Send her most rich in every charm, O Pūshan, her who shall be the sharer of my pleasures;
 Her who shall twine her eager arms about me, and welcome all my love and soft embraces.
 Up, happy bridegroom! with a joyous spirit caress thy wife and throw thine arm around her.
 Here take your pleasure, procreate your offspring. May Savitar bestow long life upon you.
 So may the Lord of Life vouchsafe you children, Aryaman bind you, day and night, together.
 Enter thy husband's house with happy omens, bring blessing to our quadrupeds and bipeds.
 Sent by the Gods associate with Manu, the vesture of the bride, the nuptial garment,
 He who bestows this on a thoughtful Brāhman, drives from the marriage-bed all evil demons.
 The priestly meed wherewith ye twain present me, the vesture of the bride, the nuptial
 garment,
 This do ye both, Brihaspati and Indra, bestow with loving-kind- ness on the Brāhman.
 On your soft couch awaking both together, revelling heartily with joy and laughter,
 Rich with brave sons, good cattle, goodly homestead, live long to look on many radiant
 mornings.
 Clad in new garments, fragrant, well-apparelled, to meet reful- gent Dawn have I arisen.
 I, like a bird that quits the egg, am freed from sin and purified.
 Splendid are Heaven and Earth, still near to bless us, mighty in their power;
 The seven streams have flowed: may they, Goddesses, free us from distress
 To Sūryā and the Deities, to Mitra and to Varuna,
 Who know aright the thing that is, this adoration have I paid.
 He without ligature, before making incision in the neck.
 Closed up the wound again, most wealthy Bounteous Lord who healeth the dissevered parts.
 Let him flash gloom away from us, the blue, the yellow and the red.
 I fasten to this pillar here the burning pest Prishātaki.
 All witcheries that hang about this garment, all royal Varuna's entangling nooses.
 All failure of success and all misfortunes here I deposit fastened to the pillar.
 My body that I hold most dear trembles in terror at this robe.
 Tree, make an apron at the top. Let no misfortune fall on us.
 May all the hems and borders all the threads that form the web and woof.
 The garment woven by the bride, be soft and pleasant to our touch.
 These maids who from their father's house have come with long- ing to their lord have let the
 preparation pass. All hail!
 Her whom Brihaspati hath loosed the Visve Devas keep secure.
 With all the splendour that is stored in cows do we enrich this. girl.
 Her whom Brihaspati hath loosed the Visve Devas keep secure.
 With all the vigour that is stored in cows do we enrich this girl.
 Her whom Brihaspati, etc.
 With all good fortune, etc.
 Her whom Brihaspati, etc.
 With all the glory, etc.
 Her whom Brihaspati, etc.
 With all the milky store possessed by cows do we enrich this girl.
 Her whom Brihaspati hath freed the Visve Devas keep secure.

With all the store of sap that cows contain do we enrich this. girl.
 If, wearing long loose hair, these men have danced together in thy house, committing sin with shout and cry,
 May Agni free thee from that guilt, may Savitar deliver thee,
 If in thy house thy daughter here have wept, with wild dishevel- led locks, committing sin with her lament.
 May Agni, etc.
 If the bride's sisters, if young maids have danced together in thy house, committing sin with shout and cry.
 May Agni free thee from that guilt, may Savitar deliver thee.
 If any evil have been wrought by mischief-makers that affects thy cattle progeny or house,
 May Agni free thee from the woe, may Savitar deliver thee.
 This woman utters wish and prayer, as down she casts the husks of corn:
 Long live my lord and master! yea, a hundred autumns let him live!
 Join thou this couple, Indra! like the Chakravaka and his. mate:
 May they attain to full old age with children in their happy home.
 Whatever magic hath been wrought on cushion, chair, or canopy.
 Each spell to mar the wedding rites, all this we throw into the bath.
 Whatever fault or error was in marriage or in bridal pomp.
 This woe we wipe away upon the cloak the interceder wears.
 We, having laid the stain and fault upon the interceder's cloak,
 Are pure and meet for sacrifice. May he prolong our lives for us.
 Now let this artificial comb, wrought with a hundred teeth, remove
 Aught of impurity that dims the hair upon this woman's head.
 We take away consumption from each limb and member of the bride.
 Let not this reach Earth, nor the Gods in heaven, let it not reach the sky or air's wide region.
 Let not this dust that sullies reach the Waters, nor Yama, Agni, nor the host of Fathers.
 With all the milk that is in Earth I gird thee, with all the milk that Plants contain I dress thee.
 I gird thee round with children and with riches. Do thou, thus girt, receive the offered treasure.
 I am this man, that dame art thou I am the psalm and thou the verse. I am the heaven and thou the earth.
 So will we dwell together here, parents of children yet to be.
 Unmarried men desire to wed; bountiful givers wish for sons.
 Together may we dwell with strength unscathed for high pros- perity.
 May they, the Fathers who, to view the bride, have joined this nuptial train,
 Grant to this lady and her lord children and peaceful happiness.
 Her who first guided by a rein came hither, giving the bride, here offspring and possessions,
 Let them convey along the future's pathway. Splendid, with noble children, she hath conquered.
 Wake to long life, watchful and understanding, yea, to a life shall last a hundred autumns
 Enter the house to be the household's mistress. A long long life let Savitar vouchsafe thee.

Book XV

HYMN I

The hyperbolical glorification of the Vrātya or Aryan Non-conformist

There was a roaming Vrātya. He roused Prajāpati to action.

Prajāpati beheld gold in himself and engendered it.

That became unique, that became distinguished, that became great, that became excellent, that became Devotion, that became holy Fervour, that became Truth: through that he was born.

He grew, he became great, he became Mahādeva.

He gained the lordship of the Gods. He became Lord.

He became Chief Vrātya. He held a bow, even that Bow of Indra.

His belly is dark-blue, his back is red.

With dark-blue he envelops a detested rival, with red he pierces the man who hates him: so the theologians say.

HYMN II

The same, continued

He arose and went his way to the eastern region. The Brihat, the Rathantara, the Ādityas and all the Gods followed him.

That man is alienated from the Brihat, the Rathantara, the Ādityas, and all Gods who reviles the Vrātya who possesses this knowledge. He who hath this knowledge becomes the beloved home of the Brihat, the Rathantara the Ādityas, and all the Gods. In the eastern region Faith is his leman, the hymn his panegyrist, knowledge his vesture, day his turban, night his hair, Indra's two Bays his circular ornaments, the splendour of the stars his jewel. Present and Future are his running footmen, mind is his war-chariot, Mātariśvan and

Pavamāna are they who draw it, Vita is his charioteer, Storm his goad, Fame and Glory are his harbingers. Fame and

Glory come to him who hath this knowledge.

He arose and went away to the southern region. Yajñāyajniya and Vāmadevyā and Sacrifice and Sacrificer and sacrificial victims followed him. The man who reviles the Vrātya possessing this knowledge is alienated from Yajñāyajniya and Vāmadevyā, Sacrifice, Sacrificer and sacrificial victims. He who hath this knowledge becomes the beloved home of

Yajñāyajniya, Vāmadevyā, Sacrifice, Sacrificer, and sacrificial victims. In the southern region Dawn is his leman, Mitra his panegyrist, knowledge his vesture, day his turban, night his hair, Indra's two Bays are his circular ornaments, New Moon

Night and Full Moon Night are his running attendants, Mind, etc. as in stanza 1.

He arose and went away to the western region. Vairūpa and

Vairāja, the Waters, and King Varuna followed him. He who reviles the Vrātya possessing this knowledge is alienated from

Vairūpa and Vairāja, the Waters and Varuna the King. He who possesses this knowledge becomes the dear home of

Vairūpa and Vairāja, the Waters and King Varuna. In the western region Irā is his leman, Laughter his panegyrist, knowledge, etc., as above. Day and Night are his running attendants,

Mind, etc., as above.

He arose and went away to the northern region. Syaita and Naudhasa, the Seven Rishis, and King Soma followed him.

He who reviles the Vrātya possessing this knowledge is alienated from Syaita, etc. He who hath this knowledge becomes the dear home of Syaita, etc. In the northern region Lightning is his leman, thunder his panegyrist, etc. as above.

Revelation and Tradition are his running attendants, Mind, etc., as above.

HYMN III

For a whole year he stood erect. The Gods said unto him, Why standest thou, O Vrātya? He answered and said, Let them bring my couch.

They brought the couch for that Vrātya.

Two of its feet were Summer and Spring, and two were Autumn and the Rains.

Brihat and Rathantara were the two long boards, Yajñāyajniya and Vāmadevya the two cross-boards.

Holy verses were the strings lengthwise, and Yajus formulas the cross-tapes.

Sacred lore was the blanket, Devotion the coverlet.

The Sāman was the Cushion, and chanting the bolster.

The Vrātya ascended that couch.

The hosts of Gods were his attendants, solemn vows his messengers, and all creatures his worshippers.

All creatures become the worshippers of him who possesses this knowledge.

HYMN IV

For him they made the two Spring months protectors from the eastern region, and Brihat and Rathantara superintendents.

The two Spring months protect from the eastern region, and

Brihat and Rathantara superintend, the man who possesses this knowledge. For him they made the two Summer months protectors from the southern region, and Yajñāyajniya and Vāmadevya superintendents. The two Summer months, etc. as in Verse 1,

They made the two Rain months, his protectors from the western region, and Vairūpa and Vairaja superintendents. The two

Rain months, etc. as above.

They made the two Autumn months his protectors from the northern region, and Syaita and Naudhasa superintendents.

The two Autumn months. etc. as above.

They made the two Winter months his protectors from the region of the nadir, and earth and Agni superintendents. The two Winter months, etc.

They made the two Dewy months his protectors from the region of the zenith, and Heaven and the Ādityas superintendents.

The two Dewy months, etc.

HYMN V

For him they made the Archer Bhava a deliverer from the intermediate space of the eastern region. Bhava the Archer, a deliverer, delivers him from the intermediate space of the eastern region. Neither Sarva nor Bhava nor Isāna slays him who possesses this knowledge, or his cattle, or his kinsmen.

They made Sarva the Archer his deliverer from the intermediate space of the southern region, etc. as in verse 1.

They made Pasupati the Archer his deliverer from the intermediate space of the western

region, etc.

They made the Awful God, the Archer, his deliverer from the intermediate space of the northern region, etc, as above.

They made Rudra the Archer his deliverer from the intermediate space of the region of the nadir etc.

They made Mahādeva his deliverer from the intermediate space of the region of the zenith, etc.

They made Isana the Archer his deliverer from all the inter- mediate regions. Isāna the Archer, a deliverer, delivers him from all the intermediate regions. Neither Sarva nor Bhava, nor Isana slays him who possesses this knowledge, or his cattle, or his kinsmen.

HYMN VI

He went his way to the region of the nadir. Earth and Agni and herbs and trees and shrubs and plants followed him. He who possesses this knowledge becomes the dear home of Earth and

Agni and herbs and trees and shrubs and plants.

He went his way to the region of the zenith. Right and Truth and Sun and Moon and Stars followed him. He who possesses this knowledge becomes, etc., as in verse 1. *mutatis mutandis*.

He went away to the last region. Richas, Sāmāns Yajus formulas and Devotion followed him. He who, etc., as above.

He went away to the great region. Itihāsa and Purāna and Gāthās and Nārāsansis followed him. He who, etc.

He went away to the supreme region. The Ēhāvaniya, Gārha- patya, and Southern Fires, and Sacrifice, and Sacrificer, and sacrificial victims followed him. He who, etc.

He went away to the unindicated region. The Seasons, groups of seasons, the worlds and their inhabitants, the months and half-months, and Day and Night followed him. He who, etc.

He went away to the unfrequented region. Thence he thought that he should not return. Diti and Aditi and Idā and Indrāni followed him. He who, etc.

He went away to the regions. Virāj and all the Gods and all the Deities followed him. He who, etc.

He went away to all the intermediate spaces. Prajāpati and Parameshthin and the Father and the Great Father followed him. He who possesses this knowledge becomes the beloved home of Prajāpati and Parameshthin and the Father and the Great Father.

HYMN VII

He, having become moving majesty, went to the ends of the earth. He became the sea.

Prajāpati and Parameshthin and the Father and the Great Father and the Waters and Faith, turned into rain, followed him.

The Waters, Faith, and rain approach him who possesses this knowledge.

Faith, and Sacrifice and the world, having become food and nourishment, turned toward him.

Faith Sacrifice, the world, food and nourishment approach him who possesses this knowledge.

HYMN VIII

He was filled with passion: from him sprang the Rājanya.

He came to the people, to kinsmen, food and nourishment.

He who possesses this knowledge becomes the dear home of the people, kinsmen, food and nourishment.

HYMN IX

He went away to the people.
 Meeting and Assembly and Army and Wine followed him.
 He who hath this knowledge becomes the dear home of Meeting,
 Assembly, Army, and Wine.

HYMN X

So let the King, to whose house the Vṛātya who possesses this knowledge comes as a guest.
 Honour him as superior to himself. So he Both not act against the interests of his princely
 rank or his kingdom.
 From him, verily, sprang Priesthood and Royalty. They said,
 Into whom shall we enter?
 Let Priesthood enter into Brihaspati, and Royalty into Indra, was the answer.
 Hence Priesthood entered into Brihaspati and Royalty into
 Indra.
 Now this Earth is Brihaspati, and Heaven is Indra.
 Now this Agni is Priesthood, and yonder Sun is Royalty.
 Priesthood comes to him, and he becomes endowed with priestly lustre.
 Who knows that Earth is Brihaspati and Agni Priesthood.
 Great power comes to him and he becomes endowed with great power.
 Who knows that Āditya is Royalty and that Heaven is Indra.

HYMN XI

Let him to whose house the Vṛātya who possesses this knowledge comes as a guest.
 Rise up of his own accord to meet him, and say, Vṛātya, where didst thou pass the night?
 Vratya, here is water, Let them refresh thee. Vṛātya, let it be as thou pleasest. Vṛātya, as thy
 wish is so let it be. Vṛātya, as thy desire is so be it.
 When he says to his guest, Where didst thou pass the night? he reserves for himself thereby
 the paths that lead to the Gods.
 When he says to him, Here is water, he secures thereby water for himself.
 When he says to him, Let them refresh thee, he thereby wins vital breath to exceeding old
 age.
 When he says to him, Vṛātya, let it be as thou pleasest, he secures to himself thereby what is
 pleasant.
 That which is pleasant comes to him, and he is the beloved of the beloved, who is possessed
 of this knowledge.
 When he says to him, Vṛātya, as thy will is so let it be, he secures to himself thereby the
 fulfilment of his will.
 Authority comes to him who possesses this knowledge, and he becomes the controller of the
 powerful.
 When he says to him, Vṛātya, as thy desire is so be it, he secures to himself thereby the
 attainment of his desire.
 His desire comes to him who possesses this knowledge and he gains the complete satisfaction
 of his wish.

HYMN XII

The man, to whose house, when the fires have been taken up from the hearth and the oblation
 to Agni placed therein, the
 Vṛātya possessing this knowledge comes as a guest.
 Should of his own accord rise to meet him and say, Vṛātya, give me permission. I will

sacrifice.

And if he gives permission he should sacrifice, if he does not permit him he should not sacrifice.

He who sacrifices when permitted by the Vrātya who possesses this knowledge.

Well knows the path that leads to the Fathers and the way that leads to the Gods.

He does not act in opposition to the Gods. It becomes his sacrifice.

The abode of the man who sacrifices when permitted by the

Vrātya who possesses this knowledge is long left remaining in this world.

But he who sacrifices without the permission of the Vrātya who- possesses this knowledge.

Knows not the path that leads to the Fathers nor the way that leads to the Gods.

He is at variance with the Gods. He hath offered no accepted. sacrifice.

The abode of the man who sacrifices without the permission of the Vrātya who possesses this knowledge is not left remaining in this world.

HYMN XIII

He in whose house the Vrātya who possesses this knowledge abides one night secures for himself thereby the holy realms that are on earth.

A second night . . . the holy realms that are in the firmament (the rest as in verse 1).

A third night . . . the holy realms that are in heaven.

A fourth night . . . the holy realms of the Holy.

Unlimited nights . . . unlimited holy realms.

Now he to whose house a non-Vrātya, calling himself a Vrātya, and one in name only, comes as a guest.

Should punish him and not punish him.

He should serve him with food saying to himself, To this Deity

I offer water: I lodge this Deity; I wait upon this, this

Deity.

To that Deity the sacrifice of him who has this knowledge is acceptable.

HYMN XIV

He when he went away to the eastern region, went away having become the Marut host, and having made Mind an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with Mind as food-eater.

He, when he went away to the southern region, went away having become Indra, and having made Strength an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with strength as food-eater.

He, when he went away to the western region, went away having become King Varuna, and having made the Waters eaters of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with the Waters as food-eaters.

He, when he went away to the northern region, went away having become King Soma and having made the Seven Rishis' oblation an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with oblation as food-eater.

He, when he went away to the steadfast region, went away having become Vishnu and having made Virāj an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with Virāj as food-eater.

He, when he went away to animals, went away having become

Rudra and having made herbs eaters of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with herbs as food-eaters.

He, when he went away to the Fathers, went away having become King Yama and having made the exclamation Svadhā an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with the exclamation Svadhā as food-eater.

He, when he went away to men, went away having become Agni and having made the exclamation Svāhā an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with the exclamation

Svahā as food-eater.

He, when he went away to the upper region, went away having become Brihaspati and having made the exclamation Vashat an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with the exclamation Vashat as food-eater.

He, when he went away to the Gods, went away having become Isana and having made Passion an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with Passion as food-eater.

He, when he went away to creatures, went away having become Prajāpati and having made vital breath an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with vital breath as foodeater.

He, when he went away to all the intermediate spaces, went away having become Parameshthin and having made Devotion an eater of food. He who hath this knowledge eats food with

Devotion as food-eater.

HYMN XV

Of that Vrātya.

There are seven vital airs, seven downward breaths, seven diff- used breaths.

His first vital breath, called Upward, is this Agni.

His second vital breath, called Mature, is that Āditya.

His third vital breath, called Approached, is that Moon.

His fourth vital breath, called Pervading is this Pavamāna.

His fifth vital breath, called Source, are these Waters.

His sixth vital breath, called Dear, are these domestic animals.

His seventh vital breath, called Unlimited, are these creatures.

HYMN XVI

His first downward breath is the time of Full Moon.

His second downward breath is the eighth day after Full Moon.

His third downward breath is the night of New Moon.

His fourth downward breath is Faith.

His fifth downward breath is Consecration.

His sixth downward breath is Sacrifice.

His seventh downward breath are these sacrificial fees.

HYMN XVII

His first diffused breath is this Earth.

His second diffused breath is that Firmament.

His third diffused breath is that Heaven.

His fourth diffused breath are those Constellations.

His fifth diffused breath are the Seasons.

His sixth diffused breath are the Season-groups.

His seventh diffused breath is the year.

With one and the same object the Gods go round the Year and the Seasons follow round the Vrātya.

When they surround the Sun on the day of New Moon, and that time of Full Moon.

That one immortality of theirs is just an oblation.

HYMN XVIII

Of that Vrātya.

The right eye is the Sun and the left eye is the Moon.

His right ear is Agni and his left ear is Pavamāna.

Day and Night are his nostrils. Diti and Aditi are his head and skull.

By day the Vrātya is turned westward, by night he is turned eastward. Worship to the Vrātya!

Book XVI

HYMN I

On the preparation and use of holy water, with, a prayer for purification and freedom from sin
 The Bull of the Waters hath been let go; the heavenly fires have been let go.
 Breaking, breaking down, crushing, crushing to pieces,
 Mroka, mind-destroying, rooting up, consuming, ruiner of the soul, ruiner of the body.
 Here I let him go: thou wastest me clean of him.
 With this we let him loose who hates us and whom we hate.
 Thou art in front of the waters. I let loose your sea.
 I let loose the Agni who is within the waters, Mroka the up- rooter, the destroyer of the body.
 Your Agni who entered into the waters, even he here is that very dread of yours.
 May he anoint you with Indra's own mighty power!
 May stainless waters cleanse us from defilement.
 May they carry sin away from us, may they carry away from us the evil dream.
 Look on me with a friendly eye, O, Waters, and touch my skin with your auspicious body.
 We call the gracious Fires that dwell in waters. Goddesses, grant me princely power and splendour.

HYMN II

A charm to secure various blessings
 Away from distasteful food, strength and sweet speech,
 Are pleasant. May I obtain a pleasant voice.
 I have invoked the Protector; I have invoked his protection.
 Quick of hearing are mine ears; mine ears hear what is good-
 Fain would I hear a pleasant sound.
 Let not good hearing and overhearing fail the Eagle's eye, the undecaying light.
 Thou art the couch of the Rishis. Let worship be paid to the divine couch.

HYMN III

A charm to secure power and long life
 I am the head of riches. Fain would I be the head of mine equals.
 Let not Ruja and Vena desert me. Let not the Head and the
 Preserver forsake me.
 Let not the Boiler and the Cup fail me: let not the Supporter and the Sustainer abandon me.
 Let not Unyoking and the Moist-fellied car desert me: let not the Sender of Moisture and
 Matarisvan forsake me.
 Brihaspati is my soul, he who is called the Friend of man, dear to my heart.
 My heart is free from sorrow; spacious is my dwelling-place. I am the sea in capacity.

HYMN IV

A charm to secure long life and success
 I am the:centre of riches. Fain would I be the centre of mine equals.
 Pleasant art thou to sit by one, a mother: immortal among mortals.
 Let not inward breath desert me; let not outward breath depart and leave me.
 Let Sūrya protect me from Day, Agni from Earth, Vāyu from

Firmament, Yama from men, Sarasvatī from dwellers on the earth.
 Let not outward and inward breath fail me. Be not thou destructive among the men.
 Propitious to-day be dawns and evenings. May I drink water with all my people safe around me.
 Mighty are ye, domestic creatures. May Mitra-Varuna stand beside me. May Agni give me inward and outward breath.
 May, he give me ability.

HYMN V

A charm against evil dreams

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of Grahi, the minister of Yama. Thou art the Ender, thou art Death. As such, O Sleep, we know thee well. As such preserve us from the evil dream.

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of Destruction, the minister of Yama, etc. (as in verse 1).

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of Misery, etc.

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of Disappearance, etc.

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of Defeat etc.

We know thine origin, O Sleep. Thou art the son of the sisters of the Gods, the minister of Yama. Thou art the Ender, thou art Death. As such, O Sleep, we know thee well. As such, preserve us from the evil dream.

HYMN VI

A charm to avert evil dreams, and to transfer them to an enemy

Now have we conquered and obtained: we have been freed from sin to-day.

Let Morning with her light dispel that evil dream that frightened us.

Bear that away to him who hates, away to him who curses us.

To him whom we abhor, to him who hates us do we send it hence.

May the Goddess Dawn in accord with Speech, and the Goddess

Speech in accord with Dawn,

The Lord of Dawn in accord with the Lord of Speech and the

Lord of Speech in accord with the Lord of Dawn,

Carry away to Such-an-one niggard fiends, hostile demons, and

Sadanvas,

Kumbhikas, Dushikas, and Piyakas,

Evil day-dream, evil dream in sleep,

Wishes for boons that will not come, thoughts of poverty, the snares of the Druh who never releases.

This, O Agni, let the Gods bear off to Such-an-one that he may be a fragile good-for-nothing eunuch.

HYMN VII

An imprecation on an enemy

Herewith I pierce this man. With poverty I pierce him. With disappearance I pierce him. With defeat I pierce him. With

Grāhi I pierce him. With darkness I pierce him.

I summon him with the awful cruel orders of the Gods.

I place him between Vaisvānara's jaws.

Thus or otherwise let her swallow him up.

Him who hates us may his soul hate, and may he whom we hate hate himself.
 We scorch out of heaven and earth and firmament the man who hates us.
 Suyāman son of Chakshus.
 Here I wipe away the evil dream on the descendant of Such-an- one, son of Such-a-woman.
 Whatsoever I have met with, whether at dusk or during early night,
 Whether waking or sleeping, whether by day or by night.
 Whether I meet with it day by day, from that do I bribe him away.
 Slay him; rejoice in this; crush his ribs.
 Let him not live. Let the breath of life forsake him.

HYMN VIII

An imprecation on an enemy

Whatever we have gained, whatever hath accrued to us, our
 Right, our energy, our Devotion, our heavenly light, our sacrifice, our domestic animals, our
 offspring, our men,—from all share herein we exclude Such-an-one, descendant of Such- an-
 one, son of Such-a-woman. Let him not be freed from the noose of Grāhi. Here I bind up his
 splendour, his energy, his vital breath, his life, and cast him down beneath me.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. (as in verse 1). Let him not be freed from the noose of Nirriti,
 etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of misery, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of disappearance, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of defeat, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the sisters of the Gods,
 etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Brihaspati, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Prajāpati, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the Rishis, etc.
 Whatever we have gained, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the Rishis' children,
 etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Angirases, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Angirases, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Atharvans, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Atharvans, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Trees, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of
 Shrubs, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Seasons, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Season-groups, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the
 Months, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of the Half- months, etc.
 Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Day and
 Night, etc.

Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of continued
Day, etc.

Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Heaven and Earth, etc.

Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Indra-
Agni, etc.

Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of Mitra-
Varuna, etc.

Whatever, etc. Let him not be freed from the noose of King
Varuna, etc.

Whatever we have gained, whatever hath accrued to us, our
Right, our energy, our Devotion, our heavenly light, our sacrifice, our domestic animals, our
offspring, our men,—from all share herein we exclude Such-as-one, descendant of Such- an-
one, son of Such-a-woman. Let him not be freed from the fetter and noose of Death. Here I
bind up his splendour, his energy, his vital breath, his life, and cast him down beneath me.

HYMN IX

A charm to secure wealth and felicity

Ours is superior place and ours is conquest: may I in all fights tread down spite and malice.
This word hath Agni, this hath Soma spoken. May Pūshan set me in the world of virtue.
We have come to the light of heaven; to the light of heaven have we come: we have united
with the light of Surya.

Sacrifice is fraught with wealth for the increase of prosperity. I would win riches; fain would
I be wealthy. Do thou bestow wealth upon me.

Book XVII

HYMN I

A prayer to Indra, Identified with Vishnu and the Sun, for the love of Gods, men, and beasts, general protection and prosperity, and all earthly and heavenly blessings

Vanquishing, overpowering, a conqueror, exceeding strong,
Victorious, winner of the light, winner of cattle and of spoil,
Indra by name, adorable, I call: a long, long life be mine!

Vanquishing etc.

Indra by name, adorable I call: May I be dear to Gods.

Vanquishing, etc.

Indra by name, adorable, I call: may creatures love me well.

Vanquishing, etc.

Indra by name, adorable, I call: may cattle hold me dear.

Vanquishing, etc.

Indra by name, adorable, I call: may equals love me well.

Rise up, O Sūrya, rise thou up; with strength and splendour rise on me.

Let him who hates me be my thrall; let me not be a thrall to him.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Sate us with cattle of all forms and colours: set me in happiness, in loftiest heaven.

Rise up, O Sūrya, rise thou up; with strength and splendour rise on me.

Make me the favourite of all, of those I see and do not see.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Let not the fowlers who are standing ready injure thee in the flood, within the waters.

Ascend this heaven, leaving each curse behind thee, Favour us: let thy gracious love attend us.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Do thou, O Indra, for our great good fortune, with thine in- violable rays protect us.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Be thou most gracious unto us, Indra, with favourable aid,

Rising to heaven's third sphere, invoked with song to quaff the

Soma juice, loving thy home to make us blest.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Thou art the vanquisher of all, O Indra, omniscient Indra, and invoked of many.

Indra, send forth this hymn that fitly lauds thee. Favour us let thy gracious love attend us.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

In heaven and on the earth thou art uninjured, none reach thy greatness in the air's mid region.

Increasing by inviolate devotion as such in heaven grant us protection, Indra.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Grant us protection, Indra, with that body of thine that is on earth, in fire, in waters,

That dwells within light-finding Pavamana, wherewith thou hast pervaded air's mid region.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.

Indra, exalting thee with prayer, imploring, Rishis have sat them down in holy Session.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu,

Round Trita, round the spring with thousand currents thou goest, round the light-finding assembly.

Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.
 Thou guardest well the four celestial regions, pervading heaven, and earth with light and splendour.
 Thou givest help to all these living creatures, and, knowing, followest the path of Order.
 Manifold are thy great deed, thine, O Vishnu.
 With five thou sendest heat: with one removing the curse thou comest in bright sunshine hither.
 Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.
 Indra art thou, Mahendra thou, thou art the world, the Lord of Life.
 To thee is sacrifice performed: worshippers offer gifts to thee.
 Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.
 What is based on what is not: the present lies on that which is..
 Present on future is imposed and future on the present based.
 Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.
 Sate us with cattle of all varied colour. Set me in happiness, in loftiest heaven.
 Bright art thou, and refulgent: as thou shinest with splendour so I fain would shine with splendour.
 Lustre art thou, illumining: as thou glowest with lustre so I too would shine with cattle, with all the lustre of a Brāhman's station.
 Glory to him when rising, when ascending! Glory to him when he hath reached the zenith!
 To him far-shining, him the self-refulgent, to him the Sovran
 Lord and King be glory!
 Worship to him when he is turning westward, to him when setting, and when set be worship!
 To him far-shining, him the self-refulgent, to him the Sovran
 Lord and King be glory!
 With all his fiery fervour this Āditya hath gone up on high,
 Giving my foes into my hand. Let me not by my foeman's prey.
 Manifold are thy great deeds, thine, O Vishnu.
 Sate us with cattle of all varied colours. Set me in happiness, in loftiest heaven.
 Thou for our weal, Āditya, hast mounted thy ship with hundred oars.
 Thou hast transported me to day: so bear me evermore to night.
 Thou for our weal, O Sūrya, hast mounted thy ship with hundred oars.
 Thou hast transported me to night: so bear me evermore to day.
 Encompassed by Prajāpati's devotion as shield, with Kasyapa's bright light and splendour,
 Reaching old age, may I made strong and mighty live through a thousand years with happy fortune.
 Compassed am I with prayer, my shield and armour; compassed with Kasyapa's bright light and splendour.
 Let not shafts reach me shot from heaven against me, nor those sent forth by men for my destruction.
 Guarded am I by Order and the Seasons, protected by the past and by the future.
 Let not distress, yea, let not Death come nigh me: with water of my speech have I o'erwhelmed them.
 On every side let Agni guard and keep me; the rising Sun drive off the snares of Mrityu!
 Let brightly flushing Mornings, firm-set mountains, and lives a thousand be with me united.

