

While grasping in his hand an ox-head mace,  
 And, roaring like a mighty leopard, struck  
 His foeman's casque and drenched his face with blood.  
 Gív, keeping his own seat, put forth his hand  
 And, seizing, strained Gurwí against his breast,  
 Who, fainting in the saddle, fell to earth  
 Insensible. The warrior-pard alighted,  
 Bound his foe's hands firm as a rock behind him,  
 Then, mounting, made his prisoner run in front,  
 And rode toward his comrades. Flag in hand  
 He scaled the hill; his shouts brought down the moun-  
 tains.

The king of earth had given him grace to win  
 That triumph and he blessed the paladin.

### § 31

#### *How Guráza fought with Siyámak*

Next Siyámak of the Túránian host  
 Went with Guráza to the battlefield,  
 Both spear in hand and both with cries like those  
 Of maddened elephants. The chiefs were all  
 Wrath, rancour, and revenge. Anon they took  
 Their massive maces, raged like warrior-lions,  
 And smote each other on the head. Their tongues  
 Were cracked with thirst, they closed in furious fight,  
 Alighted, clutched, and raised the dust of strife.  
 Guráza put his hands forth like a lion,  
 And as a storm-blast bent his foeman down,  
 Then dashed him to the ground with violence  
 That brake his bones; he yielded up the ghost.  
 Guráza in the same breath bound the corpse  
 Upon his steed, swift as Ázargashasp  
 Remounted, took the horse of Siyámak,  
 And scaled the hill like one bemused with wine.

He held the glorious flag and proudly went  
Rejoicing o'er his conquered enemy,  
The victory of the Sháh, and that high fortune  
Achieved beneath the shadow of the throne.  
Dismounting then he prayed to God to bless  
The fortune of earth's monarch with success.

## § 32

*How Furúhil fought with Zangula*

The fourth fight—Furúhil's with Zangula—  
Was that of combatants like lions loose.  
In truth there was no warrior in Írán  
To match in archery with Furúhil,  
Who, seeing that grim Turkman from afar,  
Strung up his bow and, bending it, began  
To shower shafts on Zangula, employing  
The horsemen's ambushade. One poplar arrow,  
Which flew with wind-like swiftness, struck his thigh,  
Transfixing horse and rider. The fleet steed  
Came to the ground headforemost with the smart,  
Unseating Zangula whose face was wan;  
His head sank and he yielded up the ghost;  
Full surely he was born for evil days.  
Then Furúhil leaped down, beheaded him,  
Stripped off the Rúman armour that he wore,  
And made his head fast to the saddle-straps,  
Then took with him the steed of Zangula,  
And scaled the hill, as he had been a leopard,  
With breast and hand and sword all drenched with gore.  
He raised the glorious flag, glad-hearted he  
At having gained his end triumphantly.