

Yet in his manhood he uplifted him,  
And from the bottom bravely gained the brim.

## § 4

*How Rustam slew Shaghád and died*

When Rustam wounded as he was looked forth,  
And saw the hostile visage of Shaghád,  
He recognised the author of the plot,  
And that the traitor was his foe, and said :—  
“ O man of black and evil destiny !  
Thine action hath laid waste a prosperous land ;  
But thou shalt yet repent thee of this thing,  
Writhe for this wrong, and never see old age.”

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The vile Shaghád replied : “ The wheel of heaven  
Hath dealt with thee aright. For what a while  
Hast thou engaged in bloodshed, strife, and pillage  
On all sides ! Now thy life shall end, and thou  
Shalt perish in the toils of Áhriman.”

With that the monarch of Kábul came up  
Upon his way toward the chase, beheld  
The elephantine warrior thus wounded,  
With all his wounds unbound, and said to him :—  
“ O thou illustrious leader of the host !  
What hath befallen thee on the hunting-field ?  
I will depart forthwith, bring hither leeches,  
And weep in tears of blood on thine account ;  
No need to weep though if thou art made whole.”

But matchless Rustam answered : “ Crafty villain !  
The time for leech is passed. Weep no blood-drops  
For me. Though thou liv'st long the end will come ;  
None can evade the sky. My Grace divine  
Surpasseth not Jamshíd's, and he was sawn  
Asunder by a foe,<sup>1</sup> or Farídún's,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 140.

Or Kai Kubád's—those mighty, high-born Sháhs—  
 And when had come the time of Siyáwush  
 Gurwí, the son of Zira, cut his throat.<sup>1</sup>  
 Kings of Írán and Lions in the fight  
 Were they, and they have gone. We have outstayed  
 them,

V. 1739 And loitered like great lions on our way ;  
 But Farámarz my son—mine Eye—will come  
 And will require my vengeance at thy hands."

He said to foul Shaghád : " Since such an ill  
 Hath come on me uncase my bow for me,  
 And let it serve as mine interpreter.  
 String it and lay it by me with two arrows.  
 It is not fit that lions on the prowl,  
 And coming on the plain in quest of quarry,  
 Shall see me fallen here and sorely wounded,  
 For evil will betide me, and my bow  
 Will stay their rending me alive. My time  
 Is come, I lay my body in the dust."

Shaghád drew near, uncased the bow, and strung it.  
 He drew it once, then laid it down by Rustam,  
 And laughed exulting at his brother's death.  
 The matchless hero clutched it lustily,  
 Though tortured by the anguish of his wounds,  
 What while Shaghád in terror at those arrows  
 Made haste to shield himself behind a tree—  
 An ancient plane still boughed and leaved but hollow—  
 And there behind it skulked the miscreant.  
 When Rustam saw this he put forth his hands,  
 Sore wounded as he was, and loosed a shaft.  
 He pinned his brother and the tree together,  
 And gladdened in the article of death.  
 Shaghád, when he was stricken, cried out " Ah !"  
 But Rustam had not left him time to suffer,  
 And cried: " Now God be praised, and I have known Him

Through all my years, that even when my soul  
 Hath reached my lips day hath not turned to night  
 O'er my revenge, but He hath given me strength  
 Before my death to wreak me on this traitor."

He spake, his soul departed from his body,  
 And all the folk bewailed him bitterly.  
 Within another pit Zawára died ;  
 Remained no horseman high or low, beside ?

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## § 5

*How Zál received News of the Slaying of Rustam and  
 Zawára, and how Farámarz brought their Coffins and set  
 them in the Charnel-house*

One of those noble cavaliers escaped,  
 And made his way on horseback and a-foot.  
 When he had reached Zábulistán he said : —  
 "The mighty Elephant is with the dust,  
 So are Zawára and the escort too,  
 And not another horseman hath escaped !"

Rose from Zábulistán a cry against  
 The foe and monarch of Kábulistán,  
 Zál scattered dust upon his shoulders, tore  
 His breast and face, and cried : "Alas ! alas !  
 Thou elephantine hero ! would that I  
 Were in my winding-sheet ! Zawára too,  
 That noble warrior, that valiant Dragon,  
 That famous Lion ! Luckless, cursed Shaghád  
 Hath dug up by the roots that royal Tree.  
 Who could imagine that a wretched Fox  
 Would meditate revenge in yonder land  
 Upon a Lion ? Who can call to mind  
 Such a misfortune, who could bear to hear  
 From his instructor that a Lion like Rustam  
 Had died in dust and through a Fox's words ?