

Gúdarz went on his way toward the Sháh,
 And lighted on beholding him far off;
 Then, having drawn anigh, did reverence,
 And wallowed in the dust before his lord,
 Exhibited the corpses of the slain,
 And told him how the champions had been paired.
 Gív brought Gurwí, the son of Zira, running
 Before the valiant leader of Írán;
 Khusrau beheld him, deeply sighed, dismounted,
 And offered praises to the Almighty, saying:—
 “Praise be to God, to Him who is our refuge,
 And gave to us both might and victory!”

The Sháh stood up while uttering his praise,
 And lifted from his head the Kaian crown.
 He called down blessings from the righteous Judge
 Both on the paladin and on his troops,
 And said: “O famous men and fortunate!
 Ye are the fire, your foes are only reeds.
 Gúdarz the chieftain and his kin—those men
 As fierce as fire—have given soul and body,
 And ta'en the very life-breath from Túrán.
 Now will I share with you my royal treasures,
 And will not grudge you e'en mine own right hand.”

He then surveyed the slain and, when he saw
 The Turkman general, shed tears of sorrow,
 Remembering Pírán's good offices;
 His heart burned so that thou hadst said: “It flameth!”
 With visage stained with blood-drops from his eyes
 He made oration o'er that chieftain's death:—
 “Ill fortune is a Dragon grim and snareth
 Great lions with its breath; none may escape
 Through valour, so this sharp-clawed Dragon came.
 Thou hast been troubled for me all my life,
 And hast for my sake laboured strenuously.
 This man deplored the blood of Siyáwush,
 And in that matter gave offence to none.

So friendly was he yet became a foe,
 And filled the country of Írán with fear,
 For Áhriman seduced his heart and turned
 His rede to other ends. Full many a time
 I counselled him, but he misprized my words.
 He would not leave Afrásiyáb, and now
 His sovereign hath thus requited him !
 We wished for him another recompence,
 Prepared for him a throne and diadem,
 But matters have gone further than we purposed,
 And heaven hath turned above him otherwise.
 Wrong took the place of love within his heart,
 So that his countenance was changed toward us.
 He came to fight against you with his host,
 And slaughtered many of the Íránians,
 Rejected all the counsels of Gúdarz,
 Mine own injunctions, and my warriors' words,
 Made havoc of his honest heart's affection,
 Mixed up together bane and antidote,
 And when he hasted from Túrán to fight
 His fate was on the javelin of Gúdarz.
 He gave up son and brother, crown and girdle,
 Arms, men of war, and station, field and fell,
 All in the quarrel of Afrásiyáb,
 And fate hath come upon him suddenly."

He ordered that the body should be washed
 With musk, pure camphor, and rose-water mixed
 With spices, and embalmed with musk and camphor,
 And clad it stainless with brocade of Rúm.
 The mountain was Pírán's grave, and Khusrau
 In his affection had a charnel built,
 And raised its summit to the turning sky.
 Within it there were set up princes' thrones,
 Such as befitted men of high degree.
 They placed the Turkman paladins thereon
 With belted waists and crowns upon their heads.

Such is the world in its perfidiousness !
 It raiseth oft and bringeth down no less,
 So that the sage's heart must ever be,
 At this world's process, in perplexity.

Khusrau then looked upon Gurwí, the son
 Of Zira, cursing him as he deserved,
 Looked on that loathly face wherefrom the hair
 Hung down like dívs', and said: "O God! Thou knowest
 The manifest and hidden. Of a truth
 Káús had done amiss and grieved the Maker
 In that He raised up such a dív as this
 'Gainst Siyáwush. I wot not why Gurwí
 Should hate that faultless one, but by His might
 Who ruleth all and giveth good—the Guide—
 I will have vengeance on Afrásiyáb
 For Siyáwush and soon."

He bade disjoint
 Gurwí with cords and fling into a stream,
 First cutting off, as 'twere a sheep's, the head.
 "So must I treat Afrásiyáb," he said.

§ 48

How the Túránians asked Quarter of Kai Khusrau

The Sháh abode upon the battlefield
 Awhile, employed upon the host's affairs,
 Bestowing kingdoms, crowns, and robes of honour
 On those that had deserved them; Ispahán,
 The crown of greatness, and the throne of chiefs,
 Was given to Gúdarz, while those that shared
 With him the toil and glory of revenge
 Had robes of honour equal to their meed.

Then from the Turkman troops still on the field,
 O'er whom Pírán had held command, there came
 A prudent envoy to the Sháh, and said:—