Book XVIII

HYMN I

An accompaniment to funeral ceremonies and sacrificial offerings to ancestral spirits

Fain would I win my friend to kindly friendship. So may the
 Sage, come through the air's wide ocean,
 Remembering the earth and days to follow, obtain a son the issue of his father.
 Thy friend loves not the friendship which considers her who is near in kindred as a stranger.
 Sons of the mighty Asura, the heroes, supporters of the heaven, see far around them.
 Yea, this the Immortals seek of thee with longing, a scion of the only man existing.
 Then let thy soul and mine be knit together. Embrace thy consort as her loving husband.
 Shall we do now what we ne'er did aforetime? we who spoke righteously now talk impurely?
 Gandharva in the floods, the Dame of Waters—such is our bond, such our most lofty kinship.
 Even in the womb God Tvashtar, vivifier, shaping all forms,
 Creator, made us consorts.
 Ne'er are his holy statutes violated: that we are his the heaven and earth acknowledge.
 Who yokes to-day unto the pole of Order the strong and passionate steers of checkless
 spirit,
 With shaft-armed mouths, heart-piercing, joy-bestowing? Long shall he live who duly pays
 them service.
 Who knows that earliest day whereof thou speakest, Who hath beheld it? Who can here
 declare it?
 Great is the law of Varuna and Mitra. What, wanton, wilt thou say to men to tempt them?
 Yami am possessed by love of Yama, that I may rest on the same couch beside him.
 I as a wife would yield me to my husband. Like car-wheels let us speed to meet each other.
 They stand not still, they never close their eyelids, those sentinels of Gods who wander
 round us.
 Not me—go quickly, wanton, with another, and hasten like a chariot-wheel to meet him.
 May Sūrya's eye with days and nights endow him, and ever may his light spread out before
 him.
 In heaven and earth the kindred pair commingle. On Yami be the unbrotherly act of Yama.
 Sure there will come succeeding times when brothers and sisters will do acts unmeet for
 kinsfolk.
 Not me, O fair one—seek another husband, and make thine arm a pillow for thy consort.
 Is he a brother when no help is left her? Is she a sister when
 Destruction cometh?
 Forced by my love these many words I utter. Come near, and hold me in thy close embraces,
 I am no help for thee, no refuge, Yami, I will not clasp and press thee to my bosom.
 This is abhorrent to my mind and spirit—a brother on the couch beside a sister.
 I will not fold mine arms about thy body: they call it sin when one comes near a sister.
 Not me—prepare thy pleasure with another. Thy brother seeks not this from thee, O fair one.
 Alas; thou art indeed a weakling Yama. We find in thee no trace of heart or spirit.
 As round a tree the woodbine clings, another will cling about thee girt as with a girdle.
 Embrace another, Yami. Let some other, even as the woodbine rings a tree, enfold thee.
 Win thou his heart and let him win thy fancy; so make with him a bond of blest alliance.
 Three hymns the Sages have disposed in order, the many-formed, the fair, the all-beholding.
 These in one single world are placed and settled—the growing plants, the breezes, and the

waters.

The Bull hath yielded for the Bull the milk of heaven: inviolable is the Son of Aditi. According to his wisdom Varuna knoweth all: he halloweth, the holy, times for sacrifice. Gandharvi spake. May she, the Lady of the Flood amid the river's roaring leave my heart untouched.

May Aditi accomplish all that we desire, and may our eldest Brother tell us this as chief.

Yea, even this blessed Morning, rich in store of food, splendid, with heavenly lustre, hath shone out for man,

Since they as was the wish of yearning Gods, brought forth that yearning Agni for the assembly as the Priest.

And the fleet Falcon brought for sacrifice from afar this flowing. drop most excellent and passing wise,

Then when the Aryan tribes chose as invoking Priest Agni the wonder-worker, and the hymn rose up.

Still art thou kind to him who feeds thee as with grass, and. skilled in sacrifice offers thee holy gifts.

When thou having received the sage's strengthening food with lauds, after long toil comest with many more.

Urge thou thy Parents, as a lover, to delight: the lovely One desires and craves it from his heart.

As Priest he calls aloud, as Warrior shows his skill, as Asura tries his strength, and with the hymn is stirred.

Far famed is he, the mortal man, O Agni thou Son of strength, who hath obtained thy favour. He, gathering power, borne onward by his horses, makes his, days lovely in his might and splendour.

Hear us, O Agni, in the great assembly: harness thy rapid car,. the car of Amrit.

Bring Heaven and Earth, the Deities' Parents, hither: stay with us here, nor from the Gods be absent.

When, holy Agni, the divine assembly, the holy synod mid the Gods, is gathered,

And when thou, godlike One, dealest forth treasures vouchsafe us too our portion of the riches.

Agni hath looked upon the van of Mornings, and on the days. the earliest Jātavedas.

After the Dawns, after their rays of brightness, Sūrya hath entered into earth and heaven.

Agni hath looked against the van of Mornings, against the days- the earliest Jātavedas;

In many a place against the beams of Sūrya, against the heavens and earth hath he extended.

Heaven and Earth, first by everlasting Order, speakers of truth, are near enough to hear us,

When the God, urging men to worship, sitteth as Priest, assuming all his vital vigour.

As God comprising Gods by Law eternal, bear, as the chief who knoweth, our oblation, Smoke-bannered with the fuel, radiant, joyous, better to praise and worship, Priest for ever.

I praise your work .that ye may make me prosper: hear, Heaven and Earth, twain worlds that drop with fatness!

While days and Gods go to the world of spirits, have let the Parents with sweet mead refresh us.

When the Cow's nectar wins the God completely, men here below are heaven's and earth's sustainers

All the Gods come to this thy heavenly Yajus which from the motley Pair milked oil and water

Hath the King seized us? How have we offended against his holy Ordinance? Who knoweth?

For even Mitra mid the Gods is angry. There are both song and wealth for those who come not.

34'Tis hard to understand the Immortal's nature, where she who is akin becomes a stranger. Guard ceaselessly, great Agni, him who ponders Yama's name easy to be comprehended. They in the synod where the Gods rejoice them, where they are seated in Vivasvan's dwelling,

Have given the Moon his beams, the Sun his splendour: the two unweariedly maintain their brightness.

The counsel which the Gods meet to consider, their secret plan, of that we have no knowledge.

There let God Savitar, Aditi, and Mitra proclaim to Varuna that we are sinless.

Companions, let us learn a prayer to Indra whom the thunder arms,

To glorify your bold and most heroic Friend.

For thou by slaying Vritra art the Vritra-slayer, famed for might.

Thou, Hero, in rich gifts surpasses wealthy chiefs.

O'er the broad land thou goest like a Stega: here on vast earth let breezes blow upon us, Here hath our dear Friend Varuna, united, like Agni in the wood, shot forth his splendour. Sing praise to him the chariot-borne, the famous, Sovran of men, the dread and strong destroyer.

O Rudra, praised be gracious to the singer; let thy darts spare us and smite down another.

The pious call Sarasvati, they worship Sarasvati while sacrifice proceedeth.

The virtuous call Sarasvati to hear them. Sarasvati send bliss to him who giveth!

Sarasvati is called on by the Fathers who come right forward to our solemn worship.

Seated upon this sacred grass rejoice you. Give thou us strengthening food that brings no sickness.

Sarasvati, who comest with the Fathers, joying in hymns, O

Goddess, and oblations,

Give plenteous wealth to this the sacrificer, a portion, worth a thousand, of refreshment.

May they ascend, the lowest, highest, midmost, the Fathers, who deserve a share of Soma.

May they who have attained to life, the Fathers, righteous and gentle, aid us when we call them.

I have attained the gracious-minded Fathers, I have gained son and progeny from Vishnu.

They who enjoy pressed juices with oblation, seated on sacred grass, come oftenest hither.

Now be this homage offered to the Fathers, to those who passed of old and those who followed,

Those who have rested in the earthly region and those who dwell among the happy races.

Mātali prospers there with Kavyas, Yama with Angiras' sons,

Brihaspati with singers.

Exalters of the Gods, by Gods exalted, aid us those Fathers in our invocations?

Yes, this is good to taste and full of sweetness, verily it is strong and rich in flavour.

No one may conquer Indra in the battle when he hath drunken of the draught we offer.

Honour the King with your oblations, Yama, Vivasvān's son, who gathers men together.

Even him who travelled o'er the mighty rivers, who searches out and shows the path to many.

Yama first found for us the road to travel: this pasture never can be taken from us.

Men born on earth tread their own paths that lead them whither our ancient Fathers have departed.

Fathers who sit on sacred grass, come, help us: these offsprings have we made for you; accept them.

So come to us with most auspicious favour: bestow on us unfailing health and plenty.

Bowing their bended knees and seated southward let all accept this sacrifice with favour.

Punish us not for any sin, O fathers which we through human frailty have committed.
 Tvashtar prepares the bridal for his daughter: therefore the whole of this our world assembles.
 But Yama's mother, spouse of great Vivasvān, vanished as she was carried to her dwelling.
 Go forth, go forth upon the homeward pathways whither our sires of old have gone before us.
 Then shalt thou look on both the Kings enjoying their sacred food, God Varuna and Yama.
 Go hence, depart ye, fly in all directions. This world for him the
 Fathers have provided.
 Yama bestow upon this man a dwelling adorned with days and beams of light and waters.
 We set thee down with yearning, and with yearning we enkindle thee,
 Yearning, bring yearning Fathers nigh to eat the food of sacrifice.
 We, splendid men, deposit thee, we, splendid men, enkindle thee.
 Splendid, bring splendid Fathers nigh to eat the sacrificial food.
 Our Fathers are Angirases, Navagvas, Atharvans, Bhrigus, who deserve the Soma.
 May these, the holy, look on us with favour; may we enjoy their gracious loving-kindness.
 Come, Yama, with Angirases, the holy; rejoice thee here with children of Virūpa.
 Seated on sacred grass at this oblation: I call Vivasvān too, thy father, hither.
 Come, seat thee on this bed of grass. O Yama, accordant with
 Angirases and Fathers.
 Let texts recited by the sages bring thee. O. King, let this oblation make thee joyful.
 He hath gone hence and risen on high mounting heaven's ridges by that path
 Whereon the sons of Angiras, the conquerors of earth, went up.

HYMN II

A funeral hymn, taken mainly from the Rigveda

For Yama Soma juice flows clear, to Yama is oblation paid.
 To Yama sacrifice prepared, and heralded by Agni, goes.
 Offer to Yama sacrifice most sweet in savour and draw near.
 Bow down before the Rishis of the olden time, the ancient ones who made the path.
 Offer to Yama, to the King, butter and milk in sacrifice.
 So may he grant that we may live long days of life mid living men,
 Burn him not up, nor quite consume him, Agni. Let not his body or his skin be scattered.
 O Jātavedas, when thou hast matured him, then send him on his way unto the Fathers.
 When thou hast made him ready, Jātavedas, then do thou give him over to the Fathers.
 When he attains unto the life that waits him he will obey the
 Deities' commandment.
 With the three jars Brihat alone makes pure the six wide-spread- ing realms.
 The Gāyatri, the Trishtup, all metres in Yama are contained.
 The Sun receive thine eye, the wind thy spirit; go, as thy merit is, to earth or heaven.
 Go, if it be thy lot, unto the waters: go, make thy home in plants with all thy members.
 Thy portion is the goat: with heat consume him: let thy fierce flame, thy glowing splendour,
 burn him.
 With thine auspicious forms, O Jātavedas, bear this man to the region of the pious.
 Let all thy rapid flames, O Jātavedas, wherewith thou fillest heaven and earth's mid-region,
 Follow the goat as he goes on, united: then with the others, most auspicious, aid us.
 1 Away O Agni, to the Fathers, send him who, offered in thee, goes with our oblations.
 Wearing new life let him approach his offspring, and splendid, be invested with a body,
 Run and outspeed the two dogs, Sarama's offspring, brindled, four-eyed, upon thy happy
 pathway.
 Draw nigh thou to the gracious-minded Fathers who take their pleasure in the feast with
 Yama.

And those two dogs of thine, Yama, the watchers, four-eyed who look on men and guard the pathway

Entrust this man, O King, to their protection, and with prosperity and health endow him.

Dark-hued, insatiate, with distended nostrils, Yama's two envoys roam among the people.

May they restore to us a fair existence here and to-day that we may see the sunlight.

For some the Soma juice runs clear some sit by sacrificial oil.

To those for whom the meath flows forth, even to those let him depart.

Let him, O Yama, go to those Rishis austere, of Fervour born,

First followers of Law, the sons of Law, upholders of the Law.

Invincible through Fervour, they who by their Fervour went to heaven.

Who practised great austerity,—even to those let him depart.

The heroes who contend in war and boldly cast their lives away.

Or who give guerdon thousandfold,—even to those let him depart.

Let him, O Yama, go to those Rishis austere, of Fervour born,

Skilled in a thousand ways and means, the sages who protect the

Sun.

Be pleasant unto him, O Earth, thornless and lulling him to rest.

Vouchsafe him shelter broad and sure.

In the free amplitude of earth take roomy space to lodge thee in.

Let all oblations which in life thou paidest drop thee honey now.

Hither I call thy spirit with my spirit. Come thou; delighted, to these dwelling-places.

Unite thee with the Fathers and with Yama: strong and delicious be the winds that fan thee.

Floating in water, bringing streams, let Maruts carry thee aloft,

And causing coolness by their rush sprinkle thee with their fall- ing rain.

I have recalled thy life to life, to being, power, and energy.

Let thy soul go unto its own: so to the Fathers hasten thou.

Let not thy soul be left behind: here let not aught of thee remain,

Of spirit, body, members, sap.

Let not a tree oppness thee, nor Earth the great Goddess weigh thee down.

Among the Fathers find thy home, and thrive mid those whom

Yama rules.

Each parted member, severed from thy body, thy vital breaths that in the wind have vanished,

With all of these, piece after piece, shall Fathers who dwell to- gether meet and reunite thee.

Him have the living banished from their houses: remove him to a distance from the hamlet.

Yama's observant messenger was Mrityu he hath despatched men's lives unto the Fathers.

Those Dasyus who, not eating our oblations, come with friends' faces mingled with the

Fathers,

Those who wear gross those who wear subtile bodies,—from this. our sacrifice let Agni blast them.

Bringing delight, prolonging our existence, here let our own, the

Fathers, dwell together.

Coming with sacrifice may we assist them, living long lives through many autumn seasons.

Now by this cow I bring thee, by the boiled rice set in milk for thee,

Be the supporter of the folk left here without a livelihood.

Prolong the pleasant Dawn enriched with horses-or bearing us. anew beyond the darkness.

Adjudged to die be he, the man who slew thee: this portion let him find, and not another.

Yama is higher and Vivasvān lower: nothing whatever do I see above him.

This sacrifice of mine is based on Yama, Vivasvān spread the atmosphere about us.

From mortal men they hid the immortal Lady, made one like her and gave her to Vivasvān.

Saranyū brought to him the Asvin brothers, and then deserted both twinned pairs of children.

Bring thou the Fathers one and all Agni, to eat the sacrifice.
 The buried, and the cast away, those burnt with fire, and those exposed.
 Those, whether flames have burnt or not consumed them, who in the midst of heaven enjoy
 oblations—
 Let them, when thou dost know them, Jatavedas, accept with sacred food the axe and
 worship.
 Burn gently, Agni, burn not up the body with too fervent heat.
 Let all thy force and fury be expended on the woods and earth.
 I give this place to him who hath come hither and now is mine, to be a home to rest in:
 This was the thought of Yama when he answered: This man is. mine. Let him come here to
 riches.
 This date we settle once for all, that it may ne'er be fixt again—
 A hundred autumns; not before.
 This date we order, etc.
 This date we limit, etc.
 This date we measure, etc.
 This date we mete out, etc.
 This date we stablish, etc.
 This date we mete and measure out, that it may ne'er be fixt. again. A hundred autumns: not
 before.
 The period I have measured—come to heaven. I would my life were long
 Not to be measured out again; a hundred autumns, not before.
 Inbreath and outbreath, breath diffused, life, sight to look upon the Sun
 Seek by a straight unwinding path the Fathers whom King
 Yama rules,
 Unmarried men who toiled and have departed, the childless, having left their foes behind
 them,
 Have found on high the world whereto they mounted, reflecting on the ridge of vaulted
 heaven.
 The lowest is the Watery heaven, Pilumatī the middlemost;
 The third and highest, that wherein the Fathers dwell, is called
 Pradyaus.
 The Fathers of our Father, his Grandfathers, those who have entered into air's wide region,
 Those who inhabit earth or dwell in heaven, these Fathers will we worship with oblation.
 Thou seest now, and ne'er again shalt look upon, the Sun in heaven.
 Cover him as a mother draws her skirt about her son, O Earth!
 This once, and at no other time hereafter in a lengthened life:
 Cover him, as a wife, O Earth, covers her husband with her robe!
 Round thee auspiciously I wrap the vesture of our Mother
 Earth:
 Be bliss among the living mine, oblation mid the Fathers thine!
 Ye have prepared, pathmakers, Agni-Soma, a fair world for the
 Gods to be the it treasure.
 Go to that world and send us Pūshan hither to bear us on the paths the goat hath trodden.
 Guard of the world, whose cattle ne'er are injured, may Pūshan bear thee hence, for he hath
 knowledge.
 May he consign thee to these Fathers' keeping, and to the gracious Gods let Agni give thee.
 Lord of all life, let Ayu guard thee, Pūshan convey thee forward on the distant pathway.
 May Savitar the God conduct thee thither where dwell the pious who have gone before thee.
 For thee I yoke these carriers twain to bear thee to the spirit. world.

Hasten with them to Yama's home and join his gathered. companies.

This is the robe that first was wrapped about thee: cast off the robe thou worest here among us.

Go, knowing, to the meed of virtuous action, thy many gifts. bestowed upon the friendless. Mail thee with flesh against the flames of Agni; encompass thee about with fat and marrow; So will the bold One eager to attack thee with fierce glow fail to girdle and consume thee. From his dead hand I take the staff he carried, together with his lore and strength and splendour.

There art thou, there; and here with good men round us may we o'ercome all enemies and foemen.

From his dead hand I take the bow he carried, together with his. power and strength and splendour.

Having collected wealth and ample treasure, come hither to the- world of living beings.

HYMN III

A funeral hymn, taken partly from the Rigveda

Choosing her husband's world, O man, this woman lays herself down beside thy lifeless body.

Preserving faithfully the ancient custom. Bestow upon here both wealth and offspring. Rise, come unto the world of life, O woman: come, he is lifeless by whose side thou liest. Wifehood with this thy husband was thy portion who took thy hand and wooed thee as a lover.

I looked and saw the youthful dame escorted, the living to the dead: I saw them, bear her. When she with blinding darkness was enveloped, then did I turn her back and lead her homeward.

Knowing the world of living beings, Aghnyā! treading the path. of Gods which lies before thee,

This is thy husband: joyfully receive him and let him mount into the world of Svarga.

The speed of rivers craving heaven and cane, thou, Agni, art the waters' gall.

Cool, Agni, and again refresh the spot which thou hast scorched and burnt.

Here let the water-lily grow, and tender grass and leafy plant.

Here is one light for thee, another yonder: enter the third and be therewith united.

Uniting with a body be thou lovely, dear to the Gods in their sublimest mansion.

Rise up, advance, run forward: make thy dwelling in water that shall be thy place to rest in

There dwelling in accordance with the Fathers delight thyself with Soma and libations.

Prepare thy body: speed thou on thy journey: let not thy limbs,. thy frame be left behind thee.

Follow to its repose thy resting spirit: go to whatever spot of earth thou lovest.

With splendour may the Fathers, meet for Soma, with mead and. fatness may the Gods anoint me.

Lead me on farther to extended vision, and prosper me through life of long duration.

May Agni balm me thoroughly with splendour; may Vishnu. touch my lips with understanding.

May all the Deities vouchsafe me riches, and pleasant Waters purify and cleanse me.

Mitra and Varuna have stood about me. Ādityas, Sacirifical

Posts exalt me!

May Indra balm my hands with strength and splendour. A long, long life may Savitar vouchsafe me.

Worship with sacrificial gift King Yama, Vivasvān's son who gathers men together, Yama who was the first to die of mortals, the first who travelled to the world before us.

Depart, O Fathers, and again come hither; this sacrifice of yours is balmed with sweetness.

Enrich us here with gift of great possessions; grant blessed wealth with ample store of heroes.
Kanva, Kakshivān, Purumidha, Agastya, Syāvāsva Sobhari, and
Archanānas,

This Visvāmitra, Jamadagni, Atri, Kasyapa, Vāmadeva be our helpers!

Vasishtha, Jamadagni, Visvāmitra, Gotama, Vāmadeva, Bhara- dvaja!

Atri hath won your favour with homage. Gracious to us be ye praiseworthy Fathers.

They, making for themselves a new existence, wash off defilement in the brazen vessel.

May we be fragrant in our houses, ever increasing in our children and our riches.

They balm him, balm him over, balm him thoroughly, caress the mighty power and balm it
with the mead,

They seize the flying steer at the stream's breathing-place: cleansing with gold they grasp the
animal herein.

Fathers, be glorious in yourselves, and follow all that is glad in you and meet for Soma.

Give ear and listen, swiftly-moving Sages, benevolent, invoked in our assembly.

Atris, Angirases, Navagvas, givers of liberal gifts, continual sacrificers,

Devout and pious, granting guerdon freely, sit on this holy grass and be ye joyful.

As in the days of old our ancient Fathers, speeding the work of sacred worship, Agni!

Sought pure light and devotion, singing praises, they cleft the ground and made red Dawns
apparent.

Gods, doing holy acts, devout, resplendent, smelting like ore their human generation,

Brightening Agni and exalting Indra, they came encompassing the stall of cattle.

Strong One! he marked them, and the gods before them, like herds of cattle in a foodful
pasture.

There man moaned forth their strong desires, to strengthen even the true; the nearest One, the
living.

We have worked for thee, we have toiled and laboured: bright

Dawns have shed their light upon our worship.

All that the Gods regard with love is blessed. Loud may we speak, with heroes, in assembly.

From eastward Indra, Lord or Maruts, guard me, as in her arms Earth guards the heaven
above us!

Those who give room, who made the paths, we worship, you, mid the Gods, who share the
gifts we offer.

Dhātār with Nirriti save me from southward, etc. (as in stanza
25).

From westward Aditi was Ādityas save me! etc.

From westward with the All-Gods save me Soma! etc.

May the strong firm Sustainer bear thee upright, as Savitar bears light above the heaven.

Those who give room, who made the paths, we worship, you mid the Gods, who share the
gifts we offer.

Toward the eastward region I supply thee before thou goest homeward, with oblation, as in
her arms, etc. (as in stanza 25).

Toward the southern region, etc.

Toward the western region, etc.

Toward the northern region, etc.

Toward the steadfast region, etc.

Toward the upmost region I supply thee, before thou goest homeward, with oblation, as in her
arms Earth bears the heaven above us.

Those who give room, who made the paths, we worship, you, mid the Gods, who share the
gifts we offer.

Thou art the Bull, Supporter, and Upholder,

Who purifiest wind and mead and water.
 From this side and from that let both assist me. As, speeding, ye have come like two twin sisters,
 Religious-hearted votaries brought you forward. Knowing your several places be ye seated.
 Sit near, sit very near beside our Soma: for you I fit the ancient prayer with homage.
 The praise-song, like a chieftain on his pathway, spreads far and wide. Let all Immortals hear it.
 Three paces hath the stake gone up, and followed her, the four-footed, with devout observance.
 He with the Syllable copies the praise-song; he thoroughly purifies at Order's centre.
 Chose he then, death for Gods to be their portion? Why chose he not for men a life eternal?
 Brihaspati span sacrifice, the Rishi; and Yama yielded up his own dear body.
 Thou, Agni Jātavedas, when entreated, didst bear our offerings, having made them fragrant.
 And give them to the Fathers who consumed them with Svadhā.
 Eat, thou God, the gifts we bring thee.
 Lapped in the bosom of the purple Mornings, give riches to the man who brings oblations.
 Grant to your sons a portion of that treasure, and, present, give them energy, O Fathers.
 Fathers whom Agni's flames have tasted, come ye nigh: in perfect order take ye each your proper place.
 Eat sacrificial food presented on the grass: grant riches with a multitude of hero sons.
 May they, the Fathers who deserve the Soma, invited to their favourite oblations.
 Laid on the sacred grass, come nigh and listen. May they be gracious unto us and bless us.
 Our Father's Fathers and their sires before them who came, most noble, to the Soma banquet,
 With these let Yama, yearning with the yearning, rejoicing eat our offerings at his pleasure.
 Come to us, Agni, with the gracious Fathers who dwell in glowing light, the very Sages,
 Who thirsted mid the Gods, who hasten hither, oblation-winners, theme of singers' praises.
 Come, Agni, come with countless ancient Fathers, dwellers in light, primeval, God-adorers,
 Eaters and drinkers of oblation, truthful, who travel with the Deities and Indra.
 Betake thee to the lap of Earth, our mother, of Earth far-spreading, very kind and gracious.
 May she, wool-soft unto the guerdon-giver, guard thee in front upon the distant pathway.
 Heave thyself, Earth, nor press him downward heavily: afford him easy access pleasant to approach,
 Cover him as a mother wraps her skirt about her child, O Earth!
 Now let the heaving earth be free from motion: yea, let a thousand clods remain above him.
 Be they to him a home distilling fatness: here let them ever be his place of refuge.
 I stay the earth from thee, while over thee I place this piece of earth. May I be free from injury.
 The Fathers firmly fix this pillar here for thee; and there let Yama make thee an abiding-place.
 Forbear, O Agni, to upset this chalice: the Gods and they who merit Soma love it.
 This cup, yea this which serves the Gods to drink from,—in this let the Immortals take their pleasure.
 The chalice brimming o'er which erst Atharvan offered to Indra,
 Lord of wealth and treasure,
 Indu therein sets draught of virtuous action, and ever purifies himself within it.
 What wound so'er the dark bird hath inflicted, the emmet, or the serpent, or the jackal,
 May Agni who devoureth all things heal it, and Soma, who hath passed into the Brāhmans.
 The plants of earth are rich in milk, and rich in milk is this my milk.

With all the milky essence of the Waters let them make me clean.
 Let these unwidowed dames with goodly husbands adorn them- selves with fragrant balm and
 unguent.
 Decked with fair jewels, tearless, free, from trouble, first let the dames go up to where he
 lieth.
 Meet Yama, meet the Fathers, meet the merit of virtuous action in the loftiest heaven.
 Leave sin and evil, seek anew thy dwelling: so bright with glory let him join his body.
 Our Father's Fathers and their sires before them, they who have entered into air's wide
 region,
 For them shall self-resplendent Asuniti form bodies now accord- ing to her pleasure.
 Let the hoar-frost be sweet to thee. sweetly on thee the rain descend!
 O full of coolness, thou cool Plant, full of fresh moisture, fresh- ening Herb,
 Bless us in waters, female Frog: calm and allay this Agni here.
 Vivasvān make us free from fear and peril, good rescuer, quick- pouring, bounteous giver!
 Many in number be these present heroes! Increase of wealth be mine in kine and horses!
 In immortality Vivasvān set us! Go from us Death, come to us life eternal!
 To good old age may he protect these people: let not their spirits pass away to Yama.
 The Sage of Fathers, guardian of devotions who holds thee up with might in air's mid-
 region,—
 Praise him ye Visvāmitras, with oblation. To lengthened life shall be, this Yama, lead us.
 Mount and ascend to highest heaven, O Rishis: be ye not afraid.
 Soma-drinkers to you is paid this Soma-lover's sacrifice. We have attained the loftiest light.
 Agni is shining forth with lofty banner: the Bull is bellowing to earth and heaven.
 From the sky's limit even hath he stretched near us: the Steer hath waxen in the waters'
 bosom.
 They gaze on thee with longing in their spirit, as on an eagle that is mounting skyward;
 On thee with wings of gold, Varuna's envoy, the Bird that hasteth to the home of Yama.
 O Indra, bring us wisdom as a sire gives wisdom to his sons.
 Guide us, O much-invoked in this our way: may we still living look upon the Sun.
 Let these which Gods have held for thee, the beakers covered o'er with cake,
 Be full of sacred food for thee, distilling fatness, rich in mead.
 Grains which for thee I scatter, mixt with Sesamum, as holy food,
 May they for thee be excellent and potent: King Yama look on them as thine with favour!
 O Tree, give back again this man who is deposited on thee.
 That he may dwell in Yama's home addressing the assemblies there.
 Seize hold O Jātavedas; let thy flame be full of fervent heat.
 Consume his body: to the world of pious ones transport this man.
 To these, thy Fathers who have passed away at first and after- ward,
 Let the full brook of butter run, o'erflowing with a hundred streams.
 Mount to this life, removing all defilement: here thine own kindred shine with lofty
 splendour.
 Depart thou; be not left behind: go forward, first of those here, unto the world of Fathers.

HYMN IV

A funeral hymn, composed partly of verses from the Rigveda

Rise to your mother, flames of Jātavedas! I send you up by paths which Fathers traverse.
 With headlong speed the Oblation bearer bore our gifts: toil ye, and place the offerer where
 the righteous dwell.
 The Seasons, Deities, form and order Worship, butter, cake, ladles, sacrificial weapons.
 Tread thou God-travelled paths whereby the righteous, payers of sacrifices, go to Svarga.

Carefully look on Sacrifice's pathway whereon the Angirases, the righteous, travel.
 By those same pathways go thou up to Svarga where the
 Ādityas take their fill of sweetness, There make thy home in the third vault of heaven,
 Three eagles in the region's roar are standing high on heaven's ridge in their appointed
 station.

The worlds of Svarga shall, filled full of Amrit, yield food and power to him who sacrificeth.
 Upabhr̥it stablished air, Juhū the heaven, Dhruva supported earth securely founded.
 As meed, the Svarga worlds, o'erspread with fatness shall yield the sacrificer all his wishes.
 Dhruvā, ascend thou earth the all sustainer: go thou, O Upa- bhr̥it, to air's mid-region.
 Juhu, go skyward with the sacrificer; go, and with Sruva be thy calf beside thee drain all the
 swelling unreluctant quarters.

They ford the mighty rivers by the pathway which they who sacrifice, the righteous, travel.
 There they gave room unto the sacrificer when they made regions and existing creatures.
 The Angirases' pathway is the eastern Agni, the Ādityas' path- way is the Gārhapatya:
 The southward Agni is the way of Southernns.

To Agni's greatness whom the prayer divideth go powerful, un- scathed with all thy
 members.

Eastward let east fire happily consume thee, and westward happily the Gārhapatya.
 Burn southern fire, thine armour and protection: from air's- mid-region from the north and
 centre, on all sides, Agni, guard thou him from horror.

Do ye, with your most kindly forms, O Agni, waft, turned to rapid steeds whose ribs bear
 burthens,

The sacrificer to the world of Svarga where with the Gods they banquet and are joyful.
 Happily from the rear burn this man, Agni, happily from before, above, and under.
 One, triply parted, Jātavedas, place him happily in the world that holds the righteous.
 Happily lit, let fires, each Jātavedas, seize on Prajāpati's appoint- ed victim.

