

# STORY OF ROSTEVAN, KING OF THE ARABS

33.

There was Rostevan in Arabia, King blessed with the power of great lord,  
High, abundant, modest, having vast slaves, armies of an unbeaten sword,  
Judge for justice and gracious for poor, making decisions with faith cord,  
Was the brave warrior in war, speaker giving speech as chord.

34.

But the King had no male successor, beautiful daughter was only child,  
The universe shining of her rays, the bright sun set once she smiled,  
Tremendous beauty of her majesty makes all viewers going wild,  
Even wise men loose the wisdom of their tongue the words are mild.

35.

The great name of her majesty is Tinatin, that you all should know,  
She grew up with all beauty of hers, even the sun in clouds may go,  
The King sitting in pride and glory has called the viziers giving a bow,  
Made them sit around his site, telling words sweetly all in a row.

36.

Ordered: "I give you a wise question, the reason why I made this talk,  
When the beautiful flowers of roses become as old as mature oak,  
The ones have walked all of their own need to leave the way to walk,  
Our sun has set and dark has come, day is locked with darkness lock."

37.

"I am aged to be called as old, none of the plague, but oldness may mark,  
If not today tomorrow I die, life is short as lighting spark,  
What is the light of day we see, if the next is night and dark?!  
Let's ascend the throne to her, of whom the sun hides in ark."

38.

The viziers said: "The King, why do you say in your age being so old?  
Even if roses will dry off, we do not disdain, but in hands we hold,  
The older flower has higher soul, even the colors are not so cold,  
How can the calm gloomy moon among the stars be badly told?!"

39.

"Please do not give us that order, your rose is still not in fade,  
Your decisions that seem wrong, the best ones of others easily shade,  
But as your highness sees the way, as all in heart of yours are laid,  
May you ascend the throne to her, of whom the sun light is made."

40.

“Though a woman will reign the kingdom is from heaven of lord’s bale,  
She will never disappoint you over, will be the king hearty and hale,  
Enlightened of her famed affairs, the times will tell her name in tale,  
Young one exact the mature lion, no matter lioness or a male.”

41.

Avtandil the son of Amir-Spasalar<sup>1</sup>, was the Spaspet<sup>2</sup> strong and brave,  
More gorgeous and taller than cypress, alike a sun and moonlight wave,  
Still beardless young, but crystal shinning making viewers start to rave,  
His mind is all bound with Tinatin, is in love to the last in grave.

42.

The untold love of her beauty he kept carefully and unseen,  
Pain conquering all his mind as long as far that she had been,  
Though burning his heart and soul, still he dreams on her to lean,  
It is true that man is poor for the one love keeps being keen.

43.

As the King had given order the throne to her to be ascended,  
Avtandil met the times of joy, as his pain now seemed to be ended,  
Said: “Time has come to see her often, now my torture is amended,  
May I find the cure of mine, how this pain have got me landed.”

44.

The King had proudly said the words, that all Arabia had wholly swayed,  
“I her father gave this order, of her now your time is made,  
Let all of you bow your neck once over you her light is laid,  
Come everyone and see her now, realize the graces you have prayed.”

45.

All Arabian nation came, the vast of armies have covered ground,  
Avtandil alike a sun shining, heading armies of no bound,  
The vizier Sograt, in whom the greatness is the one that King has found,  
All assembled to praise the one, for whom the words will sweetly sound.

46.

The King led Tinatin to the throne with the face pure and bright,  
Set her proudly in the ottoman, gave the crown of shining light,  
Scepter holding in her hand, dressed as King of all her height,  
Like a sun envisions all, enlightens darkness of the night.

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<sup>1</sup> Amir-Spasalar (Georgian: ამირსპასალარი) was the commander in chief of the medieval Georgian army and one of the highest officials of the Kingdom of Georgia, commonly rendered as Lord High Constable.

<sup>2</sup> Spaspet (Georgian: სპასპეტი) was a feudal office in Georgia that originated in ancient Iberia. It is usually translated in English as High Constable.

47.

Everyone has stepped back gently, even the King and army bowed,  
Proudly said long live to the King, praising her in royal mode,  
Singing sweet songs and bungle sound even love that they have showed,  
The woman cries with crystal tears, knowing ahead the heavy road.

48.

Though being daughter of her father, thought was worthless of her throne,  
Shedding tears alike a rain, filling gardens all alone,  
The King teaches: "Listen daughter, the child of King is worth of crown,  
The painful fire burning still, has now gone has changed my tone."

49.

Ordered: "Now listen to words I tell, you are daughter of my own,  
Today you are the King of Arabia, of my greatness I gave this crown,  
All these Kingdom belong to you, my sword is yours now you to hone,  
You indeed are wisely generous, just be calm and widely known!"

50.

"The rays of bright sun are shining equally on the midden and rose,  
Be graceful for the one is rich and for the poor who kindly bows!  
Unruly people can be obedient, all who hides and all who shows,  
Just be abundant as even in the sea the water comes and water flows."

51.

"Abundance in the Kings' affairs makes them like the heaven's host,  
Graceful governs all the mankind, even ones with heart in frost,  
If not spending times in joy, how the life in time will cost?  
The things you give become as yours, when not giving things are lost."

52.

Wisely listening to her father, learning all she had been taught,  
Remembering every sound he said, even though she knew for aught,  
The King has royal celebration, the times till now that he had thought,  
Tinatin shining over the sun, so that sunlight came to naught.

53.

