

9 O God Savitar, harmed by none, lauded, give us a place among wealthy princes.

With his Car-steeds at once 'hath our Indra guided the reins and the car of these men.

10 To these men present here, O Heaven and Earth, to us grant lofty fame extending over all mankind.

Give us a steed to win us strength, a steed with wealth for victory.

11 This speaker, Indra-for thou art our Friend-wherever he may be, guard thou, Victor! for help, ever for help

Thy wisdom, Vasu! prosper him.

12 So have they strengthened this mine hymn which seems to take its bright path to the Sun, and reconciles the men:

Thus forms a carpenter the yoke of horses, not to be displaced.

13 Whose chariot-seat hath come again laden with wealth and bright with gold,

Lightly, with piercing ends, as 'twere two ranks of heroes ranged for fight.

14 This to Duhsima Prthavana have I sung, to Vena, Rama, to the nobles, and the King.

They yoked five hundred, and their love of us was famed upon their way.

15 Besides, they showed us seven -and-seventy horses here.

Tanva at once displayed his gift, Parthya at once displayed his gift; and straightway Mayava showed his.

#### **[10-094] HYMN XCIV. Press-stones.**

1. LET these speak loudly forth; let us speak out aloud: to the loud speaking Pressing-stones address the speech;

When, rich with Soma juice, Stones of the mountain, ye, united, swift to Indra bring the sound of praise.

2 They speak out like a hundred, like a thousand men: they cry aloud to us with their green-tinted mouths,

While, pious Stones, they ply their task with piety, and, even before the Hotar, taste the offered food.

3 Loudly they speak, for they have found the savoury meath: they make a humming sound over the meat prepared.

As they devour the branch of the Red-coloured Tree, these, the well-pastured Bulls, have uttered bellowings.

4 They cry aloud, with strong exhilarating drink, calling on Indra now, for they have found the meath.

Bold, with the sisters they have danced, embraced by them, making the earth reecho with their ringing sound.

5 The Eagles have sent forth their cry aloft in heaven; in the sky's vault the dark impetuous ones have danced.

Then downward to the nether stone's fixt place they sink, and, splendid as the Sun, effuse their copious stream.

6 Like strong ones drawing, they have put forth all their strength: the Bulls, harnessed together, bear the chariot-poles.

When they have bellowed, panting, swallowing their food, the sound of their loud snorting is like that of steeds.

7 To these who have ten workers and a tenfold girth, to these who have ten yoke-straps and ten binding thongs,

To these who bear ten reins, the eternal, sing ye praise, to these who bear ten car-poles, ten when they are yoked.

8 These Stones with ten conductors, rapid in their course, with lovely revolution travel round and round.

They have been first to drink the flowing Soma juice, first to enjoy the milky fluid of the stalk.

9 These Soma-eaters kiss Indra's Bay-coloured Steeds: draining. the stalk they sit upon the ox's hide.

Indra, when he hath drunk Soma-nicath drawn by them, waxes in strength, is famed, is mighty as a Bull.

10. Strong is your stalk; ye, verily, never shall be harmed; ye have refreshment, ye are ever satisfied.

2 They who with laud extol the ancient statutes, when they shine forth infallible dividers,  
 Have ordered as perpetual Ordainers, and beamed as holy-thoughted WonderWorkers.  
 3 The Housewife Goddess, Aditi, and Sindhu, the Goddess Svasti I implore for friendship:  
 And may the unobstructed Night and Morning both, day and night, provide for our protection.  
 4 Aryaman, Varuna have disclosed the pathway, Agni as Lord of Strength the road to welfare.  
 Lauded in manly mode may Indra-Visnu grant us their powerful defence and shelter.  
 5 I have besought the favour of the Maruts, of Parvata, of Bhaga God who rescues.  
 From trouble caused by man the Lord preserve us; from woe sent by his friend let Mitra save us.  
 6 Agree, through these our watery oblations, Goddesses, Heaven and Earth, with Ahibudhnya.  
 As if to win the sea, the Gharma-heaters have opened, as they come anear, the rivers.  
 7 May Goddess Aditi with Gods defend us, save us the saviour God with care unceasing.  
 We dare not stint the sacred food of Mitra and Varuna upon the back of Agni.  
 8 Agni is Sovran Lord of wealth, Agni of great prosperity:  
 May he bestow these gifts on us.  
 9 Hither to us, rich pleasant Dawn, bring many things to be desired,  
 Thou who hast ample store of wealth.  
 10 So then may Bhaga, Savitar, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, Indra, with bounty come to us.

**[04-056] HYMN LVI. Heaven and Earth.**

1. MAY mighty Heaven and Earth, most meet for honour, be present here with light and gleaming splendours;  
 When, fixing them apart, vast, most extensive, the Steer roars loudly in far-reaching courses.  
 2 The Goddesses with Gods, holy with holy, the Two stand pouring out their rain, exhaustless:  
 Faithful and guileless, having Gods for children, leaders of sacrifice with shining splendours.  
 3 Sure in the worlds he was a skilful Craftsman, he who produced these Twain the Earth and Heaven.  
 Wise, with his power he brought both realms, together spacious and deep, wellfashioned,  
 unsupported.  
 4 O Heaven and Earth, with one accord promoting, with high protection as of Queens, our welfare,  
 Far-reaching, universal, holy, guard us. May we, car-borne, through song be victors ever.  
 5 To both of you, O Heaven and Earth, we bring our lofty song of praise,  
 Pure Ones! to glorify you both.  
 6 Ye sanctify each other's form, by your own proper might ye rule,  
 And from of old observe the Law.  
 7 Furthering and fulfilling, ye, O Mighty, perfect Mitra's Law.  
 Ye sit around our sacrifice.

