

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?

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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.