Called her most devoted master, that any order would accept,  
Ordered: "Bring my treasure, all my wealth that you have kept,  
Bring all from my princess times, I tell you now for all to be swept!"  
As they brought she gave abundantly the amount beyond percept.

54.

On that day she gave everything since the childhood she had gained,  
She carefully made everyone happy, neither rich nor the poor complained,  
Then ordered: “Thus I do is from my father, this is how I had been trained,  
Do not hide what you kept for me, with us that wealth can not be chained.”

55.

Ordered: “Go, give all the treasures, that is wealth that people gave,  
Give the horses, mules and animals, as many as ocean drops in wave!”  
She gave all as an endless sky, equally to the rich and slave,  
The army swept Lari<sup>3</sup> of no bound, were like pirates being in rave.

56.

Spreading all the wealth she had as if from Turks she took of war,  
Giving classy Arabian horses, that any owner would adore,  
Was alike a storm of richness boundlessly giving more and more,  
Neither men, nor the women had been rewarded this much before.

57.

The days passed in glorious joy, royal banquets all around,  
The brave warriors of great army were in ecstasy surround,  
But the King had no mood of joy, sadness was the thing he found,  
“What is wrong, why the sorrow?” were the whispers, spreading sound.

58.

As the sun shining proudly, Avtandil was sitting at the head,  
Spaspet of army, heroic, bravely as tiger and lion he led,  
Aside of him sits vizier Sograt, royal joy that they have had,  
Said: “Why he is now in sorrow, what made the King being so sad?”

59.

They said: “Look, the King had found the reason to fall in pain,  
As we can not believe him to be sad and in sorrow not in vain.”  
Avtandil said: “Sograt, let’s ask him, why this joy to restrain?  
Let’s take liberty and share from where is this sadness rain?”

60.

Sograt and Avtandil stood up, came up proudly to the sill,  
With royal calmness went to the King having glasses wholly fill,  
Kindly sitting on their knees, with bright faces, warm and still,  
Vizier freely speaks to the King, words are coming alike spring rill.

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<sup>3</sup> The Lari (Georgian: ლარი; ISO 4217:GEL) is the currency of Georgia today. It is divided into 100 Tetri. The name Lari is an old Georgian word denoting a hoard, property, while Tetri is an old Georgian monetary term used from the 13th century.

61.  
“The King, you got sadness though you are person this much humble,  
But you are right, the way you lost all richness makes it double,  
Your daughter had swept all treasures, your wealth is now to crumble,  
Why did you ascend the throne to her! Why to bring yourself in trouble?”
62.  
The King chuckled warmly, seeing vizier not being shy,  
Surprised of his impudence, how he made this words to tie?!  
“Well said!” – said thankfully, as saw them brave with him to vie,  
“Who dares to say about my stinginess, who the chatter says that lie!”
63.  
“That is not true reason, vizier, this is what makes me sad:  
The oldness came, took the days of youth I have had,  
Wherever you go in this Kingdom, you may not find a single lad,  
Who did not learn all from me, how all bravely can be led.”
64.  
“I have tenderly grown up my daughter, I have only her alone,  
God did not give me the son, this is pain since then I own,  
Neither alike me is in football nor my skills in bow is shown,  
A little of me I see in Avtandil, as he in the hands of mine is grown.”
65.  
He listened to the speech of the King said calmly in noble pace,  
Modestly smiled on his words, his look was full of royal grace,  
Teeth had glittered brightly lightening all corners of that place,  
“What did I tell?” said the King, “to bring that smile to your face?”
66.  
He repeated: “Why do you laugh, in what you want me to blame?”  
Avtandil answered: “Your highness, this is not to disgrace your fame,  
Do not get angry and offended, do not burn me with anger flame,  
Do not fault me in impudence, I swear that is not my aim.”
67.  
Ordered: “How may I be offended, how your words can make me fell!”  
The King vowed with name of Tinatin, who the sunrays may quell,  
Avtandil says: “So, I take the liberty and will say what I deem to tell,  
I see you boast of your skills, the empty talks are not too well.”

68.

“Finding arrows flying of my bowstring will make you take a far airing,  
May you take my challenge, may our strength be shown in just comparing,  
You said I am little of you, strength is only in action worth of sharing,  
Let the one be praised, who prevails the challenge in this fair ring!”

69.

The King had got happy of how his words were full of joy,  
With laughter told to Avtandil: “Being my son, you are not coy,  
You know I can not get angry to the one truly is my boy,  
If not defeated, see the strength, consider fate makes life a toy.

70.

– “I will not confer you these words, let all see who of us is great,  
Agree to shoot of our bowstrings, nothing can make us hesitate,  
We take the noble ones of mine who judge justly as lord’s fate,  
Let the field witness prowess, running back will be too late!”

71.

Avtandil bowed before the King, both being aware of their ways,  
Laughing, joking, having fun, they all shined as sun rays,  
Even laid bet for this challenge, equal rule for all who plays:  
“The worst one in this game, walks bare-headed for three days!”

72.

Then ordered: “Let twelve slaves of mine get equipped thus us to take,  
Twelve for me to carry the arrows, give a help for great hunting to make,  
You bring your one Shermadin, making sure them not being fake,  
As they count every shot we do, without a fault, without mistake.”

73.

Then King ordered to his huntsmen: ”Go, walk our forest field,  
Beat the beasts, let them down, bring the army, make them shield,  
Let the army lead the contest: “Who deserves the triumph to wield”.  
That day ended with glorious feasting, where any sorrow could be healed.