

"Twere well to send a valiant paladin,
 And mighty host, to make this people bring
 Their tribute to the Sháh and look to him.
 This region ours we can defeat Túrán."

The Sháh said: "Live for ever! Thou art right.
 Take order for sufficiency of troops,
 Selecting all the famous warriors,
 For since the district marcheth with thine own
 Its purchase will be worthy of thy fame.
 Commit a mighty host to Farámarz,
 As many warriors as shall suffice.
 The business will succeed with him; his hook
 Will catch the crocodiles."

The paladin

With flushing cheeks called many a blessing down
 Upon the Sháh, who bade the chamberlain
 To spread the board, bring wine, call minstrelsy,
 And listened spell-bound to their melody.

V. 784

§ 8

How Kai Khusrau reviewed the Host

When bright Sol rose above the hills, and when
 The minstrels tired of song, the kettledrums
 Clanged at the court-gate and the troops drew up
 Before the palace. On the elephants
 They bound the tymbals and the trumpets blared.
 Upon one elephant they set a throne;
 That royal Tree bore fruit; the Sháh came forth,
 And took his seat, crowned with a jewelled casque.
 He wore a torque of royal gems and held
 An ox-head mace. Two earrings, decked with pearls
 And precious stones, depended from his ears;
 His bracelets were of jewels set in gold;
 His belt was pearls and gold and emeralds.

His elephant: with golden bells and bridle
 Proceeded to the centre of the host.
 He had with him the ball within the cup;
 The shouting of the army rose to Saturn;
 The earth grew black and heaven azure-dim
 With all the swords and maces, drums and dust:
 Thou wouldst have said: "The sun is in a net,"
 Or "Water hath overwhelmed the arching sky:"
 The clearest sight could not behold the world,
 Or gaze upon the sky and stars for spears;
 Thou wouldst have said: "The billows of the sea
 Are rising," as the host marched troop by troop.
 They brought the camp-enclosure from the palace
 Forth to the plain, and shoutings frayed the skies.

V. 785

The custom was that when that famous Sháh
 Upon his elephant let fall the ball
 Within the cup, and girt his loins, no place
 Remained for any one throughout the realm
 Save at the Sháh's own gate. Such was the token
 To all his realm of that famed king of chiefs.

The Sháh remained upon his elephant
 On that broad plain to see the troops march past.
 First to defile before the world's new lord
 Was Fariburz with golden boots, with mace,
 And sword. Behind him was his flag sun-blazoned.
 He rode a chestnut steed, his lasso coiled
 Was in the saddle-straps. He passed along
 In pride with Grace and lustre, his retainers
 Were buried in their gold and silver trappings.
 The world-lord blessed him, saying: "May the
 greatness
 And Grace of heroes ever be thine own,
 Thy fortune triumph in each enterprise,
 Thy whole existence be a New Year's Day;
 May health be thine in all thy goings forth,
 And no infirmity on thy return."

Behind him was Gúdarz son of Kishwád,
 Whose counsel brought the world prosperity.
 A lion clutching mace and scimitar
 Was charged upon the flag that followed him.
 Upon his left hand marched the brave Ruhhám,
 And on his right the noble Gív ; Shídúsh
 Behind him bore the banner lion-charged,
 Which threw a violet lustre on the ground,
 While thousands of exalted warriors followed,
 All cavaliers and armed with lengthy lances.
 Behind Gív and accompanied by troops
 His sable banner came charged with a wolf,
 While of Ruhhám, that man of high ambition,
 The flag rose cloudward tiger-charged. These sons
 And grandsons of Gúdarz were seventy-eight
 In number, and they crowded that broad plain,
 Each followed by his flag distinct in hue—
 All valiant men with swords and golden boots.
 "The whole world," thou hadst said, "is 'neath
 Gúdarz,
 The chiefs' heads are beneath his scimitar."
 He called down blessings on the crown and throne
 As he approached ; the Sháh returned the blessings
 On him, on Gív, and all his warriors.
 The next behind Gúdarz was Gustaham,
 The son of Gazhdaham the vigilant ;
 His weapon in the battle was a spear,
 His comrades were a bow and poplar arrows ;
 And when a shaft went flying from his arm
 'Twould pierce a rock or anvil to the core.
 He was attended by a mighty host
 With maces, scimitars, and rich array.
 His banner blazoned with a moon waved o'er him,
 And raised its head resplendent to the clouds.
 He called down benedictions on the Sháh,
 Who gloried in him. Next came shrewd Ashkash,

