

Who hath designs upon his father's life.
Him will I bind as well he hath deserved,
And on such wise as none hath bound another."

The son exclaimed: "O Sháh of noble race!
How ever could I hanker for thy death?
I do not know, O Sháh! of any wrong
That I have done to thee at any time.
By thine own life, imperious sovereign!
When ever did I harbour such designs?
But thou art Sháh; 'tis thine to order; I
Am thine, and bonds and prison rest with thee.
Bid them to bind or slay me as thou wilt;
My heart is honest and my mind submiss."

The king of kings exclaimed: "Bring hither chains;
Bind him, and falter not."

They brought in blacksmiths,
Yoke, chains, and heavy shackles, and then bound him,
Both hand and foot, before the king, the world-lord,
So straitly fettered him that all beholding
Wept bitterly. They brought an elephant,
Like indigo, and set Asfandiyár
Thereon. They bare him from his glorious sire,
With dust upon his head, to Gumbadán,
That stronghold on the mountain-top, conveyed
V. 1551 Four iron columns thither and there bound him
With rigour. They dethroned him; fortune changed.
The Sháh set many to keep guard upon him,
While seared and sore that gallant paladin
Lived for a space in straitest custody,
And ever and anon wept bitterly.