

With silvern tissue and with belts and earrings.
 They took the Arab horses trapped with gold,
 The Indian scimitars with golden sheaths,
 The prisoners and sacks of drachms, of musk,
 And camphor, and the treasures more or less
 That Rustam had collected by his toil
 From Sháhs and chiefs. Bahman delivered all
 Zábulistán to pillaging and then
 Gave crowns and purses to his mighty men.

§ 3

How Farámarz fought with Bahman and was put to Death

At Bust, upon the frontier, Farámarz,
 In dudgeon for his grandsire, steeped his hands
 In vengeance, gathered troops, marched 'gainst Bahman,
 And oft recalled the wars of matchless Rustam.
 When news of this had reached the monarch's ears
 He raged upon the throne of king of kings,
 Packed up the baggage, called the troops to horse,
 Marched to the burial-place of Rustam's race,
 And tarried there two weeks. Then with the din
 Of trumpets and of Indian bells the mountains
 Shook to their cores, heaven bathed the world in pitch,
 And from that pitch the arrows showered like hail,
 While at the clash of ax and twang of bow
 The earth out-quaked the sky. Three days and nights
 Upon that field steel swords and maces rained,
 And clouds of dust collected overhead.
 Upon the fourth day there arose a storm :
 Thou wouldst have said : " The day and night are one."
 The blast was in the face of Farámarz.
 The world-lord joyed and, following up the dust
 With trenchant sword, brought Doomsday on the foe.
 The men of Bust, the warriors of Zábul,
 The gallant swordsmen of Kábulistán,

Had not a horseman left upon the field,
 No chief was left of all those men of name,
 For one by one they turned their backs in flight,
 And shamefully deserted Farámarz.
 The battlefield was heaped up mountain-like
 By slain struck down pell mell from both the hosts.
 Albeit with a paltry band of heroes
 Right bravely Farámarz still faced the foe,
 Himself a lion and a lion's whelp,
 With all his body hacked by scimitars,
 Until at length that noble warrior
 Was ta'en by brave Ardshír who carried him
 Before Bahman. That vengeful monarch gazed
 Upon him for a while but would not spare,
 V. 1754 Bade rear a gibbet and hung Farámarz
 Alive thereon, his elephantine form
 Head-downward. Then in wreek, with arrow-rain,
 Bahman,¹ that famous Kaian, had him slain.

§ 4

How Bahman released Zál and returned to Irán²

Now noble Bishútan, the minister,
 Was sorely troubled by this butchery,
 And rising in the world-lord's presence said :—
 "Just monarch ! if revengement was thy due,
 And 'twas thy heart's desire, that wish of thine
 Is perfected in loss. Cease to enjoin
 Raid, slaughter, turmoil, strife. Approve them not,
 Refrain thyself, fear God, and think of us.
 Consider well the turns of fortune's wheel,
 How it exalteth this man to the clouds,
 And putteth that man into sorry plight.
 Thy sire, that world-lord and the army's Lustre,
 Did he not go Nímruz-ward for a bier,

¹ Ardshír in the original. See p. 282. ² Reading with C and P.