

The name of God, raised high his mace, and raged ;  
 His voice filled all the air, the dívs became  
 Dispirited, the elephants confounded ;  
 Their trunks were scattered over all the plain,  
 And naught but corpses could be seen for miles.  
 Then calling for a spear he charged the king ;  
 Both roared like thunder. When the king beheld  
 The spear of Rustam wrath and courage failed,  
 While Rustam, seething with revenge, sent up  
 A mighty lion's roar, struck the king's girdle,  
 And pierced him through the mail. The sorcerer  
 Turned to a boulder by his magic arts  
 Before the Íránian host, while matchless Rustam  
 Stood in amaze, then shouldered his sharp lance.  
 The Sháh came up with drums and elephants,  
 With standards and with troops, and said to Rustam :—  
 " Why tarry here so long, exalted chief ! "

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He answered : " When victorious fortune showed  
 Amid the stress the monarch seeing me  
 Took up his massive mace, I gave to Rakhsh  
 The rein and speared the monarch through the mail.  
 Methought : ' Now will he tumble from his saddle.'  
 He turned to stone before me, as thou seest,  
 And recketh not of aught that I can do,  
 But I will carry him to camp, perchance  
 He will resume his shape."

The Sháh bade some  
 To bear and set the stone before his tent.  
 Then all the strongest of the host essayed  
 In vain to move the mass, howbeit Rustam  
 Raised it unaided to the troops' amaze,  
 Then shouldering the rock walked off therewith  
 With all the people shouting at his back.  
 They praised the Almighty, scattering gems and gold  
 O'er Rustam as he bare the stone and threw it  
 Before the tent-enclosure of the Sháh.

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