V. 786

Endowed with prudent heart and ready brain.
 His troops were from Balúchistán and Kutch,
 And very rams to fight. No one had seen
 Their backs in battle or one finger mailless;
 Their banner was a pard with claws projecting.
 Ashkash felicitated Kai Khusrau
 At large upon the happy turn of fortune.
 V. 787 Meanwhile the Sháh upon his elephant
 Surveyed the troops, whose ranks stretched out two
 miles,
 And in abundant satisfaction blessed
 His sleepless fortune and his glorious land.
 Behind Ashkash was well approved Farhád,
 Who tendered all the troops, and everywhere
 Was like their foster-father in the fight.
 He had a banner charged with a gazelle,
 Whose shadow fell upon him as he rode.
 His troops were all equipped with Indian swords,
 With Turkman armour and with Sughdian saddles.
 They all were princely scions of Kubád,
 And all were dowered with God's Grace and with
 justice;
 The face of each was like the shining moon,
 And like the shining sun in battlefield.
 Farhád beheld the throne's new occupant,
 And called down blessings on the youthful Sháh.
 Guráza, eldest offspring of Gívgán,
 Came next accompanied by all his kin,
 A favourite in whom the Sháh rejoiced.¹
 Upon his saddle was a lasso coiled;
 He bore a banner blazoned with a boar;
 His troops were warriors and lasso-flingers.
 These cavaliers and heroes of the plain
 Saluted many times and then marched past.
 Behind him Zanga son of Sháwarán

¹ Reading with P. †

Came rushing with his gallant hearts and chieftains.
 Behind him was his flag charged with an eagle,
 And as a moving mountain so moved he.
 Ofttimes he called down blessings on the Sháh,
 His mien and stature, sword and signet-ring. V. 788
 All that were from the country of Baghdád
 Were armed with lances and steel swords, and marched
 Beneath the eagle while their general
 Himself was seated on an elephant.
 Behind him was the valiant Farámarz
 Of noble stature, Grace, and majesty,
 With tymbals, elephants, and many troops,
 All eager for the fray, and mighty men
 Brought from Kashmír, Kábulistán, Nímruz,
 All noble and the lustre of the world.
 He had a banner like his valiant sire's—
 That Rustam who could be surpassed by none—
 With seven heads, "The heads as of a dragon
 That had escaped from bonds," thou wouldst have
 said.

In favour like a fruitful tree he came,
 And uttered many a blessing on the Sháh,
 Who with a heart that joyed at Farámarz
 Gave him much prudent rede and said to him:—
 "The nursling of the elephantine chief
 Will be pre-eminent among the people.
 Thou art the son of wary-hearted Rustam,
 Thou art from Zál—Sám's son—and Narímán.
 Now is the land of Hindústán thine own,
 All from Kannúj up to Sístán is thine;
 So bear thyself that harm may not befall
 Him that assayeth not to fight with thee.
 In every place be thou the poor man's friend,
 Be noble unto those of thine own kin, V. 789
 See heedfully what friends thou hast, and who
 Are men of wisdom and can soothe thy griefs,

Give, entertain, and never say: 'To-morrow.'
 How know'st thou what to-morrow will bring forth?
 I have bestowed on thee this kingship. Hold it.
 Make no war anywhere in wantonness,
 Be not in youth acquisitive of treasure,
 Aggrieve not any that hath not grieved thee,
 And trust not thou this treacherous dwelling-place;
 'Tis sandarac and ebony by turns.
 Thy duty is to leave a noble name,
 And mayst thou never have a sorry heart.
 For thee and me alike the day will pass,
 And turning heaven reckon up thy breaths.
 Thou need'st a happy heart, a body hale;
 Consider if a third thing is to seek.
 May He who made the world be gracious to thee,
 And smoke fill thy foes' hearts."

The chief, on hearing

The words of this new master of the world,
 Dismounted from his fleet steed, and invoked
 Full many a blessing on the young Sháh, saying:—
 "Mayst thou wax even as the new moon waxeth."

He kissed the ground and, having done obeisance,
 Turned and departed on his longsome journey,
 While matchless Rustam, with his brain distraught
 At losing Farámarz, accompanied

V. 790 His son two leagues, instructing him withal
 In warfare, feast, and wisdom, wishing him

V. 791 A life of joy; then sadly turned and went
 Back from the desert to the tent-enclosure.

The Sháh got off his lusty elephant,
 And, mounting on a rapid-footed steed,
 Withdrew in state to his pavilion,
 With aching heart and deeply pondering.
 When Rustam had returned the wine was brought;
 Khusrau filled up a mighty bowl, and said:—
 "Mirth as thy mate sufficeth, and no sage

Will name to-morrow. Where are Túr and Salm
 And Farídún? All lost and one with dust!
 We go about and toil and gather wealth,
 Yet frustrate all the wishes of our hearts,
 Since in the end the dust will be our share,
 And not one of us will escape that day.¹
 Fleet we the darksome night with goblets brimmed,
 And when day cometh with its measured steps
 We will command that Tús shall blow the trumpet,
 That tymbal, kettledrum, and clarion sound;
 Then shall we see o'er whom the turning sky
 Will stretch its hand in love in this campaign.
 And yet what profit is our toil to us
 Since from the first what is to be will be?
 We shall be quit alike of good and ill;
 Why should a wise man gorge himself with care?
 Still by the aid of Him who made us all
 I will take vengeance for my father's fall."

THE STORY OF FARÚD THE SON OF SIYÁWUSH

§ 9

The Prelude

Let no king, great and warlike though he be,
 Intrust his army to an enemy,
 One from whose eyelids tears of envy pour,
 Tears such as leeches know no drugs to cure;
 For such a man, if of a noble race,
 Will chafe to be denied the highest place,
 To be a slave with wish insatiate,

V. 792

¹ The speaker, however, proved to be an exception.