A Story of Conquest and Adventure

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Published by Leiden University Press

van Zutphen, Marjolijn.  
A Story of Conquest and Adventure: The Large Faramarzname.  
Project MUSE.  muse.jhu.edu/book/51657.

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Part One – Farāmarz Leads an Army to India

In the name of God the Bountiful; He is the Merciful, the Beneficent, the Just Lord, the Distributer of justice.
This is the book of the Large Farāmarznāme. On the unity of God, may He be honoured and glorified, and in praise of wisdom

In the name of the Lord of the soul and of wisdom, higher than Whom no thought can ascend, Lord by name and Lord by position, the Lord Who provides our daily bread and Who is our guide, God Who travels upon the heavenly wheel, Who made time and the world appear, the Lord of the body and the Lord of the mind: you must strive to worship Him. No one knows how to praise Him like He is. You must gird yourself for servitude. Wisdom and the soul are weighed by Him. Who can contain Him in their thoughts or reason? Who is capable of praising the Creator with his means, his intellect, his soul, or his tongue?! You must confess to His existence; stand aside from speech or opinion. Since you are running and seeking the way, you must look deeply into His commands. The Lord of Saturn and the turning heaven, He Who lights up the moon, Venus and the sun, He is more exalted than any name, identity, or imagination, He is the essence of a superior depicter. With your eyes you will not see the Creator; do not strain your two eyes. Nor will any thought find its way towards Him, for He is higher than any name and any place. Whichever words may be uttered about His essence, no soul or intellect will find any path to Him. If wisdom selects the words, it will praise those that it sees. Anyone who is knowledgeable will be powerful; the heart of an old man will become young through learning. There is no way for you beyond this veiled secret about why I have no deficiency in my existence.

Now, wise man, with regard to wisdom, it is appropriate to speak of it in this place. Come and produce what you hold in wisdom, so that the ear of the praiser may take enjoyment from it. Wisdom is better than anything that God gave you. Praise of wisdom is better than the path of justice. Wisdom is
our guide and wisdom is exhilarating, wisdom acts as an assistant in both worlds. Wisdom is better for a man than a dear soul. Nothing lies beyond wisdom. From it comes happiness and it produces manliness; it also leads to excellence, as well as to pleasantness. A wise man is a light in the world; wisdom is a harness upon a man’s body. What did that eloquent wise man say, so that a learned man might reap the fruits from his speech? ‘If a man has no wisdom in the world, he will not be happy for one moment: a sensible person will call him mad, his own relative will call him a stranger. Because of wisdom, a man will be noble in both worlds, but when it is broken, he will be in fetters.’ Wisdom is the eye of the soul, when you observe; for without eyes you will not travel the world happily. Recognise wisdom as the first creation; it is the keeper of the soul and those three guards: your three guards are the ear, the eye and the tongue, because through them you achieve goodness without a doubt. Whoever acknowledges wisdom and the soul will praise them. After this, say what has been created. You, who will not see what amongst the makings of the Creator of the world is open and hidden, seek a path by means of the speeches of knowledgeable men, rush across the world and tell every person. When you hear words about every piece of knowledge, do not rest for one moment from learning. As soon as you gain sight of the branches of speech, know that knowledge will not reach its origin. From the beginning you must correctly see the worth of the essences from their commencement.

Beginning of the story

The episode in which King Keykhosrow mounts the throne and orders the champions to seek revenge for his father and the champions answer him

Now I will return to the story and recount something that originates in ancient times. An eloquent landlord recollected as follows: one day at dawn, Keykhosrow was seated upon his throne, full of grace and, according to his wishes, attended by all the famous men of Iran, such as Rostam, Gūdarz and the brave Tūs, as well as Gīw, Farīborz and Gostaham the lion, and also Gorgīn and Zange-Shāwrān, in addition to Farhād and Bīzhan from amongst the heroes. A banquet had been laid out like a field of produce, it was as if Sūrūsh had brought it from Paradise. All kinds of things were said, about every subject, about every famous man and every country, about kings of the past, both just and unjust, whilst they abundantly sang the praises of the munificent king.
The king then spoke: ‘O brave men of mine, my male lions at a time of honour, I have traversed this country of Iran on horseback, and from this region to the house of Āžargoshasp I did not see anyone whose heart was happy, whose breast was strong or whose land prosperous. They have all been wounded by Afrāsīyāb, all their hearts are filled with blood and their eyes with tears. The first liver he wounded was mine, so that my body and soul were full of pain because of him. How evil was that bad deed that he performed against me: he nullified his protection of Siyāwakhsh's life. Because of him, his daughter was affected by suffering and hardship; he cut through his brother’s waist with his sword; with his sword he also severed the head of Nowžar, that king of the free men, from his body. About the behaviour of that tyrant king I can say many things without ever coming to an end. In Iran, women and men are all lamenting because of him, because of so much killing, pillage, war and turmoil.

‘Now, I will gird my loins to avenge my father, and I will torment the soul of that dark man: if you all are sincere supporters of mine, if each one of you in his heart is my friend and if you now also are of a mind to go to war, you must strive and provide the counsel of leopards. What do you say and what answer will you give me? You must all at once give me noble advice. He excelled in this evil: retribution for this evil should not be kept waiting. If there is justice in this speech, you must take to the road. But if not, you must give an answer about this matter.’

As the nobles prepared their answer, they got up from their places, filled with pain, and said, ‘Your Majesty, may the world be happy and may it be freed from grief and from every sorrow. Our bodies and souls are completely at your service; our greater or smaller grief and sorrows are yours. We were all born of our mothers to die; we are your servants, even though we are free men.’

When the king had received such an answer from the gathering, from Güdarz, from Tūs and from Pīltan, his face became like a deep-red flower, since his power was young, as the monarch was young. He praised them abundantly: ‘May the land be prosperous for the warriors!’

Keykhosrow reviews the army and he sends the champions to Tūrān to seek revenge for his father and appoints champions to each land; an account thereof

The heaven kept on turning for a while after this, and when the sun showed its face from a corner, the monarch ordered the paymasters to call out the
names of the men, high- and lowborn. The names of the warriors were written down properly, as was worthy of champions. As it accorded with the new moon, there firstly was Farīborz, the general. Next, Tūs with the famous clan of Nowżar, all mace-bearers and all soldiers. Thirdly, there were the likes of Gūdarz son of Keshwād, whose counsel caused the army to be well-organised – his grandfather had eighty-eight sons, brave men from the mountains and horsemen of the plains – and the margrave with the select champion: Zawāre and the praiseworthy Farāmarz. It came about that the registrar did not know how he could write down the names of so many famous men of splendour and glory onto the emperor's roll as befitted them. They were ordered to leave the city and to go from the town to the desert and the plain. The soldiers one by one bowed down with their heads to the ground and said in praise, 'We are servants, whilst the kingship is yours; the earth is yours, from the bull's head to the orb of the moon.' He opened the door to his treasury of coins and said, 'The treasure of great men should not remain concealed.' He distributed the hidden treasures amongst the soldiers and sent one of the great men out in every direction.

After that, the victorious world-ruler sat with his sceptre upon his golden throne and had his flock, from every place where they were roaming, gathered all together in a crowd at the army camp. He bestowed gifts on the soldiers one by one, so that they would gird their loins for war. He spoke as follows: 'O, renowned men of mine, friends of mine both young and old, deny your eyes and bellies food and sleep, and delight the soul of Siyāwakhsh. Someone taught them a suitable lesson: if an eminent and fortunate son is not in pain about avenging his father, his heart will become soft through sleep and through food, his constitution will not be purified by water, and a sword will be his helmet and soil his crown.'

When the army was completely arranged, he distributed riches to every person. First, he ordered Gūdarz to block the road to Khotan and make an unexpected assault upon that region to rob the crowns and thrones from the nobles, since Tūrān obtained its worth from that region and Pirān was the commander of those lands. Towards the region of Khwārazm Ashkash would go, so he quickly made preparations to fight Shīde, for Shīde was a son of Afrāsiyāb, a proud young man with power and vigour. On the field of valour, at the time of battle, he could even bring a war elephant to destruction. The fortunate king ordered Lohrāsp to go towards Ghūr in order to attack the army. He entrusted the Ālāns and Georgia to him and said to him, 'Lion-like valorous hero, at the time of battle you must destroy Garsīwaz, the evil-doer of our times, for that malicious, defamed, wretched man shed the blood
of my dear father. You must exact vengeance by mace and by sword upon everyone you find from the Tūrānian army who agreed with the killing of the king, and you must bring his head with its crown down to the dust. Because from now on, by the strength of the Creator of the world, I and my mace and sword upon the terrain of war will not enjoy rest or pleasure by night or day. My throne is my saddle and my cup my sword; neither night nor day will I take sleep or food, nor will I open my two lips for feasting or entertainment. Perhaps, with the power of God I will bring my enemies down into the dust with my battle-sword and I will brighten the soul of Siyāwakhsh and with goodness transform the world into a rose-garden. Siyāwakhsh's soul should not be in pain whilst evil people take pleasure, rest and food. Now his son has placed the crown of glory upon his head, the exalted people will not laugh at this.'

When the colourful peacock lit up from behind the mountains and burned the feathers and wings of the black crow, the warriors of Iran all departed in such a manner as the king had ordered his flock. When the king had sent the army in every direction, he himself and the faithful Rostam returned and he sat upon his throne with music and wine, drinking to the memory of Kāwos the Keyānid king. When his head had become heavy with palatable wine, the illustrious king went to his sleeping quarters.

Rostam speaks with Keykhosrow about the province of Khargāh; Keykhosrow's answer to Rostam and his speech about sending Farāmarz there, to which Rostam agrees

When the night had traversed the face of the earth and the light of morning opened its lips, so that the land was refreshed, the mountain turned the colour of sandarac and you would say that the world became like the eye of a cockerel, the world-champion Rostam came to the court and said to the king of exalted stock, 'Adjacent to the province of Zābolestān lies a land more pleasant than a rose-garden. There is an abundance of cities like paradises and many villages with gardens and tillage, as well as castles, palaces and high fortresses; nothing in the world is so exquisite. It is a world adorned with good things, containing boundless soldiers and riches. An experienced landlord had gained success in that region, which is called Khargāh. On one side that province gives passage to India, and to Qannowj and Kashmir; on the other side, the road leads towards the border of China, adjoining the kingdom of Tūrān. In former times, that province belonged to us and we received its tribute in its entirety. When Kāwos became devoid of power and lustre and
he went without food and sleep out of pain for his son, the Tūrānians took that region and no Iranians remained there. Now the king of the land of Tūrān has his share in that prosperous region, in its lands and cities. Since you are now the king of Iran, eminent, illustrious and seeking vengeance, we must not let the Turks rise up and also take profit from the lands belonging to Iran. We must put together a large army under a renowned, strong champion and send it there on the command of Your Majesty, with his elephants and with his drum, throne and crown, so that they can empty that land of them and settle there in hundredfold magnificence. With the strength of his valour he will bring to ruin Sind, Kashmir and India, as well as the margraves of Jādūstān, so that the world will become obedient to Your Majesty. When we have taken hold of that region in its entirety, we will bring defeat upon the land of Tūrān.’

The king replied to him, ‘You elephant-bodied hero, you enjoy high standing with me. You are that celebrity in whose fortune both the Iranian army and the court rejoice. You were the educator of my father, of which you are well aware, famous nobleman. I gave you your country and its cultivated lands, as well as treasures and soldiers whenever they were depleted. A land that lies next to your country, why should someone else take it and settle there?! Tell Farāmarz, the celebrated lion-slayer, to gird his loins for this war. From Khargāh to the land of India and from Kashmīr to the borderlands of Jādūstān you must entrust him with the kingship of every region that he conquers and that is submitted to his command, for he is a hero, proud and celebrated. The matter will be resolved in his hands; his snare will be at the throats of the crocodiles.’

When Rostam had heard the king’s speech, his heart became fresh like a pomegranate flower. He praised the king abundantly and said, ‘May wisdom be joined with your good name, may also your crown and throne be prosperous and may the revolving heaven be at your service.’ After that, a messenger mounted, to summon the son who had been appointed to this task.

Farāmarz comes before Keykhosrow and the king orders him to take the province of Khargāh; he accepts and gives an answer; an account of the king bestowing gifts and giving him counsel

When Farāmarz, the army leader and strong warrior, came before the great king, he kissed the ground in front of his throne and spoke in eulogy of the king of the Iranian army: ‘May you live for ever with an enlightened mind, may you be exalted upon the Keyānid throne! May your enemies
be diminished and destitute and may the hearts of your well-wishers be upright!’ The king of kings made much of that warrior and said to him, ‘Perfect man of good fortune, you are an offshoot of that famous hero from whom a formidable lion learns his skills. You will remain with this strength and these arms and shoulders, as long as the world continues as a result of the actions of Zâl.’

Next, he let him sit beside the throne and sent for the renowned men of the army. The king of the country lined up two rows of ten thousand selected horsemen and gave them to him, together with elephants and trumpets, drums and banners, as well as a crown and a throne, and a sword inlaid with purple. He entrusted those renowned commanders to that celebrated young man and said to him, ‘March towards India, to that region of Khargâh, as far as the Jâdûân, and clean out Qannowj, Kashmir and India. Take your sword to India, army leader, and of any of the Tûrânians that may be there, whether they are a champion or someone’s sweetheart, of any person who might seek to fight against you, you must drag his head completely into the dust. When you have conquered it, that kingship is yours: rule it with munificence and along a straight path. But you must not be severe with your subjects or make them wretched and abject. Be a friend to the poor in every place; act in accordance with your reputation amongst your own people. Do not be an acquirer of riches during your youth; take treasures but do not cause anyone any trouble. Your reputation must remain unsullied. Take care that your heart will not be perturbed in this world. It is a transient dwelling, which will not last forever; no one remains powerful in this world.’

Farâmarz kissed the ground and eulogised the king of illustrious stock. He said to him, ‘O, example of the Keyânid kings, I keep my loins girded at your command. I will travel upon that road as you have ordered and I will obtain all my honour from your speech.’ Having said this, he returned to his home and made necessary preparations for his battle against the enemy.

Rostam gives his son counsel for his journey

His father also gave him several of his brave men, lions of pre-excellence. He further gave him a lot of advice and counsel: ‘Do not molest any person without reason. In every place where there is a warlike person, send a swift messenger at a gallop to him. First you must speak gently’, he said, ‘for with softness you can bring a snake out from its hiding place. When your work does not achieve anything good through kindness, you must apply harshness and, after that, seek battle. When you have brought your inferior
to obedience, you must forgive him in accordance with justice and worship of God. When you have become victorious, you must not order bloodshed or provocation of the people. Every day you must inform me of your actions and conduct, of the battles and quarrels, of good and bad things, of peace and of war, so that we will not be sorrowful.’

All night the man of enlightened mind loosened his tongue with counsel for his son. And when the father had completed his counsel and advice, the heroic man put his head down to sleep.

The beginning of the story of Farāmarz setting off for the province of Khargāh, Rostam travelling two stages to send Farāmarz off and Farāmarz’s arrival there

When the sun upon the azure dome spread yellow rubies from its face, as it shone radiantly from the constellation of Aries, so that the earth all over became like golden water, Farāmarz the army leader, conqueror of countries, came out and mounted his swift horse. He beat the drum and set out for the road, whilst the world filled with soldiers and hubbub. Rostam, the famous world-champion, rode out for two stages along with his son, after which they in parting gave each other many kisses on their cheeks and heads. Rostam like a lion turned back from the road, whilst Farāmarz, the brave warrior, for his part led his army towards the province of Khargāh, having dipped the tip of his sword of glory in vengeance. He urged his army on fast as the wind, as he happily approached the border, and after a three-day journey the exalted Farāmarz and his army dismounted there.

There was a champion there, a celebrated hero of enlightened mind named ĖToworg, valiant, proud, strong and rugged, who was the margrave of that province of Khargāh. He was also a kinsman of Afrāsiyāb and commanded an army endowed with rage and power. Whilst Farāmarz stayed there, he called for a scribe who had elegance and understanding, and told him to write an agreeable letter to that renowned man, filled with advice and lessons and written with pomp and pride, and inform him about his business point by point.

Farāmarz writes a letter to ĖToworg and has it delivered by Kāhū

As the scribe prepared his reed, he first cut off its end at a slant. Now that its head had been cut off, the reed became eloquent and like a polo stick immediately played ball. First, as the pen touched paper and made notations
upon it with black musk, it wrote: ‘In the name of the Lord of life and of the
world, Who reveals things open and hidden, the Lord of Mars, Venus and
the sun, because of Whom hatred exists and because of Whom love exists.
He is the world-ruler, the sovereign of the heavenly wheel, He is worshipped
from high to low. From him comes repose, fear and hope, and because of
Him black and white are visible. May His benedictions be upon the king
of Iran, who has been His warp and woof since Āfrīdūn. You should know,
distinguished, pugnacious Toworg, what our great king said to us: “Formerly
it would not happen that the Tūrānian army could pass through the province
of Khargāh. Since the times of the God-worshipping Manūchehr, when Tūrān
was crushed by his sword, no one, neither king nor the warriors from the
army of Tūrān, had access to this province. But now, how come that the
Turks have settled in this province and how come they have taken hold of
those lands?! As soon as the lion had abandoned the woods, the fox bravely
entered the forest. You must go and quickly empty the country of them, hack
off their heads with your sword of vengeance.”

‘I have come now on the order of the king to this province, with my
elephants, drums and soldiers, for I will not allow anyone from the land of
Tūrān to pass through these lands. I will clear Khargāh of the Turks. It is
with goodness that I have shown you the way. If wisdom shows you the right
way, you will know by contemplating good and bad that by the covenant of
the pure-minded Keykhosrow you have no foothold in this province. It will
be better for you if you leave behind in this province your treasure and army,
as well as your throne, diadem, crown and tiara, and if you depart. May you
not receive any retribution for this evil. Heed this advice of mine filled with
dread and fear: you must not stretch yourself beyond your limits. For if you
rebel against my speech, I will not allow your body to keep its head. I will
also lay the province of Khargāh to waste and I will make a trapping-place
for you out of the mouths of lions; I will turn your entire army, the lower
and higher ranks, into food in the bellies of lions and wolves.’

When the letter was completed, it was rolled up. The ambitious conqueror,
filled with anger and dispute, ordered a courageous and intrepid man, whose
name was Kāhū the lion, to gird his loins tightly for the journey and go to
that pugnacious man. The noble Kāhū made preparations for his journey
and quickly left, hurrying to Khargāh.
Toworg is informed about the arrival of Farāmarz's messenger, he sends out Mahāwar to receive him and they come before Toworg; Toworg's answer to Kāhū

When he arrived close to the border of Khargāh, he selected a commander from amongst his warriors and told him to go happily, cheerfully and with an enlightened mind to that margrave and tell him: ‘An exalted, sharp-witted man has come with a message for you from Farāmarz, who is full of conflict and bustle, and he will not stand around for long upon the road.’ The messenger went like the raging wind, or just like an arrow that had sprung from a bow, and when he arrived beside the river on the border of Khargāh, he saw a mountain: it was a fortress rising up from the depths of the water and reaching up into the heights with its top in the clouds, where the sun acted as its gate-keeper and Saturn kept watch over its roof. It had been raised up so close to the heavenly wheel that it scratched the cheeks of the moon with its bricks. A learned wise warrior has said that the son of Fereydūn suffered his affliction there. It was filled with palaces and gardens and full of running water. Here, a decrepit old man would become young. It contained arms and soldiers in abundance and provided the desert plain of Tūrān with colour and fragrance.

