

The reader will note the reappearance of the Black Dív in this reign after his apparently complete destruction by Húshang. The explanation of course is that the aim of the poet is to follow his authorities, not to make consistent stories. He is here dealing with another legend, so the Black Dív reappears.<sup>1</sup>

## § I

*Tahmúras ascends the Throne, invents new Arts, subdues the Dív, and dies*

Húshang possessed a wise and noble son  
 Hight Tahmúras—the Binder of the Dív—  
 Who took the throne and girt his loins to rule,  
 Then called the archmagés and in gracious words  
 Said: "Throne and palace, crown and mace and cap  
 Are mine to-day, and when my rede hath purged  
 The world a mountain-top shall be my footstool.  
 I will restrain the Dív, will reign supreme,  
 And use the useful for the common good." *good*

He sheared the flocks, and men began to spin;  
 He thus invented clothes and draperies.  
 He chose the swiftest quadrupeds and made them  
 To feed on barley, grass, and hay; he noted  
 The shyest of the beasts of prey, and chose  
 The jackal and the cheetah, luring them  
 From hill and plain, and taught them to obey him.  
 Among the well-armed birds he chose the hawk  
 And noble falcon, and began to tame them  
 While men looked on amazed. His orders were  
 To rear the birds and speak to them with kindness.  
 He brought the cocks and hens to crow at drumbeat,<sup>2</sup>  
 And turned all hidden properties to use.  
 He said: "Address your prayers and praise to Him  
 Who made the world, and us to rule the beasts:  
 Praise be to Him, for He directed us."

<sup>1</sup> See *Introd.* p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> The drum beaten outside palaces in the East at dawn.

He had a famed and honest minister  
 By name Shídásp, an upright man who took  
 No step unless toward justice. Through the day  
 He fasted, through the night he prayed, and lived  
 In charity with all. The Sháh's good fortune  
 Was his sole wealth, ill doers he restrained  
 And taught the Sháh all good, acknowledging  
 No rank but excellence till Tahmúras,  
 Purged of his faults and glorious with the Grace,  
 Bound Áhriman with spells and rode him horsewise  
 At whiles around the world. Thereat the dívs  
 Rebelled and held a conclave, for their throne  
 Of gold was void. When Tahmúras was ware  
 He was enraged and spoiled their trafficking,  
 Girt him with Grace and took his massive mace.  
 Then all the dívs and warlocks sallied forth—  
 A huge magician host. The Black Dív led them  
 And vapoured, while their shouts affronted heaven.  
 It darkened, earth turned sable and all eyes  
 Grew dim. The illustrious worldlord Tahmúras  
 Advanced girt up for battle and revenge,  
 There were the roar of flame and reek of dívs,  
 Here were the warriors of the lord of earth,  
 Who ranked his troops and speedily prevailed,  
 For of the foe he bound the most by spells  
 And quelled the others with his massive mace.  
 The captives bound and stricken begged their lives.  
 "Destroy us not," they said, "and we will teach thee  
 A new and fruitful art."

V. 22

He gave them quarter  
 To learn their secret. When they were released  
 They had to serve him, lit his mind with knowledge  
 And taught him how to write some thirty scripts  
 Such as the Rúman, Persian, Arabic,  
 Sughdí, Chíní, and Pahlaví, and thus  
 Delineate sounds. How many better arts

Explored he in a reign of thirty years,  
Yet passed away! His time of life was spent  
And all his toils became his monument.  
O world! caress not those whom thou wilt soon  
Cut off, for such caressing is no boon;  
Thou raisest one to very heaven on high,  
Then biddest him in sorry dust to lie.