

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 style<sup>40</sup> 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 describes  
 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 :—

<sup>40</sup> style. title or name.