Let them not cast it down while here they cook it.

Sacrifice, duly offered, comes preparing the sacrificer for the. world of Svarga,

Let all the fires, each Jātavedas, welcome Prajāpati's completely offered victim.

Let them not cast it down while here they cook it.

Fain to fly up from the sky's ridge to heaven, the worshipper hath mounted visible Agni.

Lucid from out the mist to him, the pious, gleams the God- travelled path that leads to
 Svarga.

On thy right hand let Indra be thy Brāhman, Brihaspati Adh- varyu Agni Hotar.

This ordered sacrifice goes offered thither whither presented gifts have gone aforetime.

Enriched with cake and milk here let the Charu rest.

World-makers, makers of the path we worship you of the Gods who here partake oblations.

Enriched with cake and curds, etc. (as in stanza 16).

Enriched with cake and drops, etc.

Enriched with cake and butter, etc.

Enriched with cake and flesh, etc.

Enriched with cake and food, etc.

Enriched with cake and mead, etc.

Enriched with cake and juice, etc.

Here, mixt with cake and water rest the Charu!

World-makers, makers of the path, we worship those Gods of you who here partake
 oblations.

Let these which Gods have held for thee, these beakers covered o'er with cake,

Be full of sacred food for thee, distilling fatness, rich in mead.

Grains which for thee I scatter, mixt with Sesamum, as holy food.

May they for thee be excellent and potent. King Yama look on, them as thine with favour!
More immortality!

On all the earth, to heaven, the drop descended, on this place and on that which was before it.
I offer up, throughout the seven oblations, the drop which still to one same place is moving.
Those who observe men look on wealth as Vāyu with countless. streams, and as light-finding
Arka;

Those drain out Guerdon sprung from seven mothers, who satisfy and evermore give
presents.

They for their weal drain out the cask, the beaker four-holed, the milch-cow Idā full of
sweetness,

Injure not, Agni, in the loftiest heaven Aditi heightening strength among the people.

On thee doth Savitar the God bestow this vesture for thy wear.

Clothe thee herein, and find meet robe in Yama's realm to cover thee.

The grains of corn have now become a cow, the Sesamum her calf.

He in the realm of Yama lives on her the inexhaustible.

Let these become thy milch-kine, man! supplying all thy heart's desires.

There, speckled, white, like-hued and various-coloured, with calves of Sesamum let them
stand beside thee.

Let the green grains become thy white, and speckled, The dusky corns become thy ruddy
milch-kine.

Let those with calves of Sesamum for ever yield strength to him and never flinch from
milking.

I offer in Vaisvānara this oblation, thousandfold spring that pours a hundred steamlets.

This with a swelling flow supports the Father, supports grand-fathers and their sires before
them.

Beside the spring with hundred, thousand currents, expanding on the summit of the water,
Exhaustless, yielding strength, never reluctant, the Fathers with their sacred food are seated.

This pile of wood, collected, heaped together, regard it, O ye, kinsmen, and come near it.

To immortality this mortal goeth: prepare a home for him, all ye his kindred.

Be here, even here, acquiring wealth, here be thou thoughts here be thou strength.

Be stronger here in manly power, life-giver, never beaten back.

Giving the son and grandson satisfaction, let these the present

Waters full of sweetness,

Pouring forth food and Amrit for the Fathers, refresh both these and those, the Goddess
Waters.

4040. Waters, send Agni forward to the Fathers: let them accept the sacrifice I offer.

May they who follow Vigour that abideth there send us down wealth with full store of heroes.

Lover of butter, deathless, him, Oblation-bearer, they inflame.

He knoweth well the treasured stores gone to the Fathers, far away.

The mingled draught, the mess of rice, the flesh which I present to thee,

May these be full of food for thee, distilling fatness, rich in sweets.

Grains which for thee I scatter, mixt with Sesamum as sacred food,

May these for thee be excellent and potent. King Yama look on, them, as thine, with favour.

This is the ancient, this the recent pathway, by which thy sires of olden time departed.

They who first travelled it, and they who followed, convey thee to the world where dwell the
righteous.

The pious call Sarasvati: they worship Sarasvati while sacrifice proceedeth.

The righteous doers of good deeds invoke her: Sarasvati send bliss to him who giveth!

Approaching on the south our solemn worship, the Fathers call-

Sarasvati to hear them.

Sit on this holy grass and be ye joyful: give thou us strengthen- ing food that brings no sickness.

Sarasvati, who tamest with them, joying in hymns and food, O Goddess, with the Fathers,

Here give the Sacrificer growth of riches, a portion, worth a thousand, of refreshment. As Prithivī rests on earth, so do I seat thee. May the God Dhātār lengthen our existence. For you may he who parts in turn find treasures, but let the Dead among the Fathers.

Depart ye two: wipe ye away whatever omens of evil fortune here have told you.

Go from this man, both Steers, to him who wills it: ye are my joys here by the giver's Fathers.

From a good quarter have we gained this guerdon, gift of this man, strength giving, plenteous milker.

Bringing in youth old age unto the living, may she bear these together to the Fathers.

I bring this clipped grass hither for the Fathers: grass living,. higher, for the Gods I scatter.

Mount this, O man, as victim: let the Fathers recognize thee: when thou hast travelled yonder.

Set on this grass thou hast become a victim. Fathers shall know thee yonder when they meet thee.

Gather thy body, limb by limb, together: I by the power of prayer arrange thy members.

The royal Parna is the caldrons' cover: strength have we gained, force, power, and might, and vigour.

Bestowing length of life upon the living, for long existence through a hundred autumns.

The share of vigour which gave this man being, the stone won lordship over foods that nourish.

Hymn this with your oblations, Visvāmitras: may he, may Yama, lengthen our existence.

As the Five Races of mankind for Yama set apart a house.

Even so I set a house apart that greater numbers may be mine.

Take thou and wear this piece of gold, the gold thy father used to wear.

Wipe tenderly the right hand of thy sire who goes away to heaven.

To all, the living and the dead, all that are born, the worshipful.

Let the full brook of fatness run, o'erflowing, with stream of mead.

Far-seeing he flows on, the Bull, the Lord of hymns, promoter of the Sun, of Days, of Dawns, of Heaven.

Breath of the rivers he hath roared into the jars, and through his wisdom entered into Indra's heart.

Let thy bright smoke envelop thee, spread forth, O Bright One, in the sky.

For, Purifier, like the Sun thou shinest with thy radiant glow.

Indu is moving forth to Indra's destined place, and slights not as a friend the promise of his friend.

Thou, Soma, comest nigh as bridegroom meets the bride, reach- ing the beaker by a course of hundred paths.

Well have they eaten and rejoiced: their dear ones have they shaken off.

Sages, self-luminous, have praised: we who are youngest supplicate.

Come hither, Fathers, who deserve the Soma, by the deep path- ways which the Fathers travel.

Bestow upon us life and store of children, and favour us with increase of our riches.

Depart, O Fathers, ye who merit Soma, by the deep pathways which the Fathers travel;

But in a month, rich in fair sons and heroes, come back into our homes to eat oblation.

If Agni Jātavedas, as he bore you hence to the Fathers' world, hath left one single.

Limb of your bodies, here do I restore it. Fathers, rejoice in heaven with all your members!
 Meet for men's praises, Agni Jātavedas was sent as envoy when the day was closing.
 Thou gavest to the Fathers with oblation. They ate; eat, God, our offered sacrifices.
 Here hast thou left thy heart; O man, as sisters leave their little pet. Do thou, O earth, envelop him.

Bright be to thee those worlds where dwell the Fathers! I seat thee in that sphere which they inhabit.

Thou art the grass whereon our Fathers seat them.

Loosen, O Varuna, the bond that binds us; loosen the bond above, between, and under.

Then under thy protection, O Āditya, may we be sinless and restored to freedom.

From all those bonds, O Varuna, release us, wherewith a man is bound at length and cross-wise.

Then may we live a hundred autumn seasons guarded by thee,
 O King, by thee protected.

To Agni, bearer of oblation to the Manes, be Hail! and homage!

To Soma connected with the Fathers Hail! and homage!

To the Fathers connected with Soma Hail! and homage!

To Yama connected with the Fathers Hail! and homage!

To thee, O Great-grandfather, and those with thee be this cry of Hail

To thee, Great-grandfather, and to those with thee be this cry of Hail!

To thee, O Fathers, be this cry of Hail!

Hail to the Fathers who inhabit earth!

Hail to the Fathers who inhabit the firmament!

Hail to the Fathers who dwell in heaven!

Hail, Fathers, to your energy! Hail, Fathers, to your sap!

Hail Father; to your wrath! Hail, Fathers, to your ardour!

Hail, Fathers, to what is awful! Hail to what is terrible in you!

Hail, Fathers, to all that is propitious! Hail to all that is pleasant in you!

Homage to you Fathers! Hail to you, Fathers!

All Fathers who are here, the Fathers here are you: let then- follow you. May ye be the most excellent of these.

All living fathers who are here are we here: let them follow us.

May we be the most excellent of these.

Bright Agni, we will kindle thee, rich in thy splendour, fading. not.

So that this glorious fuel may send forth to heaven its light for thee. Bring food to those who sing thy praise.

Within the waters runs the Moon, the strong-winged Eagle soars. in heaven.

Ye Lightnings with your golden wheels, men find not your abiding-place. Hear this my call,
 O Heaven and Earth.

Book XIX

HYMN I

An accompaniment to the offering of a Mixt Oblation

Let the streams flow together, let the winds and birds assembled come.
 Strengthen this sacrifice of mine, ye singers. I offer up a duly mixt oblation.
 O Burnt Oblations, aid, and ye, Blent Offerings, this my sacrifice.
 Strengthen this sacrifice of mine, ye singers. I offer up a duly mixt oblation.
 Each several form, each several force I seize, and compass round this man.
 May the Four Quarters strengthen this my sacrifice. I offer up a duly mixt oblation.

HYMN II

A hymn to all waters

Blest be the Streams from hills of snow, sweet be spring Waters unto thee.
 Sweet be swift-running Waters, sweet to thee be Water of the
 Rains.
 Sweet unto thee be Waters of the waste and Waters of the pool.
 Sweet be the Waters dug from earth, to thee, and Waters brought in jars.
 To those who delve without a tool to dig, the wise, the deeply moved,
 To Waters better healers than physicians we address our prayer.
 Bathed in the Waters verily divine, in water of the streams,
 Bathed in the Waters verily, O Horses, be ye fleet and strong.
 Blest be the Waters unto thee, suspicious Waters, bringing. health.
 They cure the injured place for thee even as thy comfort craveth it.

HYMN III

A hymn to Agni for protection and prosperity

Whitherso'er, from sky, earth, air's mid-regions from plants and herbs, from tall trees,
 Jātavedas.
 Is carried here and there to divers places, even thence come thou to us with loving-kindness.
 All majesty of thine in floods, in forest, in plants, in cattle, in the depths of waters
 Closely uniting all thy forms, O Agni, come unto us wealth-giv- ing, undecaying.
 Thy majesty among the Gods in Svarga, thy body which hath past into the Fathers.
 Thy plenty far-diffused mid human beings, even with this, O
 Agni, give us riches.
 To him the wise, the famous, swift to listen, with words and verses I come nigh for bounty.
 May we be safe from threatening danger. Soften by sacrifice the- wrath of Gods, O Agni.

HYMN IV

A prayer, accompanying sacrifice, for the attainment of a wish

The first oblation that Atharvan oared, earliest sacrifice paid by
 Jātavedas,
 Even this I, foremost, with repeated worship, now offer unto thee. May Agni carry the
 sacrificer's present. Hail to Agni!
 In front I set Intention, blessed Goddess. Mother of thought, may she be prompt to hear us.
 Mine, and mine only, be the hope I fashion! May I gain this that hath possessed my spirit.

With Purpose, O Prajāpati, with Purpose come thou near to us.
 Bestow on us a share of luck, and so be swift to hear our call.
 Prajāpati Angirasa with favour regard this word and this my settled purpose!
 May he, whence Gods and Deities had being Kāma attend us with his gentle guidance.

HYMN V

A prayer for riches

King of the living world and men is Indra, of all in varied form that earth containeth.
 Thence to the worshipper he giveth riches: may he enrich even us when we have praised him.

HYMN VI

The purusha-Sūkta, on the mystical Sacrifice of Purusha

Purusha hath a thousand arms, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet.
 On every side pervading earth he fills a space ten fingers wide.
 He with three quarters rose to heaven here reappeared a fourth of him.
 Thence he strode forth on every side to all that eats not and that eats.
 So mighty is his grandeur, yea, greater than this is Purusha.
 All creatures are one-fourth of him, three-fourths what dieth not in heaven.
 Purusha is in truth this All, what hath been and what yet shall; be
 Lord, too, of immortality—and what hath grown with some- what else.
 When they divided Purusha how many portions did they make?
 What was his mouth? what were his arms? what are the names of thighs and feet?
 The Brāhman was his mouth, of both his arms was the Rājanya made.
 His waist became the Vaisya, from his feet the Sūdra was produced.
 The Moon was gendered from his mind, and from his eye the
 Sun had birth.
 Indra and Agni from his mouth were born and Vāyu from his breath.
 Forth from his navel come mid-air; the sky was fashioned from his head.
 Earth from his feet, and from his ear the regions. Thus they formed the worlds.
 In the beginning rose Virāj: Purusha from Virāj was born.
 As soon as he was born he spread westward and eastward o'er the earth.
 When Gods performed the sacrifice with Purusha as their offering.
 Spring was the butter, summer was the fuel, autumn was the gift.
 That sacrifice, first-born Purusha, they hallowed with the sprink- led Rains.
 The Deities, the Sādhyas, all the Vasus sacrificed with him.
 From it were horses born, from it all creatures with two rows of teeth.
 From it were generated kine, from it were goats and sheep produced.
 From that great general sacrifice Richas and Sāma hymns were born;
 Therefrom the metres were produced: the Yajus had its birth from it.
 From that great general sacrifice the dripping fat was gathered up:
 It formed the creatures fleet as wind, and animals both wild and tame.
 Seven fencing-logs had he, thrice seven layers of fuel were prepared.
 When, offering sacrifice, the Gods bound as their victim Purusha.
 Forth from head of the high God seven-and-seventy bright beams.
 Sprang into being, of the King Soma produced from Purusha.

HYMN VII

A Prayer to the Lunar Mansions and other Powers for protection and prosperity

The brilliant lights shining in heaven together, which through the world glide on with rapid motion.

And Days, and Firmament with songs I worship, seeking the
Twenty-eight-fold for its favour.

Krittikās, Rohinī be swift to hear me! Let Mrigasiras bless me, help me Ārdrā!
Punarvasu and Sūnritā, fair Pushya, the Sun, Asleshās, Maghā lead me onward!
My bliss be Svāti and benignant Chitrā, my right First Phalgunis and present Hasta.
Rādhās, Visākhas, gracious Anurādhā, Jyeshthā and happy- starred uninjured Mūla.
Food shall be earlier Ashādhās grant me; let those that follow bring me strength and vigour;
With virtuous merit Abhijit endow me! Sravana and Sravishthās make me prosper.
Satabhishak afford me ample freedom, and both the Proshtha- padas guard me safely.
Revati and the Asvayujas bring me luck, and the Bharanis abundant riches!

Benign to me be all those Lunar Mansions to which the Moon as he moves on doth honour.
All that are in the sky, the air, the waters, on earth, on moun- tains, in the heavenly regions.
Propitious, mighty, let the eight-and-twenty together deal me out my share of profit.
Profit and wealth be mine, and wealth and profit! To Day and
Night be adoration rendered!

Fair be my sunset, fair my morn and evening and day with. lucky chase and happy omens;
With blessing and success, immortal Agni, go to the mortal and. return rejoicing.
Excitement and invoking cry, ill-omened sneezing and reproof,
All sounds of empty pitchers send into the distance, Savitar!
May we escape an evil sneeze, enjoy the sneeze of happy luck,
And may our nostrils smelling what is pleasant pour forth fragrant scent.
These flames of Brāhmanaspati borne to all quarters in the- wind,
Turn them all hither, Indra, and make them most gracious unto, me.

HYMN IX

A prayer for general protection and prosperity

Gentle be heaven, gentle be earth, gentle this spacious, atmosphere.
Gentle be waters as they flow, gentle to us be plants and herbs!
Gentle be signs of coming change, and that which is and is not. done!
Gentle be past and future, yea, let all be gracious unto us.
Quickened by Prayer, this Goddess Vāk who standeth in the highest place,
By whom the awful spell was made, even through her to us be peace!
Or, made more keen by Prayer, this mind that standeth in the highest place,
Whereby the awful spell was made, even through this be peace to us!
These five sense-organs with the mind as sixth, sharpened by
Prayer, abiding in my heart,
By which the awful spell was made, even by these be peace to us.
Favour us Mitra, Varuna, and Vishnu, and Prajāpati! Gracious• to us be Indra and Brihaspati
and Aryaman.
Favour us Mitra, Varuna, Vivasvān, and the Finisher,
Portents on earth and in the air, and planets wandering in heaven!
Gracious to us be trembling earth, gracious the flaming meteor stroke!
Gracious be kine who yield red milk, gracious be earth when sinking down!
Gracious be meteor-stricken constellation, gracious to us be magic spells and witchcraft!
Gracious to us be buried charms, and gracious the meteors and the portents of the region!
Kind be the Powers who seize the Moon, with Rāhu be Ādityas kind!
Favour us Death and Cornet, and Rudras with penetrating. might!

Rudras and Vasus favour us, Ādityas, Agnis favour us!
 Favour us mighty Rishis, Gods, Goddesses, and Brihaspati!
 Brahma, Dhātār, Prajāpati, Worlds, Vedas, Agnis, Rishis Seven.
 All these have blessed my happy way. May Indra be my guardian, may Brahmā protect and shelter me.
 May all the Gods protect me, may the Gods united shield me well.
 May all alleviations in the world which the Seven Rishis know.
 Be kind and gracious unto me. Bliss and security be mine!
 Earth alleviation, air alleviation, heaven alleviation, waters alleviation, plants alleviation, trees alleviation, all Gods my alleviation, collective Gods my alleviation, alleviation by alleviations. By these alleviations, these universal alleviations, I allay all that is terrific here, all that is cruel, all that is wicked. This hath been calmed, this is now auspicious.
 Let all be favourable to us.

HYMN X

A prayer for the same

Befriend us with their aids Indra and Agni, Indra and Varuna who receive oblations!
 Indra and Soma give health, wealth and comfort, Indra and
 Pūshan be our strength in battle!
 Auspicious friends to us be Bhaga. Sansa, auspicious be Purandhi and all Riches,
 The blessing of the true and well-conducted and Aryaman in many forms apparent.
 Kind unto us be Maker and Sustainer and the far-reaching
 One with godlike nature.
 Auspicious unto us be Earth and Heaven, the Mountain and the
 Gods' fair invocations.
 Favour us Agni with his face of splendour, and Varuna and
 Mitra and the Asvins.
 Favour us noble actions of the pious; impetuous Vāta blow on, us with favour!
 Early invoked may Heaven and Earth be friendly, and Air's mid-region good for us to look on.
 To us may herbs and forest trees be gracious, gracious the Lord victorious of the region.
 Be the God Indra with the Vasus friendly, and with Ādityas
 Varuna who blesseth.
 Kind with the Rudras be the healer Rudra, and with the Dames here Tvashtar kindly hear us.
 Kind unto us be Soma and Devotions, kind be the sacrifice and
 Stones for pressing.
 Kind be the fixing of the Sacred Pillars, kind be the tender
 Grass, and kind the Altar.
 May the far-seeing Sun rise up to bless us: be the four quarters- of the heaven auspicious.
 Auspicious be the firmly-seated Mountains, auspicious be the
 Rivers and the Waters.
 May Aditi through holy works be gracious, and may the Maruts, loud in song, be friendly.
 May Vishnu give felicity, and, Pūshan, and Air that cherisheth. our lives, and Vāyu.
 Prosper us Savitar, the God who rescues, and let the radiant.
 Mornings be propitious.
 Propitious to our children be Pārjanya, kind to us be the field's benign Protector!

HYMN XI

A continuation of Hymn 10

May the great Lords of Truth protect and aid us: blest to us be our horses and our cattle.

Kind be the pious, skilful-handed Ribhus, kind be the Fathers at our invocations

Kind to us be the Gods and Visve Devas, Sarasvati with Holy

Thoughts be gracious.

Friendly be they, the Liberal Ones, who seek us, yea, those who dwell in-heaven, on earth, in waters.

May Aja-Ekapād the God be gracious, gracious the Dragon of the Deep, and Ocean.

Gracious be he, the swelling Child of Waters, gracious be Prisni who hath Gods to guard her.

So may the Rudras, Vasus, and Ādityas accept the new hymn we now are making.

May all the Holy Ones of earth and heaven, and the Cow's off- spring hear our invocation.

Priests of the Gods, worthy of sacrifices, immortal, knowing

Law, whom man must worship.

May these to-day give us broad paths to travel. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN XII

A prayer to Ushas or Dawn for wealth and long life

Dawn drives away her sister's gloom, and through her excellence makes her retrace her path.

Through her may we gain God-appointed treasure, and with brave sons be glad through hundred winters.

HYMN XIII

A prayer for aid and victory in battle

These the two sturdy, manly arms of Indra, these that are won- drous, mighty, and successful
First, when the need hath come will I employ them by which the heaven of Asuras was conquered.

Swift, like a dread bull sharpening his weapons, rapidly striking, stirring up the people,

Loud shouting, vigilant, the one sole Hero, Indra subdued a hundred hosts together.

With him loud-roaring, ever watchful, victor bold, hard to over- throw, whom none may vanquish,

Indra the strong whose hand bears arrows, conquer, ye heroes now, now vanquish in the combat.

He rules with those who carry shafts and quivers, Indra who with his hand brings hosts together,

Foe-conquering, strong of arm, the Soma-drinker, with mighty bow, shooting with well-laid arrows.

Conspicuous by thy strength, firm, foremost fighter, mighty and fierce, victorious, all-subduing,

O'ercoming might, excelling men and heroes, mount the kine- winning conquering car, O Indra.

Troop-vanquisher, kine-winner, armed with thunder, who quells an army and with might destroys it,

Follow him, comrades! quit yourselves like heroes, and like this

Indra show your zeal and courage.

Piercing the cow-stalls with surpassing vigour, Indra the pitiless hero, wild with anger,

Victor in fight, unshaken and resistless,—may he protect our armies in our battles.

Brihaspati, fly with thy chariot hither, slayer of demons, driving off our foemen.

Be thou protector of our bodies, crushing our enemies, destroy- ing those who hate us.

Indra guide these! Brihaspati, the Guerdon, and Soma, and the

Sacrifice precede them!

And let the banded Maruts march in forefront of heavenly hosts that conquer and demolish.
Ours be the potent host of mighty Indra, King Varuna, and
Maruts and Ādityas.

Uplifted is the shout of Gods who conquer, high-minded God who cause the world to
tremble.

May Indra aid us when our flags are gathered: victorious be th arrows of our army.
May our brave men of war prevail in battle. Ye Gods, protect u in the shouts of onset.

HYMN XIV

A hymn after victory

I have attained this goodliest place to rest in. Both Heaven and,
Earth have shown me grace and favour.
Without a foe for me be all the regions! We hate thee not. May we have peace and safety.

HYMN XV

A prayer for peace and security

Indra, give us security from that whereof we are afraid.
Help us, O Maghavan, let thy succour grant us this: drive foes and enemies afar.
We call on Indra, on the liberal giver: we will be prosperous in men and cattle.
Let not the hosts of cruel fiends approach us. Drive of the
Druhs to every side, O Indra.
Best, making household wealth increase. Indra our saviour, kills the foe.
May he from outmost point be our potector, and from the centre and from west and eastward.
Lead us to ample room. O thou who knowest, to happiness security, and sunlight.
Strong, Indra, are the arms of thee the mighty: may we betake us to their lofty shelter.
May air's mid-region give us peace and safety, safety may both these, Heaven and Earth,
afford us.
Security be ours from west, from eastward, from north and south may we be free from
danger.
Safety be ours from friend and from the unfriendly, safety from what we know and what we
know not.
Safety be ours by night and in the day-time! friendly to me be all my hopes and wishes!

HYMN XVI

A prayer for security from danger

Peace hath been given us from the east, and from the west security.
Savitar guard me from the south, and from the north the Lord of Might.
May the Ādityas from the sky protect me, Agni from the earth.
May Indra-Agni guard me from the eastward, on all sides may the Asvins give me shelter.
May Jātavedas guard, sidelong, our cattle.
Our shield on all sides be the World-Creators!

HYMN XVII

A prayer for protection from dangers in all directions

Agni from eastward guard me with the Vasus! To him I go, in him I rest: this fort I seek for
refuge.
May he protect me, may he be my guardian. I give my soul—All hail! into his keeping.
Vāyu with Air protect me from this region. To him I go, etc.

May Soma from the south, with Rudras, guard me. To him, etc.

Varuna with Ādityas guard me from this region! To him etc.

Sūrya with Earth and Heaven from the western region guard me well. To him, etc.

May Waters joined with Plants protect me from this region. To them I go, in them I rest: this fort I seek for refuge.

May they protect me, may they be my guardians. I give my soul—All hail! —into their keeping.

May Visvakarman with the Seven Rishis be my protector from the northern region. To him, etc.

May Indra, Marut-girt, protect me from this region. To him, etc.

Prajāpati, of generative power, with the Pratiśhlhā save me from the nadir! To him, etc.

Brihaspati, joined by the Visvedevas, protect me from the region of the zenith! To him, I go, in him I rest; this fort I seek for refuge.

May he protect me, may he be my guardian. I give my soul—
All hail!—into his keeping.

HYMN XVIII

A prayer for security and peace on all sides

Let those who vex me from the eastern region, sinners, praise
Agni followed by the Vasus.

Let those who vex me from this quarter, sinners, praise Vāyu compassed by the Air's mid region.

Let those who vex me from the southern quarter, sinners, sing praise to Soma with the Rudras.

Let those who vex me from this quarter, sinners, praise Varuna connected with Ādityas.

Let those who vex me from the western quarter, sinners, praise

Sūrya linked with Earth and Heaven.

Let those who vex me from this quarter, sinners give praise to plants' associates the Waters.

Let those who from the north side vex me, sinners, praise

Visvakarman with the Seven Rishis.

Let those who vex me from this quarter, sinners, praise Indra with the Marut host about him.

Let those who vex me from the nadir, sinners, extol Prajāpati of genial power.

Let those who vex me from the zenith, sinners, extol Brihaspati with the Visve Devas.

HYMN XIX

A hymn recommending the protection of various Gods

Mitra arose with Earth. To that fort I lead you: enter it, occupy it. Let it give you protection and defence.

Vāyu arose with Air. To that fort, etc.

Sūrya arose with Heaven. To that fort, etc.

Chandramās arose with the Constellation. To that fort, etc.

Sacrifice arose with Priestly Fees. To that fort, etc.

Ocean arose with the Rivers. To that fort, etc.

Brahma arose with the Brahmachārīs. To that fort, etc.

Indra arose with Might. To that fort, etc.

The Gods arose with Immortality. To that fort, etc.

Prajāpati arose with Creatures. To that fort I lead you: enter it, occupy it give you protection and defence.

HYMN XX

A prayer for protection from death and misfortune

May Soma, Varuna the King, both Asvins, Yama and Pūshan guard us well from Mrityu—
Death caused by men, which Indra-Agni, Dhātār, Brihaspati and
Savitar appointed.

All that the World's Lord made, all that for creatures Prajāpati and Mātarisvan fashioned,
All things within the quarters and their spaces, let all these be my manifold defences.
That which the Gods bound on them when they battled for their royal sway.
What Indra made his shield, may that protect us well on every side,
My shield is Heaven and Earth, my shield is the bright Day, my shield the Sun.
The Visva Devas made my shield. Let not misfortune fall on me.

HYMN XXI

A single line giving the names of the chief Vedic metres

Gāyatri, Ushnih, Anushtup, Brihatī, Trishtup, Jagatī.

HYMN XXII

A prose hymn of homage to various portions of the Atharva-veda, to the Rishis, and to
Brahma

With the first five chapters of the Angirases, Hail!

To the sixth, Hail!

To the seventh and eight, Hail!

The black-clawed ones, Hail!

To the golden-hued ones, Hail!

To the small ones, Hail!

To those composed in strophes, Hail!

To the first shells, Hail!

To the second shells, Hail!

To the third shells, Hail!

To the penultimates, Hail.

To the last ones, Hail!

To the latter ones, Hail!

To the Rishis, Hail!

To those with hair in tufts, Hail!

To the Ganas, Hail!

To the great Ganas, Hail!

To all the Vidagana Angirases, Hail!

To those two with separate thousands, Hail!

To Brahma, Hail!

Collected manly powers are topped by Brahma. Brahma at first spread out the loftiest heaven.
Brahma was born first of all things existing. Who then is meet to be that Brahma's rival?

HYMN XXIII

A prose hymn of homage to various portions of the Atharva-veda classed according to the
number of verses which their hymns contain

Hail to the four-verse strophes of the Atharvanas!

Hail to the five-versed!

Hail to the six-versed!

Hail to the seven-versed!

Hail to the eight-versed!

Hail to the nine-versed!
 Hail to the ten-versed!
 Hail to the eleven-versed!
 Hail to the twelve-versed!
 Hail to the thirteen-versed
 Hail to the fourteen-versed!
 Hail to the fifteen-versed!
 Hail to the sixteen-versed!
 Hail to the seventeen-versed!
 Hail to the eighteen-versed!
 Hail, nineteen!
 Hail, twenty!
 Hail to the Great Section!
 Hail to the triplets!
 Hail to the single-versed hymns!
 Hail to the little ones!
 Hail to the single non-Rich-versed ones!
 Hail to the Rohitas!
 Hail to the two Sūryā hymns!
 Hail to the two Vrātya hymns!
 Hail to the two Prajāpati hymns!
 Hail to the hymn of victory!
 Hail to the hymns for happiness!
 Hail to Brahma!

Collected manly powers are topped by Brahma. Brahma at first spread out the loftiest heaven. Brahma was born first of all things existing. Who then is fit to be this Brahma's rival?

