

the prompting of my heart, I built a city at the foot of Mount Musri, in the plain of Nineveh, and named it Dûr-Sharrukîn. Substantial shrines for Ea, Sin, Shamash, Adad and Urta, I constructed therein with (artistic) skill and built palaces of ivory, maple, boxwood, mulberry, cedar, cypress, juniper, pine and pistachio-wood, for my royal dwelling; I erected a *bît-hilani*, patterned after a Hittite palace, by their gates (doors) and beams of cedar and cypress I placed over them (for roofs). Animals like unto the creatures of mountain and sea, (made of) white stone, I set up by their entrances. Door-leaves of cypress and mulberry I hung in their gates. Its wall I established firm as the mountains, and peoples of the lands, as many as Shamash rules (shepherds), which my hands had conquered, I settled therein. The great gods who inhabit heaven and earth, and the gods who dwell in that city, granted me the eternal boon of building that city and growing old in its midst.