

Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
 And I be not forgotten in my grave." 790

And with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :—
 "Fear not ; as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
 So shall it be : for I will burn my tents,
 And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me, 795
 And carry thee away to Seistan,
 And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
 With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
 And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
 And heap a stately mound above thy bones, 800
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all :
 And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
 And I will spare thy host : yea, let them go :
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
 What should I do with slaying any more ? 805
 For would that all whom I have ever slain
 Might be once more alive ; my bitterest foes,
 And they who were call'd champions in their time,
 And through whose death I won that fame I have ;
 And I were nothing but a common man, 810
 A poor, mean soldier, and without renown ;
 So thou mightest live too, my son, my son !
 Or rather would that I, even I myself,
 Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
 Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine, 815
 Not thou of mine ; and I might die, not thou ;
 And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan ;
 And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine ;
 And say—*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end.— 820