

Now like a black cloud will I bear thee off
 And carry thee to yonder spot uninjured.
 Let not thy heart forget to love thy nurse,
 For mine is breaking through my love of thee."

She thus consoled his heart, then took him up,
 Bore him with stately motion to the clouds,
 And swooping down conveyed him to his sire.
 The youth had hair descending to his breast,
 An elephantine form and cheeks like spring.
 His father seeing him groaned bitterly,
 Then quickly did obeisance to the bird,
 And offered thanks and praises o'er and o'er.
 "O queen of birds," he said, "the righteous Judge
 Gave thee thy power and might and excellence,
 That thou shouldst be the helper of the helpless,
 And in thy goodness justest of the just.
 May'st thou for ever make thy foes to grieve
 And always be as mighty as thou art."

With that the bird, watched by the eyes of Sám
 And all his company, soared mountainward.
 He gazing on the youth from head to foot
 Adjudged him fit for crown and throne; he had
 A lion's breast and limbs, a sunlike face,
 The heart of paladins, a hand to seek
 The scimitar, white lashes but with eyes
 Pitch-coloured, coral lips and blood-red cheeks.
 Except his hair there was no fault at all;
 None could discern in him another flaw.
 Sám's heart became like Paradise; he blessed
 His stainless child. "Have no hard thoughts," he
 said,
 "Forget the past and warm thy heart with love
 Toward me—the meanest of the slaves of God.
 Henceforth since I have thee I swear by Him
 I will not fail in gentleness to thee,