The envoy approached the foot of the fortress and requested admittance from the gate-keepers there. He said, ‘The exalted Kāhū is this very moment coming towards your renowned leader from Farāmarz, who is making preparations for war. What will that bold knight Toworg say? As we were travelling, he told me, “Go ahead and bring them information about us.”’ One of the warriors went inside and spoke to the army leader, who was amazed when he heard this. He ordered them to grant him access, and when the envoy had entered the court, he made his tongue like an arrow and his heart like a bow and told him that Kāhū was coming in a hurry. When the warlike, intrepid Toworg heard this, he selected a man like a lion from amongst his warriors to go and receive the hero Kāhū, and ride towards him with banners and drums. That renowned man, who was called Mahāwar, arranged his affairs to go like the wind with several chiefs, shouting and raging, in order to receive the bold man.

He crossed in a boat and rode in haste towards Kāhū, like an arrow from a bow. When the lion-slayer Kāhū saw him, he drew up ranks opposite Mahāwar. The two nobles approached each other and Kāhū asked the other about things great and small. After that, they travelled towards Toworg, so that he could convey the message from the great warrior. He laid that letter
before him and a scribe read it, whilst Toworg listened. That intrepid man became agitated and exclaimed, ‘Why should I keep my words hidden? Even if Farāmarz is skilful with a sword, I am no less than he in bodily strength. Nor is my king less than his king; at a time of war he is a hundred times greater than he. No one in the world will ever see in his dreams a fortress, an army, a people and a river filled with water like these. Who is he to tell me to relinquish this fortress and depart, so that he can be the new army leader?! Since that young man sees great power in himself, he will undoubtedly rely on his own strength. Does he not know that even though an elephant is brave, he will weaken in the claws of a lion? I will not cast aside my reputation and honour and I will not turn away from him at the time of battle.’

For three days he entertained Kāhū as his guest, among his own eminent men and companions. On the fourth day, he told him to go to that renowned hero and say to him, ‘O, man without understanding or intellect, a person of clear insight would certainly not say this. You in your impetuous actions do not know that I have raised my head in every gathering. And then you tell me to abandon my homelands and my court and to go to the army of Tūrān?! Arrange your affairs and take no rest at all, for I will make preparations for battle. Certainly, you will not stay alive; fate has led you from Iran to this province. I will make you the guest of my mace and sword, I will shower you with arrows like rain from a cloud.’

Toworg leads his army to war against Farāmarz and Kāhū takes his letter of reply to Farāmarz; Farāmarz leads out his army against him and Toworg devises a plan to make a night attack

When Kāhū turned away from there, he swiftly travelled along the long road. The bold Toworg arranged his affairs and led his army out of the fortress to the plain. He also brought out his apparel of war and his arms, together with his trumpets and drums, while the desert became dark as ebony. Such an army came from the mountain to the plain that the earth-bearing bull3 was stupefied by its agitation. The hooves of the horses caused the heart of the mountain to tear and dirt was scattered up to the face of the sun. The dust of the army transformed the surface of the water into such a state that a camel could run upon it at full speed. The king of the stars became astonished at the noise of the warriors on those mountains and plains. Toworg quickly crossed the river and set off, wending his way towards Farāmarz in haste.

In the meanwhile, when Kāhū had arrived at a gallop with Farāmarz of enlightened mind, he told the great champion what he had heard from
Toworg in its entirety. When the army leader heard this, he jumped up and said, ‘I will join my sword with that malignant Turk!’ He immediately blew the horn and led his army out, his steed scattering dust up to the sun. As they in one body approached the enemy, the world became as obscure as the dark night. He ordered his celebrated army to dismount at the water’s edge and they set up the pavilion of the select champion on the plain of the Turanian land.

Between the two armies were two parasangs and, as they alighted, night came on. It was a night darker than ebony and the stars were shining like sandarac. Farāmarz ordered a patrol to go around the desert and go behind the watch of the other army. The Turkish horsemen became aware of this and hurried towards their army leader. They told the warlike lion Toworg, ‘The feisty warrior Farāmarz has arrived, he has dismounted in these plains and valleys, but he surely has no information about us. It would be advisable that we perform a night attack upon them and turn the grass the colour of jujube fruit.’ The ill-advised Toworg then said, ‘Great men and bold warriors, we must this very moment strike against them and with our swords pierce their hearts and eyes!’

Toworg makes a night attack upon Farāmarz and Farāmarz fights him and kills Toworg’s champion Qolūn; Toworg flees

Two ranks of ten thousand suitable warriors moved out of that innumerable army, with their weapons of war and equipped for the fight, brave horsemen, strong and powerful. He spoke to them as follows: ‘Go off road and quickly ride along a shortcut. You must suddenly throw yourselves upon them and tear out the hearts and eyes of the enemies.’ They set their minds to it, prepared themselves and galloped away. There was no sound of the horn and no beating of the drum during the night that was turbid at the time of cock-crow, as they approached the Iranians, all with their loins girded tightly for battle.

The patrol of warriors from the Iranian army amounted to more or less a thousand on the road, whilst the other illustrious men had one by one lain down, tired from all their galloping. All the tired and sleeping men still wore their coats of mail on their chests; no one had even loosened his belt. All the horses of the warriors stood strong in their horse armour and saddled-up. As Toworg’s army approached the army camp of the great champion during that night as dark as dirt, the patrol all of a sudden engaged with those warriors. A clashing of swords, maces and arrows erupted, and the desert turned into
a pool of blood from the heroes. That tumult and hubbub and those shouts that the pugnacious men directed at each other caused the Iranian warriors to jump up from their sleep, their hearts all filled with war and their heads with expedition. They mounted their swift horses like lions, whilst a cry rose up from the brave heroes. Because of all that tumult and hubbub and all the capturing and killing, no strength or understanding remained with the commanders. The night was dark and the blades of the swords were flashing like lightning from the heart of a dark cloud.

The army leader Farāmarz, the hero, mounted, full of anger and with his shimmering sword in his hand. Appearing like a mountain, he made an attack, all by himself, single-handed and without any companions. In one movement he uprooted them from their places and threw them into his own army camp. In each direction in which he performed an attack, he unhorsed two hundred intrepid men, as that tall champion moved about with his sword and with his mace, lance or lasso. Many of those pugnacious men were killed; above their heads a heaven of affliction had appeared. He then told his chieftains, ‘You must handle the reins of your steeds as lightly as smoke.’ Because of the actions of an unwise army leader, bad things happened to his army upon that battlefield. At that moment the moon showed its face, so that, although the night was dark, the moon showed the way.

There was a champion, Qolūn by name, rugged, ill-tempered and a spiller of blood, with the strength of an elephant and with a body like a mountain, so that a mountain would become helpless in a battle against him. He quickly went towards the champion and let out a cry: ‘Hey, wicked man! You will now experience how real lions fight: if you can hold out, you will sacrifice your head!’ Farāmarz filled with rage about Qolūn, clenched his fists and rode out from his army. On his own, the champion went in a gallop up to him, turned his reins towards him and then said to him, ‘Hey, malevolent, useless man, you try and hold out awhile upon the battlefield!’ When the large, bold Qolūn saw him, he came up roaring like a rapacious wolf, and as he arrived at a gallop next to the army leader, he drew forth his heavy mace from the saddle of his large horse. He lifted it up and struck the head of that lion-like man. The army leader turned his battle-horse, quickly came up behind him and grabbed him by the belt as if he was a polo-ball, then lifted him up from his leopard-skin saddle; it was as if he weighed no more than a gnat. He threw him head first with such force to the ground that his buttocks could not be distinguished from his neck.

He took his soul-robbing sword in his hand and once more showed his superiority over the Turks. He roared like thunder and let out such a loud cry
that the mountains and the sea started agitating. His sword made the earth sodden from end to end, and the dust from his fights caused the heavens to bend, as he with his head-scattering sword and his battle-mace brought those famous men to annihilation. In this manner, until the dark night tore apart and the sun threw its reflection from the sky onto the ground, the army leader and his champions did not rest, whilst their swords were scattering the heads of their enemies.

When ˙Toworg, the oppressor, saw what kind of bad things happened to his soldiers, he took flight from the large army, like a gazelle from the claws of a wolf. Behind them maces and swords and in front of them the river, their fortune had put its head to sleep: they at once set off from there and spilled into that deep river. Such are the workings of battle and war: they put one person’s body at ease and another one’s in pain. ˙Toworg and a group of noblemen arrived at the river like insensate men and in fear entrusted their lives to the boats. It was not a day for battle, war or tricks. They entered the fortress and shut the gate, their heads without helmets and their waists without belts.

˙Toworg writes a letter to Afrāsīyāb and explains the circumstances of his situation

In pain and grief he wrote a letter to the land of Tūrān, addressed to Afrāsīyāb. He first praised the Creator, the victorious and omnipotent Lord: ‘May His blessings be upon the Tūrānian king, the lord of Māchīn and of the land of Tūrān.’ He next said, ‘From the country of Iran an army has come, filled to the brim with anger and vengeance: Farāmarz, the noble-born son of the elephant-bodied hero, has come here with his troops. First, he sent a message to me saying: “Leave your province and forsake your reputation. Move from there to Tūrān without delay, and if you do not, come and prepare for war.” I became fearful that I would have to flee from my domains, that I would have to leave this settlement of falcons for the owls, so I lined up my renowned soldiers, worthy men, suitable for combat. When that army opposed Farāmarz’s army like a planet in the heavenly orbit and the moon, I conceived the idea first to attack by night, because in my heart the thought was steadfast that I would turn the desert into a sea with their blood when I would attack the heights by deceit. I led my army with verve during the dark night, at a time of drunkenness, rest and sleep. But when my soldiers drew their swords of vengeance, no assistance was proffered by fortune. The Iranians had laid an ambush, so when my army came in their midst, they
at once opened their arms to receive us, killing many of us and defeating us. Now I am sitting with a thousand horsemen in my fortress, until the king gives me my orders, which I then will execute. Because I fear that that evil-conceiving man will prevail.’

As his messenger he sought a brave man, whom he told, ‘You are a man of understanding, intellect and reason; you must not delay anywhere, if you are to deliver my letter to the king.’ The messenger jumped up like the wind and headed for Tūrān, his head filled with thoughts.

Farāmarz distributes the booty amongst his army and takes counsel with his soldiers, and the soldiers’ answer to Farāmarz; Farāmarz blocks the road in three places against the army coming to assist ˙Toworg

Farāmarz for his part, endowed with strength and force, looked over the battlefield from end to end: he saw the world filled with the corpses of the enemy and he saw the valleys and plains piled with heaps of dead men. Of the courageous Iranian men of battle also a thousand heroes were killed. The entire plain of Khargāh was strewn with riches, like a Chinese bazaar. There were also herds of Arabian horses in every direction where the Turks had abandoned them. He bestowed all those things upon his soldiers, upon each one in such manner as was to his liking.

He then said to his brave men of war, ‘You brave men of understanding and worth, I have heard that the malevolent ˙Toworg and a number of horsemen have gone to the fortress, having found a passage across the river by boat after they had turned away from the battle against us. Since the enemy has fled into the fortress, this matter cannot be resolved by fighting them. I suspect that he has sent news to Tūrān about my doings, from beginning to end. Any moment now an army will come to him and raise its head up from the hollows to the heavens, so we must cross that water before an army from Afrāsiyāb arrives and matters will be different, because then the fortress will again be full of soldiers. We must quickly have recourse to a scheme to deal with him and bring that army and that fortress to ruin.’

His renowned men spoke in reply, ‘Celebrated man and world-champion, we have girded our loins at your command and counsel, whether we are in good health or wounded. Do such as is your opinion on this matter.’ When he had heard the answer of his courageous men, he galloped to the river’s edge, crossed it by boat and performed his business: he circled the foot of the fortress and was amazed as he looked in every direction. He was hoping to find a place from where he could capture that fortress like a fish in his net,
but as much as he went round it, there was no way into the fortress, behind or in front; he saw no space for a falcon to fly over it. Helplessly he turned back from that place.

The soul of that brave man was filled with reflection as he sat long devising a plan how he could bring about that battle by means of a scheme and perhaps overthrow the enemy. He had thirty thousand men of war from Iran and Zābolestān, both cavalry and infantry, and he divided the entire army into three parts. He selected two exalted men, endowed with power, and entrusted two companies to them. He then said, ‘Renowned warriors, there are three roads from here to the country of Tūrān, upon which we must lie in wait. I entrust you with two of these three roads and you must at all times avoid any negligence. You must now march quickly and drive thoughts of sleep and food from your minds. Night and day there must be a patrol with watchmen to keep you informed around the clock, so that an army will not unexpectedly arrive and cause trouble for you. Because I have no doubt that this fortress cannot be taken in a hundred battles, I hope that the pure God will be our guide and I can obtain this province through force and intellect.’

After that, the two champions departed along those roads, having girded their loins for war. The other company he took upon himself, all the while amazed at those fortifications. Having mounted, he rode along the third road, as he reflected with his heart full of wisdom. In each direction he sent a thousand patrolmen, so that they would inform him about the fortress. The young intelligent man of glory and understanding kept his eyes and ears open to wise thoughts.

**Ţoworg’s letter reaches Afrāsiyāb; an account of him conceiving a plan**

Meanwhile, as the letter arrived in Tūrān, the king was informed in a fitting manner that a messenger had come from Ţoworg to the exalted great king. Afrāsiyāb called him before himself, in order to hear what he would say about the mountains and the water. When he came, he kissed the ground and said, ‘May fortune be joined with the king of Tūrān!’, then gave him the letter. When the king had read it through, he was filled with anger and vengeance about the pain of the army. He thundered and remained confounded about this matter. He reviled the messenger and sent him away. Then he spoke as follows, ‘O foolish man, who cannot discern a good thought from a bad one! Someone who has such a fortress of which the height is adjacent to heaven, and all he may need in victuals and food, more than can be counted, is stored in that fortress, which also contains running water and even cultivated fields,
as well as proud knights that can capture demons, when he lets his army go to the plain to do battle, will he not undoubtedly make matters difficult for himself?! May that foolish man be cursed, that unworthy, malevolent man of bad descent!’

Next, he ordered a lion-like man to gird his loins tightly to seek revenge. He was a renowned and exalted warrior, who had seen many highs and lows during his acts of valour. He was called Shīrmard, as he continually performed battle against lions. To that lion of a man he entrusted two ranks of ten thousand selected men of war, and he told him, ‘Be insightful in your actions and protect the army against the enemy.’

Afrāsiyāb writes an angry letter to ˙T oworg, sends Shīrmard with an army to assist ˙T oworg and gives him counsel

He dictated a letter to ˙Toworg, reproachfully saying, ‘O blustering wolf, who had told you to allow your army out of that fortified place onto the plains?! You should have stayed in your place, for there was no need to put one foot outside the fortress, because even if the evil-doing, malevolent enemy had settled down in those lands for years, they would not obtain anything but a mountain of bedrock and they would not even have to undergo a defeat. Because of your foolishness, O wicked man of bad stock, you in this manner led your army to ruin. Now that Shīrmard is coming over to you, do not make a tour of your army or your fortress, but entrust the army, fortress and people to him. Turn round and do not do battle against anyone.’

When he had sealed that letter and given it to that renowned lion from the family of Shirū, he said to him, ‘O brave Shīrmard, exalted, proud man and strong lion, you must go to the province of Khargāh and you must not take any rest along the way. You will be the protector of that province and army, you will be the leading king of those lands. As you travel, you must be vigilant that the warrior Farāmarz with his army does not block your way, because there are few horsemen like him in the world and he is a son of the elephant-bodied warrior Rostam. I hope by the Distributor of justice on the day of reckoning that you will be victor in this battle.’

When the brave Shīrmard, exalted, proud and a true lion, had heard this from him, he did not stop day or night from marching with the renowned men of his army. For three days and three nights he urged them onwards like the wind, in a manner that no one could remember before. On the fourth dark night he arrived and let his soldiers dismount beside the road.
The episode in which Farāmarz fights Shīrmard and Shīrmard is killed at Farāmarz’s hand; an account thereof

They alighted in that region where Farāmarz’s company was. When Farāmarz’s patrol became aware of this, they went onto the road to look at that army, in order to find out who they were and why they were hurrying so in the middle of the night. When they had seen them, they told their champion, and the heart of that famous man became happy because of this. He knew that that army had come in the dark night to that place to seek revenge, that they were soldiers who had hurried from Tūrān towards the fortress in search of battle. He ordered his soldiers to mount and to gird their loins for an attack. In the dark night resembling a mountain, they came up like a black cloud over the heads of that army, from which cloud a shower of arrows rained down. Everyone was shouting in the clamour and bustle.

When Shīrmard awoke from his sleep, he confusedly made his way to his steed. He mounted his swift horse, spurred it on from its place like fire and let out a roar in the manner of a lion; you would have thought a whole body of men had come down from the universe. With his mace, his javelin and his sharp sword he brought down the day of resurrection upon the Iranians. Many of the Iranian soldiers were killed and no one was left with any power on the battlefield.

On the other side, Farāmarz had remained uninformed, so he felt rancour about the fight by the enemy when the heroes who had been on the battlefield said to the champion of the army, ‘Many of our celebrated men have been killed at the hands of that demon without fear or trepidation.’ The army leader spurred on his grey war-horse and attacked Shīrmard, with his mace in one hand and his bow on his saddle. When he saw him, he said to him, ‘Hey, malevolent man, you saw the woods empty of feisty lions, so that you now could bravely come to fight. You will experience a battle against men of war; if you remain alive, you need not fear a crocodile.’ Shīrmard answered, ‘Bad-natured Sīstāni, you will be taught courage, strength and skill. You have placed your own foot in a snare; as you sought a reputation, you came to disgrace.’ He came close to the champion, holding his battle-sword in his fist. They fought with each other in such a manner that you would think they had merged with each other. When a sword swung at the head of the champion, the young warrior lifted his shield above his head, so that the sword that was aimed at his head hit the shield. The army leader spurred on his horse from its place, lifted his iron mace to his neck and from his full height hit...
Shīrmard on the head in such a manner that he, wearing his helmet and clad in his coat of mail, was broken in pieces and was thrown down onto the ground of the battlefield.

Farāmarz drew his sharp sword from its scabbard, roared like thunder and called out his name. He threw himself upon the large army as if he were a lion and the enemy a herd of cattle. With his shimmering, fire-sparking sword, he like the wind kept on rendering them abject. Then the leaders of the Iranian horsemen, as they saw their famous champion, all drew their sharp swords in vengeance, so that it was like the day of resurrection for the Tūrānians. When they saw that their celebrated commander had been killed, the renowned men all turned their heads and started to flee in a herd, leaving their goods and chattels behind. After the horsemen of the Iranian army had put many of them to death, they pillaged their army camp, all their tents, horses and pavilions. When Farāmarz, the army leader of enlightened mind, and his renowned and courageous men were done with their fight against the enemy, they marched towards their own encampment.

