

RV 1.172

ṛṣi: agastya maitrāvaruṇi; devatā: marudgaṇa; chanda: gāyatrī

चि॒त्रो वो॑ ऽस्तु॒ याम॑श् चि॒त्र ऊ॒ती सु॒दान॑वः ।

मरु॒तो अ॒हि॒भान॑वः ॥ १-१७२-०१

आरे॒ सा वः॑ सु॒दान॑वो मरु॒त ऋ॒ञ्जती॑ शरुः ।

आरे॒ अश्मा॑ यम् अ॒स्यथ॑ ॥ १-१७२-०२

तृ॒णस्क॑न्दस्य॒ नु विशः॑ परि॒ वृ॒क्त सु॒दान॑वः ।

ऊ॒र्ध्वान् नः॑ कर्त॒ जीव॑से ॥ १-१७२-०३

Analysis of RV1.172

चि॒त्रो वो॑ ऽस्तु॒ याम॑श् चि॒त्र ऊ॒ती सु॒दान॑वः । मरु॒तो अ॒हि॒भान॑वः ॥ १-१७२-०१

citró vo astu yāmaś citrá ūtī sudānavaḥ māruto áhibhānavaḥ 1.172.01

Interpretation:

1 “Conscious be your movement, O Perfect Givers! In your expansion conscious, O Maruts, those who illumine darkness (who shine in the narrowness of this world)!”¹

आरे॒ सा वः॑ सु॒दान॑वो मरु॒त ऋ॒ञ्जती॑ शरुः । आरे॒ अश्मा॑ यम् अ॒स्यथ॑ ॥ १-१७२-०२

āré sāvaḥ sudānavo māruta ṛñjatīśaruḥ āré ásmā yám ásyatha 1.172.02

Interpretation:

2 “From the Beyond your arrow is flying straight, O Perfect Bestowers, from the Beyond, O Maruts, the stone that you are throwing!”²

¹ Griffiths translation:

WONDERFUL let your coming be, wondrous with help, ye Bounteous Ones, Maruts, who gleam as serpents gleam.

² Griffiths translation: Far be from us, O Maruts, ye free givers, your impetuous shaft; Far from us be the stone ye hurl.

तृणस्कन्दस्य नु विशः परि वृक्त सुदानवः । ऊर्ध्वान् नः कर्त जीवसे ॥ १-१७२-०३

trṇaskandāsya nú víśaḥ pári vr̥kta sudānavaḥ
ūrdhvān naḥ karta jīvāse 1.172.03

Interpretation:

3 “But of those people, who are jumping on the grass (effusing, spilling [on] the grass), pluck out, O Perfect Givers! Make us stand straight to live!”³

Vocabulary:

ahibhānu, mfn. *shining like serpents* (N. of the Maruts) RV. i , 172 , 1 (voc.)

āre, ind. (loc. ; see ārāt) *far, far from, outside, without* RV. AV.

rñj, 6. P. ; 4. P. A.; 7. A. *to make straight or right, make proper, arrange, fit out, decorate, ornament to make favourable, propitiate to gain, obtain* RV.

sudānu, mfn. *pouring out or bestowing abundantly, bounteous, munificent* (said of various gods) RV. AV.

³ Griffiths translation: O Bounteous Givers, touch ye not, O Maruts, Trnskanda's folk; Lift ye us up that we may live.