HYMN XXIV

A benediction on a newly elected King

Do ye, O Brāhmanaspati, invest for the royal sway this man.
 With that wherewith the Deities invested Savitar the God.
 Invest this Indra for long life, invest him for great princely power,
 That I may lead him on to eld, that the man watch his principedom long.
 Invest this Soma for long life, invest him for great hearing power.
 That I may lead him on to eld, that he may watch o'er hearing long.
 For us, surround him, cover him with splendour, give him long life, and death when age
 removes him.
 This garment hath Brihaspati presented to Soma, to the King, to wrap about him.
 Advance to good old age: endue the mantle. Be thou our heifers' guard from imprecation.
 Live thou a hundred full and plenteous autumns, and wrap thee in prosperity of riches.
 Thou for weal hast clothed thee in this garment: thou hast become our cows' sure guard from
 curses.
 Live thou a hundred full and plenteous autumns: then living, fair thyself, shalt deal forth
 treasures.
 In every need, in every fray we call, as friends, to succour us,
 Indra the mightiest of all.
 Gold-coloured, undecaying, blest with heroes, dwell, dying in old age, with children round
 thee.
 This is the spoken word of Agni, Soma, Brihaspati and Savitar, and Indra.

HYMN XXV

A charm to be used when a young ox is first yoked

I yoke thee with the mind of one unwearied still and first of all.
Be thou a bearer up the hill: run hither bearing up thy load.

HYMN XXVI

A hymn accompanying investiture with an amulet of gold

Gold that was born from Fire is immortal hath been deposited with mortal creatures.
He who knows this deserves to own this jewel, and in extreme old age dies he who wears it.
The men of ancient time with children round them longed for this Gold, bright with the Sun's own colour,

This shall endow thee, as it shines, with splendour, and long shall be the life of him who wears it.

Long life and splendour let it bring energy and strength to thee.

That thou mayst shine among the folk with all the brightness of the Gold.

What Varuna the King knows well, and what the God

Brihaspati,

And Indra, Slayer of the Foe, may that bestow long life on thee, may that increase thy splendid strength.

HYMN XXVII

A benedictory hymn

Let the Bull guard thee with the kine, the Stallion with the fleet-foot steeds.

Let Vāyu keep thee safe with prayer, and Indra with his mighty power.

Let Soma guard thee with the plants, Sūrya protect thee with the stars;

With breath let Wind protect thee, and the Moon, foe-slayer, with the months.

Three are the earths, they say, and three the heavens, three are the atmospheres, and four the oceans.

Threefold the hymn of praise, threefold the Waters. Let these with triple song and triplets guard thee.

Three vaults of heaven, and three seas, three bright, three stationary ones,

Three Mātariśvans, and three suns, protectors, I arrange for thee.

Increasing thee with butter I, Agni! with fatness sprinkle thee.

Let not magicians harm the life of Agni or of Moon or Sun.

Let not magicians mar your heat, your vital or diffusive breath.

Brilliant and all-possessing Gods, run ye your course with God-like power.

Fire they endow with vital breath, Wind is compact, with vital breath:

With vital breath the Gods produced the Sun whose face turn every way.

Live with the Life-Creators' life. Die not, live on to lengthened age.

Live with the breath of men with souls. Submit not to the power of Death.

The secret treasure of the Gods which Indra, by pathways travelled by the Gods, discovered,
That gold the Waters with the triplets guarded. May they keep thee with threefold hymn and triplets.

With friendly thoughts the Deities, three-and thirty, and three great Powers preserved it in the Waters.

He made heroic powers with the gold that lies upon this Moon.

O ye eleven Gods who are in heaven, accept this sacrifice.

O ye eleven Gods who are in air, accept this sacrifice.

O ye eleven Gods who are on earth, accept this sacrifice.
1415 repeated from XIX. 16. 1, 2.

HYMN XXVIII

A charm for the destruction of enemies

On thee I bind this Amulet for lengthened life and brilliancy.
The rival-quelling Darbha grass that burns the spirit of a foe.
Burning the spirit of the foe, vexing the heart of enemies.
Darbha, on every side, like heat, inflame all evil-hearted men.
O Darbha, burning round like heat, consuming foes, O Amulet,.
Like Indra rending Vala cleave mine adversaries' hearts in twain.
Cleave through. O Darbha, Amulet, my foes', mine adversaries'. heart.
Rise thou and batter down their heads like growth that covereth the earth.
Cleave thou my rivals, Darbha, cleave the men who fain would, fight with me.
Cleave all who wish me evil, cleave the men who hate me,.
Amulet!
Wound thou, my rivals, Darbha, etc. (as in 5, substituting.
'wound' for cleave.)
Tear thou my rivals, Darbha, etc.
How thou my rivals, Darbha, etc.
Carve thou my rivals, Darbha, etc.
Pierce thou my rivals, Darbha, pierce the men who fain would fight with me.
Pierce those who wish me evil, pierce the men who hate me,
Amulet!

HYMN XXIX

A charm for the destruction of enemies, continued from 28

Pierce thou my rivals, Darbha, pierce the men who fain would fight with me.
Pierce all who wish me evil, pierce the men who hate me,.
Amulet!
Split thou my rivals, Darbha, etc. (as in 1, with 'split' for
'pierce' throughout).
Check thou, etc.
Crush thou, etc.
Shake thou, etc.
Bruise thou, etc.
Burn thou, etc.
Consume, etc.
Slay thou my rivals. Darbha, slay the men who fain would fight with me.
Slay all who wish me evil, slay the men who hate me, Amulet.

HYMN XXX

A protective charm accompanying investiture with an amulet of Darbha grass

Darbha, with that good shield of thine, of hundred guards tilt death in eld,
Arm thou this man, and with thy might strike thou his adversaries down.
Darbha, thou hast a hundred shields, thou hast a thousand. manly powers.
All Gods have given thee to him to bear thee till extreme old age.
They call thee, 'Darbha, shield of Gods, they call the Brāhmanas- pati.
They call thee shield of Indra: thou protectest kingdoms from attack.

Darbha, destroyer of the foe, vexing the hearts of enemies,
 An Amulet that strengthens rule I make thee, and the body's guard.
 What time Parjanya roared to it with lightning flashes in the sea,
 Thence came the drop, the golden drop, thence Darbha into being sprang.

HYMN XXXI

A charm to ensure general prosperity, accompanying self-investiture with an amulet of Udumbara

Savitar make all cattle grow and prosper in my stable with.
 Amulet of Udumbara, helper of him who longs for wealth!
 May he who was our Household Fire, the ruler of our cattle, strong.
 Amulet of Udumbara endow us with prosperity.
 By power of the Udumbara Charm may Dhātār give me plenty, rich.
 In the kine's droppings and in fruit, and, in our dwelling, food, and drink.
 I win great plenty, while I wear the Amulet of Udumbara.
 Of quadrupeds and bipeds, of juices and food of every sort.
 I have obtained abundant wealth of cattle, bipeds and quadrupeds, and corn in plenty.
 Savitar and Brihaspati vouchsafe me the milk of kine and herbs' refreshing juices!
 Fain would I be the lord of herds of cattle: may he who rules o'er riches send me riches!
 May the Udumbara Amulet vouchsafe possessions unto me.
 To me with wealth and children come the Amulet of Udumbara.
 With splendour come the Amulet hastened by Indra on its way!
 Divine, foe-quelling Amulet, wealth-winner for the gain of wealth—
 May it give store of beasts and food and cause our kine to multiply.
 As thou, O Forest Tree, wast born with increase when thy life began,
 So let Sarasvati bestow abundant growth of wealth on me.
 Sarasvati vouchsafe me wealth, household prosperity, and corn!
 Let Sinivāli bring them, and this Amulet of Udumbara.
 The Lord of amulets art thou, most mighty: in thee wealth's ruler hath engendered riches,
 These gains are lodged in thee, and all great treasures. Amulet, conquer thou: far from us
 banish malignity and indigence, and hunger.
 Vigour art thou, in me do thou plant vigour: riches art thou, so do thou grant me riches.
 Plenty art thou, so prosper me with plenty: House-holder, hear" a householder's petition.
 Amulet of Udumbara, enrich us: vouchsafe us wealth with all good men about us. I bind thee
 on for increase of possessions.
 For hero is this hero bound, Amulet of Udumbara.
 So may he make our offering sweetly-savoured, and grant us wealth with all good men about
 us.

HYMN XXXII

A charm, with an amulet of Darbha grass, to subdue enemies and win the affection of others

For lengthened life I bind on thee the Darbha grass, the mighty plant.
 Excellent, hard to overthrow, with hundred stems and thousand blades.
 They cut not off his hair, they strike blow upon the breast for' him.
 To whom one gives protection by Darbha that hath uninjured leaves.
 O Plant, thy root is in the sky, and thou art stationed on the earth:
 With thee who hast a thousand stalks we strengthen all the powers of life.
 Through all three skies the plant hath pierced, and the three regions of the earth;
 With thee I split in twain the tongue and words of the bad-hearted man.

Thou art victorious in thy might I am endowed with conquering strength:
 Possessed of overpowering force we two will quell our enemies.
 Subdue our foeman, overcome the men who fain would fight: with us.
 Conquer all evil-hearted ones: make many well-disposed to me.
 With Darbha that hath sprung from Gods, stationed in heaven, full many a time.
 With this have I won many men, have won and may I win them still.
 Do thou, O Darbha, make me dear to Brāhman and Rājanya, dear to Sūdra, and to Arya dear,
 Yea, dear to every man we love, to every man with eyes to see.
 He who first born fixed earth in her position, he who established heaven and air's mid-region,
 Whom sinner ne'er hath known as his supporter,—this Darbha be our shelter and protection!
 First of all plants it sprang into existence, victorious, hundred-stemmed, the foe-subduer,
 So may this Darbha from all sides protect us: with this may I subdue our foes in battle.

HYMN XXXIII

A protective and benedictive charm

Hundred stemmed, succulent, and worth a thousand, the Royal
 Rite of plants, the Water's Agni,
 Let this same Darbha guard us from all quarters. This Godlike
 Amulet shall with life endow us.
 Drawn forth from butter, juicy, sweetly-flavoured, firm as the earth, unshaken, overthrowing.
 Driving off foes and casting them beneath me, mount with the strength of mighty Ones, O
 Darbha.
 Thou movest o'er the earth with vigour: lovely in sacrifice thou sittest on the altar.
 The Rishis bear thee as a purifier: cleanse thou us from all evil deeds' defilement.
 A stern and all-victorious king, foe-queller, dear to every man—
 That energy of Gods and mighty power, I bind this on thee for long life and welfare.
 Achieve heroic deeds with Darbha, wearing this Darbha never let thy soul be troubled.
 In splendour and precedence over others illumine like the Sun the heaven's four regions.

HYMN XXXIV

A protective charm addressed to the panacea called A Jangida

Jangida, thou art Angiras: thou art a guardian, Jangida.
 Let Jangida, keep safely all our bipeds and our quadrupeds.
 Dice-witcheries, the fifty-threes, the hundred witchcraft-practisers,
 All these may Jangida make weak, bereft of their effectual force.
 Baffle the loud factitious howl, make impotent the seven decays.
 As when an archer speeds the shaft, drive away want, O
 Jangida,
 This counteracts the sorceress, this banishes malignity: Then may victorious Jangida's
 prolong the days we have to live.
 Let Jangida's protecting might encompass us on every side.
 Wherewith he quells Vishkandha and Sanskandha, might by greater might.
 Three times the Gods engendered thee fixt on the surface of the earth;
 The Brāhman of the olden time knew that thy name was
 Angiras;
 The ancient plants surpass thee not, nor any herbs of recent days.
 A potent charm is Jangida, a most felicitous defence.
 Then when thou sprangest into life, Jangida of un-measured strength,
 Indra, O mighty One, bestowed great power upon thee from the first.

To thee in truth, O Forest Tree, Indra the mighty One gave strength.
Driving away all maladies, strike thou the demons down, O
Plant.

Lumbago and rheumatic pain, consumptive cough, and pleurisy,
And fever which each Autumn brings, may Jangida make- powerless.

HYMN XXXV

A similar charm addressed to the same

While their lips uttered Indra's name the Rishis gave us Jangida..
Which in the earliest time Gods made a remedy, Vishkandha's- cure.
So may this Jangida guard us, even as a treasurer guards wealth..
Even this which Gods and Brāhmans made a malice-quelling sure defence.
Hard-hearted men, the cruel eye, the sinner who hath come to- us,
Destroy thou these with watchful care, O thou who hast a. thousand eyes. Thou, Jangida, art
my defence.
Guard me from earth and guard me from the heavens, guard me from middle air, from plants
protect me.
Protect me from the present and the future. From every region
Jangida preserve us!
All sorcerers made by the Gods, all that arise from mortal men..
These, one and all, let Jangida, healer of all, make impotent.

HYMN XXXVI

A charm against disease and evil spirits

The Hundred-haired hath banished hence fiends and Consump- tions by its might.
With splendour hath the charm that scares demons of ill-name mounted up.
It drives off demons with its horns and sorceresses with its root,
It stays Consumption with its waist: from this no wickedness escapes.
Consumptions, light and serious, and those which sounds accompany,
All these the Amulet, Hundred-haired, scarer of fiends, hath banished hence.
A hundred men hath it produced, hundred Consumptions chased away,
All fiends of evil-name it hath smitten, and shakes the
Rākshasas.
The Bull that weareth horns of gold, this Amulet with hundred hairs,
Hath cleft the demons of ill-name and overcome the Rākshasas.
Hundred she-fiends, a hundred of Gandharvas and Apsarasas,
A hundred of dog-mated nymphs, I keep away with Hundred-
Hair

HYMN XXXVII

A charm to secure long life and dominion to a prince

To me hath come this word given by Agni, fame, force and might, and strength, and life, and
lustre.
May Agni too bestow on me three-times a hundred manly powers.
For mighty strength, for action, I receive thee, for manly power, to last a hundred autumns.
For conquering strength and energy and vigour
I fasten thee for chieftainship, for bearing royal dominion through a hundred autumns.
With Seasons and with Season-groups, for vigour and extended life.
With splendour of the perfect year we fasten thee about the neck.

HYMN XXXVIII

A protective charm

Never Consumption, never curse touches the man, Arundhatī!
Whom the delicious odour of the healing Bdelium penetrates
Consumptions flee apart from it as from a wild beast fly the deer.
If thou, O Bdelium, art produced from Sindhu or hast come from sea,
The quality of both have I taken to keep this man unscathed.

HYMN XXXIX

A protective charm

Let Kushtha from the Hill of Snow come, a divine deliverer.
Banish thou all Consumption, drive all sorceresses far away.
Kushtha, three several names hast thou, Naghamāra,
Naghārisha: let not mishap befall this man,
For whom I make a charm of thee at eve, at morning, and by day.
Jivalā is thy mother's name, thy father's name is Jivala; let not mishap, etc.
Thou art the best amid the plants, even as the ox is best of tame, the tiger of rapacious beasts:
let not mishap, etc.
Born thrice from the Ādityas, thrice from Bhrigus, thrice from
Angiras' sons, born from the Visve Devas thrice,
Healer of every malady, that Kushtha stands by Soma's side.
Banish thou all Consumption, drive all sorceresses far away.
In the third heaven above us stands the Asvattha tree, the seat of Gods:
There is embodiment of life that dies not: thence was Kushtha born.
There moved through heaven a golden ship, a ship with cordage wrought of gold:
There is embodiment of life that dies not; thence was Kushtha born.
Where is the Sinking of the Ship, the summit of the Hill of
Snow,
There is embodiment of life that dies not: thence was Kustha born.
Healer of every malady, that Kushtha stands by Soma's side.
Banish thou all Consumption, drive all sorceresses far away.
Thou whom Ikshvāku's ancestor, whom he who well-loved
Kushtha, knew,
Whom Vāyasa and Mātsya knew, hence healer of all ills art thou.
O thou who hast all-reaching might drive away Fever, drive it down,
Head racking Fever, tertian, continual, lasting for a year.

HYMN XL

A prayer for pardon of error in sacrifice, and for wisdom, strength, and life

For each defect of mine in voice and spirit I have approached
One vehement and ardent.
With all the Deities, fully approving, Brihaspati supply the want!
Disturb ye not our intellect, O Waters, nor the power of prayer_
Glide on your way, strength-giving, invoked: may I be vigor-ous and wise.
Mar not our consecrating rite, our intellect, or fervent zeal.
Gracious to us for lengthened life, propitious let the Mothers be.
Vouchsafe to us, ye Asvins twain, such strength as, with atten-dant light,
May through the darkness carry us.

HYMN XLI

A benediction on a newly elected king

Desiring bliss, at first, light-finding Rishis began religious rite and holy fervour.
Thence energy was born, and might, and kingship: so to this man let gathered Gods incline them.

HYMN XLII

In praise of Brahma, Prayer, or Devotion

Brahma is Hotar, sacrifice: with Brahma are the stakes set up.
From Brahma was the Adhvaryu born, from Brahma hidden offering.
Brahma is fatness-dropping scoops: with Brahma was the altar reared.
Brahma is worship, lengthened rite, the Rishis who pay sacrifice, the victim's Immolators.
Hail!

To him who frees from woe mine hymn I offer, to the Good
Guardian, as I seek his favour.
Accept this offering of mine, O Indra. Fulfilled be all the sacrificer's wishes!
With prayer I call on him who frees from trouble, Prince of
Gods, Splendid, chief of sacrifices,
I call the Waters' Child and both the Asvins, Vigour is mine, and strength bestowed by Indra.

HYMN XLIII

In praise of Brahma, Prayer, or Devotion

Whither men versed in Brahma go, with fervour and the cleansing rite,
Thither let Agni lead me, let Agni give me intelligence, All hail to Agni!
Whither etc.
Thither let Vāyu lead me, let Vāyu vouchsafe me vital breath.
All hail to Vāyu!
Whither, etc.
Thither let Sūrya lead me, let Sūrya vouchsafe me power of sight. All hail to Sūrya
Whither, etc.
Thither let Chandra lead me, let Chandra vouchsafe me intellect.
All hail to Chandra!
Whither, etc.
Thither let Soma lead me, let Soma vouchsafe me vital sap. All hail to Soma!
Whither, etc.
Thither let Indra lead me, let Indra bestow upon me power. All hail to Indra!
Whither, etc.
Thither, let Waters lead me, let the Waters give me deathless life. All hail to Waters!
Whither, etc.
Thither let Brahma lead me, let Brahma give Brahma unto me.
All hail to Brahma!

HYMN XLIV

A curative and protective charm

Thou art the lengthening of life, thy name is Universal Cure:
Then, Ointment! send felicity; Waters, send happiness and peace.
The yellow hue, the feverish heat, the shooting pain that rends the limbs,
All the consumptive malady let the Ointment drive from out thy frame.

Let the Salve born upon the earth, benignant, giving life to man.
 Make the swift rider on the car sinless, exempt from sudden death.
 Preserve our breath, O Vital Breath, have mercy on our life, O
 Life.

From snares of Nirriti do thou, O Nirriti, deliver us.
 Thou art the babe of Sindhu, thou art lightnings' flower, wind, breath, and Sun: thou art the
 eye and milk of heaven.

Gods' Ointment from the Three Peaked Hill, preserve thou me on every side.
 No plants of earth surpass thee, none from mountain or from cultured ground.

Now hath it gently crept within, fiend-slaying, chasing malady.

And driving all diseases hence, and evil omens, banished them.

Full many a falsehood, O thou King Varuna, man hath uttered here:

Do thou who hast a thousand powers preserve us from that misery.

If we have cried, O Waters! Cows! if we have cried, O

Varuna!

For this endowed with thousand powers! deliver us from misery.

Mitra and Varuna, O Salve have closely followed after thee

May they, when they have followed thee afar, restore thee for our use.

HYMN XLV

A curative and protective charm

As debt from debt repay and send sorcery to the sorcerer's house.

Split, Salve! the cruel villain's ribs whose evil eye bewitches us.

Whatever evil dream we have, what'er befall our kine or home,

Be this that is salubrity, the evil-hearted's foe applied.

Increasing from the Waters' strength and vigour, sprung into life from Agni Jātavedas,

Strong as four heroes, mountain born, this Ointment make for thee quarters and mind-points
 auspicious!

On thee is laid the Chaturvira Ointment: let all the regions give thee peace and safety.

Secure like precious Savitar thou standest: to thee let all these regions bring their tribute.

Make one thy salve, thine amulet another, drink one, and with another bathe thy body.

So let the Chaturvira keep us guarded from the four bonds of

Nirriti and Grāhi.

May Agni protect me with fire for inspiration and expiration, for strength, for energy, for
 vigour, for weal and prosperity.

All Hail!

May Indra protect me with his Indra-power for inspiration, etc.

May Soma protect me with Soma-power, etc.

May Bhaga with good fortune protect me, etc.

May the Maruts protect me with their troops for inspiration and expiration, for strength, for
 energy, for vigour, for weal and prosperity. All Hail!

HYMN XLVI

A charm accompanying investiture with an amulet that ensures safety and victory

For manly strength Prajāpati bound thee on first, invincible.

This for long life on thee I bind for splendour, strength, and energy. Invincible, let it guard
 thee well.

Erect, invincible, be this man's watchful keeper: let not the

Panis or the sorcerers harm thee.

Shake off thy foes as Indra scattered Dasyus: quell all enemies.
 Invincible, let it guard thee well.
 Indra hath lent the power of sight, and vital breath and strength to this.
 Whom even a hundred combatants, striking, have failed to over- come. Invincible, let it guard thee well.
 Around thy limbs I place the mail of Indra who hath become the Gods' imperial Sovran.
 Again let all the Deities bring thee hither. Invincible let it guard thee well.
 One and a hundred manly powers, a thousand lives hath this
 Amulet, unconquered ever.
 Go forth a tiger, strike down all thy foemen: let him who would oppose fall low beneath thee.
 Invincible, let it guard thee well.
 Drawn forth from butter, rich in milk and sweetness, hundred- lived, thousand-homed,
 bestowing vigour,
 Kindly, delightful, full of sap, and mighty, invincible let it guard thee well.
 That thou mayst be pre-eminent, slayer of rivals, rivalless,
 May Savitar cause thee to be chief and controller of thy kin.
 Invincible, let it guard thee well.

HYMN XLVII

A hymn to Night for protection from fiends, robbers, snakes and wolves
 Night! the terrestrial realm hath been filled with the Father's power and might.
 Thou spreadest forth on high unto the seats of Heaven: dark- ness that strikes with awe comes near.
 Each moving thing finds rest in her whose yonder boundary is not seen, nor that which keeps her separate.
 O spacious, darksome Night, may we uninjured reach the end of thee, reach, O thou blessed One, thine end.
 Thy ninety-nine examiners, O Night, who look upon mankind,
 Eighty-and-eight in number, or seven-and-seventy are they.
 Sixty-and-six, O opulent, fifty-and-five, O happy One,
 Forty-and-four and thirty-three are they, O thou enriched with spoil.
 Twenty-and-two hast thou, O Night, eleven, yea, and fewer still.
 With these protectors guard us well. O Daughter of the Sky, to- day.
 Let not a fiends or spiteful man, let no ill-wisher master us.
 Let not the robber seize our cows, nor the wolf take our sheep today.
 Let not the thief, O Blessed, seize our horses, nor she-fiends our men.
 Let thief and robber run away on pathways most remote from us.
 Far from us let Rope with Fangs, far from us let the wicked flee.
 Do thou make blind and headless. Night, the serpent with his pungent breath.
 Crush the wolf's jaws in pieces, strike the robber dead against a post.
 In thee, O Night, do we abide: we here will sleep. Be watchful thou.
 Give thou protection to our kine; and to our horses, and our men.

HYMN XLVIII

A hymn to Night for protection
 Then all that we accumulate, all that the treasure-chest contains,
 All this do we entrust to thee.
 Entrust thou us to Dawn, O Mother Night.
 May Dawn entrust us to the Day, and Day to thee, O splendid.

One.

Whatever flying thing be here, whatever thing that creeps and. crawls.

Whatever fastens on a joint, therefrom do thou protect us,

Night.

So guard thou us from west and east, protect us from the north and south.

O splendid One, preserve us: we, the singers of thy praise, are here.

They who are followers of Night, and they who watch o'er living things.

They who protect all cattle, they keep watch and ward over our lives, over our herds keep watch and ward.

Verily, Night, I know thy name, Dropper of Fatness art thou called.

Thee Bharadvāja knew as such: as such be watchful o'er our wealth.

HYMN XLIX

A hymn of Praise and prayer to Night

Friend of the home, the strong and youthful maiden, Night, dear to Savitar the God, and Bhaga,

All-compassing, all-glorious, prompt to listen, hath with her greatness filled the earth and heaven.

Over all depths hath she gone up, and mounted, most mighty

One, the sky's exalted summit.

Over me now the loving Night is spreading with her auspicious.

Godlike ways like Mitra.

Excellent, high-born, blissful, meet for worship, Night, thou hast come: stay here with friendly spirit.

Guard us, the food for men that we have gotten, and all pro- sperity that comes of cattle.

With eager haste hath Night assumed the vigour of leopard,. tiger, or of tawny lion,

The horse's neighing and the wild-man's bellow, Thou takest many a form when thou appearest.

Kind through the Night be absence of the sunshine: Mother of

Frost, may she be swift to hear us.

Take notice of the hymn, thou highly favoured, wherewith I worship thee in all the regions.

Even as a King, O splendid Night, thou takest pleasure in our hymn.

May we through Mornings as they flush have all our good men, round us, and become possessors of all wealth.

Yes, Rāmyā is the name thou hast assumed. The men who fain. would spoil.

My wealth do thou annoy, O Night, that not one robber may appear, none may a second time appear.

Thou like a well-wrought cup, O Night, art lovely: thou, a. young maid, art formed in perfect beauty.

Thou lovingly, for me with eyes to se: them, hast bound on thee heaven's stars as thine adornment.

Whatever robber comes to-day, mischievous mortal enemy.

Let Night go forth, encounter him, and smite away his neck and head;

His feet that he may walk no more, his hands that he may do no harm.

The robber who comes hitherward goes crushed and mutilated hence,

Goes hence, goes far away from us, goes hence and bears no spoil away.

HYMN L

A hymn to Night for protection and prosperity

Blind him and make him headless, Night! the serpent with the pungent breath.
 Strike from his head the wolf's two eyes, and dash the thief against a post.
 Those oxen that are thine, O Night, with sharpened horns and rapid pace,
 With those transport us safe to-day o'er difficulties everywhere.
 Uninjured in our bodies may we pass through each succeeding night,
 And let malignities fail to pass, as men without a boat the depth.
 As millet hurried through the air before us is beheld no more.
 So cause the man to vanish, Night, who plans to do us injury.
 The thief hast thou kept far away, the robber driver of our kine.
 Even him who having covered up the horse's head would lead him off.
 If dealing treasure thou hast come to-day, O highly favoured
 Night.
 Cause thou us to enjoy it all so that this may not pass away.
 Do thou entrust us to the Dawn, all of us free from sin, O
 Night.
 May Dawn deliver us to Day, and Day to thee, O glorious One.

HYMN LI

A sacrificial formula

Undisturbed am I, undisturbed is my soul, undisturbed mine eye, undisturbed mine ear,
 undisturbed is mine in-breathing, undisturbed mine out-breathing, undisturbed my diffusive-
 breath, undisturbed the whole of me.
 Under the impulse of the God Savitar, sent forth from the arms- of the Asvins and both hands
 of Pūshan I have taken thee.

HYMN LII

A hymn to Kāma or Desire

Thereafter rose Desire in the beginning, Desire the primal seed and germ of Spirit.
 O Kāma dwelling with the lofty Kāma, give growth of riches to the sacrificer.
 Thou, Kāma, art victorious, famous, potent, splendid, a friend. to him who seeks thy
 friendship.
 Mighty and overpowering in battle, give strength and vigour to the sacrificer.
 They heard his prayers, and they begot, by Kāma, heavenly- light for him.
 Who from a distance longed for it, a dealer ready to exchange.
 O Kāma, with whatever wish we make this offering to thee,
 May it be all fulfilled to us. Then taste this sacrifice, All hail!

HYMN LIII

A hymn to Kāma or Time

Prolific, thousand-eyed, and undecaying, a horse with seven reins Time bears us onward.
 Sages inspired with holy knowledge mount him: his chariot wheels are all the worlds of
 creatures.
 This Time hath seven rolling wheels and seven naves immortality is the chariot's axle.
 This Time brings hitherward all worlds about us: as primal
 Deity is he entreated.
 On Time is laid an overflowing beaker: this we behold in many a place appearing.
 He carries from us all these worlds of creatures. They call him
 Kāla in the loftiest heaven.
 He only made the worlds of life, he only gathered the worlds of living things together.

Their son did he become who was their Father: no other higher power than he existeth.
 Kāla created yonder heaven, and Kāla made these realms of earth.
 By Kāla, stirred to motion, both what is and what shall be expand.
 Kāla created land; the Sun in Kāla hath his light and heat.
 In Kāla rest all things that be: in Kāla doth the eye discern.
 In Kāla mind, in Kāla breath, in Kāla name are fixt and joined.
 These living creatures, one and all, rejoice when Kāla hath approached.
 Kāla embraces Holy Fire, the Highest, Brahma in himself.
 Yea, Kāla, who was father of Prajāpati, is Lord of All.
 He made, he stirred this universe to motion, and on him it rests.
 He, Kāla, having now become Brahma, holds Parameshthin up.
 Kāla created living things and, first of all, Prajāpati.
 From Kāla self-made Kasyapa, from Kāla Holy Fire was born.

HYMN LIV

A hymn to Kāla; a continuation of the preceding hymn

From Kāla sprang the Waters, sprang the regions, Brahma,
 Holy Fire.
 The Sun ascends by Kāla, and in Kāla sinks again to rest.
 By Kāla freshly blows the wind, mighty through Kāla is the
 Earth: on Kāla rests the mighty Sky.
 In Kāla erst the text produced what is and what is yet to be.
 From Kāla sprang the Richas, and from Kāla was the Yajus born.
 They formed in Kāla sacrifice, eternal portion for the Gods.
 In Kāla the Gandharvas and Apsarasas and worlds abide.
 Atharvan and this Angiras in Kāla are supreme o'er heaven.
 Both this world and the world that is most lofty, the pure worlds and pure intermediate
 spaces,—
 Yea, having conquered all the worlds by Brahma, Kāla as God
 Supreme is supplicated.

HYMN LV

A hymn to Agni for protection and prosperity

Bringing, as 'twere, with care unceasing fodder night after night to feed this stabled Courser,
 Joying in food and in the growth of riches, may we thy neigh- bours, Agni, ne'er be injured.
 Here is thine own desire for wealth: through this be gracious unto us.
 Joying in food and in the growth of riches, may we thy neigh- bours, Agni, ne'er be injured.
 Each eve that comes our household's Lord is Agni, showing his. loving-kindness every
 morning.
 Bestow upon us treasure after treasure: enkindling thee may we increase thy body.
 Each morn that comes our household's Lord is Agni, showing. his loving-kindness every
 evening.
 Vouchsafe us treasure after treasure: kindling thee may we prosper through a hundred
 winters.
 Never may I come short of food to feed me.
 Glory to Agni, Rudra, the consumer and the Lord of food!
 Protect my company, protect its courteous members, courteous.
 God!
 Only through thee, O much-invoked, may I be ever rich in kine.

