

Of cavaliers, neared that white elephant,
 And then the Khán of Chín, grown desperate,
 Smote with the goad the creature's head and, roaring
 Like thunder in the month of Farwardín,
 Took and hurled forth at Rustam deft of hand
 A double-headed battle-dart in hope
 To worst him and to take his noble head ;
 But Rustam, scathless, flung his lasso high,
 Dragged from his elephant the Khán of Chín
 Noosed by the neck, and dashed him to the ground,
 Where others bound his hands and drove him on
 Toward the Shahd afoot without his crown,
 His litter, throne, or elephant, and there
 They made him over to the guards of Tús ;
 That chieftain sent the drum-roll to the sky.

This tricky Hostelry is ever so :
 Whiles it exalteth, whiles it layeth low,
 And thus it will be while the sky doth move—
 Whiles strife and poison, and whiles sweets and love.
 Thou raisest one to heaven on high, and one
 Thou makest vile, afflicted, and fordone ;
 From pit to moon, so dost Thou one elate ;
 From moon to pit, such is another's fate !
 One hath a throne, one is to fishes hurled
 In wisdom not caprice, Lord of the world !
 Thou art the height and depth thereof, I trow
 Not what Thou art Thyself. Thyself art Thou.

§ 15

How the Host of the Túránians was defeated

V. 1004 Then peerless Rustam seized his massive mace,
 The great and small were all alike to him ;
 The battlefield was such that ant and gnat
 Had scarcely room to stir on plain and dale ;