An account of Farāmarz finding Afrāsiyāb’s letter that he had sent via Shīrmard to ˙Toworg and of Farāmarz devising a scheme and taking Shīrmard’s clothes

At that moment, one of the illustrious Iranians came before the champion and said, ‘Among the tents of the combat-eager Turks I found a letter that had fallen to the ground.’ He handed it over and it was read by a noble secretary. It was a letter written on silk, filled with anger and vengeance and full of effervescence and passion, from the army leader of Tūrān, King Afrāsiyāb, addressed to the noble, pugnacious ˙Toworg, saying: ‘When the large army has reached you, you must entrust your province and your men of war to this renowned Shīrmard.’ When that letter had been read to the champion, his champion’s heart filled with thoughts about this. Through what plan could he grab hold of the fortress, even if this were to bring him honour by means of a ruse? But a wise man has said: ‘When matters become tight at a time of turmoil and when one’s hands are about to remain devoid of skills, it is better to set your heart on finding a stratagem. By means of a scheme, a wise man of great insight will catch the head of a wicked demon in his noose.’

He wrote a letter to each of the two companies that had settled near the main roads and told them, ‘O intelligent, skilful and expert knights, you must know that through the twists of fate an army came from the land of Tūrān towards us on the battlefield and we drew our swords of vengeance at
each other. Eventually, God came to my assistance and their luck was turned upside down. I thus believe that that famous army was going towards the fortress and I now hold a thought in my heart to let my company pass in that direction. As soon as you are informed about the position of me and my great and glorious company, you must march along the road according to the customs of war and battle, and raise the dust. When you have come close to my company, you must for a while fight ardently. Then you will start fleeing from me, so that I can pass in front of you. When the army leader ˙Toworg sees from the fortress that you are afraid of this large army, he will believe that my brave company has come from Tūrān, sent by the king. They will open the gate of the fortress, and I will immediately lead my army at a gallop into that fortress. Perhaps I can seize the fortress by means of this stratagem, for I have no plan other than this one.’

The messenger left and the army leader, that warrior, counted each one of his soldiers. He ordered them to don tunics and helmets according to the custom of the Tūrānian army, as well as take coats of mail, horses and even battle-swords of the same kind as they have in the land of Tūrān, and then to arrange themselves on the road while wasting as little time and effort as possible. Farāmarz dressed himself in Shīrmard’s coat of mail and also his helmet, took his horse and war-banner, and then mounted, even holding his blood-shedding sword in his hand. Galloping with his army, he headed for the road, with the intention of razing those fortifications to the ground.

**Farāmarz devises a stratagem, takes counsel with his soldiers and tells them an anecdote; Farāmarz goes to the gate of the fortress and gives the letter to ˙Toworg**

Meanwhile, the champion’s messengers had reached those generals, and as soon as they had read the letters, they got up and hurried towards Farāmarz the hero. When those two companies had come close by and darkened the day with their dust, the three companies engaged with each other in such a manner that they all hit each other on the head with their maces and swords. For a while both companies went fleeing from the battlefield, whilst the proud, exalted man followed them in reproof for half a parasang, before he turned round. When the warriors in the fortress saw this from afar, those lion-like men of the fortress started shouting. They believed that the Iranian horsemen who were fleeing from the battlefield in this manner were Iranians running in flight from the army of the king of the Tūrānians, and they said, ‘We, too, should make for the plains and eradicate the Iranians root and branch.’
As the soldiers and their commander were talking, the army headed for the fortress. The young, exalted man of sun-like glory, that wise and eminent famous man, loosened the reins around the neck of his horse and went galloping in the manner of Āżargoshasp, arriving in a rush at the fortress's court. He told them, ‘I have a letter from King Afrāsīyāb for the great warrior, the army leader and commander-in-battle Ťoworg. The exalted king also privately talked to me about the army and spoke as follows: “My head has filled with anger and my heart has become heavy because of the doings of the Iranians,” and the king was distressed and his soul was disturbed because of that trouble with the province, the fortress and the army. Having selected an army for this purpose, which the prescient king of kings gave to me, he said to me, “You must go to the fortress with your army to be of assistance to them and give them good advice. Be the guardian of the fortress, as well as its supporter, and make sure that no harm comes from Iran.”’ The letter was handed over, and when they had read it, all their souls lifted up with happiness.

Ťoworg opens the gate of the fortress because of Farāmarz’s deceptive scheme, Farāmarz fights with Ťoworg and kills him and his army and takes the fortress; an account thereof

They opened the gate of the fortress and the strong lion immediately entered the height of the fortress. A pugnacious leopard once said to its cub: ‘O skilful, sharp-clawed child, never unknowingly make haste with your business; reflect and observe it from top to bottom. Do not consider yourself safe with a stranger’s sweet speech, especially at a time of dispute and battle, and do not submit your head to disgrace. At such a moment you must distinguish delay from haste. Perform an examination and fear for a trap; investigate in depth the nature of the speech, for behind a veil of friendship an enemy will show his power when it is time to overthrow his opponent.’ Since the foolish leader did not inquire about the stranger in this surprising affair and did not suspect any ruse of the enemy, he thus gave his fortress up to ruin.

The noble and strong Farāmarz by means of this stratagem threw himself upon the fortress. The army leader and his warriors as one man drew their swords on the mountain ridge and put many of them to the sword, without any means of delay or a road to escape. The entire mountainside was strewn with heaps of corpses and the rocks and soil became entirely smeared with blood. The commander Ťoworg quickly came up to contend with the great champion, but Farāmarz hit him once on the head with his sword, so that his
body at once fell into two pieces: by means of this blow to the head, both the renowned man and his horse were brought to perdition. The wave of blood that rose up from the sea of swords at its highest point reached the moon. As the blood started flowing through the diamond-bright river, the souls started flowing from the bodies together with the blood. This blood made the skirt of the mountain become like the river Jeyḫūn, so that the mountain stood up to its middle in blood.

In this manner, by the time the dark night arrived, neither the fortress nor its guardian and warriors remained. They razed all the walls of the fortress, dug them up and wholly removed them. The women and children came lamenting to the army leader and begged for protection: the famous leader spared them and then ordered the baggage to be loaded. They departed and, now the fortress had been razed to dust, those decimated fortifications became flat as the plain. That lion-hearted man happily came down, having turned the black rock into mud with his sword.

A wise, learned warrior once said this: ‘You must not entrust an army to an ignorant man. Never consider yourself safe from the enemy, for you will be scattering dust over your own head.’ When the army leader was finished with the fortress, he was happy in his heart and his face was like the new spring. He had fulfilled his heart’s wishes by means of that battle, sewing the eyes of sorrow shut with cheerfulness.

**Farāmarz writes a letter about his victory to King Keykhosrow with an account of his taking of the fortress and his killing of Ṭōworg and Shīrmard; the letter is received by King Keykhosrow**

He dictated a letter in accordance with the rules and customs to the king about his victory over that province and fortress. Like a black-faced, silver-beaked bird his words took flight through the air; from its beak the pearls of style were mixed with musk onto the surface of the dry paper. They rained fluidly onto the paper’s surface from the sea of thought, as they were completed by the pen’s nib in one swift movement just like night appears out of the day. He opened his lips in the name of God: ‘The Lord who possesses all power, the soul-bestowing and omnipotent Guardian of the world, Who created the sun, the heavens and the world, and Who created place and time and our state of being, may His blessings be upon the king of Iran, who holds the warp and woof of the tapestry of the world.

‘World-ruler and famous conqueror of lions, king and monarch in all seven climes, by whose glory my army on an auspicious day marched in
vengeance towards the province of Khargāh: the king with his sun-like glory will have heard that there was a fortress in those lands, over which the constellation of the Eagle, if it made haste, could with difficulty find a passage. As far as the world-leader has looked around the world, no one had seen such a fortress or ever heard of it. There was a champion, whose name was Tōworg, an exalted man, intrepid and strong, a world-ruler and a remembrance of monarchs, a crown-bearing king going back through the generations. He was from the stock of the praiseworthy Fereydūn all the way down to Siyāwakhsh of pure religion, who was commander of the province of Khargāh and guardian of the army with his manliness. That renowned leader sat in that fortress as the protector of the province, fortress and lands. When he received information about our actions, he crossed the river and came to face us. He had put together an army and prepared for war, having cleared his heart of fear and anguish. He plotted a night attack and came galloping, but by the glory of the king of kings with good intentions, I uprooted him from his place in such a manner that I could launch him senseless into the river, and I lifted up so many soldiers from their places that I could fill the river with them. At the end of the matter, that evil-doing bad man crossed the river in reproof and rebuke, ensconced himself with several of his men in the fortress and shut the gate. We made many tours of the fortress, but there was no place for a skirmish or battle. When I had become hopeless about that difficult place, our pure God became my guide. An army sent by Afrāsīyāb suddenly arrived, twisting and turning.’

In the letter he also gave a full account of the actions of their commander Shīrmard and of his stratagem for the fortress and on the battlefield, and then he dispatched a messenger fast as the wind. He further said: ‘Since I am finished with matters here, I will prepare my army to go to the Indians. I will dwell in this province until Your Majesty gives me orders to take to the road.’ A large amount of tribute and taxes from those lands, such as ten cowhides filled with pearls and rubies, which had been placed in the treasury of that fortress and had been gathered with effort from every place, he sent to the king of his country. The tongues of the heroes were full of praise for him.

The messenger travelled the long road with a caravan loaded with spoils and treasures. When he arrived at the court of the auspicious monarch, he was brought straight from the road before the king. He touched the ground with his face, recited many praises of the crown and the throne, and then gave the king the letter from the champion. When it had been read, the king became happy and of an enlightened soul and bestowed many praises,
straight from his heart, upon that famous warrior, protector of the army, as well as upon Rostam and Zāl and their family, for the manner in which they had raised their young offshoot.

**King Keykhosrow’s letter of reply to Farāmarz son of Rostam; Farāmarz receives the letter and he is pleased**

He told his secretary that very moment to prepare a letter of reply on silk to that honourable descendant of champions, who had removed the heads from his enemies with his sword, that exalted, eminent and famous man who had raised up his head amongst the warriors of the world, that army leader and son of the elephant-bodied warrior, a pillar for the warriors and an exaltation for the people: ‘Blessings from the Lord Who provides our daily bread upon Garshāsp as well as Sām and Narīmān, who had such an offspring and lineage. May the family never be without sons and descendants. We received your blessings and salutations, may this message from us reach you in a similar manner. From beginning to end I have read all the things that you related in your letter, O man of skills. It suits you thus, son of a champion, that no bad actions are caused by your behaviour. As soon as you have read this letter, you must without delay set in order and lead your army towards the Blacks! Go quickly and move onwards to the Indians; wash their entire country with your sword! Empty that land in its entirety of the sorcerers and rescue the world from the hands of evil people! Ask for what you need in terms of treasures or soldiers; no one will block the way for your request.’ Upon the letter he placed a seal like pitch, containing ambergris mixed with perfume. The king gave the messenger a robe of honour, about which the entire army became amazed, as well as a horse, armour, a tiara, a belt, horse’s tack, a saddle-cover and a golden hatchet. In all goodness he gave him many best wishes, so that the messenger’s heart became happy with the king. He kissed the ground and then jumped up and left. He made his preparations and hurried towards Farāmarz.

He quickly reached the champion with his letter from the monarch of all monarchs. He kissed the letter and placed it before him, passing on the salutations from the king and his army. When the exalted man had read the letter, he praised the world-ruler at length. He laughed and became happy with the king of kings, saying, ‘May his throne and his justice forever stay with him!’, whilst the leaders and heroes of the army also expressed their praise of his court. In that mood of happiness they got up from their places and arranged a pleasant feast. The wine was purple and their hearts were
happy; the world had changed and its rule was rejuvenated. The voices of the musicians changed the plains and valleys of the world into another Paradise. The cheeks of the fairy-faced servants who held cups of wine in their hands had obtained their colour from the wine cups; their faces were reflected in the wine cups and there were roses, tulips and narcissi at their feet. During the long days the heart of the exalted man did not take repose for one moment from the banquet and the presents. For one month he bestowed and drank in this manner, whilst no memory of fear and pain entered his heart.

Farāmarz sets off for India and he entrusts the province of Khargāh to his deputy and gives him counsel; several words of admonition are spoken

At the end of the month, the exalted young man with insight and design ordered the trumpet to be blown and he moved the army on from its place. He entrusted the entire province of Khargāh to one of his champions, named Nastūr, and he gave him an army of brave warriors. He told him: ‘Be continually on guard and protect the army from the enemy! If the Turks come and attack, you must not abandon your position and you must inform Dastān in Zābol, because of whom the great throne lasts: he will send you help in any situation and elevate your head to the turning heavens. Since he is the leading champion, what then can you fear in Zābol from evil people?’ Having said this, he turned to face the road, from which road he raised the dust up to the moon. He went galloping to India and saw that country of Jadūstān.

Hey, wise, alert-hearted man, who has entrusted his intelligent heart to knowledge, see what a learned man said, when he joined his speech with counsel. He spoke as follows, as he made his tongue loquacious: ‘People must, both publicly and privately, arrange themselves in accordance with ten qualities, because through those ten, their souls will be adorned. Firstly, one shall be in concord with the Creator of the world, openly and secretly. Next, he shall be intelligent when opposed with good or bad, and he shall not take one step towards injustice. Whoever performs justice with glory and equity will call justice to mind in his actions. Thirdly, he shall treat his desires with oppression, because if he wants a sweet drink, he will be given poison to drink. Anyone who suppresses his own desires will not obtain anything bad from his actions. Fourthly, he who discourses with a king shall live with respect and pious wisdom, for anyone who is arrogant towards a king will in the end experience nothing but the sword and basin. Fifthly, a man of a pure religion lives with compassion with regard to his subjects,
because when he exercises compassion towards a subject, he will catch the head of a good reputation in his snare. Sixthly, he shall suffer the load of his malevolent enemy without thinking of a reproof, because a man who endures patiently has foresight and will win over the enemy at the time of dispute. Seventhly, when he has power, he shall be wise, clear-sighted and a seeker of the right way. He shall display liberality towards a poor man and keep harshness and stinginess away from his heart. Eighthly, he shall extinguish for himself any association with ignorant and common people and with men who are ignoble and imperfect, so that he will swiftly escape from them. Ninthly, he will be a friend to men out of wisdom, because in friendship he holds the chief substance and not the shell. In his goodness he will not withhold counsel, even if swords are raining from the clouds onto his head. And tenthly, he shall consort with a man who worships knowledge and through humility gain pre-excellence over him: when he sees that he is lowly next to him, he will be famous through that lowliness. If these ten qualities are brought to pass for a man, all his desires and hopes will be fulfilled. In this world he will be amongst those who do good deeds and at the last judgement he will also be amongst the bountiful. May God, the Creator of the world, Who has brought forth the moon, Saturn and the sun, be content with His mute servant. May wisdom be of profit for his foundation and his soul!’ O, man who is fond of knowledge, I will now continue with the story about Farāmarz the lion!

**Beginning of the episode in which Farāmarz writes a letter to the Indian Raja and has it delivered by Keyānūsh; an account of him giving the letter to the Indian Raja and his speech**

When the skilful hero, prince of Sīstān, took his army to India, there was a man, the army leader of India, whose authority reached as far as the borders of Sind. By name and by title that man was ‘Raja’; he was an illuminator of knowledge and had pure insight. He also had an army with elephants and apparel, and night and day he was occupied with warfare and power. He always said, ‘No one on the face of the earth is like me in terms of valour at a time of anger and vengeance.’ Thirty-six kings in India paid him yearly and monthly tribute and the number of his soldiers was unknown, since their measure was larger than could be said or heard.

When Farāmarz the hero arrived there, he had a wise secretary brought before him and dictated a letter to the Raja, so that he would get to know him through his pure insight. As he opened the door of justice and knowledge
for him, he first made mention of the Creator of the world, the Lord without assistant, companion or partner; because of Whom secret and hidden things are visible: ‘The Creator of the world is without need. Know that everything high and low is at His command. With His power He created things out of nothing and He even made gems appear out of the soil. The sun and the moon are at His command and because of Him the dark earth finds its rest. He is the Lord and we are His servants, who bow our heads at His order and command.’ He further said, ‘O powerful king, you have both a seal and a treasure, and a throne and a crown, you are king of the proud men of India, who from the borders of China to Sind stand at your command. You will certainly have heard that the pure Ruler of the world created the world and our dwelling-places from water, soil, wind and fire, and that He brought forth man from His bosom.

‘Amongst the great men in the world no king has appeared like the pure-hearted Keykhosrow, with such a face, love, goodness and justice, with such strength, culture, glory and lineage. Because of his glory the world became fully secure and the actions of Ahriman were destroyed. All the kings of the world are his servants and have bowed their necks at his command. Since the time when the Protector of the world chose him from amongst the great men and entrusted the land in its entirety to his kingship, no other name than ‘Key’ was used to indicate the kingship. Nobles and kings across the surface of the earth from end to end have sung his praises. This world-ruler was begotten by Siyāwakhsh and is from the lineage of the insightful Fereydūn, who killed Zaḥḥāk of evil essence and bad stock and destroyed his offspring.

‘You have never paid a visit to his court and you have never gone to his homelands. It would be appropriate if you submitted to his command, since he is the monarch of the world from beginning to end. Send tribute and taxes to his court and you will know that you will not have any trouble with him. But if you do not, I will with my sharp sword set fire to this land of India, these provinces on the plains of Jādūstān, and I will tear them out by their root and foundation from this land; I will make all the mountains and plains like a sea and I will turn the heights of this regions into flatlands. I remember a saying the king told me, when he loosened his tongue to give me counsel: “A man is wise and of a pure religion if he chooses to step aside from injustice and dispute.” I have told you this, so that you will not say: “I am the sovereign of the people in India.” If you do not heed all that is written in the letter, you will be sorry and you will be left with nothing but the wind. Now, if you are wise and insightful and take care in all your actions, you will step aside from war and strife and you will slumber at ease in the world.
You will keep your lands, treasure and army, your greatness and kingship and your throne and crown. A wise, learned man with insight knows that reproach is better than praise. It is also good to free the heart from pain and sorrow and make it happy in this transient world.’

When the letter, which had been written down more swiftly than the wind in musk on a camphor surface, had fully dried, Farāmarz placed his seal upon it and called a learned man with insight and justice. He was a renowned hero, named Keyānūsh, an experienced warrior endowed with intelligence and ambition. The commander then told Keyānūsh, ‘Separate a sweet drink from poison. Take my letter to the supreme Raja, king of India and Kashmir and Rāy-barīn. After reading the letter, you must speak words of such a kind as you judge right, as long as they are of use to you.’ The intelligent Keyānūsh made preparations for the journey and opened the door of wisdom and sagacity. He set off and travelled to India, hurrying towards the Raja of enlightened mind, whose residence was in Qannowj, as were his treasure, army camp and chattels.

From the place where the champion of the army was staying it was a month’s journey to reach Qannowj, but the brave Keyānūsh of auspicious intellect arrived at the Raja in ten days’ time. He sent someone ahead on the road to inform the king and the army that a renowned messenger was coming from Farāmarz of majestic offspring. When the envoy of Keyānūsh, who was joined with purity, reached the master of ceremonies, he conveyed his message, and the chamberlain went to tell the king that a messenger with a crown was arriving. When the elect king was informed about him and about the business of Keyānūsh of pure religion, he ordered in accordance with custom that drums and elephants be arranged for five miles along the grounds. The brave men of India, bold horsemen and lions of Sind, went to meet him. The elephants carried brass drums, as well as golden cymbals and trumpets, and the heads of both the elephants and their drivers were decorated all over with golden bells and golden sparks.