**[04-057] HYMN LVII. Ksetrapati, Etc.**

1. WE through the Master of the Field, even as through a friend, obtain  
 What nourisheth our kine and steeds. In such may he be good to us.  
 2 As the cow yieldeth milk, pour for us freely, Lord of the Field, the wave that beareth sweetness,  
 Distilling meath, well-purified like butter, and let the. Lords of holy Law be gracious.  
 3 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.  
 4 Happily work our steers and men, may the plough furrow happily.  
 Happily be the traces bound; happily may he ply the goad.  
 5 Suna and Sira, welcome ye this laud, and with the milk which ye have made in heaven  
 Bedew ye both this earth of ours.  
 6 Auspicious Sita, come thou near: we venerate and worship thee  
 That thou mayst bless and prosper us and bring us fruits abundantly.  
 7 May Indra press the furrow down, may Pusan guide its course aright.  
 May she, as rich in milk, be drained for us through each succeeding year.

8 The fierce God seized that huge and restless coiler, insatiate, drinker of the sweets, recumbent,  
 And with his mighty weapon in his dwelling smote down the footless evil-speaking ogre.  
 9 Who may arrest his strength or cheek his vigour? Alone, resistless, he bears off all riches.  
 Even these Twain, these Goddesses, through terror of Indra's might, retire from his dominion.  
 10 E'en the Celestial Axe bows down before him, and the Earth, lover-like, gives way to Indra.  
 As he imparts all vigour to these people, straightway the folk bend them to him the Godlike.  
 11 I hear that thou wast born sole Lord of heroes of the Five Races, famed among the people.  
 As such my wishes have most lately grasped him, invoking Indra both at eve and morning.  
 12 So, too, I hear of thee as in due season urging to action and enriching singers.  
 What have thy friends received from thee, the Brahmans who, faithful, rest their hopes on thee, O  
 Indra?

**[05-033] HYMN XXXIII. Indra.**

1. GREAT praise to Indra, great and strong mid heroes, I ponder thus, the feeble to the Mighty,  
 Who with his hand shows favour to this people, when lauded, in the fight where spoil is gathered.  
 2 So made attentive by our hymns, Steer! Indra! thou fastenedst the girth of thy Bay Coursers,  
 Which, Maghavan, at thy will thou drivest hither. With these subdue for us the men who hate us.  
 3 They were not turned to us-wtrd, lofty Indra! while yet through lack of prayer they stood  
 unharnessed.  
 Ascend this chariot, thou whose hand wields thunder, and draw the rein, O Lord of noble horses.  
 4 Thou, because many lauds are thine, O Indra, wast active warring in the fields  
 for cattle.  
 For Surya in his own abode thou, Hero, formedst in fights even a Dasa's nature.  
 5 Thine are we, Indra; thine are all these people, conscious of might, whose cars are set in motion.  
 Some hero come to us, O Strong as Ahi beauteous in war, to be invoked like Bhaga.  
 6 Strength much to be desired is in thee, Indra: the Immortal dances forth his hero exploits.  
 Such, Lord of Treasure, give us splendid riches. I praise the Friend's gift, his whose wealth is mighty.  
 7 Thus favour us, O Indra, with ihy succour; Hero, protect the bards who sing thy praises.  
 Be friendly in the fray to those who offer the skin of beautiful and well-pressed Soma.  
 8 And these ten steeds which Trasadasyu gives me, the goldrich chief, the son of Purukutsa,  
 Resplendent in their brightness shall convey me. Gairiksita willed it and so came I hither.  
 9 And these, bestowed as sacrificial guerdon, the powerful tawny steeds of Marutasva;  
 And thousands which kind Cyavatana gave me, abundantly bestowed for my adornment.  
 10 And these commended horses, bright and active, by Dhvanya son of Laksmana presented,  
 Came unto me, as cows into the Rsi Samvarana's stall, with magnitude of riches.

**[05-034] HYMN XXXIV. Indra.**

1. BOUNDLESS and wasting not, the heavenly food of Gods goes to the foeless One, doer of  
 wondrous deeds.  
 Press out, make ready, offer gifts with special zeal to him whom many laud, accepter of the prayer.  
 2 He who filled full his belly with the Soma's juice, Maghavan, was delighted with the meath's sweet  
 draught,  
 When Usana, that he might slay the monstrous beast, gave him the mighty weapon with a thousand  
 points.  
 3 Illustrious is the man whoever presseth out Soma for him in sunshine or in cloud and rain.  
 The mighty Maghavan who is the sage's Friend advanceth more and more his beauteous progeny.  
 4 The Strong God doth not flee away from him whose sire, whose mother or whose brother he hath  
 done to death.  
 He, the Avenger, seeketh this man's offered gifts: this God, the source of riches, doth not flee from  
 sin.  
 5 He seeks no enterprise with five or ten to aid, nor stays with him who pours no juice though  
 prospering well.