Only to thee bringing our tribute, Agni, each day as fodder to a stabled courser,
 Joying in food and in the growth of riches, may we the neighbours, Agni ne'er be injured.

HYMN LVI

A hymn to Sleep

Thou art come hither from the world of Yama: thou, resolute, affectest men with rapture.
 Thou, Sleep, created in the Asura's dwelling, goest, well-knowing, with the solitary.
 At first the all-containing, depth beheld thee, ere Night was born, when only Day existed.
 Thence hast thou come, thence, Sleep, hast thou come hither, concealing, deep within, all
 form and figure.
 Come from the Asuras in lofty, glory, he hath approached the
 Gods in search of greatness.
 Winners of heavenly light, the Three-and-Thirty endowed this
 Sleep with his supreme dominion.
 Of him nor Fathers nor the Gods have knowledge, the Gods whose gentle talk is still about
 him.
 Urged by command of Varuna the Ādityas, Heroes, transported
 Sleep to Trita Āptya.
 Thou whose severity hath reached ill-doers, and whose reward the good have gained in
 slumber,
 Delightest heaven with thy most lofty kinship, born from his spirit who was worn and weary.
 Of old we know all places whence thou comest. O Sleep, we know him who is here thy ruler.
 Protect us here illustrious with glory. Go, from afar, with poisons, into distance.

HYMN LVII

A charm against evil dreams

As men discharge the utmost debt, collect the eighth and sixteenth part,
 So to the foeman we transfer together all the evil dream.
 Princes came together, debts came together, Kushthas came together,
 Sixteenths came together. The whole evil dream that hath visited us we send away as a bad
 dream to the man who hates us.
 Child of Gods' Consorts, minister of Yama is the good Dream: that which is my trouble we
 drive away to the enemy.
 Thou whose name is Rough art the mouth of the Black Bird.
 As such we know thee, Dream, as such we know thee well. Like a horse art thou, O Dream.
 As they bind girth and surcingle on a horse, so bind the alien mischief-maker, the scorner of
 the Gods.
 The evil dream that threatens us, threatens our cattle or our home.
 That let the scorner of the Gods, the alien mischief-maker bind as a gold jewel round his
 neck.
 Having measured off nine cubits' distance from us we give away the whole of the evil dream
 to the man who hates us.

HYMN LVIII

A prayer for prosperity, accompanying a sacrifice

Still equal be the flow of butter ever causing the Year to prosper with oblation.
 Still be our hearing, sight, and breath uninjured: let us lose nothing of our life and vigour.
 Let lively breath invite us: we call vital breath to visit us.
 Earth and air's middle realm have gathered, Soma, Brihaspati and Dhartar gathered vigour.

The earth and heaven have come to be two gatherers up of vigorous might.
 So let us gather vigour up and closely follow after Earth.
 With glory come the cows and stand beside the master of the herd. Let us when we have gathered fame and glory closely follow Earth.
 Prepare the cow-stall, for there drink your heroes: stitch ye the coats of armour wide and many.
 Make iron forts defying all assailants: let not your pitcher leak; stay it securely.
 The eye of sacrifice, source and beginning with voice, car, spirit unto him I offer.
 To this our sacrifice, wrought by Visvakarman, may the Gods come gracious and kindly-hearted.
 Let the Gods' Priests and those who merit worship, to whom oblation as their share is offered,
 Come to this holy service with their Consorts, and all Gods revel in the food we bring them.

HYMN LIX

An expiatory hymn accompanying sacrifice

God among mortals, Agni, thou art guard of holy Law, thou art
 To be adored in sacred rites.
 When, ignorant, we violate the statutes of you, O Deities, with whom is knowledge,
 Wise Agni shall correct our faults and failings, and Soma who hath entered into Brāhmans.
 To the Gods' pathway have we come desiring to execute what work we may accomplish.
 Let Agni—for he knows—complete the worship. He is the
 Priest: let him fix rites and seasons.

HYMN LX

A prayer for perfect bodily and mental health and vigour

May I have voice in my mouth, breath in my nostrils, sight in mine eyes, hearing in mine ears, hair that hath not turned gray, teeth free from yellowness, and much strength in mine arms.
 May I have power in my thighs, swiftness in my legs, steadfastness in my feet. May all my members be uninjured and my soul unimpaired.

HYMN LXI

A prayer for long life prosperity and final happiness in heaven

May my self remain in my body: may I enjoy the full time of life,
 Rest thee pleasantly: pour forth abundance, purifying thyself in Svarga.

HYMN LXII

A prayer for the love of Gods and men

Make me beloved among the Gods, beloved among the Princes, make
 Me dear to everyone who sees, to Sūdra and to Aryan man.

HYMN LXIII

A prayer, with sacrifice, for long life and prosperity

Rise up, O Brāhmanaspati; awake the Gods with sacrifice.
 Strengthen the Sacrificer: aid life, breath, and off-spring, cattle, fame.

HYMN LXIV

A prayer to Agni for children, long life, and various blessings

For lofty Jātavedas I have brought the fuel hither first.
 May he who knoweth all bestow faith and intelligence on me.
 With fuel and with flaming wood we, Jātavedas, strengthen thee;
 So do thou strengthen us in turn with children and with store of wealth.
 Whatever even be the logs which, Agni, we lay down for thee, propitious be it all to me:
 accept it, O most youthful God.
 Agni, these logs are thine: with these be, fain to burn! a flaming brand.
 Vouchsafe us length of life and give us hope of immortality.

HYMN LXV

A hymn to Agni identified with the Sun

A Golden Eagle thou hast soared with light to heaven. Those who would harm thee as thou
 fliest skyward.
 Beat down, O Jātavedas, with thy fury. The strong hath feared: to heaven mount up with
 light, O Sūrya.

HYMN LXVI

A hymn to Agni as the Sun

The Asuras with iron nets, magicians, who roam about with hooks and bonds of iron,
 With wrath I make thy thralls, O Jātavedas. Come as a bolt foe- quelling, thousand pointed.

HYMN LXVII

A prayer for long life

A hundred autumns may we see.
 A hundred autumns may we live.
 A hundred autumns may we know.
 A hundred autumns may we grow.
 A hundred autumns may we thrive.
 A hundred autumns may we be.
 A hundred autumns may we bide.
 A hundred, yea, and even more.

HYMN LXVIII

A preliminary sacrificial formula

Both of broad and narrow I with magic power unclothe the mouth.
 With these when we have raised the bunch of grass we pay the holy rites.

HYMN LXIX

A prayer or charm for long life

Ye are alive. I fain would live. I fain would live my complete term of life.
 Ye live dependent. I fain would live dependent. I fain would live my complete term of life.
 Ye remain alive. I fain would remain alive. I fain would live my complete term of life.
 Ye are life-givers. I fain would live. I fain would live my complete term of life.

HYMN LXX

A charm for long life

Live, Indra. Live Sūrya. Live, ye Gods. I fain would live. Fain would I live my complete term of life.

HYMN LXXI

A hymn, accompanying libations, for wealth and prosperity

Let my libations, giving boons, adoring, further the Twice-born's song that honours Soma.
Go ye to Brahma's world having enriched me with life and breath, with children and with cattle, with fame and wealth, and with a Brāhman's lustre.

HYMN LXXII

A sacrificial formula

Within the chest whence we before extracted the bunch of grass, this do we now deposit.
Wrought is the sacrifice by power of Brahma. Through this assist me here, ye God, with Fervour.

Book XX

HYMN I

Thee, Indra, we invoke, the Bull, what time the Soma hath been pressed.
 Drink of the sweetly-flavoured juice.
 The best of guardian hath the man within whose dwelling-place ye drink,
 O Maruts, giants of the sky.
 Let us serve Agni with our hymns, Sage who consumeth ox and cow,
 Who beareth Soma on his back.

HYMN II

Let the Maruts drink Trishtups from the Potar's cup, according to the season Soma from heaven.
 Let Agni from the Kindler's cup drink Trishtups, according to the season Soma from heaven.
 Let Indra the Brāhman from the Brāhman's cup drink Trishtups, according to the season Soma from heaven.
 Let the God, Granter of Wealth, from the Potar's cup drink Trishtups, according to the season Soma from heaven.

HYMN III

Come, we have pressed the juice for thee: O Indra, drink this Soma here.
 Seat thee on this my sacred grass.
 Let both thy bay steeds, yoked by prayer long-maned, O Indra, bring thee nigh.
 We Soma-bearing Brāhmans call thee Soma-drinker with thy friend,
 We, Indra, who have pressed the juice.

HYMN IV

Come unto us who poured the juice, come hither to our eulogies.
 Drink of the juice, O fair of face.
 I pour it down within thee, so through all thy members let it run.
 Take with thy tongue the pleasant drink.
 Sweet to thy body let it be, delicious be the savoury juice.
 Sweet be the Soma to thy heart.

HYMN V

Like women, let this Soma juice invested with its raiment, glide..
 Most active Indra, close to thee.
 Mighty in bulk, strong-necked, stout-armed in the wild rapture. of the juice
 Doth Indra smite the foemen dead.
 Indra, advance, go forward thou who by thy might art Lord of all.
 Slay, Vritra-slayer slay thy foes.
 Long be thy grasping-hook wherewith thou givest treasure unto- him
 Who pours the juice and worships thee.
 Here, Indra, is thy Soma draught, made pure upon the sacred. grass.
 Run hither, come and drink thereof.
 Famed for thy radiance, worshipped well! this juice is shed for thy delight:
 Thou art invoked, Ākhandala!

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

HYMN VI

Thee, Indra, we invoke, the Bull, what time the Soma is ex- pressed.
So drink thou of the savoury juice.
Indra, whom many laud, accept the strength-conferring Soma juice.
Quaff, pour down drink that satisfies.
Indra, with all the Gods promote our wealth-bestowing sacrifice,
Thou highly-lauded Lord of men.
Lord of the brave, to thee proceed these drops of Soma juice expressed,
The bright drops to thy dwelling-place.
Within thy belly, Indra take Soma the juice most excellent:
The heavenly drops belong to thee.
Drink our libation, Lord of hymns: with streams of meath thou art bedewed:
Our glory, Indra, is thy gift.
To Indra go the treasures of the worshipper which never fail:
He drinks the Soma and is strong.
From far away, from near at hand, O Vritra-slayer, come to us:
Accept the songs we sing to thee.

HYMN VII

Sūrya, thou mountest up to meet the Hero famous for his wealth,
Who hurls the bolt and works for man:
Him who with might of both his arms brake nine-and ninety castles down,
Slew Vritra and smote Ahi dead.
This Indra is our gracious Friend. He sends us in a full broad stream
Riches in horses, kine, and corn.
Indra, whom many laud, accept the strength-conferring Soma juice.
Quaff, pour down drink that satisfies.

HYMN VIII

Drink as of old, and let the draught delight thee: hear thou my prayer and let our songs exalt thee.
Make the Sun visible, make food abundant: slaughter the foes,. pierce through and free the cattle.
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 invoked hear us like a father.
Full is his chalice. Blessing! Like a pourer I have filled up the vessel for his drinking.
Presented on the right, dear Soma juices have brought us Indra,. to rejoice him, hither.

HYMN IX

As cows low to their calves in stalls, so with our songs we glorify
This Indra, even your wondrous God who checks attack, who joys in the delicious juice.
Celestial, bounteous Giver, girt about with might, rich, moun- tain-like, in precious things
Him swift we seek for foodful booty rich in kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.
I crave of thee that hero strength, that thou mayst first regard this prayer,
Wherewith thou helpst Bhrigu and the Yatis and Praskanva when the prize was staked.
Wherewith thou sentest mighty waters to the sea, that, Indra, is. thy hero strength.
For ever unattainable is this power of him to whom the worlds. have called aloud.

HYMN X

These songs of ours exceeding sweet, these hymns of praise ascend to thee,
Like ever-conquering chariots that display their strength, gain wealth and give unfailing aid.
The Bhrigus are like suns, like Kanvas, and have gained all that their thoughts were bent to win.

The living men of Priyamedha's race have sung exalting Indra with their lauds.

HYMN XI

Fort-render, Lord of Wealth, dispelling foemen, Indra with lightnings hath overcome the Dāsa.

Impelled by prayer and waxen great in body, he hath filled earth and heaven, the bounteous Giver.

I stimulate this zeal, the Strong, the Hero, decking my song of praise for thee Immortal.

O Indra, thou art equally the leader of heavenly hosts and human generations.

Leading his band Indra encompassed Vritra; weak grew the wily leader enchanters.

He who burns fierce in forests slaughtered Vyansa, and made the milch-kine of nights apparent.

Indra, light-winner, days' creator, conquered, as guardian, hostile bands with those who loved him.

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

Forward to fiercely falling blows pressed Indra, hero-like doing many hero exploits.

Those holy songs he taught the bard who praised him, and widely spread these Dawns' resplendent colour.

They laud the mighty acts of him the mighty, the many glorious deeds performed by Indra.

He in his strength, with all-surpassing prowess, through wondrous arts crushed the malignant Dasyus.

Lord of the brave, Indra who rules the people gave freedom to the Gods by might and battle.

Wise singers glorify with chanted praises these his achievements in Vivasvān's dwelling.

Excellent, conqueror, the victory-giver, the winner of the light and godlike waters,

He who hath won this broad earth and this heaven,—in Indra they rejoice who love devotions.

He gained possession of the Sun and horses; Indra obtained the cow who feedeth many.

Treasure of gold he won; he smote the Dasyus and gave protection to the race of Aryas.

He took the plants and days for his possession; he gained the forest trees and air's mid-region.

Vala he cleft, and chased away opponents: thus was he tamer of the overweening.

Call we on Maghavan, auspicious Indra, best Hero in the fight where spoil is gathered,

The Strong, who listens, who gives aid in battles, who slays the

Vritras, wins and gathers treasures.

HYMN XII

Prayers have been offered up through love of glory: Vasishtha, honour Indra in the battle.

He who with might extends through all existence hears words which I, his faithful servant, utter.

A cry was raised which reached the Gods, O Indra, a cry to them to send us strength in combat.

None among men knows his own life's duration: bear us in safety over these our troubles.

The Bays, the booty-seeking car I harness: my prayers have reached him who accepts them gladly.

Indra, when he had slain resistless Vritras, forced with his might the two world-halves asunder.

Like barren cows, moreover, swelled the waters: the singers sought thy holy rite, O Indra. Come unto us as with his team comes Vāyu: thou, through our solemn hymns, bestowest booty.

So may these gladdening draughts rejoice thee, Indra, the Mighty, very bounteous to the singer.

Alone among the Gods thou pitiest mortals: O Hero, make thee glad at this libation. Thus the Vasishthas glorify with praises Indra, the Mighty One, whose arm wields thunder. Praised, may he guard our wealth in kine and heroes. Ye Gods, preserve us evermore with blessings.

Impetuous, Thunderer, strong, quelling the mighty, King, potent, Vritra-slayer, Soma-drinker,

May he come hither with his yoked bay horses. May Indra glad- den him at noon libation.

HYMN XIII

Lords of great wealth, Brihaspati and Indra, rejoicing at this sacrifice drink Soma.

Let the abundant drops sink deep within you: vouchsafe us riches with full store of heroes.

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.

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.

With these, borne on one car, Agni, approach us; or borne on many, for thy steeds are able.

Bring, with their Dames, the Gods, the Three-and-Thirty, after thy Godlike nature, and he joyful.

HYMN XIV

We call on thee, O peerless One. We, seeking help, possessing nothing firm ourselves, Call on thee wonderful in fight.

On thee for aid in sacrifice. This youth of ours, the bold, the mighty, hath gone forth.

We, therefore, we thy friends, Indra, have chosen thee, free- giver, as our guardian God.

Him who of old hath brought to us this and that blessing, him

I magnify for you,

Even Indra, O my friends, for help:

Borne by bay steeds, the Lord of heroes, ruling men, for it is he who takes delight.

The Bounteous Lord bestows on us his worshippers hundreds of cattle and of steeds.

HYMN XV

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.

Now all this world, for worship, shall come after thee—the offerer's libations like descending floods,

When the well-loved one seems to rest upon the hill, the thun- derbolt of Indra, shatterer wrought of gold.

To him the terrible, most worthy of high praise, like radiant

Dawn, 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.

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.

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.

Thou, who hast thunder for thy weapon, with thy bolt hast shattered into pieces this broad massive cloud.

Thou hast sent down obstructed floods that they may flow: thou hast, thine own for ever, all victorious might.

HYMN XVI

Like birds who keep their watch, plashing in water, like the loud voices of the thundering rain-cloud,

Like merry streamlets bursting from the mountain thus to Brihaspati our hymns have sounded.

The son of Angiras, meeting the cattle, as Bhaga, brought in Aryaman among us.

As Friend of men he decks the wife and husband. As for the race, Brihaspati, nerve our coursers.

Brihaspati, having won them from the mountains, strewed down, like barley out of winnowing-baskets,

The vigorous, wandering cows who aid the pious, desired of all, of blameless form, well-coloured.

As the Sun dewes with meath the seat of Order, and casts a flaming meteor down from heaven,

So from the rock Brihaspati forced the cattle, and cleft the earth's skin as it were with water.

Forth from mid-air with light he draye the darkness, as the gale blows a lily from the river.

Like the wind grasping at the cloud of Vala, Brihaspati gathered to himself the cattle.

Brihaspati, when he with fiery lightnings cleft through the weapon of reviling Vala, Consumed him as tongues eat what teeth have compassed: he threw the prisons of the red cows open.

That secret name borne by the lowing cattle within the cave

Brihaspati discovered,

And draye, himself, the bright kine from the mountain, like a bird's young after the eggs' disclosure.

He looked around on rock-imprisoned sweetness as one who eyes a fish in scanty water.

Brihaspati, cleaving through with varied clamour, brought it forth like a bowl from out the timber.

He found the light of heaven, and fire, and Morning: with lucid rays he forced apart the darkness.

As from a joint, Brihaspati took the marrow of Vala as he gloried in his cattle.

As trees for foliage robbed by winter, Vala mourned for the cows Brihaspati had taken.

He did a deed ne'er done, ne'er to be equalled, whereby the sun and moon ascend alternate.

Like a dark steed adorned with pearl, the Fathers have decorated heaven with constellations.

They set the light in day, in night the darkness, Brihaspati cleft the rock and found the cattle.

This homage have we offered to the Cloud-God who thunders out to many in succession.
May this Brihaspati vouchsafe us fulness of life with kine and horses, men, and heroes.

HYMN XVII

I. In perfect unison all yearning hymns of mine that find the light of heaven have sung forth
Indra's praise.

As wives embrace their lord, the comely bridegroom, so they compass Maghavan about that
he may help.

Directed unto thee my spirit never strays, for I have set my hopes on thee, O much-invoked!
Sit, wonderful! as King upon the sacred grass, and let thy drinking-place be by the Soma
juice.

From indigence and hunger Indra turns away: Maghavan hath dominion over precious
wealth.

These the Seven Rivers flowing on their downward path increase the vital vigour of the
Mighty Steer.

As on the fair-leafed tree rest birds, to Indra flow the gladden- ing Soma juices that the bowls
contain.

Their face that glows with splendour through their mighty power hath found the shine of
heaven for man, the Aryas' light.

As in the game a gambler piles his winnings, so Maghavan, sweeping all together, gained the
Sun.

This mighty deed of thine none other could achieve, none,

Maghavan, before thee, none in recent time.

Maghavan came by turns to all the tribes of men: the Steer took notice of the people's songs
of praise.

The man in whose libations Sakra hath delight by means of potent Somas vanquisheth his
foes.

As waters flow together to the river, thus Somas to Indra flow, as rivulets to the lake.

In place of sacrifice sages exalt his might, as the rain swells the corn by moisture sent from
heaven.

He rushes through the region like a furious bull, he who hath made these floods the dames of
worthy lords.

This Maghavan hath found light for the man who brings oblation, sheds the juice, and
promptly pours his gifts.

Let the keen axe come forth together with the light: here be, as erst, the teeming cow of
sacrifice.

Let the Red God shine pure with his refulgent ray, and let the

Lord of heroes glow like heaven's clear sheen.

O much-invoked, may we subdue all famine and evil want with store of grain and cattle.

May we allied, as first in rank, with princes, obtain possessions by our own exertion.

Brihaspati protect us from the rearward, and from above, and from below, from sinners.

May Indra from the front, and from the centre, as friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and
freedom.

Ye twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O

Brihaspati, and thou, O Indra.

Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with
blessings.

HYMN XVIII

This, even this, O Indra, we implore: as thy devoted friends,
 The Kanvas praise thee with their hymns.
 Naught else, O Thunderer, have I praised in the skilled singer's eulogy:
 On thy laud only have I thought.
 The Gods seek him who presses out the Soma; they desire not sleep:
 Incessantly they punish sloth.
 Faithful to thee we loudly sing, heroic Indra, songs to thee.
 Mark, gracious Lord, this act of ours.
 Give us not up to man's reproach, to foeman's hateful calumny:
 In thee alone is all my strength.
 Thou art mine ample coat of mail, my champion, Vritra-slayes, thou.
 With thee for Friend I brave the foe.

HYMN XIX

O Indra, for the strength that slays the foe and conquers in the fight
 We turn thee hitherward to us.
 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, may those who praise thee hitherward.
 Direct thy spirit and thine eye.
 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers, with all our songs we invoke.
 Thy names for triumph over foes.
 We strive for glory through the powers immense of him whom many praise,
 Of Indra who supports mankind.
 For the foe's slaughter I address Indra whom many invoke,
 To win us booty in the wars.
 In battles be victorious. We seek thee, Lord of Hundred Powers,
 O Indra, that the foe may fall.
 In splendid combats of the hosts, in glories where the fight is won,
 Indra, be victor over foes.

HYMN XX

Drink thou the Soma for our help, bright, vigilant, exceeding strong,
 O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers.
 O Satakratu, powers which thou mid the Five Races hast dis- played
 These, Indra, do I claim of thee.
 Indra, great glory hast thou gained. Win splendid fame which none may mar:
 We make thy might perpetual.
 Come to us either from anear, or, Sakra, come from far away.
 Indra, wherever be thy home, come to us thence, O Thunder- armed.
 Verily Indra, conquering all, driveth even mighty fear away;
 For firm is he and swift to act.
 Indra be gracious unto us: sin shall not reach us afterward .
 And good shall be before us still,
 From all the regions of the world let Indra send security.
 The foe-subduer, swift to act.

HYMN XXI

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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
Namuchi.

Thou hast stuck down in death Karanja, Parnaya, in Atithigva's very glorious going forth:
Unyielding, when Rijisvan compassed them with siege, thou hast destroyed the hundred
towns of Vangrida.

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

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

Thou hast protected Susravas with succour, and Tūrvayāna with thine aid, O Indra:

Thou madest Kutsa, Atithigva, Ayu subject unto this king, the young, the mighty.

May we protected by the Gods hereafter remain thy very pro- sperous friends, O Indra.

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

HYMN XXII

Hero, the Soma being pressed I pour the juice for thee to drink

Sate thee and finish thy carouse.

Let not the fools, or those who mock, beguile thee when they seek thine aid:

Love not the enemies of prayer.

Here let them with rich milky draught cheer thee to great munificence:

Drink as the wild bull drinks the lake.

Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra, the guardian of the kine,

The Son of Truth, Lord of the brave.

Hither his bay steeds have been sent, red steeds are on the sacred grass.

Where we in concert sing our songs.

For Indra, Thunder-armed, the kine have yielded mingled milk and meath,

What time he found them in the vault.

HYMN XXIII

Invoked to drink the Soma juice come with thy bay steeds,
 Thunder-armed!
 Come, Indra, hitherward, to me.
 Our priest is seated true to time; the grass is regularly strewn;
 The pressing-stones were set at morn.
 These prayers, O thou who bearest prayer, are offered. Seat thee on the grass.
 Hero, enjoy the offered cake.
 O Vritra-slayer, be thou pleased with these libations, with these hymns,
 Song-loving Indra, with our lauds.
 Our hymns caress the Lord of Strength, vast, drinker of the
 Soma's juice,
 Indra, as mother-cows their calf.
 Delight thee with the juice we pour for thine own great munificence:
 Yield not thy singer to reproach.
 We, Indra, dearly loving thee, bearing oblation, sing thee hymns:
 Thou, Vasu, nearly lovest us.
 O thou to whom thy Bays are dear, loose not thy horses far from us:
 Here glad thee, Indra, Lord Divine.
 May long-maned courses, dropping oil, bring thee on swift car hitherward.
 Indra, to seat thee on the grass.

HYMN XXIV

Come to the juice that we have pressed, to Soma, Indra! blent with milk:
 Come, favouring us, thy bay-drawn car!
 Come, Indra, to this gladdening drink, placed on the grass, pressed out with stones:
 Wilt thou not drink thy fill thereof?
 To Indra have my songs of praise gone forth, thus rapidly sent hence,
 To turn him to the Soma-draught.
 Hither with songs of praise we call Indra to drink the Soma. juice:
 Will he not come to us by lauds?
 Indra, these Somas are expressed, Take them within thy belly,
 Lord Of Hundred Powers, thou Prince of wealth.
 We know thee winner of the spoil and resolute in battles, Sage!
 Therefore thy blessing we implore.
 Borne hither by thy stallions, drink, Indra, this juice which we have pressed,
 Mingled with barley and with milk.
 Indra, for thee in thine own place I urge the Soma for thy draught:
 Deep in thy heart let it remain.
 We call on thee, the Ancient One, Indra, to drink the Soma juice,
 We Kusikas who seek thine aid.

HYMN XXV

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.
 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.

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.

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

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

Atharvan first by sacrifices laid the path; then, guardian of the

Law, sprang up the loving Sun.

Usanā Kāvya drove the kine hither with him: let us with offerings honour Yama's deathless birth.

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.

To make thee start, a strong true draught I offer to thee the

Bull, O thou whom bay steeds carry.

Here take delight. O Indra, in our voices while thou art hymned with power and all our spirit.

HYMN XXVI

In every need, in every fray we call, as friends, to succour us

Indra the mightiest of all.

If he will hear us let him come with succour of a thousand kinds,

And all that strengthens, to our call.

I call him, mighty to resist, the Hero of our ancient home,

Thee whom my sire invoked of old.

They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright, the ruddy steed:

The lights are shining in the sky.

On both sides of the car they yoke the two bay coursers dear to him,

Bold, tawny, bearers of the thief.

Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O Men! where form was not,

Wast born together with the Dawns.

HYMN XXVII

If I, O Indra, were, like thee, the single sovran of all wealth.

My worshipper should be rich in kine.

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

Were I the lord of herds of kine,

To worshippers who press the juice thy goodness, Indra, is a cow.

Yielding in plenty kine and steeds.

None is there, Indra, God or man, to hinder thy munificence,

The wealth which, lauded, thou wilt give.

The sacrifice made Indra strong when he unrolled the earth and made

Himself a diaden in heaven.

Thine aid we claim, O Indra, thine who after thou hast waxen great.

Hast won all treasures for thine own.

HYMN XXVIII

In Soma's ecstasy Indra spread the firmament and realms of light.
 When he cleft Vala limb from limb.
 Showing the hidden he drave forth the cows for the Angirases,
 And Vala he cast headlong down.
 By Indra were the luminous realms of heaven established and secured.
 Firm and immovable in their place.
 Indra, thy laud moves quickly like a joyous wave of water-floods.
 Bright shine the drops that gladden thee.

HYMN XXIX

I. For thou, O Indra, art the God whom hymns and praises magnify:
 Thou blessest those who worship thee.
 Bay horses with their long manes bring Indra to drink the
 Soma juice,
 The Bountiful to our sacrifice.
 With waters' foam thou torest off, Indra, the head of Namuchi,
 Subduing all contending hosts.
 The Dasyus, when they fain would climb by magic arts and mount to heaven,
 Thou, Indra, castest down to earth.
 As Soma-drinker conquering all, thou scatteredst to every side
 Their band who poured no gifts to thee.

HYMN XXX

In the great synod will I laud thy two bay steeds: I prize the sweet strong drink of thee the
 Warrior-God,
 His who pours lovely oil as'twere with yellow drops. Let my songs enter thee whose form
 hath golden tints.
 Ye who—in concert sing unto the gold-hued place, like bay steeds driving onward to the
 heavenly seat,
 For Indra laud ye strength allied with tawny steeds, laud him whom cows content as'twere
 with yellow drops.
 His is that thunderbolt, of iron, golden-hued, gold-coloured, very dear, and yellow in his
 arms;
 Bright with strong teeth, destroying with its tawny rage. In
 Indra are set fast all forms of golden hue.
 As if a lovely ray were laid upon the sky, the golden thunder- bolt spread out as in a race.
 That iron bolt with yellow jaw smote Ahi down. A thousand flames had he who bore the
 tawny-hued.
 Thou, thou, when praised by men who sacrificed of old, hadst pleasure in their lauds, O Indra
 golden-haired.
 All that befits thy song of praise thou welcomest, the perfect: pleasant gift, O golden-hued
 from birth.

HYMN XXXI

These two dear Bays bring hither Indra on his car, thunder- armed, joyous, meet for laud, to
 drink his fill.
 Many libations flow for him who loveth them: to Indra have: the gold-hued Soma juices run.
 The gold-hued drops have flowed to gratify his wish: the yellow. drops have urged the swift
 Bays to the Strong.
 He who speeds on with bay steeds even as he lists hath satisfied his longing for the golden

drops.

At the swift draught the Soma-drinker waxed in might, the iron.

One with yellow beard and golden hair,

He, Lord of tawny coursers. Lord of fleet-foot mares, will bear his bay steeds safely over all distress.

His yellow-coloured jaws, like ladles, move apart, what time, for strength, he makes the yellow-tinted stir,

When, while the bowl stands there, he grooms his tawny steeds, when he hath drunk strong drink, the sweet juice that he: loves.

Yea, to the dear one's seat in homes of heaven and earth the- bay steeds' Lord hath whinnied like a horse for food.

Then the great wish hath seized upon him mightily, and the beloved One hath gained high power of life.

HYMN XXXII

Thou, comprehending with thy might the earth and heaven, acceptest the dear hymn for ever new and new.

O Asura, disclose thou and make visible the Cow's beloved home to the bright golden Sun.

O Indra, let the eager wishes of the folk bring thee the golden- jawed, delightful, on thy car.

That, pleased with sacrifice wherein ten fingers toil, thou mayest at the feast drink of our offered mead.

Juices aforetime, Lord of Bays, thou drankest, and thine, and only thine, is this libation.

Gladden thee, Indra, with the mead-rich Soma: pour it down ever, Mighty One, within thee.

HYMN XXXIII

Drink of the juice which men have washed in waters and fill the- full, O Lord of tawny horses.

O Indra, hearer of the laud, with Soma which stones have mix- ed for thee enhance thy rapture.