The worldly-wise man entered the city and arrived at the court accompanied by pomp and pride. He walked in a stride towards the Raja and pronounced his blessings upon the court and the heroes. After the men of enlightened mind had sat down, he gave the king the letter from the champion, then conveyed him his salutations, showed his reverence and pronounced benedictions for a long time. A throne just like heaven had been placed there, made of gold and inlaid with pearls and gems. The entire foundation of the golden throne was of crystal and on it were paintings of lions, gazelles and onagers. Upon it the monarch of the Indians was seated, a
young king with his ornamental bracelet and necklace. The king ordered a golden seat to be placed in the throne-room for Keyānūsh, who sat down on the golden seat, his belt fastened around his waist and his hand open.

At that moment, a wise secretary of enlightened mind came before the king and read the letter to him such as it was, reciting it in the Indian language whilst the monarch listened. The eminent Raja was upset about the letter and in anger knotted his eyebrows in a frown. In the Indian language he said to the translator, 'It has never been seen that the Iranians performed such boldness upon India, that they showed themselves quarrelsome and displayed ferocity! Even if Keykhosrow is the king of Iran, my crown is not new in this age. From father to son, down to my kingship, the king of India has had notoriety in the world, so by threat, counsel, fear or hope, should I not expect the tribute from India!? He certainly does not know who I am and in whose footsteps I follow in this country. If I lead my army to battle, with my elephants I will bring Iran to destruction!'

Keyānūsh gave the following answer: 'Astringency does not become an exalted man. I have some words to say to you, so listen for the sake of justice; there will be a time when you will remember this speech. You are a king and the leader of the Indians, but those foolish words will produce difficulties. You know, or perhaps you will have heard, that Keykhosrow, that victorious king, is a world-conqueror and a king with a fortunate star, whose wisdom is higher than the supreme heavenly wheel. On his own accord he came all by himself from the land of Tūrān to the country of Iran in the manner of lions, whilst two Tūrānian armies were chasing after him and without anyone to help him but fate. Those two armies had to turn back from him in such a manner that the gazelles on the plains were crying over them. The earth was a servant and the sky a slave to the glory of his greatness and emperorship. He crossed the river Jeyḥūn on horseback and arrived in Iran like Āżargoshasp. There was a fortress in the land of the Iranians which caused pain and affliction to the free men there because in that fortress upon a tall mountain sorcerers had grouped together in a multitude with demons. Not one man in that region dared pass by there to perform his business. With his Keyānid glory and his auspicious star, with his valour, warriorship and leadership, he emptied all those lands of them and exalted his noble crown to the heavens. He killed all the sorcerers, from beginning to end, then with his courage he grabbed the world in his fist. From the lands of the West to the region of the East, everyone has girded their loins for him. An army leader like Ṭūs of royal descent and a general like Gūdarz with his glory and justice, or two brave warriors like Lohrāsp and Ashkash, went like elephants and
lions to fight a long-lasting war to avenge his father, in order to bring Tūrān entirely to destruction. It has not been very long since the news reached you of how they turned that country upside down.

‘In this country, the son of the world-champion, the army leader Farāmarz of enlightened mind, has sent a message to you in goodness. Perhaps the sword of vengeance will stay in its scabbard, because a wise man at a banquet or feast does not unjustly seek a quarrel or a fight. But you talk to him in a quarrelsome way?! I see no end or conclusion to these words.’

The Indian Raja gives Keyānūsh, the messenger of Farāmarz son of Rostam, an answer; an account thereof

The king of the Indians in return gave him this answer: ‘I have no need for these words. You must turn around from here, go quickly and take this answer of mine to that parvenu commander: “O warrior, upstart of an army leader, you have seen superiority amongst your relatives, but you have not measured the strength of real men and only praised your own force. You have performed battle against gazelles, but I am not an onager of the plains, nor are you a lion of prey. You will experience from me on the day of combat how a man at such a time performs manliness. I will not delay upon my royal throne, but I and my Indian sword on the field of war will in one thrust turn away Farāmarz and his knights and warriors from these lands.”’ A robe of honour was prepared for Keyānūsh, and a tiara, a tunic and a belt were sent for, after which the brave Keyānūsh with his golden tiara directly left the presence of the king.

The Indian Raja leads an army to fight Farāmarz, puts Tajānū at its advance guard and gives him counsel with regard to the battle against Farāmarz

The Raja moved from his palace to the fields and ordered the trumpet to be blown. Soldiers from China, Kashmir, India and Sind gathered at the gates of the Raja of India, who ordered the brave men to leave the city and go towards the valleys and plains. The army, of which each company came from a certain region, left India: there certainly must have been three hundred thousand horsemen, illustrious lance-bearers.

There was one champion, with the name of Tajānū, whose fame because of his valour had spread throughout India. He was like a demon, that formidable ugly man who had obtained his complexion from the smoke of the heat of
hell. In height he was taller than thirty cubits, his teeth were like those of an elephant and his eyes were bloodshot. He had arms like an elephant's legs, the strength of a tiger and claws just like those of an intrepid lion. His speed was like the wind and his body was like a mountain. The ground became stupefied whenever he passed over it. The Raja gave him fifty thousand mounted warriors and brave men of war from his army, to go with the elephants, drums and tymbals and receive Farāmarz. He said to him, 'Champion of the army, night and day you must keep a patrol on the road. If the Iranians arrive quickly, you must with your lance take out every person who has designs on this kingdom. You must not leave any one of them in his place.'

Tajānū went fast as the wind and headed towards the Iranians, filled with vindictiveness. With all the roaring of the drums and the battle-horses, the noise of the warriors and the dust from the soil, you would think that the day of resurrection had arrived. The horses' hooves pounded the soil as in an assault, so that the dust collected in clouds, whilst the earth became like the mouths of a crocodile and a lion. The world filled with tumult and shouts, so that the hearts of the depraved flowed from their bodies. In such a manner he led the army like a mountain, onwards until he reached the Iranian forces.

Farāmarz leads an army to fight the Indian Raja and the armies come to face each other; a description of the fight against Tajānū and them speaking with each other

Meanwhile, Keyānūsh the warrior in a hurry delivered the message such as he had carried it. When the army leader had heard the message from thence, his heart raged like fire about that answer. He ordered the drums to be tied to the raging elephants and he himself mounted his fast steed. The mountains were calling for help, as the trumpets blared and the drums and Indian bells brayed. He drove his army on like a strong wind, in his fist his Indian sword and his bow and arrows.

When the two armies had arrived close to each other, their hearts brimming with hatred and their heads full of war, the soldiers on both sides drew up in ranks, swords in their hands and foaming at the mouths. Farāmarz arranged the centre of the army, placing to his left Keyānūsh, the protector of the army. In the left wing was the lion of war Tokhwār, before whom at a time of battle a lion was humbled. At the front were forty huge elephants with harnesses draped over their bodies. On the backs of the powerful war-elephants sat brave, pugnacious archers, whose arrows could make a mountain fearful, with their chests thrust out and their belts tied
tightly. And on the other side, Tajānū, the Indian commander with his coat of mail, mace and Chinese sword, arranged that battlefield from end to end with pugnacious warriors and feisty elephants, the elephants in front of the army, and behind them troops who had raised a blockade like a mountain.

When the right wing had come level with the enemy’s left wing, a roar arose from the horsemen of war. Shouts from both armies reached the heavens, whilst the ground started boiling like the sea, as a result of the many maces raining down, from the arrow shafts and from the heat of the horsemen in their bustle. You would say that the world had turned into the mouth of a large dragon and that affliction was pouring down from heaven onto earth, because of all the dust from the horsemen and the heat from the swords. The arrows had become like rain and like a thunder cloud: there was a shower of arrows and a hailstorm of swords, whilst death was pouring out of the lightning from their rain showers.

The commander Farāmarz, that defeater of armies, with his soul-robbing, enemy-overthrowing sword made an attack upon the Indians, roaring and raging like a powerful elephant. As he brandished his sharp sword, he brought the day of resurrection down upon the Indians with his arms. With one blow he hacked two heads from their bodies and with his roars he levelled an entire group of men. Because of his mace the heart of the sky tore apart and because of his actions heaven laid its face on the earth. The world remained stupefied when his feet were in the stirrups and the earth strewed blood from its eyes out of terror for him. When his arrow travelled from its bow towards its goal, the heart of a valiant lion would tremble before it, and when he threw his lasso in a straight line from its coils, he would draw in heroes like a dragon with its breath. In this manner, numerous men from that famous Indian army were felled on the battlefield.

Tajānū for a while observed that lion of a man, as he annihilated the Indian warriors, then he cried out, ‘Hey, feisty lion, army leader, overthrower of men and conqueror of heroes! If you can hold out on the battlefield, you will experience the fight of a pugnacious leopard!’ The champion, that raging lion, replied to him, ‘Hey, evil-doing, dark-souled demon! In one of my fights against a hundred impetuous demons just like you, their legs turn weak and their swords blunt. When I grab my lance at the time of action, I will bring the demons of the world to destruction. You dare speak these words in reproof to me?! You will experience my mace and my head-scattering sword! You now have surely walked into a snare, as you spoke immature words in haste.’ Tajānū said to him, ‘O, intrepid man, why must we talk like this about fighting? If you seek a fight, come and do battle. And if not, leave this
place this very moment! I will grant you passage so that you can reach your country. May you not be washed in the blood of the army. You do not have the strength to fight me; a lion would flee from my attack. I have conceived pity for you, my heart is full of ease with affection for you. I feel regret for your youth and for your valour and heroics, since you with your army will all at once be killed on my plains and your enterprise will come to ruin. I command the lion-like men on this earth, exalted sword-wielding horsemen who display valour at a time of war and vengeance and who number exactly thirty thousand. It is contemptible for me to wrap up your army and it is a disgrace for me to even seek a fight with you. I will presently show you some skills that find approval with every champion.’

Tajānū kills Farāmarz’s war-elephant and the Iranians are afraid of him; Farāmarz becomes angry with his soldiers and talks to them about the battle

There was a war-elephant at the front of the ranks which burned the ground with its ferocity and power. The brave Tajānū briskly ran towards the valorous elephant and roared like a fierce lion. Since the powerful elephant was disposed for battle, it threw that man like a raging elephant down on his face. The pugnacious man jumped up on the spot and grabbed the elephant’s trunk in his fist. The huge elephant exerted itself greatly to free its trunk from the young man, so that the demon’s striving and the elephant’s resistance kicked up dust that turned the air to the colour of indigo. The elephant was seeking a path of flight away from him, so Tajānū, full of strife and anger, exerted himself with his strength and his power, making it seem as if the earth would tear apart, and he eventually tore off the elephant’s trunk, causing the elephant to go running off for several miles. He grabbed another elephant by its leg and back, lifted it up and threw it onto the hard ground.

After that, he set himself upon the army like a lion upon an onager in the hunting grounds. He tore the centre of the Iranian army apart and by means of his fighting blew up a dust-cloud, so that the clear day became like a sea of tar that covered the faces of the sun and Mercury. The Iranian army scattered out of terror of him, and no one remained standing on the battleground. The army leader Farāmarz, that brave warrior, roared in the manner of an angry lion, his head filled with anger and wrath over his warriors. He let out a loud cry towards his army and shouted at his soldiers as follows: ‘Are you not ashamed of your behaviour and your actions, of how your hearts filled with fear for that demon and you became dispersed amongst the hills
and valleys?! What will you say to the king of Iran when you return to him tomorrow; what answer will you give him?! That the hands and feet of you all weakened in such a manner out of fear of an evil, dark-minded demon?’ When they heard the shouts of the exalted lion-hearted man, the warriors became ashamed. Their faces burning from that reprimand, they hurried back to Farāmarz.

**Farāmarz fights Tajānū, captures him in the noose of his lasso and ties him with chains to a tree; Tajānū escapes from his fetters and Farāmarz fights him again**

Next, the famous knight went towards the demon and said to his opponent, ‘Hey, blundering demon with your dark soul, you will now see my soul-scattering sword.’ The fierce lion contended with the champion and a neighing rose up from both stallions. The God-fearing lion wanted to tie the hands of that malignant demon, so that he could take him alive before his king and thus bring him a new present from India. They made many attacks against each other, and eventually the son of the famous hero threw his lasso around the other’s neck and pulled his dark body to the ground. The formidable demon strove hard to free himself from the lasso’s noose: he inserted his arms and pulled, in his effort tearing the ground apart. The army leader up in his saddle spurred his horse on and encouraged the large animal to move. He took his cow-headed mace in his hand and hit the other hard on the head, so that it broke in pieces. That blow made Tajānū lose consciousness and he fell to the ground and became powerless.

The army leader requested the Iranians to tie him up immediately. They brought forty lengths of iron chains and a lasso of fifty loops, tied up his hands, head and feet and dragged him by those chains away from that place. There was a large tree of seventy cubits, and the vengeful lion-slayer ordered them to tie that demon tightly to the tree with those iron fetters and chains. He appointed a hundred feisty men as his guards, noble-born warriors of pre-excellence.

When the sun had set and the night was drawing close, the strong men of war separated from each other and Farāmarz, after his victory and his superiority on the battlefield, sent a patrol from his famous army into the mountains and valleys. After half of the dark night had gone by, that litigious warrior without fear or dread scattered soil to heaven in his anger. He strained his hands and broke his chains and fetters, then pulled out that large tree by its roots, roared, and with his fist killed a few well-known men from that
famous army in their sleep. As he held a branch of the tree in his hand, the soldiers were afraid of that creature of obscure fate. A clamour arose to the left and to the right; no one knew why those cries were produced. The soldiers jumped up from their places because of that clamour and arranged the ranks and the centre of the army.

The army leader abruptly awoke from his sleep and in a hurry put on his coat of mail. He mounted his dun-coloured charger and, in one hand his mace and in the other his lasso, his helmet upon his head and his body dressed in an iron corselet, rode off in the manner of a roaring lion. He went to fight the demon like a fierce lion, or like an elephant of war against an intrepid crocodile. He put loops in the lasso in his hand, and he wore a frown on his brow and rage in his heart. He rode towards the demon that had escaped from his fetters and threw the lasso over that unfortunate devil. The ill-starred creature jumped out of the lasso's noose and threw the branch at that lion-like man, hitting the head of his horse, so that his steed fell on its side in pain. The army leader grabbed his heavy sword, raised it up and hit the warrior-demon on the head. But the blow from the skilful hero did not affect that pugnacious demon, who this time lifted up a rock from its place, a black stone that was heavier than a hundred weights. He threw that rock at the champion, so the young warrior lifted his shield above his head: the rock hit the shield and broke it into small pieces, but the heroic commander suffered no fracture. Farāmarz became distressed about that fight, having become involved in combat with the demon in such a manner, so the famous man brought his fist towards his quiver of arrows, took out an iron-pointed arrow of poplar wood and aimed that arrow, which could pierce through iron, at the contemptible Tajānū. As the back of the bow was curved by the bow-string and the loops on the crook of the bow met each other, the lion's roar descended from that new-moon curve in the manner of rain from a cloud. Again, that warrior of victorious fortune shot arrows at the chest of that dark-fated creature, letting a shower of death rain down on him, in the way springtime hail rains down. The shower of diamond-tipped arrows turned the ground around the unfortunate demon into a tight spot. His demonic body became like the body of a porcupine, as he was killed by the diamond-tipped poplar arrows.

When the Iranians saw Farāmarz's fight and how he had brought the demon of such a height down on his face, they all together took their swords in their fists and made matters tight for the Indians. They rode in a gallop towards that army, and when its famous warriors became aware of this, they unavoidably arranged themselves for the battle and prepared anew
for the day of resurrection. On one side of the army, the warrior Keyānūsh performed an attack on that Indian army and put many of them to the sword, not holding the blows of his swords back from the soldiers. On the other side, the pugnacious lion Tokhwār, a cow-headed mace in his hand, threw himself upon the centre of their army and turned the ground beneath the Indians red and black. So much blood was spilled onto the ground that it produced a deep river. The mountains and plains became level with each other because of the blood, in which horses and warriors were swimming. The bodies of the dark-souled Indians had fallen about and blood was flowing from them like wine from a leather bottle. The night was dark and the dark-coloured Indians had no road to flee along and no place to delay in. In this manner, an army of such a diversity of experienced men brought them to destruction.

Such are the ways of the battleground. You must be bold when you want to obtain a crown. O wise man of exalted essence, if you want fame, you first must say: ‘Forsake your head’.

The Indian Raja becomes informed about Farāmarz’s battle; a description thereof

Any of those Indians who survived left, whilst their misfortune was crying over them. They brought the news to the Raja that the world had been emptied of Indians and that because of this newly arrived brave knight the heads of his illustrious men had become sated with battle. The king questioned them in depth about the doings of the army and about the battlefield: ‘About whom are you so worried and full of talk; what kind of man is this war-seeking warrior?’ They told the Raja, ‘This champion who came in vengeance to the Indians is a young man who has not yet seen the world, whose musk-like nature has not yet been covered by mud. No wild lion has such strength and he can roar like a cloud. His two arms are like the legs of a huge elephant and he has the chest, shoulders and neck of a ferocious lion. His face is like spring, in height he is like a cypress, his body is like a mountain and his waist is as thin as a reed. No one has seen, or had ever seen before, such skills as that brave man displayed. Tajānū, from whose hands in combat no raging elephant could find a way to flee, was in the grasp of that brave lion-like man like a mountain sheep fallen into the claws of a lion. Whether by mace, by lance, by javelin or by sword, there is no fleeing from water or from fire: one cannot flee from fire or water, nor from earth, wind or an intense cold breeze, any more than from his sword or his arrows. That experienced lion causes amazement. Perhaps
Your Majesty should receive him. After this, we do not know what that man of skills will bring about in this country and these homelands. Who will fight against him at a time of battle? For he considers fighting a feast and a banquet.’

An account of the Indian Raja leading an army to fight Farāmarz and Farāmarz being informed; Farāmarz talks with his soldiers about going to the Raja in the manner of an envoy and their answer

When the astonished Raja had heard them talk, he thundered and quickly stood up in his place. He ordered his endless army of pugnacious and renowned knights from Kashmir and Qannowj and from India and Sind, with their Indian swords and their Chinese scimitars, to assemble at his gate as soon as possible and to trample the bodies of their enemies underfoot, and he ordered seven hundred elephants, raging like the river Nile, to be brought. Harnesses were draped over them, so that they, together with the swords and lances, became like huge mountains. The armour of the horsemen and the massive elephants caused the mountains to sink as low as if they were plains and the ground started shaking like a ship on water, whilst the day darkened with the black dust. Such an army marched from India, as well as from the margraves of Jādūstān, that if an engineer were to count it, he would find more than five hundred thousand. As they set foot outside the city, a clamour rose up from the drums and the Indian bells. The roaring of the drums and the trumpets and the noise of the horses with their iron hooves was tearing apart the heart of the bedrock mountain, and as their sound reached the wheel of heaven, you would wonder if the nine verdigris-coloured heavenly spheres might turn upside-down from the noise of the clarions. They travelled for three stages in that manner like a black mountain, making the world dark with the dust of the army, and then they alighted, the soldiers spreading out along seven parasangs over the ground.

On the other side, Farāmarz of heroic stock was driving his army onwards as fast as the wind. When he arrived close to the Indians, he addressed his nobles and warriors as follows: ‘I need an envoy with good judgment, so that he can learn about the circumstances of the Raja. For they certainly are informed about us and they must be preparing their affairs or already be on their way.’ Farāmarz the lion sent out a brave renowned man with experience, and when he had reached the army camp of the Indian Raja, whose army accoutrements were joined with those of the raja of Sind, he observed the knights one by one, then he quickly returned to the champion and spoke
with that famous man: ‘There must be more than five ranks of a hundred thousand war-elephants and men of battle, a lot of renowned men about to go to war.’

