## § 2

How the Sorcery of Zúrán and the Jew in the Matter of Mahbúd was discovered, and how both were slain by Command of Núshírwán

The Sháh, the world-lord, purposed, as it chanced,
To hunt the wolf and bade that many a steed,
Used in the chase, should pass before his eyes,
Scanned them, and saw the brand-mark of Mahbúd.
His cheeks flamed at those Arab horses, love
Still had a place within him, and he burned.
He wept for pain and with heart sorely seared
Recalled to mind Mahbúd, and thus he said:—
"How much the wicked Dív made to transgress
That man of counsel and of high degree!
With that devotion and that rectitude
Why did his spirit seek the path of loss?
The Master of the world alone can tell
The hidden truth beneath the outward show."

He thence departed to the hunting-ground,
Seared at his heart and followed by his men.
Upon the route he talked with all and cheered
His heart with words. He took full many a minstrel,
And with their fascinations docked the way.
Now as the Sháh's chief minister and scribes
Were journeying with Zúrán in company
Their converse ran on spells and magic arts,
On witchcraft and pernicious Áhriman.
The king said to the archmages: "Trouble not
Your hearts concerning sorcery, but let
Your talk be all of God and of the Faith;
Look not for marvels in black arts and magic."

Zúrán said: "Live for ever, and may wisdom Feed on thy words. All that they say of witchcraft

<sup>1</sup> Reading with P.

Is true, though this is known but to adepts. If food have milk therein they by a look Can from a distance turn it into bane."

On hearing this a bygone time recurred To Núshírwán. He thought upon Mahbúd,

And those two sons of his, and deeply sighed. He looked upon Zúrán but held his peace, And quickly urged his prancing charger on. His mind was in a fume with thought because Zúrán had been the foeman of Mahbúd. He said: "I know not what this miscreant Had done upon the day whereon I slew Mahbúd, and that great house was overthrown. Would that almighty God would make all plain, And give my heart and brain tranquillity, Because I spy this fellow's marks hereon, And am fulfilled with sorrow for the past."

He journeyed on with sad and aching heart,
With lowering visage and with tearful eyes,
And, having reached the ending of the stage,
Set up his camp-enclosure by a stream.
Now when Zúrán had reached the tent they cleared
The place of strangers and the converse ran
Upon the means of witching milk and honey.
"It is my favourite subject," said Zúrán.

The Shah then questioned him about Mahbud, And by what means his sons were done to death, And heard the quaver in Zuran's reply.

His crime became apparent. Nushirwan Addressed him, saying: "Tell to me the truth, Conceal it not and act not knavishly, For knavery but causeth evil deeds, And evil comrades will corrupt good hearts."

Zúrán told all the truth, revealed the secret, Threw all the blame upon the Jew, and made As though he were possessed by grief and anguish.

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The great king, having listened, fettered him,
And sent to that enchanter of a Jew,
As swift as smoke, a rider with two steeds.
Whenas the Jew had reached the lofty court
The exalted monarch questioned him with mildness,
And said: "Inform me how the matter went,
And lie not to me touching this affair."

The Jew asked for protection from the world-lord If he revealed the mystery of black art, And then told what Zúrán had said with all The matter of their secret conference. The world-lord heard with wonder and convoked The marchlords, potentates, and archimages, And in their presence for the second time Investigated every circumstance. The evil-minded Jew told everything Till naught was hidden from the chiefs. The Shah Then bade the deathsman rear two lofty gibbets, From each whereof a twisted lasso hung, Before the palace-portal in the presence Of all the host. The executioner Haled to the gibbets and suspended there Zúrán on one, the Jew upon the other, In savage wise. 'Neath showers of stones and arrows They gave their heads up for bewitching milk. Tread not the world for evil, for it will, Past doubt, befall the practiser of ill.

The Shah long sought for kindred of Mahbud, If so he might find one that had escaped, And found one damsel of unsullied name, And three men eminent and excellent.

To these he gave all that Zuran possessed, As well as all the fortune of the Jew.

His soul kept burning on Mahbud's account, And in the night he wept till it was day, Would pray to God for pardon and pour forth

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His heart's blood on his bosom. He bestowed Much largess on the mendicants and made His tongue moreover prayerful unto God That He might pardon what was done amiss, And call him not tyrannic and unjust.

The worshipper of Gcd, the pure of heart,
Will in no evil doings bear a part,
For though ill actions are not hard to do,
Yet in the end the heart is sure to rue.
Although thy heart shall be a flinty stone,
Yet in the end its secret will be known,
And low soever as thy voice may be
Time also will reveal the mystery,
While, even if the world shall not regard,
Good done in secret is its own reward.
If thou art innocent and pure of rede
A portion in both worlds will be thy meed.

## § 3

In Praise of the Wisdom of Núshírwán, and how he built the City of Súrsán

The matter of Zúrán and of the Jew
Is done, to wisdom now thy praise is due.
Just though thou art here is no tarrying;
Thy fame will be thy memory, O king!
The unjust sovereign, when all is done,
Will have but sepulchre and malison,
But if in heart thou dealest righteously
Know that the world hath gained new grace by thee;
So if, O chief! thou wilt have praise in death
Let wisdom be thy leaf that flourisheth.
Thus, through my words, though Núshírwán is dead,
His justice hath achieved fresh lustihead.