

Bright wine and harp and lyre, When Púládward
 Was in his cups he roared out to the king :—
 “Dark to Jamshíd, Zakhák, and Farídún
 Made I their provand, slumber, and repose !
 The Brahman hath been frightened at my voice,
 And this my noble host, and I will hew
 To pieces with my trenchant sword amain
 This Zábulí upon the battle-plain !”

§ 23

How Púládward fought with Gív and Tús

As soon as Sol displayed its shining flag,
 And night's deep violet silk grew safflower-hued,
 Drums sounded from the portal of the king,
 The troops' shouts reached the clouds, and Púládward
 Of lusty form with lasso on his arm
 Led on the troops.

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When both the hosts were ranked
 The air turned violet-dim, the earth was darkened.
 Then matchless Rustam donned his tiger-skin,
 And, mounted on his huge, fierce Elephant,¹
 Raged and assailed the right wing of the foe,
 O'erthrowing many a Turkman warrior.
 This Púládward descried and, having loosed
 His twisted lasso from the saddle-straps,
 Encountered Tús like some mad elephant,
 With lasso on his arm and mace in hand ;
 He seized Tús by the girdle, easily
 Dismounted him, and dashed him to the ground.
 Gív, when he looked upon the fight and saw
 The head of Tús son of Naudar o'erthrown,
 Urged on Shabdíz, devoting soul and body
 To fight, and mailed, armed with an ox-head mace,
 Strove like a savage lion with the dív,

¹ Rakshsh.

Who flung his lasso round his foeman's head.
 Ruhhám was with Bízhan; they both observed
 The mace, the prowess, and dexterity
 Of Púládwand, and went to bind his hands
 With lassos, but that wary warrior
 Urged on his steed and raised his battle-cry.
 Those two brave warriors of noble birth,
 Those haughty Lions casting such long shadows,
 He flung to earth, and trampled on in scorn,
 In sight of all the horsemen on the plain,
 And reaching Káwa's standard clave the staff
 Asunder with his sword. The Íránians wailed,
 No warrior stood his ground upon the field.
 When Farfburz, Gúdarz, and the other chiefs
 Beheld the traces of that warrior-dív
 They said to Rustam, that avenging one :—
 "There is not left upon this battlefield
 A single man of name still in the saddle,
 Or horseman of the warriors of this host,
 Whom Púládwand hath brought not to the ground
 With arrow or with lasso, mace or sword !
 The field of battle is a field of woe,
 And 'tis for Rustam to deliver us."

Anon arose a cry of pain and grief
 From both the wings and centre; then Gúdarz,
 The man of eld, supposing that Bízhan,
 The lion-taking chieftain, and Ruhhám,
 His offspring both, had perished in the fight,
 Cried in his anguish to the righteous Judge :—
 "I had so many sons and grandsons once
 That I extolled my head above the sun,
 But they are slain before me in the wars,
 So greatly have my day and fortune changed !
 Slain in their youth while I live on hoar-headed !"

He doffed his casque, he laid his girdle by,
 And then began to wail right bitterly.