When the army leader had heard these words from him, he drew up a different plan and said to his illustrious nobles, ‘From my experienced soldiers and knights I sent a man to quickly go and return, with the purpose of gaining information from the spies. He told me that the ground was filled with the maces and Chinese swords of the men from India, Kashmir and Sind, that seven hundred huge elephants were prepared and that the earth stretched for seven miles beneath the army. He himself does not know the number of soldiers and he talks about nothing but their excess. I now have a plan in mind to go and explore that army a while: I will go to him as a messenger, a warrior and nobleman from the land of Iran. I will see how and with how many the soldiers are and I will look around a bit on the battlefield. I will converse with him about the good and bad things of olden days of every kind. I will regard him with valour and wisdom, after which I will block his path to war.’

The nobles prepared an answer to him, jumping up from their places with love in their hearts: ‘How can this wish be fulfilled? May our eyes not be filled with bloodied tears because of this. We do not see any reason for this wish; do not run bedazzled into the environs of calamity. A wise man would not judge it right to place his foot in the mouth of a dragon and he would not acknowledge any of those sorcerers, those malevolent Indians of evil stock. If any of them recognises you, you will not stay safe for long in the world. If you are destroyed at their hands, what will we say tomorrow to our king? Or to our world-champion? Whose soul will remain in his body?! We do not see any wisdom or solution in this action and it will not find approval with the king.’

He gave them the following answer: ‘Have no fear, for in the end we have no other bed than the ground. Even if I have another hundred thousand years left, my business will eventually end in the earth. It is certainly better that I leave behind my good reputation, if I in my valour nevertheless am to be slain. No life lasts for ever, so it is better that courage is remembered. A brave man told an aphorism, when he came face to face with a fierce lion: “When a young man chooses a reputation of valour, he will not fear a fight with a raging lion.” A valorous man who seeks to abstain from calamity will be afflicted by a bad reputation.’ Whatever his renowned men would say, that young champion would not listen.
Farāmarz entrusts his army to Homāyūn, son of Zawāre, and gives him counsel with regard to his army

Homāyūn, the famous defeater of warriors, who was a son of that intrepid knight Zawāre, who was the same age as and of a similar appearance to Farāmarz and whose heart always was full of love for him, this brave and exalted man with widespread ambitions had with his valour spread his fame around the world. The proud and pure-bodied Farāmarz appointed him commander of his army and said to him, ‘O man with glory and intellect, whilst I am gone, you must keep an ear open for me! I am entrusting you with the drums, the elephants and the soldiers. Stay all the time informed about this place. You are now the foremost man of this army, protector of the soldiers from any fight or attack. Always keep a patrol on watch in every direction and be informed about the actions of both armies. Keep your head aloft night and day, prepared for war and with your loins girded.’ When he had told him this advice and counsel, he left to make his undercover observations.

Farāmarz goes to the Indian Raja in the manner of an envoy and a patrol brings Farāmarz before the Indian Raja

He led out a thousand men of war, experienced mounted warriors, and travelled in the manner of an envoy, riding with noblemen behind him. They rode for three stages, and when they arrived at the fourth, they saw an illustrious man on the road, who was a scout from the Indian army, a proud commander and champion. As he advanced, he saw the exalted man and he said, ‘You mustn’t keep your words hidden from me. Tell me where you are from and what is your name and lineage; where do you want to go, with justice or injustice?’ He answered him, ‘I am an Iranian and I will tell you, since you do not know me, that I am a servant of the champion of the army, the ambitious Farāmarz, protector of the forces. I am taking a message from Farāmarz of enlightened mind to the Raja of India. The exalted and famous sword-brandishing hero, who is from the lineage of the elephant-bodied warrior, comes from Keykhosrow, who as king and ruler wears a crown that has been handed down the generations: at his command he has come to this country. What can a pugnacious man say about his counsel?

‘You must go to the king and tell him, “An exalted man from that army is bringing a message addressed to you, so that he can gain some insight into your subtle judgement.”’ The scout quickly turned round from there
and went from that wide plain towards the Raja. He told him what he had heard from that renowned man, and the Raja ordered, ‘Bring him to me.’ The scout went like the raging wind to that famous champion and brought him before the Indian king. When Farāmarz the hero had come close to him, he dismounted and laid his hand on his chest. The Raja looked at that lion-like man and he saw a hero like a huge mountain, the sight of whom refreshed the soul: his face was like a rose-bed in the garden of Paradise; you would say that heaven had created him out of valour. The Raja’s heart filled with affection for him, because of his stature, his appearance and his face. When he had approached closer, he bowed down before the king and spent a long time in obeisance before him. The Raja ordered his servants to prepare a good place for him: they placed a golden seat before him and the champion of good religion sat down upon it. The king of the Indians remained amazed about him and in the Indian language invoked God’s name upon him.

Farāmarz speaks with the Raja in the manner of an envoy; an account thereof

Next, the Raja said to him in the presence of the gathering: ‘Tell us what you have to say.’ That famous hero showed him his obeisance, and then he unloaded his treasure-box of words and said to the monarch of the Indians, ‘Famous king of enlightened mind! Farāmarz son of Rostam, the praiseworthy hero, told me to go to the eminent king and say to him: “O great famous man, it would be proper if you would not become quarrelsome so quickly, because the king of kings of the land of Iran, the world-ruler Keykhusrow of pure religion, gave me the following order: ‘March on to India and Sind with the power of your Chinese sword, and when you have arrived, you must first tell the Raja: “Do not withdraw yourself from manliness. You know that the kings of the land of Iran, since Jamshīd and the praiseworthy Ṭahmūras, since king Āfridūn of noble stock and from him until Manāchehr and until Keyqobād, each were ancestors of mine, great men of the world in every gathering. Their commands had currency in the world, whether in China or Rum or amongst the Indians. By the glory of God, the Ruler of the universe, the Creator of the world and our Guide, I am today greater than them all and I am more powerful in intellect and grandeur. I am always increasing my treasures, my glory and my skills on behalf of my pugnacious warriors. Now, O king of kings and ruler of India, I am distinguished amongst all the commanders. You will be prudent if you come to my court in servitude and put wisdom to work. You must abandon your excess and leadership and
choose to be servile to this superiority. Then you will lawfully keep your lands and your treasures and the sword of the champion will stay far from you. But if you do not, my soldiers will, by the power of war and of the pure God, in the lands of India, as well as from Kashmir to the region of Sind, raise up the dust towards the turning wheel of heaven. Then there will be no use for regret, when your lands and soldiers have been brought to destruction.”

“‘When I travelled from there towards you, in such a manner as would suit one of your renowned relatives, I first sent Keyānūsh, a wise and alert man with insight. With kind speech and warm words and with gentle counsel and a soft voice he tried to turn your head away from this arrogance and set you free from quarrelling and warring. But you did not speak any words in a correct manner; you did not give an answer in such manner as was requested. And then, after he had come back from your presence, his heart pained because of your speech and your beliefs, you put together an army and prepared for war. You will get what you wished for. I am telling you, leader of the Indians, the thoughts that I hold in my enlightened mind: levity of mind and expediency, O prince, find no approval with smart people. You surely have heard what has been inflicted upon your army, as well as your territories, your homeland and your country by the mace of the world-champion and by his famous, auspicious heroes?!. You have seen all good and bad things, when they happened; now, choose what is suitable to your wisdom. As you house a bold man under your skin, you should judge this in your head: from what you now know about this battle, if you were elevated at the end of the matter, it would be acceptable that you had performed a fight and a battle and after the fight and strife held a feast. But you had cleared those fights from your mind and arranged your affairs according to your wishes, in order to lead out your army another time and raise your banner of greatness. Since your thoughts about the matter have shown their face, I do not see in you any love for your own body. A fierce lion once said to a leopard, when fate had become dark and constricted for a mountain sheep: ‘If he looks at the good and bad side of his actions, he will come running straight towards me.’ I see you in a similar situation, but I do not see any wisdom in your head. Now you must let your thoughts work over this matter and you need wisdom to help you provide an answer.’”

**The Raja recognises Farāmarz and speaks with him; Farāmarz’s answer**

When the king, the Raja, had heard this speech from him, amazement started a deliberation in his heart. He started contemplating that acuteness and
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elegant smooth speech and that illustrious heart and pure mind, how he without fear or anguish spoke these words in this assembly. For a long time he studied his face: it pleased him, and he said to himself, ‘this is a brave man!’ A thought arose in his mind: ‘I believe that this lion-hearted, proud warrior is an army leader, that the commander himself is acting as his own envoy. He has come with the purpose of observing and both seeing my army and taking its measure. Because such sharp words, upon which a diamond sword would be blunted, would not be uttered by a man of humble descent; a lowly man would turn weak before a king. He cannot be but a champion’s son or a descendant of monarchs of independent means. There is no error in my thoughts on this, that he is the army leader from the land of Iran.’

The Raja then spoke to him, ‘O exalted man, the thought has arisen in my mind that you are the son of the formidable lion Rostam, descending from Dastān, son of Sām, and from Narīmān. You are the army leader who has come from Iran for this war, you are the exalted man amongst his warriors and lions. For the sake of valour and wisdom you must not keep your intentions hidden from this famous court.’ Farāmarz answered him, ‘Do not say this, for your honour will be darkened by these words. If you apply the name of the army leader to me, your body will be rid of its dear soul. Farāmarz son of Rostam is too great for this; he will not stoop as low as delivering a message. There are a thousand men like me at his court and they do not command his army camp. I am one of the lesser men at his court and I am also lower ranked than his illustrious men.’

The Raja said to him, ‘O honourable man, as I speak these words, do not turn away from my guidance. I feel affection in my heart for your countenance, as well as your glory, your face and your speech. Assign your heart to this land of India, in this place with these friends of yours. I will not refuse you any treasures or jewels, nor a crown, a country, a throne or a sword. You will be commander over the whole of India, a world-leader, a general and a king. I will be like a father to you, and I will further keep my loins girded at your command. And I will even give you my own daughter; you will live in goodness in a pleasant palace.’ Farāmarz gave him the following answer in return: ‘A wise and proud man will not find it acceptable to go against justice and religion and turn his head away from the king of the land of Iran, especially since he has received horses, apparel and treasures from him in this transient world. Do not speak these words, O exalted king, but provide a reply to my message.’

The king of the Indians answered him, ‘O famous champion of the world, I will give an answer to your message when I have auspiciously deliberated
a reply. I have ten warriors amongst my soldiers who are the crown of my army. At a time of action each one of these ten warriors can compete with ten thousand men. Now, I will put you to the test and I will observe with benevolence and under a good star: if all of these ten warriors flee from you and fall down like leaves before your mace, we will bow our necks at your command and we will accept a covenant from you from our souls.' The Indian commander was looking for a pretext, so that he perhaps could deflect this lion-like man from a battle in Sind against his own men, by having him perform his heroics against that group of men. The army leader said to the Raja, ‘Yes, I accept. It is appropriate that you want me to display some of my skills. The agreement is that if I am defeated, if I am wounded by the swords of your heroes, I and this company of mine will be your servants and we will keep our heads bowed to you in abjectness.’ They made this pact and then got up, whilst the field was arranged for the tournament.

The Indian army leader went to the plain with thirty thousand horsemen from Sind. In front of them rode ten lion-grabbing heroes, with their maces, javelins, swords and arrows. The knights of Iran drew up in ranks, their lips foaming with blood coming straight from their livers. The champion warrior stood at the front, with behind him the experienced war heroes. The roaring of the drums and the battle-cries rose up as the men came forward to oppose each other. The dust from the soldiers put the heavens in such a state that the sun lost its way on the heavenly wheel. After those ten heroes had strutted about, they galloped up before Farāmarz.

Farāmarz fights the Raja’s ten champions and he kills them; the Raja speaks deceitfully to Farāmarz and Farāmarz’s answer

The army leader moved forward in the manner of a lion and roared like a valiant dragon, his head-turning mace in his hand and his light-footed steed beneath him. When he came close to those Indians, growling in the manner of a fierce lion, he dug his spurs into his battle-horse and made an attack on those ten warriors. He grabbed one of them by his waistband and back, lifted him up and, as he threw him onto another one, killed him. Another man he grabbed by his shoulders and head, twisted him and threw him on top of the first one. He grabbed the tail of the horse of yet another knight and turned it round around his head, how amazing! Farāmarz launched him promptly as if from a sling, so that he landed on top of a heroic warrior full of strife. In one blow two of those four men were killed and the other two returned to their king. Until nightfall, when the sun went down, the
men galloped now to the left and then to the right. Those ten brave men, who would oppose ten thousand at a time of battle, all in search of valour, fame and honour, one by one had to submit in the fight. For no reason at all the king without insight or justice had sent such illustrious men to perdition.

The Raja’s heart filled with hatred for the exalted man. After his feat, the proud Farāmarz said, ‘O Raja, seeker of knowledge, uphold our pact in the presence of these people! Now accept the responsibility of paying tribute and taxes, for no bull can escape from a rapacious lion.’ When the Indian king heard these words from him, he became sorrowed because of that elephant-bodied champion and he devised a plan of what he should do so that he could fill the plains with the blood of the Iranians. He applied sleight and deceit and filled his heart with malice, fraud and expedition. Sweet-voiced he said to the champion, ‘O lion-hearted warrior of enlightened mind, dismount, sit down and accept my entertainment. Take a cup of wine in your auspiciousness. I will not at all turn away from our pact and agreement; I will travel along that path as you command. When the land is lit up by the sun and the leader of these illustrious men wakes up from his sleep, our hearts will be refreshed at the sight of you and we will perform your business according to your wishes.’ Although his words were sweet, there was a lie inside the heart of that famous man without splendour. The lion-hearted man dismounted from his steed with his soul-breaking sword in his hand. He did not know that the old fox was laying a trap for the feisty lion by means of a ruse.

What did that wise, alert-minded man say? ‘When your enemy has been injured at heart, you must not put your trust in his smooth words, because from that pleasantness bitterness will rise to the surface.’

Then Farāmarz and his famous men, great and small, sat down together with the Indian Raja.

Farāmarz sends for Homāyūn and gives him counsel; an account of the Raja devising a ruse with his army to lay an ambush for Farāmarz

The army leader sent two brave noble men towards Homāyūn the lion, in order to tell him that he should quickly move his drums, elephants and soldiers from their place close to the Indians, in case the malicious, bad-intentioned enemy by means of trickery and out of malice and fraud had laid a trap upon the plains of war: ‘He must be aware of our situation and quickly come to our aid with his army.’
After they had left, the Iranians sat down with their champion to hold counsel. The army leader spoke as follows to his companions, his brave warriors and knights: ‘Auspicious, lion-like men, you must drink wine in moderation, so that your awareness remains in your bodies. You must not feel safe from the enemy.’ His honourable father with his enlightened heart had said, at the time when he had given him counsel: ‘Lion-like man, sensible warrior, do not consider yourself safe as your enemy’s guest. You must be cautious of your enemy at the moment when he addresses you with friendship.’ After he had spoken, he sat down and took a goblet, amazed at the workings of the world and wondering how the heavens would turn above his head, how his fate would show him its face.

The Indian army leader arranged a feast in accordance with the customs of Qannowj, Kashmir and Sind. Royal gold tissue had been laid down with a spread of Chinese silks and painted fabrics. The whole plain, filled with the noise of music and song, held the world in its warp and woof with pleasantness. Fairy-faced and musk-scented beautiful girls, like silver-breasted and sweet-faced images, were standing with cups of wine in their hands and with roses, hyacinths and tulips beneath their feet. The wine was digestible and the ground was filled with paintings, whilst the silks sighed under the crowd.

Then the king of the Indians ordered his warriors, intimates and illustrious men to prepare an ambush on the road of the tall champion for the purpose of his ruin, so that when the lion-hearted son of Piltan set out for his own army, they would come out of their ambush and trap him, and perhaps the hero of pure religion would be killed. For the purpose of the battle, the Raja selected three noble champion warriors, and for each one thirty thousand fighters, horsemen who knew how to draw their swords in battle. He told them to take several flying birds with them to the ambush, and by means of counsel he said to the illustrious men, ‘The soldiers, divided into three parts, must remain hidden. When it is time to open the trap, you will not be able to inform each other about the action, so the sign amongst the three companies will be the birds going up in flight to the sky. The companies will see them and come out into the open, so that the soldiers and their leader can be killed.’ In this manner he made a plan and it was executed, as they went off with their heads held up high for battle.

Farāmarz for his part opened both his lips at the feast in enjoyment until the middle of the night. When the time for rest arrived, the knowledge-enlightening hero of ambition and elegance went from the feast to his own tent, his heart filled with worries about the day of battle. Not one of the Iranians rested, and all night they kept their loins girded for the fight.
Farāmarz comes before the Indian Raja and speaks with him about paying tribute; the Raja gives Farāmarz a deceitful answer

When the sun in its rusty orbit had left the dark pavilion of the night and settled on the turquoise-coloured wheel of heaven, rising up with victory towards its burning sphere, the army leader came to the Indian king and said to him, ‘O noble ruler, quickly give an answer to my message, as well as agree to the tribute and complete our business. Observe our pact and do not turn away from it! For a pact-breaker will soon fall into the dust. You will have heard what that old landowner said when he discovered a hidden path: “A pact-breaker is a man full of lies and he will not obtain any lustre from a wise man.”

The Indian commander gave the following answer: ‘O famous tall champion, I will accomplish for you all that you say. I will not deviate from our agreement, just as I judge right. Take this answer from me to the champion: “O elephant-bodied warrior of enlightened mind! I will accept the demand for tribute and taxes from the illustrious king, since we do not have the strength for a war against Iran. But you must rest for two weeks in these lands and not depart from here any sooner, because in our region there are hunting grounds upon the plains and mountains, on and off road. There are such birds flying in the sky that your affection for this country will be kindled. In every place there are panthers and falcons in flight; your spirit has a need for this country. You must know that I will make an effort to collect all the best treasures from the lands and cities, which I will send to the king of the land of Iran, whilst I will set aside my anger, fighting spirit and vengeance. Since the world is deceitful and full of empty pride, why should we make our souls abject out of love for it? A noble man of wisdom has said: ‘Everyone who distinguishes a good way from a bad one will know that the world is deceitful and empty and he will not introduce a memory of pain or trouble into his heart. It certainly is better for man to live happily in this fleeting world, without pain or trouble.’”

He opened the door of beneficence at his loss and gave Arabian horses, Chinese swords, twice three thousand slaves with golden belts and two hundred camel-loads of jewels, silver and gold as a messenger’s reward for the warrior army leader. He further decked the illustrious men with pre-excellence, old and young, who had accompanied the champion in robes of honour, and he happily gave each one according to his worth horses, slaves and servants. In this manner the commander satisfied them, whilst
he blocked their way with deceit and trickery, believing that that lion-like man would be reduced to dust on the day of ambush.

