

Strength failed them and they yielded up sweet life.

Now Rustam, Zál, and divers cavaliers
 Abode for three days weeping on the mountain,
 But on the fourth day when the world's light shone
 They said: "A long affair—this tarrying
 Mid rocks and mountains! If the Sháh hath vanished,
 Blown from among us like a breath of air,
 Where are the other nobles gone? Perchance
 They heeded not the counsel that he gave."

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They stayed a sennight on the mountain-height,
 And by the sennight's end were all distraught,
 All woe-begone, lamenting, and consuming
 As on fierce fire. Gúdarz, son of Kishwád,
 Shed tears, plucked out his hair, and tore his cheeks,
 Exclaiming: "None e'er saw such ills as come
 Upon me from the offspring of Káuś!
 I once possessed a host of sons and grandsons;
 Each wore a crown, and they were worldlords all.
 They all were slain avenging Siyáwush;
 My race hath had its day, for now the rest
 Have disappeared. Whoever saw such marvels
 As have befallen me?"

Zál spake at large:—

"Be God's just dealing and thy wisdom mates!
 Perchance they may return and find the path
 Whenas the highway showeth from the snow;
 But we may not abide upon the mountain,
 There is no food and we must needs depart;
 We will dispatch some on the way afoot;
 One day they will find traces of the band."

They left the mountain, weeping for distress,
 And every one had some one to recall—
 A kinsman, son, or friend, or else the Sháh,
 Himself as 'twere a cypress in the garden.
 The world is always thus; it will not stay
 E'en with the best for ever. This it may