

Rose quickly to the surface of the lake,
 And swimming onward with his hands and feet
 Came to a spot that was within his depth,
 And listening to his brother's cries on shore
 Saw what was worse to him than death itself.
 When Garsíwaz beheld him in the water,
 With eyes fulfilled with blood and troubled heart,
 He cried and said : " O monarch of the world,
 The head of nobles and the crown of chiefs !
 Where are thy customs, state, and policy ?
 Where are thy head and treasure, crown and host ?
 Where all thy knowledge and thy might of hand ?
 Where are the mighty men that were thy lieges ?
 Where are thy glory and thy fame in war ?
 Where are thy joys in goblet and in feast
 Since thou hast need to hide thee in the lake,
 And such ill fortune hath befallen thee ?"

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Afrásiyáb thereat shed tears of blood,
 And answered : " I have roamed the world at large
 Both publicly and privily withal
 If haply I might 'scape mine evil lot,
 But ill and worse than ill befalleth me !
 Now is my life grown loathsome and my soul
 Fulfilled with anguish for thy sake that one
 Sprung from Pashang and Farídún erewhile
 Thus should be netted by the Crocodile !"

§ 44

*How Afrásiyáb was taken the second Time and how
 he and Garsíwaz were slain*

While these two princes were exchanging words
 The mind of Húm, the devotee, devised
 A scheme ; he went upon a spit of land,
 And, when he saw Afrásiyáb anear,

Undid the royal lasso from his waist,
 And came on stalking like a savage lion,
 Then flung the lasso that was ready coiled,
 And took the monarch's head within the noose.
 Húm dragged him forth in miserable plight,
 And loathing life itself, from lake to land,
 Resigned him to the Sháhs and went his way ;
 Thou wouldst have said : " He and the wind are mates !"
 The world-lord with a trenchant sword approached,
 His head all vengeance and his heart all wrath,
 And thus Afrásiyáb, the insensate, spake :—
 " This is the very day whereof I dreamed !¹
 The sky hath long turned o'er me, and it now
 Hath rent the veil that hid its purposes.
 O wicked seeker of revenge !" he cried,

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" Why dost thou wish to slay thy grandsire ? Speak !"
 " O evil-doer," answered Kai Khusrau,
 " Well worthy of reproach and infamy !
 First I allege the murder of thy brother,
 Who never sought to injure noble men ;²
 Next of Naudar, that famous sovereign—
 That world-lord and memorial of Íraj—
 Whose neck thou clav'st with thy sharp scimitar,
 And brought'st a Day of Doom upon the world ;³
 And thirdly that of Siyáwush, like whom
 None seeth any horseman to recall him,
 Whose head thou didst cut off as 'twere a sheep's,⁴
 And didst exalt thyself above high heaven.
 How was it possible to slay my sire
 And not expect an evil day like this ?
 Thou wast in haste to work iniquity,
 And hast for ill a recompense of ill."

He said : " O Sháh ! that which hath been hath been,
 I cannot choose but listen to thy words ;

¹ See Vol. ii. p. 232.² See Vol. i. p. 367.³ See Vol. i. p. 362.⁴ See Vol. ii. p. 320.

Yet suffer me to see thy mother's face,
And then speak on."

But Kai Khusrau replied :—

"Instead of asking for my mother, think
What evil thou hast wrought upon my head!
My sire was guiltless; I was still unborn;
Yet was thine evil rampant in the world!
Thou didst behead a king for whom the crown
And throne of ivory wept bitterly;
Now is the day when God will recompense;
He payeth ill with ill."

With Indian sword

He smote Afrásiyáb upon the neck,
Then flung upon the dust the swarthy form,
Whose ears and hoary beard were red with blood,
While Garsíwaz his brother lost all hope;
Afrásiyáb's imperial throne was void;
The day of his good fortune reached its close;
Ill came on him for ill. Seek not, my son,
A key whereby ill's bonds may be undone.
Why shouldest thou? Thou knowest that from ill
Ill will befall the evil-doers still?
A king possessed of Grace divine will vent
His wrath in bonds and in imprisonment,
For if he sheddeth blood his life will be
Forlorn, high heaven exact the penalty.
To fierce Bahrám thus said an archimage :—

"Shed not the blood of guiltless heads. If thou
Wouldst keep that crown of thine upon thy brow
Be clement, let good thoughts thy mind engage.
Consider what the crown said to the head :—
'O head! in thee let brains and wisdom wed.'"

The cheeks of Garsíwaz were wan, his heart
Was full of trouble for Afrásiyáb.
They dragged him from the jailors shamefully
In heavy bonds, on that his evil day,

Begirt with guards and executioners
 As such a noted miscreant deserved.
 When in sad plight he came before Khusrau,
 With tears of blood upon his livid cheeks,
 The Sháh, the king of kings, set loose his tongue,
 Discoursing of the dagger and the bowl,
 Of Túr, the son of Farídún, fierce Salm,
 And of Íraj, that most illustrious prince;
 Then called an executioner who came
 With trenchant sword unsheathed, and cruel heart,
 And clave the chief asunder at the waist
 While all the soldiers' hearts were terror-stricken.
 They flung those two like mountains side by side
 While folk stood round beholding far and wide.

§ 45

How Káuś and Khusrau returned to Párs

In all haste from the lake, when he had won
 His whole desire from God, the Sháh departed
 Toward the temple of Ázargashasp.¹
 He and his grandsire offered to the Fire
 Much gold and murmured many a benison.
 One day and night they stood before the Judge
 Of all the world, the Guide, and when Zarasp,
 The treasurer of Kai Khusrau, had come
 He gave Ázargashasp a treasure, clad
 In robes of honour all those archimages,
 And lavished drachms, dínárs, and precious things.
 Within the city to the mendicants,
 And those who earned their living by their toil,
 The Sháh gave wealth as well, and made the world
 Alive by justice and munificence,
 Then took his seat upon the Kaian throne,

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¹ See p. 258.