**Farāmarz returns from the Raja and the Raja’s army lays an ambush for Farāmarz; an account of Farāmarz and Homāyūn’s fight against them and a description of that battle**

Farāmarz with glory and strength mounted the back of his horse in order to return, as did the thousand renowned lion-like men that had come with him to that battleground. He drove his company along the road like the wind, unaware of the king’s action of setting an ambush. From the other direction, Homāyūn and his proud men, in response to the words of the exalted army leader, had set off and travelled towards the Indian Raja, not aware of the doings of the men of Sind. Whilst they were arriving close to the ambush, Farāmarz was approaching it from the other side, and when the horsemen of the enemy became informed of this, they all came onto and next to the road to receive them. All three companies opened the trap when the birds rose up from the road in flight. They drew up their ranks for the battle, with the purpose of annihilating the Iranians. Farāmarz said to the warriors of Iran, ‘Today your valour must not remain hidden. Exert yourselves and fight like lions. Perhaps you may obtain a good reputation. Anyone amongst great men who has accomplished a good reputation in the world has not died.’

The bustle of the warriors at war swelled, and the world became dark and narrow for the Indians. Matters were different from what had been expected, but no profit is produced by caution. By necessity, the men from Iran and India engaged with each other and they threw themselves upon each other. When glory is auspicious and the warrior young, even if he is given grief by an ambush and a large army, especially when wisdom is his friend, he will exalt his head to the turning heaven.

When Homāyūn the heroic champion saw Farāmarz, he said to his warriors and illustrious men, ‘Lion-like men with strength and pride, a courageous man will appear out of a coward here, because a good reputation is to be sought in battle, where the blades of your Indian swords should be washed in blood. All of you, draw your swords of vengeance and fill the entire plain with the blood of the enemy. For when the enemy displays deceit, a courageous man cannot reckon them amongst celebrated men. Ambush and trickery are actions of despair; these actions of theirs are cause to make one weep.’ He spurred on his horse and stirred up the dust, whilst his brave men produced battle-cries.
A dust cloud as black as the face of an Indian rose up and covered up the sun and the moon: night appeared instead of the bright day, whilst heads were carried off by the swords. No one could have believed that on that day they could have so many lances and maces. On one side, the son of the elephant-bodied warrior and on the other, the sword-drawing Homāyūn let loose the reins around the necks of their horses and with the blows of their hatchets and heavy maces killed countless of those Indians and rained down fire onto that battlefield. Every time that they, from atop their horses, pounded down their maces in the battle, heads, helmets and coats of mails, together with horses and men, were shattered to such small pieces upon the field of war that they could not be distinguished from the soil, even if someone were to observe them at length and in depth.

Such is the conclusion to a bad action. An evil thought without doubt comes to a bad ending. An aged man, wise and decisive in action, told an aphorism about this: ‘Anyone who lays a trap on the road will himself first fall into that snare. When you unjustly dig a pit in a road, you will throw the head of your own fate into it. As long as you live, you must be a faithful friend. Behave with valour in wartime.’

In this manner, until the sun turned yellow, the army did not rest from fighting and warring. Of so many shield-bearing Indian horsemen only a few remained to be counted. The rest had been felled in groups at a time, forming heaps and mounds in every corner.

The Raja is informed about the fleeing of his army and he once more puts together an army; Farāmarz sends out a patrol and gives them advice

When the darkness of the night appeared and the army was left with nothing to do in terms of fighting, when the ravens hid the feathers of their crops and Saturn lit its lamp from the stars, Farāmarz rested with his soldiers, his heart satisfied about that country of his.

In the meantime, the Indians that had been put to rout went towards the Raja with weakened souls. They said to their famous monarch, ‘This battle turned out badly for us. Farāmarz came upon us in a rush with his illustrious and brave men, and the way in which we fought was not according to our wishes, as pugnacious soldiers from our side were killed. Surely, our fate has been reversed, going by the manner in which the entire army was killed.’ When the Raja of ignoble fate heard this, he sharply flared up and got up from his throne. That famous man prepared an army of five ranks of a hundred thousand renowned men, with elephants, drums and his war apparel, as well
as famous leaders with glory and majesty. Company by company the soldiers went on their way, instilling fear into the mountains and plains. A patrol was sent ahead, a troop of ten thousand pugnacious men.

And on the other side, Farāmarz like a mountain, whilst his army was tired out from all their attacks, sent a patrol towards the Indian side, lest the lowly born men of Sind came and attacked in the dark night and a defeat from every side befell the lions. He did and said all that was necessary, and then went to his sleeping quarters to sleep a while.

Zāl has a dream and talks to Rostam; Rostam comes to help Farāmarz because of the speech of the white-haired Zāl

That night, by the divine decree of the Omnipotent, Zāl of good fortune during his sleep saw in his dream Farāmarz of enlightened mind, who was in a region of the country of the Indians, on a mountain top and involved in a fight, whilst his entire army was held back from him. He was captured by the hand of someone whose excellence was not greater than his valour. Like a far-flying arrow the vision of the white-haired Zāl was launched from afar, and he saw a fire burning that had set the plain alight. A great war-engine appeared, a catapult that was set up on the mountain: Farāmarz was placed in it and was slung like a ball towards the fire. All around, the fire had become like a sea, when suddenly Tahamtan became visible. When he saw his son in the air, whilst the fire was coming closer, he judged this was not right and then stretched his hand up into the air and snatched him by his chest away from there.

When Dastān son of Sām awoke from his dream, he immediately sent someone to call the renowned Rostam. When he had come, Zāl told him this story, saying to him, ‘I saw a strange dream of a kind that I have never heard of. I saw Farāmarz just now in my dream, and my heart started racing because of his situation: he was a prisoner in the hands of Ahriman. If you do not find him, his cause will be ruined. You must now hurry quickly and leave without delay; perhaps you may rescue your son from his claws.’

Tahamtan started agitating like the sea and emitted a roar like thunder. Like the wind he put on his Rūmi coat of mail and knotted the iron rings of his harness together, then pulled his tiger-skin cuirass over his head on top of the coat of mail on his chest. He laid the horse armour on Rakhsh and stuck his world-distributing sword in his belt. He ordered twelve thousand illustrious horsemen with maces and cuirasses to gallop to the country of
the Indians and bring the hearts of the sorcerers to destruction. He did not rest day or night from galloping, whilst his heart was all ready to deliver battle.

A worldly wise man may say that you will experience no greater pain than the pain over a son, for God has mixed the love for him with his father’s soul like milk with wine. Of everything in the world nothing is sweeter for a father than his child.

He kept on galloping towards the battle in such a manner that he loosened the dust from the bedrock mountains.

**The Raja leads his army to fight Farāmarz son of Rostam and Farāmarz is informed and fights the Raja; a description of his battle**

When the sun raised up its head from the east, spreading out its golden shimmer over the mountains and valleys, so that its reflection turned the world into a mine of ruby and the tarlike night became food for the day, the army leader of India set off towards Farāmarz, the conqueror of countries. The supreme Raja set in order his army, with leaders from every place in India and with seven hundred elephants and five hundred ranks of thousand illustrious men of war. The elephants had bodies like Mount Bīstūn and fire shot from their eyes. Onto them were loaded the apparel of war and the weapons of the powerful and strong knights, such as maces and swords of the finest steel, as well as war-tunics and battle-swords. The world became like Mount Qāf because of all that iron, into the heart of which the kettle-drums caused a breach. When he had come close to the Iranian army, he arranged his soldiers like a black mountain. They drew up in ranks for battle, some just like lions and others like panthers.

When Farāmarz the army leader saw the enemy with such an appearance, he charged up a hill and lined up the ranks. He gave Homāyūn, brave and exalted on a day of battle, a position in the centre. In the left flank stood the warrior Shirūy, who was a courageous and pugnacious horseman, and in the right flank was the warrior Keyānūsh, who with his sword could remove the colour from the face of the sun. Behind them, the warlike warrior Tokhwār arranged matters for himself in the interior. When the centre and the wings of the army were set in order, the face of the sky turned black with the dust, the heavens were quaking in their marrow and the bodies of the bad-hearted men took leave of their souls. The mountain roared, the plain shook and the world changed its appearance out of fear. One army marched up towards the other and a tumult erupted on the battlefield.
The army leader looked at his soldiers and said, ‘Smallness and greatness should not be hidden. If we consider our opponents, the size of their army and the number of enemy soldiers, which resemble a sea with a deep bottom, I do not know how I can set to work or which route to take. Perhaps our auspicious fortune will lend assistance and give me power over our enemy. Five hundred thousand men from India, warriors and knights, have been assembled, with seven hundred huge elephants in front of them. The earth has become dark-blue as indigo from their dust. Now, my knights, you must be courageous and fight these illustrious great men! It is better to leave behind a reputation in this world: we will exert ourselves with valour and we will stand firm.’ All the illustrious men from the land of Iran sung Farāmarz’s praise: ‘As long as we have not lost our lives or souls in this battle, we will not turn away from the Indian army.’

When the son of the elephant-bodied hero heard this, these words brought happiness to his heart. He shouted out at the king of kings of India, ‘O ignoble, lowly-born man of Sind, you laid a trap on the path of lions; see how I now will administer justice. I and my mace and sword will on the battlefield turn the face of the earth red with your blood. At the command of the pure God I will bring the souls of your soldiers one by one to the ground.’

The commander of the Indians was enraged because of him, and he said to him, ‘O Sīstāni with your dark soul, where is the limit to this talk of yours? This very moment I will let a river of blood flow out of you.’ The king and his army moved from their place like a black mountain and attacked. Like a sea in which the waves are agitated by the wind and throw out fish from the water to their summits, they launched their lances at the Iranians and pressed the army towards the mountains. They drove them to the foot of the mountains and crushed them underfoot. The Iranian horsemen suffered a defeat by the elephants and those countless soldiers, who killed ten thousand men from the Iranian army, illustrious and proud knights. The heads of those famous men became distressed about that, as the face of their fate darkened: they all at once gave up their places and tore their feet away from the battlefield.

But auspicious Farāmarz of pure intellect stood firm upon the battlefield. He kept turning round the renowned Indians, so that the tall mountain got tired of his fight. On one huge elephant was placed a golden throne inlaid with pearls and jewels, upon which the monarch of the Indians was seated. He said to his renowned warriors,11 ‘You must exert yourselves and perform such a battle and a fight that you perhaps can grab hold of my enemy and bring Farāmarz as a prisoner before me with his hands tied like a madman.’ When the soldiers had heard these words from the Raja, they
took up position around the elephant-bodied hero, so that the Indians joined together like a wall around him, enclosing him in their midst. They pointed their many lances at him and pressed him with the points of their spears. When Farāmarz saw the fight had turned in such a manner, he roared and raged like a lion. As he shouted, he drew his head-scattering glittering sword from its scabbard and he called out his name, then he threw himself upon the large army and slew many famous men. In one attack he threw down ten thousand of those innumerable soldiers into the dirt and blood.

As he removed his body further from the centre of their army, he did not see any of the Iranian warriors. He shouted out at the warrior Homāyūn, making a reproach about their supremacy and saying to him, ‘Hey, famous champion, bring a company towards me in a hurry!’ Homāyūn gathered all his soldiers and rode towards the champion as fast as a dust-cloud. When Farāmarz saw them, he said, ‘O commanders, this is not a time for swords or heavy maces; no one shall perform this fight except with arrows. You shall turn the ground into a pool of arrows. When you draw the arrow’s notch and the string to your thumbstall, you must as one man direct your hands at the elephants and string together their trunks with your arrows, so that you will make the elephants captive with your arrows.’ The men of war took hold of their bows and their arrows of poplar wood with iron points. After they had knotted the strings onto their bows and the strings had made the bows bend when they pulled the notches next to their ears, the vault became clad in iron by the arrowheads: at once, thirty thousand arrows left the bows in the manner of hail in spring. They passed through the trunks of the elephants and their tips bored through their chests into their livers. Three times they fired in this manner and cleared the ground of the elephants, which turned their heads away from the battlefield, as they sought an escape from the iron arrowheads, turning the soldiers upside down from beginning to end, trampling, killing and giving them a beating.

When the battlefield had been emptied of the elephants, Farāmarz ordered that they this time should take up their maces and scimitars and inflict a defeat upon them with their swords. They grabbed hold of their clubs and swords, and a hubbub rose up like a fury. The clashing of the swords, maces and hatchets and the battle cries from the horsemen tore apart place and time, whilst heaven gathered its skirts in fear. The army leader, with his lasso on his saddle-straps, his heart full of anger and his head filled with fight, killed many Indian knights with his sword, lance and mace, as well as with his fist. Keyānūsh the lion-killer at once advanced from the left wing with his company like a cloud full of maces and swords, from which cloud javelins
and scimitars rained down. His left wing defeated their right wing, so that the Indians abandoned their weapons and baggage. When the warrior Shirūy from the right wing saw Keyānūsh obtaining such a victory, he galloped with his company out from the right side, as they directed their lances straight at the hearts of the Indians. In a short time not one brave or rugged man from that large army remained. Whether they were killed or thrown down abjectly onto the road, they all were overturned like drunks. Farāmarz the lion-killing champion was galloping in every direction like a raging tiger: heads were whacked off like balls by his mace and blood was made flowing into rivers by his sword.

Farāmarz captures the Indian Raja in the noose of his lasso; an account of Farāmarz’s fight

He saw the banner of the king of the Indians, which was visible on the other side in the centre of the army, and large as a mountain he galloped off from his place towards the army leader, the Indian Raja. He arrived at his formidably huge elephant, on the back of which sat the monarch of the Indians, and as he approached, the famous hero laid down his cow-headed mace on his saddle and briskly unwound his lasso from the back of his saddle. When he had come next to the man of sorcerer stock, he threw his twisted lasso and caught the head of the Indian king in its noose. He launched him down from up high onto the ground just like a ball, the crown of his head covered in dirt and his face full of dust. The brave lion dismounted from his steed, roared like a fearful dragon and tied up both his arms in a loop of his lasso.

Such are the customs of the high heavenly wheel: it may have nurtured someone for years and regarded him with nothing but goodness, but when it has kept a man safe for a while, it thereafter may not grant him protection for his life. It will take him down from his throne and set him on the ground, having neither any fear in this action nor any solicitude. In such a manner it will let a king of exalted fate, with his crown, his ambitions and his throne, be captured in a lasso at nightfall and his head and shoulders be kept abjectly in fetters for half a day. I do not know what the firmament is thinking, that it will not provide anyone protection for their lives. O brother, do not set your hopes on its affection, even if it brings you happy tidings without limit, because in the end you will not see any loyalty from it, even if a few people have escaped from deceit.

When Farāmarz had tied up the hands of the king, he entrusted him to his warriors and then remounted. Next, he demanded an arrow from his
servant-boy and aimed it straight at the Indians who were frightened out of their minds. Like the wind he tore them out root and branch and knocked them down, either killed or wounded. With his lance he made the ground like a mine of rubies, as he reinforced doomsday with their souls. Not one warrior from amongst those renowned men from India, nor those from Sind or the kingdom of Jadustan remained in this place, whether they were killed or trampled underfoot, whilst a part of them went fleeing, tortured by fear for Farâmarz.

An account of Rostam arriving at Farâmarz and embracing his son and of Farâmarz bringing the Raja before Rostam and Rostam giving the Raja counsel

In the meantime, by the decree of the pure God, the Creator of man from wind and earth, a clamour rose up from amongst the Iranians, which Farâmarz and his renowned men heard. At the same time, such a dark dust-cloud drifted up that one would think the earth had become level with the mountains, and the banner of Tahamtan appeared on the road, together with the famous men of the Zâboli army. That same moment Piltan arrived, and when Farâmarz saw Rostam's face, he dismounted from his horse, kissed the surface of the ground and praised his father. When Rostam saw the hero Farâmarz alive, it was as if he saw the firmament as his servant next to him. He kissed the face of Farâmarz the lion and said to him, 'O offspring of the brave Sâm! Thanks to the Protector of the world on the day of reckoning that I could see you alive on the battlefield. My heart rejoices because of you, famous man, who is both a champion and of a good essence.' Farâmarz kissed his father's feet, whilst he made his heart happy and joyful at the sight of him.

At that moment, the king of the Indians, with his head bared and his feet in heavy fetters, was led before Rostam, and he kissed the ground and made his obeisance. Rostam said to him, 'O famous man, you did not listen to the speech of the king, who said that everyone who seeks fame and honour must first have washed both his hands in blood. I take pity on your stature and your height and I will refrain from ruining your country and your position, because your father, that man of enlightened mind, was my friend in his time of strength. But I will take you in your fetters to the king, so that you will learn the worth of his crown.'

After that, the army leader of enlightened mind looked the desert over from side to side. On the entire plain of India from beginning to end he saw gold and jewels scattered in every place, as well as crowns, thrones, tiaras and
belts. There further were maces, coats of mail, swords and hatchets, as well as horses, camels and war-elephants, and also clubs, javelins and horse armours. Rostam ordered that they should be gathered and one by one be counted before him. They were accumulated in large heaps, so that the eye tired at the sight of them. In the presence of the nobles Tahamtan first extracted from the lot a share for the king of the world. Next, he ordered fetters to be prepared, long chains of precious gold, which were placed on the feet of the Indian commander, the exalted king and army leader of Sind. He was sat on the back of a huge elephant and the army set off from there towards the Iranian king.

Rostam and Farāmarz return from India to the land of Iran and have an interview with King Keykhosrow; an account of Rostam talking about Farāmarz’s fight and the circumstances of the king’s feast

While the army leader led the soldiers from the mountains, the dark night tore her black veil, as a golden banner appeared on the mountain slope and raised its head ever higher with its golden light. The ambitious hero headed towards the king of the land of Iran together with his auspicious son, and he travelled along that long road in happiness, his heart having become pleased about his son’s actions. The entire way they used their falcons, panthers and dogs to capture animals of prey and birds, running and flying about: now the champion’s son with skill pierced the heart of a male onager with his arrow, then a panther, running from his ambush at a distressing pace, caught a mountain goat fast as the wind, and then again a gazelle was running from a dog, and the dog would swiftly overtake the gazelle. In such happiness Tahamtan drove the army along the road for more than two months.

When they had arrived close to the land of Iran, news of them was brought to the eminent king. He sent out his warriors to receive them, all his famous men of Iran. They travelled with drums, soldiers and banners, as well as golden tymbals and golden shoes, and they filled the world with clamour and the sky with noise, as the shouts of the champions tore the ears. They reached the exalted champion and one by one showed him their respects. Tahamtan praised the nobles, each one in such a manner as suited him. After that, they rode on to the court to pay a visit to the famous and just king. When Tahamtan came before the throne of the king, the world-ruler stood up and stepped down. He embraced him and kissed his face. He became happy at the sight of father and son, and he kissed the face of that lion Farāmarz, the young world-conqueror and courageous warrior. The monarch asked them
all about the exertion of the long journey and about the battle, as did the famous men that were with him, who were exalted and without any blemish of evil. They all laid their heads on the ground before the king’s throne and praised him.

He ordered a banquet to be laid out with all kinds of food, better than what they could have wished for. When the great leaders had eaten the food, the king of the world arranged a feast. The music of the flutes and the resonance of the songs, as well as the melodies of the lutes, the tinkling of the harps and the scents of the beautiful roses and tulips caused Venus to bid her soul farewell. The air was filled with sounds and the ground with pictures, whilst jasmine-bosomed, fairy-faced servants were serving wine.

The famous king of kings Keykhosrow questioned the excellent Rostam about the actions and the skills of the youthful army leader, Farāmarz of enlightened mind. Tahamtan loosened his tongue to give an answer and he recounted Farāmarz’s battle to the king, talking about the fights he had performed and about the matter of Tajānū, of whom he had disposed, about the matter of the Indians setting up an ambush and about the deceit and trickery of the king of the sorcerers. The king of the world praised that renowned young champion at length. They drank wine until the middle of the night, their lips opened at ease and to their desire. When everyone’s head was heavy with wine, they went drunk to their sleeping quarters.

