

Which was in Ader-baijan born to him, 605
 Had been a puny girl, no boy at all :
 So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
 Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms ;
 And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
 By a false boast, the style⁴⁰ of Rustum's son ; 610
 Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
 So deem'd he ; yet he listen'd, plung'd in thought ;
 And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
 Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore
 At the full moon : tears gathered in his eyes ; 615
 For he remembered his own early youth,
 And all its bounding rapture ; as, at dawn,
 The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
 A far bright city, smitten by the sun,
 Through many rolling clouds ;—so Rustum saw 620
 His youth ; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;
 And that old king, her father, who lov'd well
 His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
 With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,
 They three, in that long-distant summer-time— 625
 The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
 And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
 In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
 Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
 Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand, 630
 Like some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe
 Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
 Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
 And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
 On the mown, dying grass ;—so Sohrab lay, 635
 Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
 And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and said :—

⁴⁰ style. title or name.