To make thee start, a strong true draught I offer to thee the

Bull, O thou whom bay steeds carry.

Here take delight, O Indra, in our voices while thou art hymned with power and all our spirit.

O mighty Indra, through thine aid, thy prowess, obtaining life, zealous, and skilled in worship.

Men in the house who share the sacred banquet stand singing praise that brings them store of children.

HYMN XXXIV

He who just born, chief God of lofty spirit, by power and might became the God's protector, Before whose breath, through greatness of his valour, the two worlds trembled, He, O men, is Indra.

He who fixed fast and firm the earth that staggered, and set at rest the agitated mountains, Who measured out air's wider middle region and gave the heaven support, He, O men, is Indra.

Who slew the Dragon, freed the Seven Rivers, and draye the kine forth from the cave of Vala, Begat the fire between both stones, the spoiler in warrior's battle, He, O men, is Indra.

By whom this universe was made to tremble, who chased away the humbled brood of demon, Who, like a gambler gathering his winnings, seized the foe's riches, He, O men, is Indra.

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

He wastes the foeman's wealth like stakes of gamblers. Have faith in him for He, O men, is

Indra.

Stirrer to action of the poor and lowly, of priest, of suppliant who sings his praises
Who, fair-faced, favours him who presseth Soma with stones adjusted, He, O men, is Indra.
He under whose supreme control are horses, all chariots, and the hamlets, and the cattle:
He who begat the Sun, begat the Morning, leader of waters.

He, O men, is Indra.

To whom both armies cry in close encounter, foe against foe, the stronger and the weaker;
Whom two invoke upon one chariot mounted, each for himself,

He, O ye men, is Indra.

He, without whom men conquer not in battle, whom, warring, they invoke for help and succour;

He, all this universe's type and image, who shakes what never shook, He, men, is Indra.

He who hath smitten, ere they know their danger, with his hurl- ed weapon many grievous sinners:

Who pardons not his boldness who provokes him, who slays the

Dasyu, He, O men, is Indra.

He who discovered in the fortieth autumn Sambara dwelling in the midst of mountains:

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

Who drank the juice poured at the seas of Order, subduing

Sambara by superior prowess,

Who hoarded food within the mountain's hollow wherein he grew in strength, He, men, is Indra.

Who, with seven guiding reins, the Bull, the mighty, set the

Seven Rivers free to flow at pleasure;

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

Heaven, even, and the earth bow down before him, before his very breath the mountains tremble.

Known as the Soma-drinker, armed with thunder, the wielder of the bolt, He, men, is Indra.

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

Whose strength our prayer and offered Soma heighten, and this our gift, He, O ye men, is Indra.

Born, manifested in his Parents' bosom, He knoweth as a son the Highest Father.

He who with vigorous energy assisted the companies of Gods,

He, men, is Indra

Lord of Bay steeds, who loves the flowing Soma, He before whom all living creatures tremble.

He who smote Sambara and slaughtered Sushna, He the Sole

Hero, He, O men, is Indra.

Thou verily art true strong God who sendest wealth to the man who brews and pours libation.

So may we evermore, thy friends, O Indra, address the synod with brave sons about us.

HYMN XXXV

To him, to him swift, strong, and high-exalted, I bring my song of praise as dainty viands;

My thought to him resistless, meet for praises, prayers offered most devotedly to Indra.

To him I offer praise as choice refreshment, bring forth my song, with seemly laud besiege him.

For Indra, Lord of olden time, the singers shall deck their hymns with heart and mind and spirit.

To him then with my lips my song of praises, excellent, winning heavenly light, I offer,

To magnify with hymns of invocation and eulogies the Lord, most bounteous Giver.
 Even for him I frame a laud—so fashions the wright a chariot for the man who needs it
 Songs for wise Indra hymned with invocation, a song composed with care and all-impelling.
 So with my tongue I deck, to please that Indra, my hymn as't- were a horse, through love of
 glory,
 To reverence the Hero, bounteous Giver, famed far and wide, destroyer of the castles.
 Even for him hath Tvashtar forged the thunder, most deftly wrought, celestial, for the battle.
 Wherewith he reached the vital parts of Vritra, striking—the vast, the mighty—with the
 striker,
 As soon as, at libations of his mother, great Vishnu had drunk up the draught, he plundered.
 The dainty cates, the cooked mess; but One stronger transfixed the wild boar, shooting
 through the mountain.
 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 great- ness heaven and earth,
 combined, exceed not.
 Yea, of a truth, his magnitude surpasseth the magnitude of earth, mid-air and heaven.
 Indra whom all men praise, the Sovran Ruler, waxed in his home loud-voiced and strong for
 battle.
 Through his own strength with bolt of thunder Indra smote piece-meal Vritra, drier up of
 waters.
 He let the floods go free, like cows imprisoned, for glory, with a heart inclined to bounty.
 Through his resplendent power still stood the rivers when with his bolt on every side he
 stayed them.
 With lordly might favouring him who worshipped, he made a ford, victorious, for Turviti.
 Vast, with thine ample power, with eager movement against this
 Vritra cast thy bolt of thunder.
 Rend thou his joints, as of an ox dissevered, with bolt oblique that floods of rain may follow.
 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.
 When he, yea, he is born the firm-set mountains and the whole heaven and earth tremble in
 terror.
 May Nodhas ever lauding the protection of this dear Friend win straightway strength heroic.
 Now unto him of these things hath been given what he, who rules alone o'er much, electeth.
 Indra helped Etasa, the Soma presser, contending in the chariot- race with Sūrya.
 Thus to thee, Indra, yoker of bay coursers, the Gotamas have brought their prayers and
 praises.
 Bestow upon them thought, decked with all beauty. May he, enriched with prayer, come soon
 and early.

HYMN XXXVI

With these my hymns I glorify that Indra who is alone to be invoked by mortals.
 The Lord, the Mighty One, of manly vigour, victorious, Hero, true, and full of wisdom.
 Our ancient sires, Navagvas, sages seven, while urging him to show his might, extolled him,
 Dweller on heights, swift smiting down opponents, guileless in word, and in his thoughts
 most mighty.
 We seek that Indra to obtain his riches that yield much food, and men, and store of heroes.
 O Lord of Bay Steeds, bring to make us joyful, celestial wealth abundant, undecaying.
 Declare to us—if at thy hand aforetime the earlier singers have obtained good fortune

What is thy share and portion, strong Subduer, Asura-slayer, rich, invoked of many?
He who for car-borne, thunder-wielding Indra, hath a hymn, craving deeply-piercing, fluent,
Who sends a song effectual, firmly-grasping, and strength- bestowing, he comes near the
mighty.

Strong of thyself! thou with this art hast shattered with thought- swift Parvata, him who
waxed against thee;

And, Mightiest! rager! boldly rent in pieces things that were firmly fixed and never shaken..

Him will we fit for you with new devotion, the strongest,

Ancient One, in ancient manner.

So way that Indra, boundless, faithful leader, conduct us o'er all places hard to traverse.

Thou for the people who oppress hast kindled the earthly firma- ment and that of heaven.

With heat, O Bull, on every side consume them heat earth and flood for him who hates
devotion:

Of all the heavenly folk, of earthly creatures, thou art the King,

O God of splendid aspect.

In thy right hand, O Indra, grasp the thunder: Eternal! thou destroyest all enchantments.

Give us confirmed prosperity, O Indra, vast and exhaustless for the foes' subduing.

Strengthen therewith the Arya's hate and Dāsa's; and let the arms of Nahushas be mighty.

Come with thy teams which bring all blessings, hither, disposer, much-invoked, exceeding
holy!

Come to me swiftly with these teams of coursers, these which no fiend, no God may stay or
hinder.

HYMN XXXVII

He, like a bull with sharpened horns, terrific, singly excites and agitates all the people.

Then givest him who largely pours libation his wealth who pours not, for his own possession.

Thou verily, Indra, gavest help to Kutsa, willingly lending ear to him in battle.

When, aiding Arjunneya, thou subduedst to him both Kuyava and the Dāsa Sushna.

O Bold One, thou with all thine aids hast boldly helped Sudās whose offerings were accepted,
Pūru in winning land and slaying foemen, and Trasadasyu son of Purukutsa.

At the Gods' banquet, Hero-souled! with heroes, Lord of Bay

Steeds, thou slewest many Vritras.

Thou sentest in swift death to sleep the Dasyu, both Chumuri and Dhuni, for Dabhiti,

These were thy mighty powers that, Thunder-wielder! then swiftly crushedst nine-and ninety
castles.

Thou capturedst the hundredth in thine onslaught; thou slewest

Namuchi, thou slewest Vritra.

Old are the blessings, Indra, which thou gavest Sudās the wor- shipper who brought oblations.

For thee, the strong I yoke thy strong bay horses: let them, approach our prayers and wealth,
Most Mighty!

Give us not up, Lord of Bay Horses, victor, in this our time of- trouble, to the wicked.

Deliver us with true and faithful succour: dear may we be to thee among the princes.

May we men, Bounteous Lord, the friends thou lovest, near i thee be joyful under thy
protection.

Fain to fulfil the wish of Atithigva, bow Turvasa, bow down,. the son of Yadu.

Swiftly, in truth, O Bounteous Lord, about thee men skilled im hymning sing their songs and
praises.

Elect us shares of their love and friendship who by their calls on, thee despoiled the niggards.

Thine are these Lauds, O manliest of heroes, Lauds which revert to us and give us riches.

Favour these, Indra, when they strike the foemen, as Friend and

Hero and the heroes' helper.
 Now, lauded for thine aid, heroic Indra, sped by our prayer,, wax mighty in thy body.
 To us apportion wealth and habitations. Ye Gods, protect us- evermore with blessings.

HYMN XXXVIII

Come, we have pressed the juice for thee. O Indra, drink the
 Soma here.
 Sit thou on this my sacred grass.
 O Indra, let thy long-maned Bays, yoked by prayer, bring thee hitherward.
 Give ear and listen to our prayers.
 We, Soma-bearing Brāhmans, call thee, Soma-drinker, with thy friend,
 We, Indra, bringing juice expressed.
 Indra the singers with high praise, Indra reciters with their lauds,
 Indra the choirs have glorified.
 Indra hath ever close to him his two bay steeds and word-yoked: car,
 Indra, the golden, Thunder-armed.
 Indra hath raised the Sun aloft in heaven that he may see afar.
 He burst the mountain for the kine.

HYMN XXXIX

For you, from every side, we call Indra away from other men:
 Ours, and none others,' let him be.
 In Soma's ecstasy Indra spread the firmament and realms of light.
 When he cleft Vala limb from limb.
 Showing the hidden cows he draye them forth for the Angirases,
 And Vala he cast headlong down.
 By Indra were the luminous realms of heaven established and secured,
 Firm and immovable from their place.
 05. Indra, thy laud moves quickly like a joyous wave of waters: bright.
 Have shone the drops that gladden thee.

HYMN XL

Mayest thou verily be seen coming by fearless Indra's side:
 Both joyous: equal in your sheen.
 With Indra's well-beloved hosts, the blameless, hastening to heaven,
 The sacrificer cries aloud.
 Thereafter they, as is their wont, threw off the state of babes unborn,
 Assuming sacrificial name.

HYMN XLI

With bones of Dadhyach for his arms, Indra, resistless in attack,
 Struck nine-and-ninety Vritras dead,
 He, searching for the horse's head, removed among the moun- tains, found
 At Saryanāvān what he sought.
 Then verily they recognized the essential form of Tvashtar's Bull.
 Here in the mansion of the Moon.

HYMN XLII

From Indra have I measured an eight-footed and nine-cornered. song,
 Delicate, faithful to the Law.
 Indra, both worlds complained to thee when uttering thy fearful roar,

What time thou smotest Dasyus dead.
 Arising in thy might thy jaws thou shookest, Indra, having quaffed
 The Soma poured into the bowls.

HYMN XLIII

Drive all our enemies away, smite down the foes who press around,
 And bring the wealth for which we long;
 O Indra, that which is concealed in firm strong place precipitous:
 Bring us the wealth for which we long:
 Great riches which the world of men shall recognize as sent by thee:
 Bring us the wealth for which we long,

HYMN XLIV

Praise Indra whom our songs must laud, great Sovran of man-kind, the Chief
 Most liberal who controlleth men.
 In whom the hymns of praise delight, and all the glory-giving songs,
 Like the flood's longing for the sea.
 Him I invite with eulogy, best King, effective in the fight,
 Strong for the gain of mighty spoil.

HYMN XLV

This is thine own. Thou drawest near, as the dove turneth to his mate.
 Thou carest too for this our prayer.
 O Hero, Lord of Bounties, praised in hymns, may power and pleasantness
 Be his who signs the laud to thee.
 Lord of a Hundred Powers, stand up to lend us succour in this fight:
 In others too let us agree.

HYMN XLVI

Him who advances men to wealth, sends light to lead them in their wars,
 And quells their foemen in the fray:
 May he, the saviour much-invoked, may Indra bear us in a ship
 Safely beyond all enemies.
 As such, O Indra, honour us with wealth and treasure: further us,
 And lead us to felicity.

HYMN XLVII

We make this Indra show his strength, to strike the mighty
 Vritra dead:
 A vigorous Hero shall he be.
 Indra was made for giving, most powerful, friendly in carouse,
 Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.
 By song, as 'twere, the mighty bolt, which none may parry, was prepared:
 Lofty, invincible he grew.
 They who stand round him as he moves harness the bright, the ruddy Steed:
 The lights are shining in the sky.
 They yoke on both sides to the car the two bay coursers dear to him,
 Bold, tawny, bearers of the Chief.
 Thou, making light where no light was, and form, O Men where no form was,
 Wast born together with the Dawns,
 His bright rays bear him up aloft, the God who knoweth all that is,

Sūrya, that every one may see.
 The constellations pass away, like thieves, together with their- beams,
 Before the all-beholding Sun.
 His herald rays are seen afar refulgent o'er the world of men,
 Like fiery flames that burn and blaze.
 Swift and all-beautiful art thou, O Sūrya, maker of the light.
 Illuming all the radiant realm.
 Thou guest to the troops of Gods, thou comest hither to man- kind,
 Hither, all light for us to see.
 Thou with that eye of thine wherewith thou seest, brilliant.
 Varuna,
 The active one throughout mankind.
 Pervadest heaven and wide mid-air, melting the days out with. thy beams,
 Sun, seeing all things that have birth.
 Seven bay steeds, harnessed to thy car, bear thee, O.thou far- seeing One,
 God, Sūrya, thee with radiant hair.
 Sūrya hath yoked the seven bright mares, the daughters of the car: With these,
 His own dear team, he travelleth.

HYMN XLVIII

The swiftly-moving songs of praise pour on thee streams of vital strength
 As mother cows refresh the calf.
 Swift move the bright ones while they blend the Milk with vital vigour, as
 A dame her infant with her heart.
 Fair hymns bring glory to the Strong, and Indra-vigour; unto, me
 Fatness and milk and length of days.
 This brindled Bull hath come and sat before the Mother in the east,
 Advancing to the Father Heaven.
 As expiration from breath she moves along the lucid spheres:
 The Bull shines forth through all the sky.
 Song is bestowed upon the Bird. It reigns supreme throughout thirty realms
 Throughout the days at break of morn.

HYMN XLIX

When voices, fain to win mid-air, ascended to the Mighty One,
 The vigorous God was filled with joy.
 Praise with the voice the Mighty, praise the awful with the voice: in heaven
 He, the most bounteous, hath been glad.
 Praise with the voice the Mighty: he rules in each realm. In transport he
 Hath set upon the sacred grass.
 As cows low to their calf in stalls, so with our songs we glorify
 This Indra, even your wondrous God who checks attack, who joys in the delightful juice.
 Celestial, bounteous Giver, God, with power and might, rich, mountain-like, in precious
 things.
 Him soon we see for foodful booty rich in kine, brought hundredfold and thousandfold.
 I crave of thee that hero strength—that thou mayst first regard this prayer
 Wherewith thou helpst Bhrigu and the Yatis and Praskanva when the prize was staked.
 Wherewith thou sentest mighty waters to the sea—Indra, that manly strength of thine.
 For ever unattainable is this power of him to whom the worlds have cried aloud.

HYMN L

What newest of imploring hymns shall, then, the zealous mortal sing?
 For have not they who laud his might and Indra-power won for themselves the light of
 heaven?
 When shall they keep the Law and praise thee mid the Gods?
 Who counts as Rishi and as sage?
 When wilt thou ever, Indra, Bounteous Lord, come nigh to presser's or to praiser's call?

HYMN LI

For you will I sing Indra's praise who gives good gifts as well we know;
 Praise of the Bounteous Lord who, rich in treasure, aids his singers with wealth thousandfold.
 As with a hundred hosts he rushes boldly on, and for the offerer slays his foes.
 As from a mountain flow the water-brooks, thus flow his gifts who feedeth many a one.
 Sakra I praise, for victory, far-famed, exceeding bountiful.
 Who gives, as 'twere in thousands, precious wealth to him who sheds the juice and worships
 him.
 Arrows with hundred points, unconquerable, are this Indra's mighty arms in war.
 He streams on liberal worshippers like a hill with springs, when juices poured have
 gladdened him.

HYMN LII

We compass thee like waters, we whose grass is trimmed and
 Soma pressed.
 Here where the filter pours its stream thy worshipper round thee, O Vritra-slayer, sit.
 Men, Vasu! by the Soma, with lauds call thee to the foremost place.
 When comest thou athirst unto the juice as home, O Indra, like a bellowing bull?

HYMN LIII

Who knows what vital power he wins, drinking beside the flowing juice?
 This is the fair-cheeked God who, joying in the draught, breaks down the castles in his
 strength.
 As a wild elephant rushes on, this way and that way, mad with heat.
 None may restrain thee; yet come hither to the draught: thou movest mighty in thy power.
 When he, the mighty, ne'er o'erthrown, stedfast, made ready for the fight.
 When Indra, Bounteous Lord, lists to his praiser's call, he will not stand aloof, but come.

HYMN LIV

Of one accord they made and formed for kingship Indra, the
 Hero who in all encounters overcometh,
 Most eminent for power, destroyer in the conflict, fierce and exceeding strong, stalwart and
 full of vigour.
 Bards joined in song to Indra so that he might drink the Soma juice,
 The Lord of Light, that he whose laws stand fast might aid with power and with help he
 gives.
 The holy sages form a ring, looking and singing to the Ram.
 Your very bright inciters, void of all deceit, are with the chan- ters nigh to hear.

HYMN LV

Oft, oft I call that Indra, Maghavan the mighty, who evermore possesses power, ever
 resistless.
 Holy, most liberal, may he lead us on to riches, and, thunder armed, make all our pathways
 pleasant for us.

Indra, what joys as Lord of Light thou broughtest from the
Asuras,
Prosper therewith, O Maghavan, him who lauds that deed, and those whose grass is trimmed
for thee.

The wasteless share of steeds and kine which, Indra, thou hast fast secured.
Grant to the worshipper who presses Soma and gives guerdon, not unto the churl.

HYMN LVI

Indra, foe-slayer, hath been raised to joy and power by the men.
Him, verily, we invoke in battles whether great or small: be he our aid in fights for spoil.
For, Hero, thou art like a host, art giver of abundant prey.
Strengthening even the feeble, thou aidest the sacrificer, thou givest the worshipper ample
wealth.

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,

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.

Refresh thee, Hero, with the juice outpoured for bounty and for strength.
We know thee Lord of ample store, to thee have sent our heart's desires: be therefore our
protector thou.

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 LVII

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

Come thou to our libations, drink of Soma, Soma-drinker thou!

The rich One's rapture giveth kine.

So may we be acquainted with thine innermost benevolence:

Neglect us not, come hitherward.

Drink for our help the Soma bright, vigilant, and exceeding strong,

O Indra, Lord of Hundred Powers.

O Satakratu, powers which thou mid the Five Races hast dis- played,

These, Indra, do I claim of thee.

Indra, great glory hast thou gained. Win splendid fame which none may mar.

We make thy might perpetual.

Come to us either from anear, or, Sakra, come from far away.

Indra, wherever be thy home, come thence, O Caster of the
Stone.

Verily Indra, conquering all, driveth even mighty fear away.

For firm is he and swift to act.

Indra be gracious unto us: sin shall not reach us afterward,

And good shall be before us still.

From all the regions of the world let Indra send security.

The foe-subduer, swift to act.

We compass thee like waters, we whose grass is trimmed and
Soma pressed.

Here where the filter pours its stream thy worshippers round thee, O Vritra-slayer, sit.
 Men, Vasu, by the Soma with lauds call thee to the foremost place.
 When comest thou athirst unto the juice as home, O Indra, like a bellowing bull?
 Boldly, bold Hero, bring us spoil in thousands for the Kanvas' sake.
 O active Maghavan, with eager prayer we crave the yellow-hued with store of kine.

HYMN LVIII

Turning, as 'twere, to meet the Sun, enjoy from Indra all good things.
 When he who will be born is born with power we look to treasures as our heritage.
 Praise him who sends us wealth, whose bounties injure none.
 Good are the gifts which Indra gives.
 He is not wroth with one who satisfies his wish: he turns his mind to granting boons.
 Verily, Sūrya, thou art great; truly, Āditya, thou art great.
 As thou art great indeed thy greatness is admired: yea, verily, great art thou, O God.
 Yea, Sūrya, thou art great in fame: thou evermore, O God, art great.
 By greatness thou art President of Gods, divine, far-spread, inviolable light.

HYMN LIX

His portion is exceeding great, like a victorious soldier's spoil.
 Him who is Indra, Lord of Bays, no foes subdue. He gives the
 Soma-pourer strength.
 Make for the holy Gods a hymn that is not mean, but well arranged and fair in form.
 Full many snares and bonds subdue not him who dwells with
 Indra through his sacrifice.

HYMN LX

For so thou art the hero's Friend, a Warrior too art thou, and strong:
 So may thy heart be won to us.
 So hath the offering; wealthiest Lord, been paid by all the worshippers:
 So dwell thou, Indra, even with me.
 Be not thou, like a slothful priest, O Lord of wealth and spoil: rejoice.
 In the pressed Soma blent with milk.
 So also is his excellence, great copious, rich in cattle, like
 A ripe branch to the worshipper.
 For verily thy mighty powers, Indra, are saving helps at once
 Unto a worshipper like me.
 So are his lovely gifts: let laud be said and praise to Indra sung.
 That he may drink the Soma juice.

HYMN LXI

We sing this strong and wild delight of thine which conquers in the fray,
 Which, Caster of the Stone, gives room and shine like gold.
 Wherewith thou also foundest lights for Āyu and for Manu's sake:
 Now joying in! this sacred grass thou beamest forth.
 This day to singers of the hymn praise, as of old, this, might of thine.
 Win thou the waters, day by day, thralls of the strong.
 Sing forth to him whom many men invoke, to him whom many laud:
 Invite the potent Indra with your songs of praise;
 Whose lofty might—for doubly strong is he—supports the heaven and earth.
 And hills and plains and floods and light with manly power.

Such, praised by many! thou art King: alone thou smitest foe- men dead,
To gain, O Indra, spoils of war and high renown.

HYMN LXII

To Indra sing a Sāman, sing to the high Sage a lofty song,
To him who keeps the Law, inspired and fain for praise.
Thou, Indra, art preeminent: thou gavest splendour to the Sun.
Maker of all things, thou art mighty and All-God.
Radiant with light thou wentest to the sky, the luminous realms: of heaven.
The Gods, O Indra, strove to win thee for their friend.
Sing forth to him whom many men invoke, to him whom many laud:
Invite the potent Indra with your songs of praise;
Whose lofty might—for doubly strong is he—supports the heaven and earth,
And hills and plains and floods and light with manly power.
Such, praised by many! thou art King. Alone thou smitest foe- men dead,
To gain, O Indra, spoils of war and high renown.

HYMN LXIII

We will, with Indra, and all Gods to aid us, bring these existing. worlds into subjection.
Our sacrifice, our bodies, and our offspring, let Indra form to- gether with the Ādityas.
With the Ādityas with the band of Maruts, may Indra be pro- tector of our bodies;
As when the Gods came, after they had slaughtered the Asuras,. keeping safe their godlike
nature,
Brought the Sun hitherward with mighty powers, and looked! about them on their vigorous
God-head.
With this may we obtain strength God-appointed, and brave sons gladden us through a
hundred winters.
He who alone bestoweth might on mortal man who offereth gifts,
The ruler of resistless power, is Indra, sure.
When will he trample like a weed the man who hath no gift for him?
When verily will Indra hear our songs of praise?
He who with Soma juice prepared among the many harbours. thee,
Verily Indra gains thereby tremendous might.
Joy, mightiest Indra, known and marked, sprung most from
Soma draughts, wherewith
Thou smitest down the greedy fiend, for that we pray.
Wherewith thou helpst Adhrigu, the great Dasagva, and the
God
Who stirs the sunlight, and Sea, for that we pray.
Wherewith thou dravest forth like cars Sindhu and all the mighty floods.
To go the way ordained by Law, for that we pray.

HYMN LXIV

Come unto us, O Indra, dear, still conquering, unconcealable,
Vast as a mountain spread on all sides, Lord of heaven.
O truthful Soma-drinker, thou art mightier than both the worlds.
Thou strengthenest him who pours libation, Lord of heaven.
For thou art, he, O Indra, who stormest all castles of the foe,
Slayer of Dasyus, man's supporter, Lord of heaven.
O ministering priest, pour out of the sweet juice what gladdens most.

So is the Hero praised who ever prospers us.
 Indra whom tawny coursers bear, praise such a thine,. preeminent
 None by his power or by his goodness hath attained
 We seeking glory, have invoked this Master of all power and' might.
 Who must be glorified by constant sacrifice.

HYMN LXV

Come, sing we praise to Indra, friends! the Hero who deserves the laud,
 Him who with none to aid o'ercomes all tribes of men.
 To him who wins the kine, who keeps no cattle back, celestial
 God,
 Speak wondrous speech more sweet than butter and than mead.
 Whose hero powers are measureless, whose bounty ne'er may be surpassed,
 Whose liberality, like light, is over all.

HYMN LXVI

As Vyasva did, praise Indra, praise the strong unfluctuating guide.
 Who gives the foe's possessions to the worshipper.
 Now, son of Vyasva, praise thou him who to the tenth time still is new.
 The very wise, whom living men must glorify.
 Thou knowest, Indra, thunder-armed, how to avoid destructive
 Powers,
 As one secure from pitfalls each succeeding day.

HYMN LXVII

The pourer of oblations 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.
 Ne'er may those manly deeds of yours for us grow old, never may your bright glories fall into
 decay, never before your 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 win.
 I think on Agni, Hotar, the munificent, the gracious Son of strength, who knoweth all that
 live, as holy Sage who knoweth all.
 Lord of fair rites, a God with form erected turning to the Gods.
 He, when the flame hath sprung forth from the holy oil, the offered fatness, longeth for it with
 his glow.
 Busied with sacrifice, with spotted deer and spears, gleaming. upon your way with
 ornaments, yea, our friends,
 Sitting on sacred grass, ye sons of Bharata, drink Soma from the Potar's bowl, O Men of
 heaven.
 Bring the Gods hither, Sage, and offer sacrifice. At the three altars seat thee willingly .O
 Priest.
 Accept for thy delight the proffered Soma mead: drink from the Kindler's bowl and sate thee
 with thy share.
 This is the strengthener of thy body's manly might: strength,. victory for all time are laid
 within thine arms.
 Pressed for thee, Maghavan, it is offered unto thee: drink from the chalice of this Brāhman,

drink thy fill.

Him whom of old I called on, him I call on now. He is to be invoked: his name is He who Gives.

Here brought by priests in Soma mead. Granter of Wealth, drink Soma with the Seasons from the Hotar's Cup.

HYMN LXVIII

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

Whether the men who mock us say, Depart unto another place,

Ye who serve Indra and none else;

Or whether, God of wondrous deeds, all our true people call us blest,

Still may we dwell in Indra's care.

Unto the swift One bring the swift, man-cheering, grace of sacrifice.

That to the Friend gives wings and joy.

Thou, Satakratu, drankest this and wast the Vritras' slayer; thou.

Helpest the warrior in the fray.

We strengthen, Satakratu, thee, yea, thee the powerfull in fight,

That, Indra, we may win us wealth.

To him the mighty stream of wealth, prompt Friend of him who pours the juice,

Yea, to this Indra sing your song.

O come ye hither, sit ye down: to Indra sing ye forth your song,

Companions, bringing hymns of praise.

To him the richest of the rich, the Lord of treasures excellent,

Indra, with Soma juice outpoured.

HYMN LXIX

May he stand by us in our need and in abundance for our wealth:

With riches may he come to us;

Whose pair of tawny horses yoked in battles foemen challenge not:

To him, to Indra, sing your song.

Nigh to the Soma-drinker come, for his enjoyment, these bright drops,

The Somas mingled with the curd.

Thou, grown at once to perfect strength, wast born to drink the

Soma juice, strong Indra, for preeminence.

O Indra, lover of the song, may these quick Somas enter thee:

May they bring bliss to thee the Sage.

06. O Lord of Hundred Powers, our chants of praise and lauds have strengthened thee:

So strengthen thee the songs we sing!

Indra, whose succour never fails, accept this treasure thousand- fold,

Wherein all manly powers abide.

O Indra, thou who lovest song, let no man hurt our bodies, keep.

Slaughter far from us, for thou canst.

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

Taking their sacrificial name.

HYMN LXX

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

Foundest the kine even in the cave.

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

The far-renowned, the mighty One.
 Then, faring on by Indra's side, the fearless, let thyself be seen,.
 Both gracious and in splendour peers.
 With Indra's well-beloved hosts, the blameless, tending heaven- ward,
 The sacrificer cries aloud.
 Come from this place, O wanderer, or downward from the light of heaven!
 Our songs of praise all yearn for this.
 Or Indra we implore for help from here, from heaven above the earth,
 Or from the spacious firmament.
 Indra the singers with high praise, Indra reciters with their lauds,
 Indra the choirs have glorified.
 Indra hath ever close to him his two bay steeds and word-yoked car,
 Indra the golden, Thunder-armed.
 Indra hath raised the Sun on high in heaven, that he may see afar:
 He burst the mountain for the kine.
 Help us, O Indra, in the frays, yea, frays where thousand spoils are gained,
 With awful aids, O awful One.
 In mighty battle we invoke, Indra, Indra in lesser fight,
 The friend who bends his bolt at fiends.
 Unclose, our manly Hero, thou for ever bounteous, yonder cloud,
 For us, thou irresistible.
 Still higher, at each strain of mine, thunder-armed Indra's, praises rise:
 I find no laud worthy of him.
 Even as the bull drives on the herds, he drives the people with his might,
 The ruler irresistible:
 Indra who rules with single sway men, riches, and the fivefold race.
 Of those who dwell upon the earth.
 For your sake from each side we call Indra away from other men:
 Ours, and none others', may he be.
 Indra, bring wealth that gives delight, the victor's ever-conquer- ing wealth,
 Most excellent, to be our aid;
 By means of which we may repel our foes in battle hand to hand.
 By thee assisted with the car.
 Aided by thee, the Thunder-armed, Indra; may we lit up the bolt,
 And conquer all our foes in fight.
 With thee, O Indra, for ally, with missile-darting heroes may
 We conquer our embattled foes.