Farāmarz presents himself before Keykhosrow to request a pardon for the Indian Raja and to have him placed in Farāmarz’s charge

When the dawn had hoisted its flag up high and made the face of heaven turn as purple as camphor, when the earth became refreshed and the mountain like sandarac, the sound of the drum rose up from the court and Farāmarz went with Rostam the champion towards the king of the world. Farāmarz spoke to the elevated king on behalf of the Indian king: ‘He has given me a lot of counsel out of goodness and he has given me a place in his heart. During the time when I had gone to him, to see his power, crown and country, I experienced many good things from him and I approved of his greatness. Now I have set my hope on the king of the world that he grants him the kingdom of India. Since he has shown me friendship, he must not be treated with affliction or vileness.’

When the just king of kings heard this, he replied, ‘I completely place him in your charge. Take him such as he is to India, towards his homelands of Jādūstān. Place him with goodness on the royal throne and take many
champions from here, for I have given you, man of pure religion, the kingship of those lands until the sea of China. Manage it with goodness, do not harm anyone or exert the workers too much and let agriculture come to prosper. Your reputation must remain upstanding.’ Farāmarz kissed the surface of the ground and said to him, ‘O, you are a monarch with elephants and drums! I am standing before your throne as a servant; whatever you command, I will set in order.’

The monarch sent for the king of the Indians and gave him a robe of honour, an adornment of his status. He made much of him and gave him counsel, so that the Raja was troubled by the behaviour of the king. He said to him, ‘I am a servant to the king, to whose command and judgement I bow my head. I will not turn my head away from your servants, if they will regard me, O renowned man!’ He kissed the ground and left the court, his belt girded tightly for the journey to India.

After the king of India had come outside, the army leader Farāmarz, approver of goodness, took him to his own pavilion and held a gathering with his renowned men. They sat down happily to drink wine and spent the night like that until daybreak.

Farāmarz goes on his way with the Raja of India and he hears about the circumstances of Mahārak the Indian; the Raja and Farāmarz speak with each other

When the sun had set its foot on the heavenly wheel, the sound of bells rose up together with the blaring of trumpets, and Farāmarz set off with the Indian Raja towards his own land by way of the province of Sind. When they had arrived close to the Indians, someone informed the champion: ‘Another monarch rules over the Indians. He is a king of kings and a famous hero, a proud man named Mahārak, an arrogant and self-willed army leader. During the time that the brave champion had gone from here to the great king, the nobles of India in the meanwhile chose a courageous and young king. They placed him on the throne with the golden crown and all girded their loins at his command. All the men of India, the nobles, the lions and the warriors of Sind, made a pact, saying, “Even if swords rain down upon us from heaven, we will not side with the Raja on account of our affection. Surely, Keykhosrow, as part of his war of vengeance, will have made him disappear from the world, but even if he comes alive to this court, he will obtain neither the crown nor the country or the diadem.”’
When the valorous lion heard this speech, astonishment arose in him and he became distressed about this. He repeated these words to the Indian Raja, and when he had heard him out, the Raja said in answer: ‘That malevolent, demonic Mahārak of evil stock, who has set his mind on my throne, was a servant to my father, a worshipper of my earth and water. At my command he was king of Kashmir and governed that country and its lands. I held him dearer than my own life and exalted his head higher than any person. Now, out of foulness and through demonism, he has made devilishness appear, and now he has sought my place and taken my position: as he displayed his bad nature, he lost his way.’

A wise teacher has said it well: ‘Do not hold someone of bad essence in a good regard. If someone nurtures the poison of hatred with sweetness, he will for months and years undergo suffering and hardship. He may develop a constitution of wine and honey, and milk and water may be flowing in his mouth, but eventually he will reveal his secret and make his true nature appear.’

Farāmarz said, ‘O honourable king, do not let your heart lose its way because of that evil-doer. By the power of the victorious God, I will pull him upside-down onto his head from his throne. We must write a letter to him, and our speech in this letter can be short. If he turns obedient, he will come to this court and relinquish his place to you. And if he does not, I will incite the day of judgement upon his soul with my mace and my sharp sword.’ The Raja replied, ‘I will do as you say; I have set my heart on your counsel and your treaty.’ The raging lion ordered a scribe to bring his pen and musk and amber, and write a letter possessing pureness addressed to that foolish man.

Farāmarz’s letter to Mahārak the Indian and Mahārak’s answer; the circumstances thereof

Like a musky tongue of a sweet-voiced bird scattering pearls from its mouth onto the page, as the waves were thrown up from the sea of thought, he gathered the groups of pearls together with his reed. At the top of the letter he put the name of God, the Creator of man from earth and wind: ‘May the blessings of the Lord Who rules both worlds, our Guide in victory and greatness, be upon the king of Iran, so that Iran and Tūrān may soon be his. May the Ruler of the world and the Bestower of the pure religion be praised for as long as the world exists. This letter is from the warrior of enlightened mind, Farāmarz, son of the world-champion, addressed to the evil Mahārak of a bad stock, who should not put his father’s reputation to ruin. In your
foolishness you sought a higher rank. You are of a bad essence, lower than dogs; it is very much a sign of your bad nature that you, of no high reputation, sat down on the throne of exalted men and were not ashamed of yourself. You have not yet experienced the heat and cold of this world. When someone takes the crown and the throne from his own master, and sits down upon it, is this proper?! I have made you aware of this cause: you shall at once take the road of lowliness. And if you rebel against my counsel, you will see your head removed from your body. You should know how I execute my plan of war: my sword will burn a water-monster in the sea.’

He sought a messenger swift as the wind and sent him on his way towards that man of evil lineage. He himself sat down with the Raja and the warriors of the Iranian army, enjoying wine and music in the hunting grounds. Sometimes he hit a ball, whilst at other times he galloped after prey; now he took rest in sleep, and then he organised a feast.

The messenger arrived at Mahārak and saw him upon the throne with his crown, around him renowned nobles, the leaders of India, lined up in ranks. He gave him that heart-breaking letter, and a scribe read it to him before the gathering. Mahārak flared up like a demon because of that letter from the celebrated hero. He directed a fierce cry at the messenger, whose feet were paralysed and whose tongue was numbed: ‘How dare Farāmarz act as if he is my superior, displaying greatness in such a manner in his letter?! Perhaps he considers me in the same manner as the Raja, with my victorious fate, glory and honour. When I head for the battlefield, I will make the bright day black in his eyes.’ He reviled the messenger and banished him, sparking with the fire of anger and hatred.

He immediately assembled such an army that the bright day turned into a dark-blue night. The soldiers were all lance- and mace-bearers, proud heroes and sword-drawers from Qannowj and Kashmir, and from the provinces of India, from China and Māchīn and from the land of Sind. Four hundred ranks of a thousand warriors, suited for war, gathered around him, as well as elephants with chains and carrying golden thrones, and there were more than twice five hundred tent-bearers. The army of such a large extent went on its way, brimming with the anger and vengeance of the warriors. The noise of the drums and the dust of the brave men of war made the world dark and the land constricted.

Meanwhile, when the distinguished messenger returned to Farāmarz, he told him bit by bit what Mahārak had said and did not in any way keep anything hidden from him. When the famous champion had heard him out, he flared up like a raging elephant. Full of anger and vengeance he took an
oath on his seal and his ring and by his religion and his justice, by the Ruler of
the universe, of Jupiter and the sun, by his feasts and fights and by his fears and
hopes: ‘I will seize the whole country of India from that malevolent, dark-souled
dog. In a fight on the battlefield I will make him twist; I will roast him like a
bird on a spit.’ He ordered the soldiers to mount and he quickly rode towards
the battlefield. A deep river appeared in front of him, which in width came to
more than one mile. When he had come close to that deep river, he ordered the
army to dismount.

Farāmarz crosses the water to fight Mahārak and Mahārak’s army lays an
ambush

When Mahārak heard that the army was coming, had moved from its place
towards the deep river, he sent a message to the champion: ‘Cross the water
at dawn, or otherwise tell me to cross this deep river myself, with my army.
When I have arrived on the plain, prepare to do battle for a while, and you will
see a fight by a leopard.’ His message reached the ear of the army leader, whose
heart was beating out of anger with Mahārak. He gave the following answer:
‘Give way, for I will let my army cross the water. I must come with valour
towards you: because of your speech bad things will happen to your army.’

When Mahārak heard this, he gathered his army, while the dark night
descended. The edge of the river was full of shrubbery and trees, and the
trees had many branches, while the terrain was rough. He ordered trenches
to be dug on the edge of the river, for the purpose of the battle, so that when
the champion with his soldiers went down to the river in order to cross it,
at the moment when they left the water, they could quickly block their way.
They plotted thus and then got up and prepared traps in every direction.

Farāmarz takes counsel with the Raja and Farāmarz battles Mahārak the
Indian

When the sun made its appearance on the heavenly wheel and made the
world bright with the colour of spring, Farāmarz the hero made preparations
to go, whilst he started cultivating a thought in his mind: ‘If they prepare
an ambush for us and put wrinkles on the cheeks of the water, things will
happen wholly at the wish of the Indians, and because of this cowardice our
souls will fly away from us. A wise man says: “At the time of war, acting in
haste when the occasion calls for delay will produce only sorrow and pain
and will result in regret and grief.”’
He spoke his thoughts to the Raja, in order to see what his opinion in this matter was. The Raja said to him, ‘O exalted warrior, do not underestimate these sorcerers, for they have evil intentions, are bad-natured and perform their battles with trickery and deceit. We must think deeply about this matter and ask everyone about a way across the water. We must conceive a plan, so that you will not be reviled about this. Perhaps that great army with expedition will be further away from the edge of the river, and then you can quickly cross this water, so that the enemy will flee before you.’ The army leader gave him the following reply: ‘O great man, prominent king, you must know that everyone who has sought fame first has washed his face in blood. He wouldn't hold back from either water or fire and he wouldn't allow himself to flee from the swords of destruction. When his time has come, he can't fend it off with valour or caution. A guide of enlightened heart has said: “If you seek a reputation, you mustn't fear affliction.” I will provide a solution for this battle, so that I can cross this water without a trouble in my heart.’

He ordered many of those tall trees to be cut down and gathered. Next, they were tied together and their branches were spread out on top of them. Many rafts of this kind were manufactured and launched like boats on the water, and on each of those sat a thousand archers, shield-bearers and men of war. The horses were dressed in their armour and then they set off quickly like a moving mountain.

When Farâmarz, the famous slayer of heroes, had come close to the other side of the river, Mahārak revealed the ambush amongst the woods, and his army attacked like the wind: they were powerless against their bows and arrows; it was all lances, darts, spears and nothing else. With swords and with javelins of the finest steel they killed countless Iranians. The blood made the water of the river turn vermillion, whilst the shouts of the warriors tore the mountains and the plains. The army leader then said to his proud men, ‘You must all together put the strings on your bows and from your cloud of bows rain down arrows like hail upon them in a shower of death.’ After the soldiers had brought their fists to their quivers, they released the poplar arrows from their thumb-stalls, and the ground along the water's edge became like a tulip-garden of iron, mail-piercing arrowheads. As they executed this abuse with their arrows, they cleared the water's edge of those men.

The army leader came from the water onto the plain, his soldiers all following him in haste. Like lions they mounted their steeds and in one body drew their swords. The soldiers from both sides threw themselves at each other, now striking with lances and then with swords, whilst the Indian soldiers were like ants and locusts, spread out on the plain like ice on a
mountain. Proud Farāmarz, eager for the fight, arrived on the battlefield with his lance, and in each attack he threw down two hundred lion-hearted men in one flow with that life-robbing lance. He slew many men and beasts and inflicted terror upon the Indian army.

One lion-hearted man at the front of the Indian ranks, foaming at the lips in the manner of a wild animal, a brave horseman with a stature like a mountain and a heaviness that put fear into the earth, roared when he saw the champion, and he drew a shimmering sword. He rode up and turned around the champion like a raging elephant or a fierce lion. He thrust his glittering sword with the intention of cutting his face entirely from his body, but the tip of his sharp sword got caught in the mail covering his head, which was twisted and because of that thrust broke into pieces. The army leader hit him on the head with his lance, the force of which caused his helmet to fall from his head. The Indian lifted up his mace from the saddle of his huge horse, swung it like a mountain from the top of his height and struck, breaking the champion's lance into pieces. The army leader took his heavy mace in his hand and smashed it on the top of the head of the other's horse, so that the light-footed beast fell on its face in pain. On foot, the Indian with his darkened soul litigiously engaged with the champion: he came up close to the army leader, that hero, and at once laid his hand on his waistband, hoping that he maybe could pull him down from his saddle. The army leader grabbed him by the chest and shoulders and the head, and twisted him like the neck of a sheep or like an onager in the claws of a fierce lion. He tore his head from his body like a ball, whilst the two armies stood rooted in stupefaction over of him. He threw that head towards the Indians, whose souls all were fearful in this terror.

When Mahārak saw such superiority, he attacked the Iranian army. The day's face darkened with the dust of the army and the world-lighting sun went fleeing from the wheel of heaven. At the same time, the dark night arrived and the world pulled her musky veil over her head. The two armies separated from each other, since the time for the battlefield had passed.

When the dark night had appeared, Mahārak assembled his army in the mountains. He had the idea of making a surprise attack that night and filling the plains and valleys with the blood of the enemy. He sent a horseman from his camp onto the road to gain information from among the Iranian army, a scout who should learn the ins and outs of the army and see who was asleep and who was awake. The scout came and looked about much in every direction, but he did not see anyone from Iran. Farāmarz, on his own, was riding along the river and over the plain, in search of the sentinel of
the other army, whilst the Indian spy wasn’t aware of that exalted man in the long night. The night was very dark, like ebony, and there was no sound of neighing horses or of drums. When the army leader had come close to the Indian, his horse neighed as it strutted by, and at the same moment as the noise escaped from the Indian’s steed Farāmarz pricked up his ears. In the manner of Āżargoshasp, he launched an arrow in a straight line at the sound of the horse: it hit the head of the dark-souled Indian, and that same moment his soul left his body.

Mahārak had been waiting for a long time and became fed-up with this business of his envoy. When the Indian did not return to him, his dark soul filled with pain, for he knew that he had been harmed by the Iranian army and that his cause had been ruined. His head filled with pain and his heart with hatred, whilst anger put a frown upon his brow.

Farāmarz fights Mahārak and Farāmarz kills seven champions of Mahārak; a description of his fight

When the sun with its sword and golden shield and with its golden crown had taken a seat on its throne and made the entire earth resplendent, both armies took their places on their saddles. Mahārak led his soldiers out to the plain, making the world invisible with the dust of the army, whilst the drums roared like thunder in spring, the earth became dark and the heaven ebony-coloured. Fire raged during that battle, for lances were flashing and swords sparking. Dust was whirling up like a smoke cloud and the face of the moon turned blue with wretchedness.

Mahārak set up his ranks like a mountain, turning the ground in dread of his army. He had seven young courageous warriors, all experienced and like formidable elephants; each one had a body like a black mountain and in courage each exceeded a hundred soldiers. They were fast as the wind, had a pace like lightning and from top to toe were covered in iron. He fetched them, placed them at the front of his army and appointed a company to each one of them. Then he arranged the right wing with elephants and placed the baggage train behind his army. He arranged the left wing like the right one, entirely with elephants that had been tested in battle. He himself stood in the centre, together with a company of renowned men.

The army leader Farāmarz observed them and stood rooted in amazement, evoking God’s name in his heart. He said, ‘No one in the world has ever seen an army of such a kind, nor will anyone have heard of it.’ The Raja said to him, ‘O world-champion, wait while I this very moment with my
enlightened mind will send a noble man to each corner, to every place where a man rules a province. I will once again call the famous men that sided with me but now have joined that bad-seeded Ahriman, and I will give them one by one a reward in the form of treasure or land out of the goodness of my hope that they will come over to me and light up my darkened judgement.’

The army leader answered him, ‘May it not happen to me that I ask for help from a man of Indian descent. I have set my hopes on the day of battle – or is there maybe no real man left in the world?! Don’t disregard this small army of mine, for honour behoves a man at the time of battle. You, renowned king, be happy of heart and free yourself from fear for that army.’

After that, he arranged his army with selected suitable horsemen: in the right wing was the lion-hearted Ashkash, who with his sword would turn dirt to mud, and in the left wing, the hero Nastūr, whose sword would make the heart of a demon sorrowful. When he had delegated them to the right and left wings, he kept the Raja in the centre to assist him, and chose a place for himself at the front, as the dust of war was kicked up from the battlefield.

The soldiers on both sides lined up in ranks, all with swords, maces and lances in their fists. They clashed and contended in such a manner that they mixed dirt and blood into mud. One of those seven warriors came forward to display his superiority by means of his skills, and the lion-hearted hero rode up to him, his life-robbing sword in his hand. That demon engaged with the champion, and shouts arose from both young men. The Indian, with a sword in his hand and a corselet of mail on his body, roared like a thunder cloud, raised his sword and lifted it above his head, so the army leader in the manner of a thundering fog brought his shield over his own head and like a fierce lion stretched out his fist to his waistband. He grabbed, pulled and threw him to the ground. The Indian Raja praised him.

When he was killed, another one, just like a demon that caused the world to fill with tumult out of fear for him, approached the famous champion and threw down his heavy mace onto his saddle. He pointed his lance straight at the heroic army leader, scattering dust to the turning heaven, and stabbed his lance at the chest of the champion, that honourable knight of enlightened mind. The coat of mail on his body tore completely, so Farāmarz the hero drew his sword of vengeance. He swung his sword at the Indian, who became sorrowful and distressed at heart, as his lance was cut in two. One more time he lashed out and hit the other on the head, so that his back, shoulders and chest were soaked in blood. A joy rose up amongst the Iranians, because he had increased the pain for the Indians.
Another one came towards him in a hurry, a sword like water in his hand. He let out such a shout at the hero Farāmarz that you would think it would break a mountain to pieces. After that, he lifted his battle-sword and hit that lion-like man on the head and shoulders, but his sword of vengeance had no effect on him. The skilful hero moved forward from his place and smashed his sword onto the crown of that celebrated man, so that the horse and its pugnacious rider were cut in two halves.

Again, an Indian just like a black mountain, in a garment of iron and a helmet of iron, came galloping at the champion, turning the earth feeble beneath his horse, with an iron spear in his hand, his face full of anger and a frown upon his brow. With his spear he performed an attack on the lion-hearted man, his dust turning the face of the sun dark blue. The army leader came towards him in an assault, his lance fiercely aimed straight at him, and when he arrived, he took hold of his waistband and pulled him from his saddle like a ball. He lifted him up from the back of his swift steed and threw him in the manner of a crow. His whole back, shoulders and chest were broken to pieces and his pallid soul was dismissed to hell.

Another Indian like an animal, foaming at the lips and his eyes completely bloodshot, came forward, scattering fire as if from a cloud, whilst his roar would tear the ears of a lion. With a javelin of the finest steel in his fist, rushing and striking like a pugnacious leopard, he turned around the brave champion, under him a fast horse like a mountain. He threw his shimmering heavy javelin, which hit the arm of the tremendous lion. The army leader was angered like a raging elephant when his arm was wounded by the Indian javelin: he picked up his club from the saddle on his huge horse and lifted up his shoulders to the sky, then brought it down and hit the other hard on his helmet. Like a ball his head landed beneath his feet.

