

The hold flung down therefrom the severed head  
 Of brave Arjásp—the king that slew Luhrásp.  
 The Turkmans fought no longer, from their host  
 Arose a cry, and all the troops unhelmed.  
 The two sons of Arjásp wept and consumed  
 As in fierce fire, while all the army knew  
 What they must weep for on that evil day.  
 They said: “Alas! thou gallant heart, thou prince,  
 Thou chief of lions, hero, warrior!  
 May he who slew thee perish on the field  
 Of vengeance, may his day be gone for ever!  
 To whom shall we intrust our families?  
 Whose standard shall we have upon our right?  
 Now that the dais is bereaved of king  
 Let crown and host not be.”

V. 1623

The soldiers longed

For death, and from Khallukh up to Taráz  
 Was universal anguish. In the end  
 They all of them advanced to certain death,  
 Advanced in armour with their helms and casques.  
 Rose from the battlefiéld the sound of strife,  
 The air above was like a dusky cloud.  
 The slain lay everywhere in heaps, the plain  
 Was thick with trunkless heads and limbs; else-  
 where  
 Lay hands and maces, while a wave of blood  
 Rose at the portal of the hold, and who  
 Could tell left hand from right? Asfandiyár  
 Advanced; Kuhram, the captain of the host,  
 Opposed him; and those warriors grappled so  
 That thou hadst said: “They are one!” The peerless  
 chief  
 Took by the waist Kuhram, whirled him aloft—  
 A wondrous feat—and dashed him to the ground  
 While all the Íránian army roared applause.  
 They bound his hands and bore him off in shame,