

The troops moved mountain-like and both hosts shouted.  
 Anon the plain ran blood : thou wouldst have said  
 That tulips sprang up. Mighty elephants  
 Stood as on coral columns in the gore.

V. 110 • They fought till night, till Minúchihr, who won  
 The love of all, obtained the victory ;

V. 111 Yet fortune in one stay abideth not,  
 Now honey and now gall make up man's lot.

The hearts of Túr and Salm were deeply moved  
 By grief. They listened for a night-surprise,  
 • But no one came e'en when night turned to day,  
 And they themselves were anxious for delay.

### § 21

#### *How Túr was Slain by the Hand of Minúchihr*

Noon passed. With vengeful hearts the brothers met  
 For consultation ; mid their foolish schemes  
 They said : " Let us attempt a night-attack  
 And fill the desert and the plain with blood."

That night those miscreants drew their army out,  
 Bent on a camisade. The Íránian scouts  
 Got news thereof, and sped to Minúchihr  
 To tell him so that he might post his troops.  
 V. 112 That shrewd man heard and planned a counter-ruse.  
 He left Káran the host and led himself  
 An ambuscade with thirty thousand warriors,  
 • All men of name. Túr came at night and brought  
 One hundred thousand men prepared for fight,  
 But found the foe arrayed with banners flying  
 And saw that battle was his sole resource.  
 A shout rose from the centres of the hosts,  
 The horsemen made the air a cloud of dust  
 And steel swords flashed like lightning : thou hadst  
 said :—

“They make air blaze, earth gleam like diamonds.”  
 The clashing of the steel went through the brain,  
 While flame and blast rose cloudward. Minúchihr  
 Sprang from his ambush and surrounded Túr,  
 Who wheeled and fled mid wailings of despair V. 113  
 From his own troops. Prince Minúchihr pursued,  
 Hot for revenge, and cried: “Stay, miscreant,  
 Who lovest fight so well and cuttest off  
 The heads of innocents! Know'st not that all  
 Desire revenge on thee?”

He hurled a dart  
 Against Túr's back, whose sword fell from his grasp.  
 Then Minúchihr like wind unseated him,  
 Cast him to earth, slew him, cut off his head,  
 And left the body for the beasts of prey;  
 Then went back to his camp to contemplate  
 That symbol of a fall from high estate.

§ 22

*How Minúchihr wrote to Announce his Victory to Farídún*

Then Minúchihr wrote to Sháh Farídún  
 About the war—its fortunes good and ill—  
 And first he spake of Him who made the world—  
 The Lord of goodness, purity, and justice:—  
 “Praise to the Worldlord who hath succoured us!  
 Men find no other helper in their straits.  
 He is the Guide, he maketh hearts rejoice V. 114  
 And changeth not throughout eternity.  
 Next, praises be to noble Farídún—  
 The lord of crown and mace, possessed of justice,  
 The Faith and Grace, crown and imperial throne.  
 His fortune is the source of righteousness,  
 His throne of beauty and of excellence.