

'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 Shāh
 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 Shāh's own gate. Such was the token
 To all his realm of that famed king of chiefs.

The Shāh 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."