HYMN LXXI

Mighty is Indra, yea, supreme; greatness becomes the
 Thunderer!
 Wide as the heaven extends his power;
 Which aideth those to win them sons who come as heroes to the fight,
 Or singers loving holy thoughts.
 His belly drinking deepest draughts of Soma like an ocean swells,
 Like wide streams from the cope of heaven.
 Come, Indra, and delight thee with the juice at all the Soma feasts,
 Protector, mighty in thy strength.
 To Indra pour ye forth the juice, the active gladdening juice, to him
 The gladdening omnific God.

O Lord of all men, fair of cheek, rejoice thee in the gladdening buds,
 Present at these drink-offerings.
 Songs have outpoured themselves to thee, Indra, the strong, the guardian Lord.
 And raised themselves unsatisfied.
 Send to us bounty manifold, O Indra, worthy of our wish,
 For power supreme is only thine.
 O Indra, stimulate thereto us emulously fain for wealth.
 And glorious, O most splendid One.
 Give, Indra, wide and lofty fame, wealthy in cattle and in strength,
 Lasting our life-time, failing not.
 Grant us high fame, O Indra, grant riches bestowing thousands, those
 Fair fruits of earth borne home in wains.
 Praising with songs the praise-worthy who cometh to our aid, we call
 Indra, the Treasure-Lord of wealth.
 To lofty Indra, dweller by each libation, the pious man Sings forth aloud a strengthening
 hymn.

HYMN LXXII

In all libations men with hero spirit urge thee, 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.
 Couples desirous of thine aid are storming thee, pouring their presents forth to win a stall of
 kine, pouring gifts, Indra, seeking thee.
 When two men seeking spoil or heaven thou bringest face to face in war,
 Thou showest Indra, then the bolt thy constant friend, the bull that ever waits on thee,
 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.

HYMN LXXIII

All these libations are for thee, O Hero: to thee I offer these my prayers that strengthen.
 Ever, in every place, must men invoke thee.
 Never do men attain, O Wonder-worker, thy greatness, Mighty
 One who must be lauded,
 Nor, Indra, thine heroic power and bounty.
 Bring to the Wise, the Great who waxeth mighty your offerings and make ready your
 devotion:
 To many clans he goeth, man's Controller.
 When, with the Princes, Maghavan, famed of old, comes nigh the thunderbolt of gold and the
 Controller's car
 Which his two tawny coursers draw, then Indra is the Sovran
 Lord of power whose fame spreads far and wide.
 With him too is this rain of his that comes like herds: Indra throws drops of moisture on his
 yellow beard.
 When the sweet juice is shed he seeks the pleasant place, and stirs the worshipper as the wind
 disturbs the wood.
 We laud and praise his several deeds of valour who, fatherlike,. with power hath made us

stronger;

Who with his voice slew many thousand wicked ones who spake in varied manner with contemptuous cries.

HYMN LXXIV

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 LXXV

Couples desirous of thine aid are storming thee, pouring their presents forth to win a stall of
king pouring gifts, Indra, seeking thee.

When two men seeking spoil or heaven thou bringest face to face in war,
Thou showest, Indra, then the bolt, thy constant friend, the bull that ever waits on thee.
This thine heroic power full well the people knew, wherewith thou brakest down, Indra,
autumnal forts, brakest 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.

And they have bruited far this hero might, when thou, O Strong
One, in thy joy helpst 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.

HYMN LXXVI

As sits the young bird on the tree rejoicing, ye, swift pair, have been roused by clear
laudation,

Whose Hoter-priest through many days is Indra, earth's guardian, friend of men, the best of
heroes.

May we, when this Dawn and the next dance hither, be thy best servants, most heroic Hero!
Let the victorious car with triple splendour bring hitherward the hundred chiefs with Kutsa.
What was the gladdening draught that pleased thee, Indra?

Speed to our doors, our songs, for thou art mighty.
 Why comest thou to me, what gift attracts thee?
 Fain would I bring thee food most meet to offer.
 Indra, what fame hath one like thee mid heroes? With what plan wilt thou act? Why hast thou sought us?
 As a true friend, Wide-Strider! to sustain us, since food absorbs the thought of each among us.
 Speed happily those, as Sūrya ends his journey, who meet his wish as bridegrooms meet their spouses;
 Men who support, O Indra strong by nature, with food the many songs that tell thy praises.
 Thine are two measures, Indra, wide, well-meted, heaven for thy majesty, earth for thy wisdom.
 Here for thy choice are Somas mixed with butter: may the sweet meath be pleasant for thy drinking.
 They have poured out a bowl to him, to Indra, full of sweet juice, for faithful is his bounty.
 O'er earth's expanse hath he grown great by wisdom, the friend of man, and by heroic exploits.
 Indra hath conquered in his wars the mighty: men strive in multitudes to win his friendship.
 Ascend thy chariot as it were in battle, which thou shalt drive to us with gracious favour,

HYMN LXXVII

Impetuous, true, let Maghavan come hither, and let his tawny coursers speed to reach us.
 For him have we pressed juice exceeding potent: here, praised with song, let him effect his visit.
 Unyoke, as at thy journey's end, O Hero, to gladden thee to-day at this libation.
 Like Usanā, the priest a laud shall utter, a hymn to thee, the Lord Divine, who markest.
 When the Bull quaffing praises our libation, as a sage paying holy rites in secret,
 Seven singers here from heaven hath he begotten, who e'en by day have wrought their works while singing.
 When heaven's fair light by hymns was made apparent. (they made great splendour shine at break of morning),
 He with his succour, best of heroes, scattered the blinding dark-ness so that men saw clearly.
 Indra, impetuous One, hath waxed immensely: he with his vastness hath filled earth and heaven.
 E'en beyond this his majesty extendeth who hath exceeded all the worlds in greatness,
 Sakra who knoweth well all human actions hath with his eager friends let loose the waters.
 They with their songs cleft e'en the mountain open, and willingly disclosed the stall of cattle.
 He smote away the flood's obstructor Vritra: Earth conscious lent her aid to speed thy thunder.
 Thou sentest forth the waters of the ocean as Lord through power and might, O daring Hero.
 When, Much-invoked! the waters' rock thou deftest, Saramā showed herself and went before thee.
 Hymned by Angirases, bursting the cowstalls, thou foundest ample strength for us as leader.

HYMN LXXVIII

Sing this, what time the juice is pressed, to him your Hero much-invoked,
 To please him as a mighty, Bull.
 He, excellent, withholdeth not his gift of power and wealth in kine,
 When he hath listened to our songs.

May he with might disclose for us the cows' stall, whosesoe'er it be,
To which the Dasyu-slayer goes.

HYMN LXXIX

O Indra, give us wisdom as a sire gives wisdom to his sons.
Guide us, O Much-invoked, on this our foray: may we, living, still enjoy the light.
Grant that no mighty foes, unknown, malevolent, unhallowed, tread us to the ground.
With thine assistance, Hero! may we pass through all the waters that are rushing down.

HYMN LXXX

Bring us, O Indra, name and fame, enriching, mightiest, excellent,
Wherewith, O wondrous God, fair-cheeked and thunder-armed, thou hast filled full this earth
and heaven.
We call on thee, O King, mighty among the Gods, ruler of men, to succour us,
All that is weak in us, excellent God, make firm: make our foes easy to subdue.

HYMN LXXXI

O Indra, if a hundred heavens and if a hundred earths were: thine
No, not a hundred suns could match thee at thy birth, not, both, the worlds, O Thunderer.
Thou, Hero, hast performed thy hero needs with might, yea, all+ with strength, O Strongest
One.
Maghavan, help us to a stable full of kine, O Thunderer, with) wondrous aids.

HYMN LXXXII

If I, O Indra, were the lord of riches ample as thine own,
I should support the singer, God who scatterest wealth! and! not abandon him to woe.
Each day would I enrich the man who sang my praise, in what- soever place he were.
No kinship is there better, Maghavan, than thine: a father even) is no more.

HYMN LXXXIII

O Indra, grant a happy home, a triple refuge, triply strong.
Bestow a dwelling-place on the rich lords and me, and keep thy dart afar from these.
They who with minds intent on spoil subdue the foe, boldly attack and smite him down.
From these, O Indra, Bounteous Lord who lovest song, be closest guardian of our lives.

HYMN LXXXIV

O Indra marvellously bright, come, these libations long for thee,
Thus by fine fingers purified.
Urged by the holy singer, sped by song, come, Indra, to the prayers.
Of the libation-pouring priest.
Approach, O Indra, hasting thee, Lord of Bay Horses, to the prayers:
Take pleasure in the juice we pour.

HYMN LXXXV

Glorify naught besides, O friends; so shall no sorrow trouble you.
Praise only mighty Indra when the juice is shed, and say your lauds repeatedly:
Even him, eternal, like a bull who rushes down, men's conqueror, bounteous like a cow;
Him who is cause of both, of enmity and peace, to both sides most munificent.
Although these men in sundry ways invoke thee to obtain thine aid.
Be this our prayer, addressed, O Indra, unto thee, thine exalta- tion every day.
Those skilled in song, O Maghavan, among these men o'ercome with might the foeman's

songs,

Come hither, bring us strength in many a varied form most near that it may succour us.

HYMN LXXXVI

Those who are yoked by prayer with prayer I harness, the two. fleet friendly Bays who joy together.

Mounting thy firm and easy car, O Indra, wise and all-knowing come thou to the Soma.

HYMN LXXXVII

Priests, offer to the Lord of all the people the milked-out stalk of Soma, radiant-coloured. No wild bull knows his drinking-place like Indra who ever seeks him who hath pressed the Soma.

Thou dost desire to drink, each day that passes, the pleasant food which thou hast had aforetime.

O Indra, gratified in heart and spirit, drink eagerly the Soma set before thee.

Thou, newly-born, for strength didst drink the Soma; thy mother told thee of thy future greatness.

O Indra, thou hast filled mid-air's wide region, and given the Gods by battle room and freedom.

When thou hast urged the arrogant to combat, proud in their strength of arm, we will subdue them.

Or, Indra, when thou fightest girt by heroes, we in the glorious fray with thee will conquer.

I will declare the earliest deeds of Indra, and recent acts which

Maghavan hath accomplished.

When he had conquered godless wiles and magic, Soma became his own entire possession.

Thine is this world of flocks and herds around thee, which with the eye of Surya thou beholdest.

Thou, Indra, art alone the Lord of cattle: may we enjoy the treasure which thou givest.

Ye twain are Lords of wealth in earth and heaven, thou, O

Brihaspati, and thou, O Indra .

Mean though he be, give wealth to him who lauds you. Preserve us evermore, ye Gods, with blessings.

HYMN LXXXVIII

Him who with might hath propped earth's ends, who sitteth in threefold seat, Brihaspati, with thunder,

Him of the pleasant tongue have ancient sages, deep thinking,. holy singers, set before them.

Wild in their course, in well-marked wise rejoicing were they,.

Brihaspati, who pressed around us

Preserve, Brihaspati, the stall uninjured, this company's raining. ever-moving birth-place.

Brihaspati, from thy remotest distance have they sat down who love the law eternal.

For thee were dug wells springing from the mountain, which murmuring round about pour streams of sweetness.

Brihaspati, when first he had his being from mighty splendour in supremest heaven.

Strong, with his sevenfold mouth, with noise of thunder, with his seven rays blew and dispersed the darkness.

With the loud-shouting band who sang his praises, with thunder, he destroyed malignant Vala.

Brihaspati thundering drave forth the cattle, the lowing cows who make oblations ready.

Serve we with sacrifices, gifts, and homage even thus the Steer of all the Gods, the Father. Brihaspati, may we be lords of riches, with noble progeny and, store of heroes.

HYMN LXXXIX

Even as an archer shoots afar his arrow, offer the laud to him with meet adornment.
 Quell with your voice the wicked's voice, O sages, Singer, make
 Indra rest beside the Soma.
 Draw thy Friend to thee like a cow at milking: O singer, wake up Indra as a lover.
 Make thou the Hero haste to give us riches even as a vessel filled brimful with treasure.
 Why, Maghavan, do they call thee bounteous Giver? Quicken me: thou, I hear, art he who quickens.
 Sakra, let my intelligence be active, and bring us luck that finds great wealth, O Indra.
 Standing, in battle for their rights, together, the people, Indra, in the fray invoke thee.
 Him who brings gifts the Hero makes his comrade: with him who pours no juice he seeks not friendship.
 Whoso with plenteous juice for him expresses strong Somas as much quickly-coming treasure,
 For him he everthrows in early morning his swift well-weapon- ed foes and slays the tyrant.
 He unto whom we offer praises, Indra, Maghavan, who hath joined to ours his wishes
 Before him even afar the foe must tremble: low before him must bow all human glories.
 With thy fierce bolt, O God invoked of many, drive to a distance from afar the foeman.
 O Indra, give us wealth in corn and cattle, and make the singer's prayer gain strength and riches.
 Indra the swallower of strong libations with their thick residue, the potent Somas,
 He, Maghavan, will not restrict his bounty: he brings much wealth unto the Soma-presser.
 Yea, by superior play he wins advantage when he, a gambler, piles his gains in season.
 Celestial-natured, he o'erwhelms with riches the devotee who keeps not back his money.
 O much-invoked, may we subdue all famine and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
 May we allied, as first in rank, with princes, obtain possessions by our own exertion
 Brihaspati protect us from the rearward, and from above and from below, from sinners.
 May Indra from the front and from the centre, as friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and freedom.

HYMN XC

Served with oblations, first-born, mountain-render, Angiras' Son,
 Brihaspati the holy.
 With twice-firm path, dwelling in light, our Father, roars loudly, as a bull, to earth and heaven.
 Brihaspati who made for such a people wide room and verge when Gods were invocated—
 Slaying his foe he breaketh down their cattles, quelling his enemies and those who hate him.
 Brihaspati in war hath won rich treasures, hath won, this God, the great stalls filled with cattle.
 Striving to win waters and light, resistless, Brihaspati with light- ning smites the foeman.

HYMN XCI

This holy hymn sublime and seven-headed, sprung from eternal
 Law, our sire discovered.
 Ayāsyā, friend of all men, hath engendered the fourth hymn as he sang his laud to Indra.
 Thinking aright, praising eternal Order, the sons of Dyaus the
 Asura, those heroes,

Angirases, holding the rank of sages, first honoured sacrifice's holy statute.

Girt by his friends who cried with swanlike voices, bursting the stoney barriers of the prison, Brihaspati spake in thunder to the cattle, and uttered praise and song when he had found them.

Apart from one, away from two above him, he draye the kine that stood in bonds of falsehood.

Brihaspati, seeking light amid the darkness, draye forth the bright cows: three he made apparent.

When he had cleft the lairs and western castle, he cut off three from him who held the waters. Brihaspati discovered, while he thundered like Dyaus, the dawn,. the sun, the cow, the lightning.

As with a hand, so with his roaring Indra cleft Vala through,. the guardian of the cattle. Seeking the milk-draught with sweat-shining comrades he stole: the Pani's kine and left him weeping.

He with bright faithful friends, winners of booty, hath rent the milker of the cows asunder. Brihaspati with wild boars strong and mighty sweating with heat hath gained a rich possession.

They, longing for the kine, with faithful spirit incited with their hymns the Lord of cattle. Brihaspati freed the radiant cows with comrades self-yoked,. averting shame from one another.

In our assembly with auspicious praises exalting him who roareth. like a lion.

May we in every fight where heroes conquer rejoice in strong.

Brihaspati the victor.

When he had won him strength of every nature and gone to heaven and its most lofty mansions,

Men praised Brihaspati the mighty, bringing the light within their mouths from sundry places.

Fulfil the prayer that begs for vital vigor: aid in your wonted manner e'en the humble.

Let all our foes be turned and driven backward. Hear this, O

Heaven and Earth, ye all-producers.

Indra with mighty strength hath cleft asunder the head of Arbuda the watery monster,

Slain Ahi, and set free the Seven Rivers. O Heaven and Earth, with all the Gods, protect us.

HYMN XCII

Praise, even as he is known, with song Indra the guardian of the kine,

The Son of Truth, Lord of the brave.

Hither his bay steeds have been sent, red steeds are on the sacred grass.

Where we in concert sing our songs.

For Indra thunder-armed the kine have yielded mingled milk and meath.

What time he found them in the vault.

When I and Indra amount on high up to the bright One's place and home,

We, having drunk of meath, will reach his seat whose Friends are three-times-seven.

Sing, sing ye forth your songs of praise, ye Priyamedhas, sing your songs:

Yea, let young children sing their lauds: as a strong castle praise ye him.

Now loudly let the viol sound, the lute send out its voice with might,

Shrill be the music of the string. To Indra is the hymn upraised.

When hither speed the dappled cows, unflinching, easy to be milked,

Seize quickly, as it bursts away, the Soma juice for Indra's drink.

Indra hath drunk; Agni hath drunk all Deities have drunk their fill.

Here Varuna shall have his home, to whom the floods have sung aloud as mother-kine unto their calves.

Thou, Varuna, to whom belong the Seven Streams, art a glorious God.

The waters flow into thy throat as'twere a pipe with ample mouth.

He who hath made the fleet steeds spring, well-harnessed, to the worshipper,

He, the swift guide, is that fair form that loosed the horses near at hand.

Indra, the very mighty, holds his enemies in utter scorn.

He, far away, and yet a child, cleft the cloud smitten by his voice.

He, yet a boy exceeding small, mounted his newly-fashioned car.

He for his Mother and his Sire cooked the wild mighty buffalo.

Lord of the Home, with beauteous cheeks, ascend thy chariot wrought of gold.

We will attend the heavenly One; the thousand-footed, red of hue, matchless, who blesses where he goes.

With reverence they come hitherward to him as to a sovran lord,

That they may bring him near for this man's good success, to prosper and bestow his gifts.

The Priyamedhas have observed the offering of the men of old,

Of ancient custom, while they strewed the sacred grass and spread their sacrificial food.

He who as sovran Lord of men moves with his chariots unrestrained,

The Vritra-slayer, queller of all fighting hosts, preeminent, is praised in song.

Honour that Indra, Puruhanman! for his aid, in whose sustaining hand of old.

The splendid bolt of thunder was deposited, as the great Sun was set in heaven.

No one by deed attains to him who works and strengthens evermore:

No, not by sacrifice, to Indra praised of all, resistless, daring, bold in might;

The potent Conqueror, invincible in war, him at whose birth the mighty ones,

The kine who spread afar, sent their loud voices out, heavens, earths sent their loud voices out.

O Indra, if a hundred heavens and if a hundred earths were thine

No, not a thousand suns could match thee at thy birth, not both the worlds, O Thunderer.

Thou, Hero, hast performed thy hero deeds with might, yea, all with strength, O Strongest One.

Maghavan, help us to a stable full of kine, O Thunderer, with wondrous aids.

HYMN XCIII

May our hymns give thee great delight. Display thy bounty, Thunderer.

Drive off the enemies of prayer.

Crush with thy foot the niggard churls who bring no gifts.

Might art thou:

There is not one to equal thee.

Thou art the Lord of Soma pressed, Soma unpressed is also thine,

Thou art the Sovran of the folk.

Swaying about the active Ones came nigh to Indra at his birth,

And shared his great heroic might.

Based upon strength and victory and power, O Indra is thy birth.

Thou, Mighty One, art strong indeed.

Thou art the Vritra-slayer, thou, Indra, hast spread the firmament:

Thou hast with might upheld the heavens.

Thou, Indra, bearest in thine arms the lightning that accords with thee,

Whetting thy thunderbolt with might.

Thou, Indra, art pre-eminent over all creatures in thy strength:

Thou hast pervaded every place.

HYMN XCIV

May Sovran Indra come to the carousal, he who by holy Law is strong and active.
 The overcomer of all conquering forces with his great bull-like power that hath no limit.
 Firm-seated is thy car, thy steeds are docile: thy hand, O King, holds, firmly grasped, the
 thunder.
 On thy fair path, O Lord of men, come quickly: we will increase thy power when thou hast
 drunken.
 Let strong and mighty steeds who bear this mighty Indra, the
 Lord of men, whose arm wields thunder,
 Bring unto us, as shares of our banquet, the Bull of conquering might, of real vigour.
 So like a bull thou rushest to the Lord who loves the trough, the Sage, the prop of vigour, in
 the vat.
 Prepare thine energies, collect them in thyself: be for our profit as the Master of the wise.
 May precious treasures come to us,— so will I pray. Come to the votary's gift offered with
 beauteous laud.
 Thou art the Lord, as such sit on this holy grass: thy vessels are inviolate as Law commands.
 Far went our earliest invocations of the Gods, and won us glories that can never be surpassed.
 They who could not ascend the ship of sacrifice sink down in desolation, trembling with
 alarm.
 So be the others, evil-hearted, far away, whose horses difficult to harness have been yoked.
 Here in advance man stand anear to offer gifts, by whom full many a work that brings reward
 is done.
 He firmly fixed the plains and mountains as they shook. Dyaus thundered forth and made the
 air's mid-region quake.
 He stays apart the two confronting bowls; he sings lauds in the potent Soma's joy when he
 hath drunk.
 I bear this deftly-fashioned goad of thine wherewith thou,
 Maghavan, shalt break the strikers with the hoof.
 At the libation mayst thou be well satisfied. Partake the juice, partake the banquet, Bounteous
 Lord.
 O Much-invoked, may we subdue all famine and evil want with store of grain and cattle.
 May we allied, as first in rank, with princes, obtain possessions by our own exertions.
 Brihaspati protect us from the rearward, and from above, and from below, from sinners!
 May Indra from the front and from the centre, as friend to friends, vouchsafe us room and
 freedom.

HYMN XCV

From the three jars the Great and Strong hath drunk drink blent with meal. With Vishnu hath
 he quaffed the flowing Soma juice, all that he would.
 That hath so heightened him the Great, the Vast, to do his mighty work.
 So may the God attend the God, true Indu Indra who is true.
 Sing strength to Indra that shall set his chariot in the foremost place.
 Giver of room in closest fight, slayer of foes in shock of war, be thou our great encourager.
 Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of feeble enemies.
 Thou didst destroy the Dragon: thou sentest the rivers down to earth.
 Foeless, O Indra, wast thou born. Thou tendest well each choicest thing. Therefore we draw
 us close to thee. Let the weak bowstrings break upon the bows of feeble enemies.
 Destroyed be all malignities and all our enemy's designs.
 Thy bolt thou castest at the foe, O Indra, who would smite us dead: thy liberal bounty gives
 us wealth. Let the weak bow- strings break upon the bows of feeble enemies.

HYMN XCVI

Taste this strong draught that gives thee vital vigour: with all thy chariot here unyoke thy coursers.

Let not those other sacrificers stay thee, Indra: these juices shed for thee are ready.

Thine is the juice effused, thine are the juices yet to be pressed: our resonant songs invite thee.

O Indra, pleased to-day with this libation, come, thou who knowest all, and drink the Soma.

Whoso, devoted to the God, effuses Soma for him with yearning heart and spirit,

Never doth Indra give away his cattle: for him he makes the lovely Soma famous.

He looks with loving favour on the mortal who, like a rich man, pours for him the Soma.

Maghavan in his bended arm supports him: he slays, unasked, the men who hate devotion.

We call on thee to come to us, desirous of booty, and of cattle, and of horses.

For thy new love and favour are we present: let us invoke thee,

Indra, as our welfare.

For life I set thee free by this oblation from the unknown decline and from consumption;

Or, if the grasping demon have possessed him, free him from her, O Indra, thou and Agni.

Be his days ended, be he how departed, be he brought very near to death already,

Out of Destruction's lap again I bring him, save him for life to last a hundred autumns.

With thousand-eyed oblation, hundred-autumned, bringing a hundred lives, have I restored him.

That Indra for a hundred years may lead him safe to the farther shore of all misfortune.

Live waxing in thy strength a hundred autumns, live through a hundred springs, a hundred winters.

Through hundred-lived oblation Indra, Agni, Brihaspati, Savitar yield him for a hundred!

So have I found and rescued thee: thou hast returned with youth renewed.

Whole in thy members! I have found whole sight and all thy life for thee.

May Agni yielding to our prayer, the Rakshas-killer, drive away.

The malady of evil name that hath beset thy labouring womb.

Agni, concurring in the prayer, drive off the eater of thy flesh,

The malady of evil name that hath attacked thy babe and womb.

That which destroys the sinking germ, the settled, moving embryo,

That which would kill the babe at birth, even this will we drive far away.

That which divides thy legs that it may lie between the married pair,

That penetrates and licks thy side, even this will we exterminate.

What rests by thee in borrowed form of brother, lover, or of lord,

And would destroyed the progeny,—even this will we exterminate.

That which through sleep or darkness hath deceived thee and lies down by thee,

And will destroy thy progeny,—even this will we exterminate.

From both thy nostrils, from thine eyes, from both thine ears and from thy chin,

Forth from thy head and brain and tongue I drive thy malady away.

From the neck-tendons and the neck, from the breast-bones and from the spine,

From shoulders, upper, lower arms, I drive thy malady away.

From viscera and all within, forth from the rectum, from the heart,

From kidneys, liver and from spleen, I drive thy malady away.

From thighs, from knee-caps, and from heels, and from the forepart of the feet,

From hips, from stomach, and from groin, I drive thy malady away.

From what is voided from within, and from thy hair, and from thy nails,

From all thyself, from top to toe, I drive thy malady away.

From every member, every hair, disease that comes in every joint,

From all thyself, from top to toe, I drive thy malady away.

Avaunt, thou Master of the Mind, I Depart and vanish far away.
Look on Destruction far from us. The live man's mind is manifold.

HYMN XCVII

Here verily yesterday we let the Thunder-wielder drink his fill.
So in like manner, offer him the juice to day. Now range you. by the Glorious One.
Even the wolf, the savage beast that rends the sheep, follows the path of his decrees.
So, India, graciously accepting this our praise, with wondrous. thought come forth to us.
What manly deed of vigour now remains that Indra hath not done?
Who hath not heard his glorious title and his fame, the Vritra- slayer from his birth?

HYMN XCVIII

That we may win us wealth and spoil we poets verily call on thee.
In war men call on thee, Indra, the hero's Lord, in the steed's, race-course call on thee.
As such, O Wonderful whose hand holds thunder, praised as mighty, Caster of the Stone.
Pour on us boldly, Indra, kie and chariot-steeds, ever to be the conqueror's strength.

HYMN XCIX

Men with their lauds are urging thee, Indra, to drink the Soma first.
The Ribhus in accord have lifted up their voice and Rudras. sung thee as the First.
Indra increased his manly strength at sacrifice, in the wild rapture of this juice;
And living men to-day, even as of old, sing forth their praises to his majesty.

HYMN C

Now have we, Indra, Friend of Song, sent our great wishes forth to thee.
Coming like floods that follow floods.
As rivers swell the ocean, so, Hero, our prayers increase thy might,
Though of thyself, O Thunderer, waxing day by day.
With holy song they bind to the broad wide-yoked car the bay steeds of the rapid God,
Bearers of India, yoked by prayer.

HYMN CI

Agni we choose, the messenger, the herald, master of all wealth,.
Well skilled in this our sacrifice.
With calls they ever invoke Agni, Agni, Lord of the House,
Oblation-bearer, much-beloved.
Bring the Gods hither, Agni, born for him who strews the sacred grass.
Thou art our herald, meet for praise.

HYMN CII

Meet to be lauded and adored, showing in beauty through the= dark,
Agni the Bull is kindled well,
Agni is kindled as a Bull, like a horse bearer of the Gods;
Men with oblations worship him.
Thee will we kindle as a Bull, we who are bulls ourselves, O
Bull,
Thee, Agni, shining mightily.

HYMN CIII

Solicit with your hymns, for aid, Agni the God with piercing flame,
For riches famous Agni, Purmilha 'and ye men, Agni to light our dwelling well.

Agni, come hither with thy fires: we choose thee as our Hotai- priest.
 Let the extended ladle full of oil balm thee, best priest, to sit on sacred grass.
 For unto thee, O Angiras, O Son of Strength, move ladles in the sacrifice,
 To Agni, Child of Force, whose locks drop oil, we seek, fore- most in sacrificial rites.

HYMN CIV

May these my songs of praise exalt thee, Lord who hast abund- ant wealth.
 Men skilled in holy hymns, bright with the hues of fire, have sung them with their lauds to thee.
 He with his might enhanced by Rishis thousand-fold, hath like an ocean spread himself.
 His majesty is praised as true at solemn rites, his power where holy singers rule
 May Indra, who in every fight must be invoked, be near to us.
 May the most mighty Vritra-slayer, meet for praise, come to libations and to hymns.
 Thou art the best of all in sending bounteous gifts, true art thou,. lordly in thine act.
 We claim alliance with the very Glorious One, yea, with the- mighty Son of Strength.

HYMN CV

Thou in the battles, Indra, art subduer of all hostile bands.
 Father art thou, all-conquering, cancelling the curse, thou victor of the vanquisher.
 The earth, and heaven cling close to thy victorious might, as sire and mother to their child.
 When thou attackest Vritra all the hostile bands shrink and faint, Indra at thy wrath.
 Bring to your aid the Eternal One, who shoots and none may shoot at him,
 Inciter, swift, victorious, best of charioteers, Tugrya's unvan- quished strengthener;

HYMN CVI

That lofty energy of thine, thy strength and thine intelligence,
 Thy thunderbolt for which we long, our wish makes keen.
 O Indra, heaven and earth augment thy manly power and thy renown,
 The waters and the mountains stir and urge thee on.
 Vishnu, the lofty Ruling Power, Varuna, Mitra sing thy praise:
 In thee the Maruts' company hath great delight.

HYMN CVII

Before his hot displeasure all the peoples, all the men bow down,
 As rivers bend them to the sea.
 This power of his shone brightly forth when Indra brought to- gether like
 A skin the worlds of earth and heaven.
 The fiercely-moving Vritra's head he severed with his thunder- bolt,
 His hundred-knotted thunderbolt.
 In all the worlds That was the best and highest whence sprang the mighty God, of splendid
 valour.
 As soon as born he overcomes his foemen, he in whom all who lend him aid are joyful.
 Grown mighty in his strength, with ample vigour, he as a foe strikes fear into the Dāsa,
 Eager to win the breathing and the breathless. All sang thy praise at banquet and oblation.
 All concentrate on thee their mental vigour, what time these, twice or thrice, are thine
 assistants.
 Blend what is sweeter than the sweet with sweetness: win quickly with our meath that meath
 in battle.
 Therefore in thee too, thou who winnest riches, at every banquet are the sages joyful
 With mightier power, bold God, extend thy firmness: let not malignant Yātudhānas harm thee.
 Proudly we put our trust in thee in battles, when we behold great wealth the prize of combat.

