

# KING ROSTEVAN AND AVTANDIL GO HUNTING

74.

**H**e came early in the morning, his greatness was worth writing tale,  
In his huntsman's apparel shining all up hill and down dale,  
Charms to have sheath on his waist, sparkled face with golden veil,  
Summoned the King to the contest, on a white stallion, hearty and hale.

75.

The King equipped, they went for hunting, both were certain of their loot,  
Came to round field near forest, huntsmen started shout and hoot,  
The army covered terrain around, no other men could set a foot,  
Drew the bows for their wager, dealt together to strive and shoot.

76.

Ordered: "Come, you twelve slaves, walk with us and don't go out,  
Stay close to supply us with arrows, as much as we need amount,  
You compare our strikes, the truer strokes you must count."  
As said this order beasts began running off the forest mount.

77.

From all corners of the forest beasts and animals ran and came,  
Stags, chamois and goats, were running of all breed and name,  
So the hunters met them bravely, their fury dazzled anger flame,  
Untiring arms striking arrows had tackled hunt to win for fame.

78.

The shining sun went to darkness of their horses making dust,  
Running the field washed of blood, gave all creatures to the past,  
As arrows needed slaves supplied, ensuring hunt for long to last,  
Beasts stricken of their bows, no longer able to stir fast.

79.

They ran whole field stoutly striking ahead to the beasts of herd,  
Destroyed and killed all of them, God got angry of screams he heard,  
Blood had painted all the field, bleeding land and hell have paired,  
Viewers amazed of Avtandil's glory said: "How divinely he had glared".

80.

As the bloody fields were over, they still decided for them to run,  
Edge of field washed by rill, beyond rill, forest rocks to shun,  
The beasts ran into the forest, of all horses could follow none,  
Both tired dropped the way, though shining of power alike a sun.

81.

Saying joyful words of battle, though both did it equally well,  
Being friendly, happy and glad, flocking the ground on every cell,  
Then the slaves have brought results, fair counting that they shall,  
Ordered: "We do not get angry of the truth your words will tell".

82.

Slaves said: "The words we say is truth we tell and not being fake,  
The King comparing you with him would be hard for us to take,  
May we die, but you are too far – cannot help you him to break,  
Of whose shots have made the beasts to get down and deadly shake.

83.

"All you have hunted ten times twenty beasts are killed,  
But Avtandil has twenty more bloodshed made on the field,  
None of them where missed of target, no animal could find a shield,  
Many of your struck arrows have been cleaned of earth were filled."

84.

The King has listened slaves merrily, his defeat made him not sad,  
He is glad about his winning, that his successor did it not bad,  
He truly loves this fact just like roses make nightingale go mad,  
Laughing loudly of real joy straying out sadness he has had.