

Such as were warlike, manned the roofs and gates
 For Farídún; Zakhák had maddened them.
 Bricks from the walls, stones from the roofs, with swords
 And poplar arrows in the street, were plied
 As thick as hail; no place was left to stand.
 The mountains echoed with the chieftains' shouts,
 Earth trembled neath the chargers' tramping hoofs,
 A cloud of black dust gathered, and the flints
 Were pierced by javelins. From the Fane of Fire
 One shouted: "If some wild beast had been Sháh,
 We—young and old—had served him loyally,
 But not that foul Zakhák with dragon-shoulders."

The warriors and citizens were blent
 Together as they fought—a mass of men.
 O'er that bright city rose a cloud of dust
 That turned the sun to lapislazuli.

Anon Zakhák alone in jealous fear
 Approached the palace, mailed, that none might know
 him.

V. 59

• Armed with a lasso sixty cubits long
 He scaled the lofty edifice in haste
 And saw beneath him dark-eyed Shahrináz,
 Who toyed bewitchingly with Farídún.
 • Her cheeks were like the day, her locks like night,
 Her lips were opened to revile Zakhák,
 Who recognised therein the act of God—
 A clutch of evil not to be evaded—
 And with his brain inflamed by jealousy
 Dropped one end of the lasso to the court
 And so slid down from that high roof, regardless
 Of throne and precious life. As he descended
 He drew a keen-edged poniard from its sheath,
 Told not his purpose or his name, but clutched
 The steel-blue dagger in his hand, athirst
 For blood—the blood of those two beauteous dames.

His feet no sooner rested on the ground
 Than Farídún rushed on him like the wind
 And beat his helm in with the ox-head mace.

- "Strike not," cried blest Surúsh, who hurried thither,
- "His time hath not yet come, but bind him van-
 quished

Firm as a rock and bear him to some gorge,
 Where friends and kinsmen will not come to him."

When Farídún heard that he tarried not,
 But gat a lasso made of lion's hide
 And bound Zahhák around the arms and waist
 With bonds that no huge elephant could snap,
 Then sitting on Zahhák's own golden throne
 Determined all the evil usages

And made a proclamation at the gate:—

"Ye citizens possessed of Grace and wisdom!
 Disarm and follow but one path to fame,
 For citizens and soldiers may not seek
 A common excellence; this hath his craft
 And that his mace; their spheres are evident
 And, if confounded, earth will be so too.
 Depart rejoicing, each one to his work,
 And live and prosper long, because the foul one,
 Whose acts brought terror on the world, is bound."

V. 60

Men hearkened to the great redoubted Sháh.
 Then all the leading, wealthy citizens
 Drew near with gladness bringing offerings
 And heartily accepted Farídún,
 Who graciously received them and discreetly
 Gave each his rank's due, counselled them at large,
 And offered up his prayers and thanks to God,
 Then said: "The realm is mine, your fortune's star
 Is bright, for me alone did God send forth
 From Mount Alburz by Grace, and for your sakes,
 To set the world free from the Dragon's bane.