I with my words impel thy weapons onward, and sharpen with my prayer thy vital vigour.
Worthy of praises many-shaped, most skilful, most energetic,
Āptya of the Aptyas:

He with his might destroys the seven Dānus, subduing many who were deemed his equals.
Thou in that house which thy protection guarded bestowest- wealth, the higher and the lower.

Thou stablishest the two much-wandering Mothers, and bringest many deeds to their completion.

Brihaddiva, the foremost of light-winners, repeasts these holy prayers, this strength to Indra.
He rules the great self-luminous fold of cattle, and all the doors of light hath he thrown open.
Thou hath Brihaddiva the great Atharvan, spoken to Indra as himself in person.

The Mātariśvarīs, the spotless sisters, with power exalt him and impel him onward.
Bright, Presence of the Gods, the luminous herald, Sīrya hath mounted the celestial regions.
Day's maker, he hath shone away the darkness, and radiant passed o'er places hard to traverse.

The brilliant Presence of the Gods hath risen, the eye of Mitra,
Varuna, and Agni.

The soul of all that moveth not or moveth, Sūrya hath filled the earth and air and heaven.
Even as a lover followeth a maiden, so doth the Sun the Dawn, refulgent Goddess:
Where pious men extend their generations before the Gracious
One for happy fortune.

HYMN CVIII

O Indra, bring great strength to us, bring valour, Satakratu, thou most active, bring.
A hero conquering in war.
For, gracious Satakratu, thou hast ever been a mother and a sire to us,
So now for bliss we pray to thee.
To thee, Strong, Much-invoked who showest forth thy strength,
O Satakratu, do I speak:
So grant thou us heroic might.

HYMN CIX

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

HYMN CX

For Indra, lover of carouse, loud be our songs about the juice:
Let poets sing the hymn of praise.
We summon Indra to the draught, in whom all glories rest, in whom
The seven communities rejoice.
By the three Soma jars the Gods span sacrifice that stirs the mind:
Let our songs aid and prosper it.

HYMN CXI

If, Indra, thou drink Soma by Vishnu's or Trita Āptya's side,
 Or with the Maruts take delight in flowing drops;
 Or, Sakra, if thou gladden thee afar or in the sea of air,
 Rejoice thee in this juice of ours, in flowing drops.
 Or, Lord of Heroes, if thou aid the worshipper who sheds the juice,
 Or him whose laud delights thee, and his flowing drops.

HYMN CXII

Whatever, Vritra-slayer! thou Sūrya, hast risen upon to-day,
 That, Indra, all is in thy power.
 When, Mighty One, Lord of the Brave, thou thinkest, I shall never die,
 That thought of thine is true indeed.
 Thou, Indra, goest unto all Soma libations shed for thee,
 Both far away and near at hand.

HYMN CXIII

Both boons—may Indra hitherward turned, listen to this, prayer of ours,
 And, mightiest Maghavan with thought inclined to us come nigh to drink the Soma juice.
 For him, strong independent Ruler, Heaven and Earth have fashioned forth for power and
 might.
 Thou seatest thee as first among thy peers in place, for thy soul longs for Soma juice.

HYMN CXIV

O Indra, from all ancient time rivalless ever and companionless art thou:
 In war thou seekest comradeship.
 Thou findest not the wealthy man to be thy friend: those scorn thee who are flown with wine.
 What time thou thunderest and gatherest, then thou, even as a father, art invoked.

HYMN CXV

I from my Father have received deep knowledge of the holy
 Law:
 I was born like unto the Sun.
 After the lore of ancient time I make, like Kanva, beauteous songs,
 And Indra's self gains strength thereby.
 Whatever Rishis have not praised thee, Indra, or have lauded thee,
 By me exalted wax thou strong.

HYMN CXVI

Never may we be cast aside and strangers, as it were to thee.
 We, Thunder-wielding Indra, count ourselves as trees rejected and unfit to burn.
 O Vritra slayer, we were thought slow and unready for the fray:
 Yet once in thy great bounty may we have delight, O Hero, after praising thee.

HYMN CXVII

Drink Soma, Lord of Bays, and let it cheer thee: Indra, the stone, like a well-guided courser,
 Directed by the presser's arms hath pressed it.
 So let the draught of joy, thy dear companion, by which, O Lord of Bays, thou slayest
 foemen,
 Delight thee, Indra, Lord of princely treasures.

Mark closely, Maghavan; the words I utter, this eulogy recited by Vasishtha:
Accept the prayers I offer at thy banquet.

HYMN CXVIII

Indra with all thy saving helps give us assistance, Lord of Power
For after thee we follow even as glorious bliss, thee, Hero, finder-out of wealth.
Increaser of our steeds and multiplying kine, a golden well, O
God, art thou;
For no one may impair the gifts laid up in thee, Bring me what- ever thing I ask.
Indra for worship of the Gods, Indra while sacrifice proceeds,
Indra as warriors in the battle-shock we call, Indra that we may win the spoil.
With might hath Indra spread out heaven and earth, with power hath Indra lighted up the Sun.
In Indra are all creatures closely held; in him meet the distilling
Soma drops.

HYMN CXIX

An ancient praise-song hath been sung: to Indra have ye said the prayer.
They have sung many a Brihatī of sacrifice, poured forth th, worshipper's many thoughts.
In zealous haste the singers have sung forth a song distilling oil and rich in sweets.
Riches have spread among us, and heroic strength; with us are flowing Soma drops.

HYMN CXX

Though, Indra, thou art called by men eastward and westward, north and south,
Thou chiefly art with Anava and Turvasa, brave Champion! urged by men to come.
Or, Indra, when with Ruma, Rusama, Syāvaka, and Kripa thou rejoicest thee,
Still do the Kanvas bring praises, with their prayers, O Indra, draw thee hither: come.

HYMN CXXI

Over the three great distances, past the Five Peoples go thy way,
O Indra, noticing our voice.
Send forth thy ray like Sūrya: let my songs attract thee hither- ward.
Like waters gathering to the vale.

HYMN CXXII

With Indra splendid feasts be ours enriched with ample spoil, wherewith,
Wealthy in food, we may rejoice.
Like thee, thyself, the singers' friend, thou movest as it were, besought,
Bold One, the axle of the car.
That, Satakratu, thou to grace and please thy praisers, as it were,
Stirrest the axle with thy strength.

HYMN CXXIII

This is the Godhead, this the might of Sūrya: he hath with- drawn what spread o'er work
unfinished.
When he hath loosed his horses from their station, straight over all night spreadeth out her
garment.
In the sky's lap the Sun this form assumeth for Mitra and for
Vāruna to look on.
His bay steeds well maintain his power eternal, at one time bright and darksome at another.

HYMN CXXIV

With what help will he come to us, wonderful, ever-waxing
 Friend,
 With what most mighty company?
 What genuine and most liberal draught will spirit thee with juice to burst.
 Open e'en strongly-guarded wealth?
 Do thou who art protector us thy friends who praise thee
 With hundred aids approach us.
 We will, with Indra and all Gods to help us, bring these existing worlds into subjection.
 Our sacrifice, our bodies, and our offspring shall Indra form together with the Ādityas.
 With the Ādityas, with the band of Maruts, may Indra be pro- tector of our bodies.
 As when the Gods came after they had slaughtered the Asuras, keeping safe their Godlike
 nature,
 Brought the Sun hitherward with mighty powers, and looked about them on their vigorous
 Godhead.
 With this may we obtain strength God-appointed, and joy with brave sons through a hundred
 winters.

HYMN CXXV

Drive all our enemies away, O Indra, the western, mighty Con- queror, and the eastern,
 Hero, drive off our northern foes and southern, that we in thy wide shelter may be joyful.
 What then? As men whose fields are full of barley reap the ripe corn removing it in order,
 So bring the food of those men, bring it hither, who come not to prepare the grass for
 worship.
 Men come not with one horse at sacred seasons; thus they obtain no honour in assemblies.
 Sages desiring herds of kine and horses strengthen the mighty
 Indra for his friendship.
 Ye, Asvins, Lords of Splendour, drank full draughts of grateful
 Soma juice,
 And aided Indra in his work with Namuchi of Asura birth.
 As parents aid a son, both Asvins, Indra, aided thee with their wondrous powers and wisdom
 When thou, with might, hadst drunk the draught that glad- dens, Sarasvati, O Maghavan
 refreshed thee.
 Indra is strong to save, rich in assistance: may he, possessing all, be kind and gracious.
 May he disperse our foes and give us safety, and may we be the lords of hero vigour.
 May we enjoy his favour, his the holy: may we enjoy his blessed loving-kindness.
 May this rich Indra, as our good protector, drive off and keep afar all those who hate us.

HYMN CXXVI

Men have abstained from pouring juice; nor counted Indra as a
 God.
 Where at the votary's store my friend Vrishākapi hath drunk his fill. Supreme is Indra over
 all.
 Thou, Indra, heedless passest by the ill Vrishākapi hath wrought;
 Yet nowhere else thou findest place wherein to drink the Soma juice. Supreme is Indra over
 all.
 What hath he done to injure thee, this tawny beast Vrishākapi,
 With whom thou art so angry now? What is the votary's food- ful store? Supreme is Indra
 over all.
 Soon may the hound who hunts the boar seize him and bite him in the ear,
 O Indra, that Vrishākapi whom thou protectest as a friend.

Supreme is Indra over all.

Kapi hath marred the beauteous things, all deftly wrought, that were my joy.
In pieces will I rend his head; the sinner's portion shall be woe.

Supreme is Indra over all.

No dame hath ampler charms than I, or greater wealth of love's delights.

None with more ardour offers all her beauty to her lord's embrace. Supreme is Indra over all.

Mother whose love is quickly won, I say what verily will be,

My breast, O mother, and my head and both my hips seem quivering Supreme is Indra over all.

Dame with the lovely hands and arms, with broad hair-plaits and ample hips,

Why, O thou hero's wife, art thou angry with our Vrishākapi?

Supreme is Indra over all.

This noxious creature looks on me as one bereft of hero's love.

Yet heroes for my sons have I, the Maruts' friend and Indra's

Queen Supreme is Indra over all.

From olden time the matron goes to feast and general sacrifice.

Mother of heroes, Indra's Queen, the rite's ordainer is extolled.

Supreme is Indra over all.

So have I heard Indrāni called most fortunate among these dames,

For never shall her Consort die in future time through length of days. Supreme is Indra over all.

Never, Indrāni have I joyed without my friend Vrishākapi,

Whose welcome offering here, made pure with water, goeth to the Gods. Supreme is Indra over all.

Wealthy Vrishākapyi, blest with sons and consorts of thy sons,

Indra will eat thy bulls, thy dear oblation that effecteth much.

Supreme is Indra over all.

Fifteen in number, then, for me a score of bullocks they prepare.

And I devour the fat thereof: they fill my belly full with food.

Supreme is Indra over all.

Like as a bull with pointed horn, loud bellowing amid the herds,

Sweet to thine heart, O Indra, is the brew which she who tends thee pours. Supreme is Indra over all.

Indrāni speaks. Non ille fortis (ad Venerem) est cujus mentula laxa inter femora dependet; fortis vero est ille cujus, quum sederit, membrum pilosum se extendit. Super omnia est Indra.

Indra speaks. Non fortis est ille cujus, quum sederit, membrum pilosum se extendit: fortis vero est ille cujus mentula laxa inter femora dependet. Super omnia est Indra.

O Indra, this Vrishākapi hath found a slain wild animal,

Dresser, and new-made pan, and knife, and wagon with a load of wood. Supreme is Indra over all.

Distinguishing the Dāsa and the Arya, viewing all, I go.

I look upon the wise, and drink the simple votary's Soma juice.

Supreme is Indra over all.

The desert plains and steep descents, how many leagues in length they spread!

Go to the nearest houses, go unto thine home, Vrishākapi.

Supreme is Indra over all.

Turn thee again Vrishākapi; we twain will bring thee happiness.

Thou goest homeward on thy way along this path which leads to sleep. Supreme is Indra over all.

When, Indra and Vrishākapi, ye travelled upward to your home,
Where was that noisome beast, to whom went it, the beast that troubles man? Supreme is
Indra over all.

Daughter of Manu, Parsu bare a score of children at a birth.
Her portion verily was bliss although her burthen caused her grief.

HYMN CXXVII

A hymn in praise of the good Government of King Kaurama

Listen to this, ye men, a laud of glorious bounty shall be sung.
Thousands sixty, and ninety we, O Kaurama, among the
Rusamas have received.

Camels twice-ten that draw the car, with females by their side, he gave.
Fain would the chariot's top bow down escaping from the stroke of heaven.
A hundred chains of gold, ten wreaths, upon thee Rishi he bestowed,
And thrice-a-hundred mettled steeds, ten-times-a-thousand cows he gave.
Glut thee, O Singer, glut thee like a bird on a ripe-fruited tree.
Thy lips and tongue move swiftly like the sharp blades of a pair of shears.
Quickly and willingly like kine forth come the singers and their hymns:
Their little maidens are at home, at home they wait upon the cows.
O Singer, bring thou forth the hymn that findeth cattle, findeth: wealth.
Even as an archer aims his shaft address this prayer unto the
Gods.

List to Parikshit's eulogy, the sovran whom all people love,
The King who ruleth over all, excelling mortals as a God.
8'Mounting his throne, Parikshit, best of all, hath given us peace and rest,'
Saith a Kauravya to his wife as he is ordering his house.
9'Which shall I set before thee, curds, gruel of milk, or barley- brew?'
Thus the wife asks her husband in the realm which King
Parikshit rules.

Up as it were to heavenly light springs the ripe corn above the cleft.
Happily thrive the people in the land where King Parikshit reigns.
Indra hath waked the bard and said, Rise, wander singing here and there.
Praise me, the strong: each pious man will give thee riches in return,
Here, cows! increase and multiply, here ye, O horses, here, O men.
Here, with a thousand rich rewards, doth Pūshan also seat him- self.
O Indra, let these cows be safe, their master free from injury.
Let not the hostile-hearted or the robber have control of them.
Oft and again we glorify the hero with our hymn of praise, with prayer, with our auspicious
prayer.
Take pleasure in the songs we sing: let evil never fall on us.

HYMN CXXVIII

Sacrificial formulas

The worshipper who pours the juice, for gathering and assembly fit,
And yonder foe-destroying Sun,—these have the Gods designed of old.
He who defiles a sister, he who willingly would harm a friend,
The fool who slights his elder, these, they say, must suffer down. below.
Whenever any good man's son becometh bold and spirited,
Then hath the wise Gandharva said this pleasant upward-point- ing word.

The most unprofitable churl, the wealthy men who brings no. gift,
 These, verily, as we have heard, are cast away by all the wise.
 But they who have adored the Gods, and they who have best- owed their gifts,
 Those liberal lords are filled with wealth like Sūrya risen up to heaven.
 With unanointed eyes and limbs, wearing no gem or ring of gold.
 No priest, no Brāhman's son is he: these things are ordered in the rules.
 With well-anointed limbs and eyes, wearing fair gem and golden, ring,
 Good priest is he, the Brāhman's son; these things are ordered in the rules.
 Pools with no place for drinking, and the wealthy man who. giveth naught,
 The pretty girl you may not touch, these things are ordered in: the rules.
 Pools with good drinking places, and the wealthy man who freely gives,
 The pretty girl who may be touched, these things are ordered in the rules.
 The favourite wife neglected, and the man who safely shuns the fight,
 A sluggish horse whom none may guide, these things are order- ed in the rules.
 The favourite wife most dearly loved, the man who safely goes to war,
 The fleet steed who obeys the rein, these things are ordered in the rules.
 When, Indra, thou, as no man could, didst plunge into the Ten
 Kings' fight,
 That was a guard for every man: for he is formed to stay disease.
 Easily conquering Maghavan, thou, Hero, bentest Raji down,
 Rentest asunder Rauhina, calvest in pieces Vritra's head.
 Thou who didst separate the clouds and penetrate the water- floods,
 To thee, great slayer of the foe, be glory, Indra, yea, to thee!
 They said to Auchchaisravasa running as side-horse of the
 Bays,
 Safely to victory, O Steed, bear Indra with the beauteous wreath.
 They yoke the white mares, on the Bay's right harness Auchchai- hsravasa.
 He joyeth as he carrieth Indra the foremost of the Gods.

HYMN CXXIX

These mares come springing forward to Pratipa Prātisutvana.
 34. One of them is Hariknikā. Hariknikā, what seekest thou?
 56. The excellent, the golden son: where now hast thou aban- doned him?
 78. There where around those distant trees, three Sisus that are standing there,
 910. Three adders, breathing angrily, are blowing loud the threatening horn.
 1112. Hither hath come a stallion: he is known by droppings on his way,
 1314. As by their dung the course of kine. What wouldst thou in the home of men?
 1516. Barley and ripened rice I seek. On rice and barley hast thou fed,
 1718. As the big serpent feeds on sheep. Cow's hoof and horse's tail hast thou,
 1920. Winged with a falcon's pinion is that harmless swelling of thy tongue.

HYMN CXXX

1, Who carried off these stores of milk? Who took the dark cow's milk away?
 3, Who took away the white cow's milk t Who took the black cow's milk away?
 5, Question this man, Where do I ask? Where, whom that knoweth do I ask?
 7, Not to the belly comes the grain. The patient ones are angry now.
 9, Undecked with gems, and decked with gems: deity rivalling the Sun.
 11, Dapple, Harinikā, and Bay ran forward to the liberal gifts.
 13, When the horn's blast hath sounded forth let not our friend discover thee.
 15, Hither to the cow's son they come. Libation hath rejoiced the God.

17, Then cried they. Here he is, and, Here; again the cry was,
Here is he.

19, Then not defective be our steeds! A splinter so diminutive!

HYMN CXXXI

He minishes, he splits in twain: crush it and let it be destroyed.

3, Varuna with the Vasus goes: the Wind-God hath a hundred reins.

5, A hundred golden steeds hath he, a hundred chariots wrought of gold.

7, A hundred bits of golden bronze, a hundred golden necklaces.

9, Lover of Kusa grass, Unploughed! Fat is not reckoned in the hoof.

11, The ladle doth not hold apart the entrails and the clotted blood.

13, This O Mandūrikā, is mine. Thy trees are standing in a clump.

15, The plain domestic sacrifice, the sacrifice with burning dung.

17, Asvattha, Dhava, Khadira, leaf taken from the Aratu.

19, The man pervaded thoroughly lies on the ground as he were slain.

21, The biestings only have they milked: one-and-a half of the wild ass,
And two hides of an elephant.

HYMN CXXXII

1, Then too the single bottle-gourd, the bottle-gourd dug from the earth,

3, The lute dug up from out the ground: this the wind stirs and agitates.

5, Let him prepare a nest, they say: he shall obtain it strong and stretched.

7, He shall not gain it unspreed out. Who among these will touch the lute?

9, Who among these will beat the drum? How, if he beat it, will he beat?

11, Where beating will the Goddess beat again again about the house?

13, Three are the names the camel bears, Golden is one of them, he said.

15, Glory and power, these are two. He with black tufts of hair shall strike.

HYMN CXXXIII

The Enigmatical Verses

Two rays of light are lengthened out, and the man gently touches them with the two beatings
on the drum.

Maiden, it truly is not so as thou, O maiden, fanciest.

Two are thy mother's rays of light: the skin is guarded from the man.

HYMN CXXXIV

The Ajijnasenya Verses

Here are we sitting east and west and north and south, with waters. Bottle-gourd vessels.

Here east and west and north and south sit the calves sprinkling

Curds and oil.

Here east and west and north and south the offering of rice clings on. The leaf of the Asvattha
tree.

Here east and west and north and south adheres when touched.

That water-drop.

Here east and west and north and south in iron mayst thou not be caught. The cup.

Here east and west and north and south fain would it clasp what would not clasp. Emmet
hole.

HYMN CXXXV

Verses called Frustration, Abuse, the Gods' Offering, and Dazzling Power

Bang! here he is. A dog,
 Swish! it is gone. Falling of leaves.
 Crunch! it is trodden on. A cow's hoof.
 These Gods have gone astray. Do thou, Adhvaryu, quickly do thy work.
 There is good resting for the cows. Take thy delight.
 O singer, the Ādityas brought rich guerdon to the Angirases.
 Singer, they went not near to it. Singer, they did not take the gift.
 Singer, they went not near to that; but, singer, they accepted this:
 That days may not be indistinct, nor sacrifices leaderless.
 And quickly Both he fly away, the White Horse swiftest on his feet,
 And swiftly fills his measure up.
 Ādityas, Rudras, Vasus, all pay worship unto thee. Accept this liberal gift, O Angiras,
 This bounty excellent and rich, this ample bounty spreading far.
 The Gods shall give the precious boon: let it be pleasant to your hearts.
 Let it be with you every day: accept our offerings in return.
 Vouchsafe us shelter, Indra, thou to be invoked from far away.
 Bring treasure hither to reward the far-famed bard who praises thee.
 Thou, Indra, to the trembling dove whose pinions had been rent and torn.
 Gayest ripe grain and Pilu fruit, gavest him water when athirst.
 The ready praiser loudly speaks though fastened triply with a strap.
 Yea, he commends the freshening draught, deprecates languor of disease.

HYMN CXXXVI

Erotica

Si quis in hujus tenui rima praeditae feminae augustias fascinum intromittit, vaccae
 ungularum et Sakula. rum pisci- um more pudenda ejus agitantur.
 Quum magno pene parvula ejus pudenda vir percutit, huc et illuc ilia increscunt veluti duo
 asini in solo arenoso.
 Quum parvum, admodum parvum, Ziziphi Jujubae quasi granum in eam incidit, ventris ejus
 partes interiores, velut verno tempore arundo, extantae videntur.
 Si Dii mentulae intumescenti faverunt, cum femoribus suis se: ostentat femina tanquam vero
 testi.
 Magnopere delectata est arnica: ut equns solutus adveniens vocem edidit: Vaginam juvenis!
 pene percute: medium. femur paratum est.
 Arnica, pilam superans, dixit: Ut tua, Arbor, ! (verbera) pinsunt, sic etiam nunc (hic me
 permolit).
 Arnica eum alloquitur: Tum etiam tu defecisti. Ut tua. Arbor!
 (verbera) Pinsunt, sic etiam nunc (me permole).
 Arnica eum alloquitur: Tum etiam tu defceisti. Ut silvae ignis. inflammatur, sic ardent mea
 membra.
 Arnica eum alloquitur: Fauste infixus est penis; arboris fructu celeriter fruamur.
 Arnica cum fuste gallum circumcurrit. Nos nescimus quae bestia pudendum muliebre in
 capite gerat.
 Arnica post currentem amatorem currit: Has ejus boves custodi tu. Me futue: coctam oryzam
 ede.
 Fortunatus, Arnica, te opprimit. Bona est magni viri fututio,
 Macrum pinguis. femina obtineat. Futue me, etc.
 Sine digito mulcta vacca *vanankaram* producit, Magna et bona est Aegle Marmelos. Futue
 me, etc.
 Infelix, Amice, te opprimit. Bona est magni viri fututio. Flava puollula, opere suo perfecto,

procurrit.

Magna certe et bona est Aegle Marmelos. Bona est magna
Ficus Glomerata. Magnus vir ubique opprimit. Bona est magni viri fututio.
Quem macrum factum puella flava pinguisque capiat sicut pollicem ex olei cado fossorem
ilium extrahat.

HYMN CXXXVII

A composite hymn in praise of Indra

When, foul with secret spot and stain, ye hastened onward to the breast.
All Indra's enemies were slain and passed away like froth and foam.
Indra is he, O men, who gives us happiness: sport, urge the giver of delight to win the spoil.
Bring quickly down, O priests, hither to give us aid, to drink the Soma, Indra son of Nishtigri.
So have I glorified with praise strong Dadhikrāvan, conquering steed.
Sweet may he make our mouths; may he prolong the days we have to live.
The Somas very rich in sweets, for which the sieve is destined, flow,
Effused, the source of Indra's joy. May your strong juices reach the Gods.
Indu flows on for Indra's sake—thus have the deities declared.
The Lord of Speech exerts himself, ruler of all, because of might.
Inciter of the voice of song, with thousand streams the ocean flows,
Even Soma, Lord of Opulence, the friend of Indra, day by day.
The black drop sank in Ansumati's bosom, advancing with ten thousand round about it.
Indra with might longed for it as it panted: the hero-hearted laid aside his weapons.
I saw the drop in the far distance moving, on the slope bank of
Ansumati's river,
Like a black cloud that sank into the water. Heroes. I send you forth. Go, fight in battle.
And then the drop in Ansumati's bosom, splendid with light, assumed its proper body;
And Indra with Brihaspati to aid him, conquered the godless tribes that came against him.
Then, at thy birth, thou wast the foeman, Indra, of those the seven who ne'er had met a rival.
The hidden pair, the heaven and earth, thou foundest, and to the mighty worlds thou gavest
pleasure.
So, Thunder-armed! thou with thy bolt of thunder didst boldly smite that power which none
might equal;
With weapons broughtest low the might of Sushna, and, Indra, foundest by thy strength the
cattle.
We make this Indra very strong to strike the mighty Vritra dead:
A vigorous Hero shall he be.
Indra was made for giving, set, most mighty, o'er the joyous draught,
Bright, meet for Soma, famed in song.
By song, as 'twere, the powerful bolt which none may parry was prepared:
Lofty, invincible he grew.

HYMN CXXXVIII

In praise of Indra

Indra, great in his power and might and, like Parjanya, rich in rain,
Is magnified by Vatsa's lauds,
When the priests, strengthening the Son of holy Law, present their gifts,
Singers with Order's hymn of praise.
Since Kanvas with their lauds have made Indra complete the sacrifice,
Words are their own appropriate arms.

HYMN CXXXIX

A hymn to the Asvins

To help and favour Vatsa now, O Asvins, come ye hitherward.
 Bestow on him a dwelling spacious and secure, and keep malignities afar.
 All manliness that is in heaven, with the Five Tribes, or in mid-air,
 Bestow, ye Asvins, upon us.
 Remember Kārnva first of all among the singers,, Asvins, who
 Have thought upon your wondrous deeds.
 Asvins, for you with song of praise this hot oblation is effused,
 This your sweet Soma juice, ye Lords of wealth and spoil, through which ye think upon the
 foe.
 Whatever ye have done in floods, in the tree, Wonder-workers, and in growing plants,
 Therewith, O Asvins, succour me.

HYMN CXL

Continuation of the preceding hymn to the Asvins

What force, Nāsatyas, ye exert, whatever, Gods, ye tend and heal,
 This your own Vatsa gains not by his hymns alone: ye visit him who offers gifts.
 Now hath the Rishi splendidly thought out the Asvins' hymn of praise.
 Let the Atharvan pour the warm oblation forth, and Soma very rich in sweets.
 Ye Asvins, now ascend your car that lightly rolls upon its way.
 May these my praises make you speed hitherward like a cloud of heaven.
 When, O Nāsatyas, we this day make you speed hither with our hymns,
 Or, Asvins, with our songs of praise, remember Kārnva specially.
 As erst Kakshivān and the Rishi Vyasva, as erst Dirghatamas invoked your presence,
 Or, in the sacrificial chambers, Vainya Prithī, so be ye mindful of us here, O Asvins.

HYMN CXLI

Hymn to the Asvins

Come as home-guardians, saving us from foemen, guarding our living creatures and our
 bodies,
 Come to the house to give us seed and offspring:
 Whatever with Indra ye be faring, Asvins, or resting in one dwelling-place with Vāyu,
 In concord with the Ribhus or Ādityas, or standing still in
 Vishnu's striding-places.
 When I, O Asvins, call on you to-day that I may gather strength,
 Or as all-conquering might in war, be that the Asvins' noblest grace.
 Now come, ye Asvins, hitherward: here are oblations set for you;
 These Soma draughts to aid Yadu and Turvasa, these offered you mid Kanva's sons.
 Whatever healing balm is yours, Nāsatyas near or far away,
 Therewith, great Sages, grant a home to Vatsa and to Vimāda.

HYMN CXLII

Hymn to Dawn and the Asvins

Together with the Goddess, with the Asvins' Speech have I awoke.
 Thou, Goddess, hast disclosed the hymn and holy gift from mortal men.
 Awake the Asvins, Goddess Dawn! Up, mighty Lady of Sweet
 Strains!

Rise straightway, priest of sacrifice! High glory to the glad- dening draught!
 Thou, Dawn, approaching with thy light, shinest together with the Sun,
 And to this man-protecting home the chariot of the Asvins comes.
 When yellow stalks give forth the juice as cows from udders pour their milk,
 And voices sound the song of praise, the Asvins' worshippers show first.
 Forward for glory and for strength, protection that shall con- quer men,
 And power and skill, most sapient Ones!
 When, Asvins worthy of our lauds, ye seat you in the father's house.
 With wisdom or the bliss ye bring.

HYMN CXLIII

Hymn to the Asvins

We invoke this day your car, far-spreading, O Asvins, even the gathering of the sunlight,
 Car praised in hymns, most ample, rich in treasure, fitted with seats, the car that beareth
 Sūryā.
 Asvins, ye gained that glory by your Godhead, ye Sons of
 Heaven, by your own might and power.
 Food followeth close upon your bright appearing when stately horses in your chariot draw
 you.
 Who bringeth you to-day for help with offered oblations, or with hymns to drink the juices?
 Who, for the sacrifice's ancient lover, turneth you hither, Asvins, offering homage?
 Borne on your golden car, ye omnipresent! come to this sacrifice of ours, Nāsatyas.
 Drink of the pleasant liquor of the Soma: give riches to the people who adore you.
 Come hitherward to us from earth, from heaven, borne on your golden chariot rolling lightly.
 Suffer not other worshippers to stay you: here are ye bound by earlier bonds of friendship.
 Now for us both, mete out, O Wonder-Workers, riches exceed- ing great with store of heroes,
 Because the men have sent you praise, O Asvins, and Ajamīlhas come to the laudation.
 Whene'er I gratified you here together, your grace was given us,
 O ye rich in booty.
 Protect, ye twain, the singer of your praises: to you, Nāsatyas, is my wish directed.
 Sweet be the plants for us, the heavens, the waters, and full of sweets for us be air's mid-
 region!
 May the Field's Lord for us be full of sweetness, and may we follow after him uninjured.
 Asvins, that work of yours deserves our wonder, the Bull of firmament and earth and heaven;
 Yes, and your thousand promises in battle. Come near to all these men and drink beside us.

THE END

I'm Julie, and I run [Global Grey](#) - the website where this ebook was published. These are my own formatted editions, and I hope you enjoyed reading this particular one.

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