From the Indians another horseman rode up, under him a chestnut-coloured fast horse, and he immediately engaged with the famous exalted man in his helmet, coat of mail and shield. In vengeance he drew his glittering sword, he roared, raged and puffed, then hit the steed of the exalted warrior, consigning the horse's head to the ground. As his precious horse fell into the dust, that lion of a hero leapt off the back of his steed, then jumped up and grabbed the tail of the Indian's horse. He turned it over and threw it to the ground, how amazing! He struck out in such a manner that both the battle-horse and its renowned rider broke into pieces upon the battlefield. When the Iranians saw Farāmarz just like a formidable lion on foot, they brought him a grey horse with iron hooves and let the brazen drum sound together with the trumpet. He mounted the horse, took his iron sword and
went forth like a thundering cloud, performing an attack on that army of the Indians, of which nothing, large or small, remained visible: his sword turned the earth into a sea of blood from the many horsemen that had fallen upside down.

For the seventh time, another proud Indian came with a life-robbing sword in his hand. He roared like a violent demon and, having lifted his precious sword to his shoulder, brandished that head-turning sword. Farâmarz spurred on his horse from its place, hit the other on the head with his shimmering sword and sliced his shoulders, neck and chest into two halves.

When the lion had felled these seven commanders, his soldiers showed their courage against the Indians: the entire army engaged in battle, so that the soil from the battlefield rose up to the moon. Mahârak for his part sounded the drums and the trumpets, moved forward and drove on his army from its place. The raging elephants, which with their feet could level a mountain, were brought to the front, where the elephants were incited against the Iranian soldiers, so that the sky turned dark as indigo from the dust of the army. The valiant Iranian horsemen, with their bows strung and their loins girded tightly, released a heavy rain of arrows; it was as if a tree was shedding its leaves. That shower of poplar arrows made the earth dark and distressing for the elephants and their drivers, because the trunks of the elephants were pierced with arrows and the surface of the earth turned into a pool of arrows. They turned their faces away from the warriors’ arrows and wretchedly they all abandoned the battlefield, trampling the entire army underfoot. Not one man amongst the Indians was left in his place: they were thrown down, killed or wounded, or they were captured, carried off and tied up.

As the Iranians hurried to seek a name for themselves, they found many of the enemy’s possessions, such as horses or gold coins, pearls and jewels, as well as elephants or thrones, crowns and belts. Everyone set to plunder all those things that could be found and Farâmarz allowed them all to keep it. When night fell, they returned with joy in their hearts, because their auspicious fate had been awake.

Such are the customs of honour and battle: one’s head is on top of the heavens, whilst another one’s is beneath the ground. Sometimes you find a throne, sometimes the surface of the ground. Such is the beginning and the conclusion, downright. Since a man’s time will reach its end and he will not remain for ever in the world, it is better that he goes with a good reputation and that he departs from the world in valour and without any blemish.
Mahārak flees and Farāmarz is informed and sends Shīrū after him to fight while he himself sits down to a feast with the Indian Raja

In the meantime, as the Indian army was defeated and not one of the Indian famous men escaped, a noble man with thirty thousand leaders, with their elephants and with their swords and heavy maces, went fleeing from Mahārak of bad stock and defected to the Raja of good disposition.

When the dark night arrived and Mahārak could not see one of his Indian warrior-horsemen, the world turned dark before his eyes and his head became stupefied because of the workings of fate. On that dark night he left in flight and with expedition galloped towards the road to Kashmir. He left his pavilion and his tents behind and on that dark night rode off with his intimates.

When the night turned into day, a mounted patrol from the Iranians with their loins girded tightly came to report to the champion and made hidden secrets manifest for him: ‘The enemy has gone fleeing from your presence; he feared that soul-biting sword of yours.’ The army leader remembered an aphorism: ‘When an enemy of bad stock is not killed but has fled away from our presence, a fleeing enemy is better than a litigious one.’ He then ordered the warrior Shīrūy, that brave and ambitious knight, to gird his loins for that battle and go after the blundering enemy. He did not allow him to take any rest upon the road, for he should with his sword make the day black for that man, who must not suddenly bring his army and let the entire world turn around in his favour. He gave him ten thousand of his proud men, warlike and vengeful knights, and that famous man arranged his army in order to put the enemy to ruin.

When the proud hero Shīrūy had left, the army leader prepared a feast. He and the king of India set themselves to wine and sat down in happiness at the Indian court. Instead of swords, they took hold of cups, from which cups they drank digestible wine. The brain of heaven came to boil because of the songs of the minstrels and the sounds of the drinking party. In this manner, they drank happily for a week, sometimes playing ball and at other times going hunting.

You too, brother, bestow and enjoy, for old and young men are but passers-by here. Do not suffer sorrow, for your life will come to an end, whether you are sorrowful at the time of death or happy.

At the end of the week, the army packed up from there and took the road towards Qannowj. The entire way they were galloping after prey and onagers, their arrows filling the hearts of the lions with vice and strife.
Shīrū fights Mahārak, Mahārak flees into his fortress and Shīrū writes a letter to Farāmarz; Farāmarz entrusts the kingship to the Indian Raja

Meanwhile, Shirū like a ferocious lion was riding in the manner of an arrow from a bow, and when he neared the city of Kashmir, the world turned dark for the man of bad thoughts. Mahārak raised his head up from among his soldiers and saw an army disposed for war, brave men who had stretched out their fists for battle, with their exalted leader in the vanguard. The world before his eyes turned dark in colour, and at that moment he did not see any opportunity for delay: he quickly galloped to the city of Kashmir and entered the city of which he was governor. He speedily lined up soldiers before the city gates, who raised up their lances, maces and swords. Shīrū the hero urged his army on and attacked them straight from the dust of the road: as his army fell upon Mahārak’s army, a river of blood swelled up on the battlefield. In one attack he uprooted the soldiers from their places and hurled them at the gates of the city. Many of the Indian army were killed, and the corpses formed heaps at the city gates. When Mahārak had launched himself into the city, grief befell him because of the excess he had displayed. They shut the gates of the city tightly and from its ramparts rained down many stones. The army leader Shīrū, the ambitious hero, did not see any use in remaining standing at the gates, so he pulled his soldiers back from the city gates, retired to the fields and led them onto the plain. No one came out of the city to do battle, nor did they seek fame and honour by means of valour.

The wise freeborn Shīrū prepared a letter addressed to Farāmarz: he summoned a writer before him and told him, ‘O priest endowed with wisdom, write forthwith a letter of such a kind as is suitable for a world-champion.’ Firstly, as he put his hand to the letter, he set the name of God at the top of the letter. Next, he directed many praises and benedictions at Farāmarz the hero: ‘May you live forever and may your power remain young. May you remain happy at heart and of enlightened mind.’ After that, he recounted in the letter everything about the struggle, the fight and the battle: ‘After my fight with Mahārak on the first day, at the gates of the city into which he had sought a way, I am now besieging the city of Kashmir. Perhaps the malignant man will fall into my hands. If the world-champion finds it advisable, he will turn his reins towards the city of Kashmir, for I believe that in the land of China, full of soldiers and filled with select arms, an army of this measure cannot be gathered. Also, the country is a tight spot because of the enemy.’ He sent a warrior upon a camel swift as the wind towards the noble-born hero.
Mahārak for his part, on the fourth day at dawn, as the sun placed its crown upon its head, put together an army, so that the sun turned dark-blue from all the dust. He led twelve thousand men of war out of the city to do battle against Shirū. But haste did not suit the army leader Shirū with insight and authority at a time of delay.

You must know that a commander with intelligence and passion, when he distinguishes delay from haste, with his intelligence and patience and with insight and wisdom will grab hold of the head of the enemy's fate.

In this manner it came about that the warrior Shirū did not quickly lead the army towards the battle of vengeance. But he lined up his ranks opposite the enemy, in the hope that they would stand at ease, for he had no hope for that fight. Maybe the champion would arrive soon.

Farāmarz, in the meantime, had gone with the Indian Raja to Qannowj by way of Sind. He brought the eminent Raja into the city, with such praise as was proper. He let him sit on the ivory throne in manliness and he placed the heart-kindling crown on his head: his country of India had been conquered, but the kingdom of Jādūstān was restored to him. They sat down to entertainment with magnificence, at the regal banquet that had been arranged. Night and day they occupied themselves with polo, hunting and wine, all having settled down in happiness.

The letter from Shirū reaches Farāmarz and Farāmarz goes to Kashmir to his assistance

The messenger from the warrior Shirū came during the night before Farāmarz in all politeness. When he had given the letter to Farāmarz, the army leader quickly gave it to his reader, and when the champion was informed about Shirū, he immediately went from feasting to fighting.

One must not sit with entertainment, music and wine when the enemy comes after you. You may sit pleasantly and happily at a time when there is no sign of your enemy in the world.

He at once ordered the drum of war to be tied onto an elephant, and it was tied tightly. When the sound of the drum had reached the ears of the soldiers, their dust turned the face of the sun ebony. While his great black horse lifted its hooves as high as its saddle, Farāmarz had drawn a frown of anger on his brow. He rode on day and night in haste, like a bird in the sky or a fish in water. While he traversed one stage during the night, he travelled two stages in one day: he passed the dark night so fast that he would arrive at the day that had not yet come. In this manner, the raging lion galloped
on, not eating and not resting at night or by day. And when he had come close to Shīrū the warrior, Farāmarz straight from the road attacked the enemy.

**Shīrū battles against Mahārak and Farāmarz arrives to assist Shīrū**

On that day Shīrū like a ferocious lion was engaged in the battle against the Indians. Mahārak’s army was spread out like a carpet of ants and locusts over the plain of Kashmir. Many of the Iranians were killed: the heads of the warriors were ruined at that feast. The horsemen were dispersed in the battle, having in one blow discarded their esteem and honour. The heroes had had their fill of fighting and men had fallen on top of other men.

Suddenly the hero with authority, the ambitious leader, the brave and pugnacious Farāmarz, threw himself upon the enemy and in one attack uprooted them from their places. With his sword in his fist, like a raging elephant he killed Indians and laid them low. Moving his hand from his sword to his heavy mace, he let it rain down upon the men like rocks from a mountain. When he let loose his mace upon the group, its fierceness made the world-bearing bull and fish distressed, as he tore the army apart in such a manner that fathers and sons could not see each other.

The exalted Shīrū did not know that that lion-hearted battle-eager nobleman had arrived and that this fight and battle was being performed by him, that the enemy was dispersed by his assault. He was amazed and thought, ‘I have never in the world seen any other famous knight of this kind. Maybe Sorūsh has come to our aid, having come clad in iron to exact vengeance.’ As he was thinking this, the champion suddenly emitted a roar just like a raging lion and called out to Shīrūy, ‘Hey, ambitious warrior, what has been done to you by the men of Kashmir?! Exert yourself this very moment, O illustrious hero, so that you may bring them to destruction.’

When Shīrūy heard the shouts of his army leader, he dismounted from his horse and ran towards him. Out of happiness he kissed the surface of the ground and praised the champion at length. After that, the news reached the Iranians that the raging lion, that pugnacious warrior, had arrived and had shaken up the enemy forces, so that the black dust reached Saturn. When the Iranians heard the name of their own commander, they as one man charged forward, drew their swords and heavy maces and turned the ground into a river of blood flowing from the heads. The other soldiers fell about amongst each other, so that the mountains and the earth were turned upside-down. Many of the Indians were killed with the sword, and for the
living also their fortune was reversed. The corpses had fallen in mounds all over the place and the mountain and desert were worn out by those swords.

**Mahārak flees and Farāmarz goes after him; Farāmarz kills Mahārak, the nobles ask for mercy and Farāmarz pardons them**

When Mahārak saw that army at battle, he started to flee and make for the gates. He wanted to entrench himself in that city: perhaps he would escape from the bustle of the battle. Someone told Farāmarz about his action, so the army leader, surprised at this account, gave his noble grey horse free rein, set off in a gallop and went after the man of bad stock. It happened that the famous man overtook him and like a lion at the chase cut off his path. When the ambitious hero had arrived near Mahārak, he engaged him: the brave commander immediately aimed his spear straight at him and emitted a shout. He thrust his lance and brought him down from the back of his battle-horse into the dust. He then lifted him up with his lance, suspending him like a bird on a spit. At that moment he remembered his oath and threw him down onto the ground just like a heavy mountain. The spear extracted the vapour from his soul; you could say that Mahārak was no longer in this world.

Such are the workings of this acrid celestial globe: one man he gives a crown, another one the din of battle. A wise man will not set his heart on the world, for in the end it will without doubt slip from his hands.

When Mahārak had been killed and was gone forever, the news about him reached the city and its nobles. A group of great men of the city, who each had their share in wisdom, went up to the army leader to ask for mercy. With their insightful intelligence and wisdom, they spoke in lament to the champion, ‘O lion-hearted, successful leader! You should know that we are very destitute and all have personally been oppressed. Forgive us and be fearful of your fate. Do not consider yourself safe from the dissonant wheel of heaven, for sometimes it will give you happiness and sometimes sorrow; sometimes it produces justice and sometimes tyranny.’ Farāmarz heard them out, made much of them and arranged all their affairs with goodness. There was an Indian whose name was Tohūn, whose insight would turn a lion weak. He made him king of the land of Kashmir and raised his name of greatness up to the moon.

For two weeks he remained happily in those lands, night and day with wine, music and cups.
Farāmarz goes to Qannowj to the Raja, they talk with each other and Farāmarz gives the Raja an account of Mahārak

From there he went to Qannowj with his army, his crown placed on his head in kingship. When the news was brought to the eminent Raja about the approach of that select champion, he went to meet him with his nobles and with drums and elephants, more than could be measured. Beating the kettle-drums for seven stages along the road, they went towards the battle-eager hero. When he saw the face of Farāmarz the hero, he dismounted and delivered his praise. The nobles also came down from their horses and all filled their tongues with blessings. The army leader dismounted from his steed, and when they had completely reached each other, they embraced each other and then sat down to entertainment and wine drinking.

The day passed for them in happiness, and when the world-illuminating sun became hidden in the mountains, they went to sleep pleasantly without grief or pain. And when the sun on the azure blue cupola in happiness adorned the world with colour and with this colour made the mountainside luminous, they mounted upon their way-seeking steeds and headed for the city of Qannowj. The entire city of Qannowj, on and off road, had put up decorations according to the custom of the time. Cheerfully they arrived at the court, coming with joy and friendship in their hearts. The exalted Raja arranged a feast of which eternal Paradise would be envious. There were beautiful girls with bosoms like jasmine and faces like suns and musk-scented idols with faces like fairies, all cheerful with harps and goblets in their hands and half-drunk with heart-ravishing slit eyes. The air was full of perfume and the earth filled with song, so that Venus was blessing her soul. There were roses, hyacinths, narcissi and dog-roses, whilst jasmine was heaped in every place. The army leader sat bedazzled at that feast, his soul scattered by so much pleasantness. They received and drank and became drunk. How pleasant is this life when you can take hold of it. In this manner, they spent one month fulfilling their desires, happy and with their hearts at ease.

Farāmarz writes a letter to King Keykhosrow and sends presents and the Indian tribute; the king receives the letter and an account thereof

At the end of the month, the world-champion gathered all that he could obtain from India, such as elephants, turquoise, ivory thrones, silks and crowns, as well as tribute and taxes in the form of pearls, yellow gems, rubies and carnelians; musk, amber and dry camphor; servants from Kashmir and
Khallokh and beautiful slaves with faces like moons; also, excellent and precious things obtained from China, India and the land of the Berbers, such as potions and saffron beyond reckoning; from India all kinds of cups filled with exquisite musk; further, Indian swords and heavy maces, noble horses and jewels, as well as uncountable numbers of helmets and horse armour and twelve thousand war elephants. This tribute for two years from all over India he sent to the victorious king with a hundred thousand praises addressed to that lion-hearted eminent monarch. In a letter he recounted from beginning to end the fights and struggles on the day of battle.

First, as he set his hand to the letter and the top of the pen was wetted with amber, he conveyed his praises from the pure God: ‘From the Lord of Saturn, the sun and the earth, the Lord Who created life and soul, Who created ants’ feet and raging elephants, may His blessings be upon the king of kings of Iran. May defect and diminution never be part of his warp and woof. Your Majesty, I arrived in Qannowj with the Indian Raja, the king of the country of the Blacks. There was a man named Mahārak, such an ignorant, malevolent and incomplete person, and that dark-natured foolish and ignoble man had set his hopes on the Raja’s position. By the fortune of the king of kings of the land of Iran, I cleared him from the face of the earth and I seated that famous monarch with victory and power on his own throne. Now I stand in service to the king of the world, for whatever he orders me publicly and privately.’

The messenger jumped up and went travelling along the road, onwards until he reached the king’s capital. Someone told the king of the world that a messenger from the champion had arrived, and the king of kings of Iran called him to his presence and let him sit near his throne. He placed that letter on the ground before the king and addressed many praises to him. The famous monarch questioned him about the doings of Farāmarz and about the battle, and the messenger told the king everything, about things bad and good, open and hidden. All that had been brought was entrusted in its entirety to the treasurer of the just king of kings, who approved of it all and praised that lion-hearted champion of the land. He gave the messenger a robe of honour and a horse, and he recited many praises of him.

**Keykhosrow’s letter of reply to Farāmarz and its arrival with him; an account thereof**

The king dictated a letter of reply, and the first thing that was written to his faithful servant was: ‘In the name of God the Victorious, the Lord of
strength, glory and honour, the Lord of Saturn, Mars and the sun, the Lord of the elephants and the Lord of the ants, from Whom comes victory and excellence, deficiency and augmentation, and an auspicious star. May His praises be upon Farāmarz, the lion-killing army leader of pure religion, the exalted son of the world champion, master of the sword and the heavy mace, a noble warrior with intellect and authority, an honourable man endowed with intelligence and with glory and dignity. At a feast he is a cloud scattering jewels and in battle he is a cloud raining swords. Worthy of heaven and a protector of the kings, his loins are girded in valour and warriorship.

‘We have taken note of all you have recounted, and it has refreshed our constricted minds. I became glad at heart about your actions and about that alert, honourable soul of yours. Many thanks to the Creator of the world – and this I assent to, O great man of pure religion – that He gave me a knight like you who overthrows lions, an exalted and famous warrior, so that I by means of your mace, your warrior-defeating arms and your shoulders can wipe the traces of my enemies from the earth and on the day of battle can burn the bodies of the people who have gone astray. You are a memory of Narimān and Sām. May you always remain in happiness in this world.

‘Now, O proud conqueror of countries, we have written a covenant with a pure intention. All the lands of Khargāh, Kashmir and India, entirely up to the sea of Sind, we entrust fully to your kingship. Birds and fishes will obey you. Be happy and remain in goodness. Enjoy with prosperity and fortune. Cultivate the entire country with justice, lay a foundation of wisdom in every action. Never torture the heart of a munificent man and do not hover around the door of greed and sorrow. Seek to abstain from troubling a person who does no harm and speak words with goodness and equity. Do not display violence or vengeance against landlords and merchants, for this would cause you to be ruined.’ In this manner, the king wrote his mandate together with counsel and advice for the army. The messenger returned with joy, he was like a pigeon returning from the king’s glory.

When he happily reached the army leader, he one by one conveyed to him the blessings and the message. He placed that letter and the golden crown from the king in front of that war-seeker’s throne. The mighty lion was so pleased that you would think his soul would scatter. He called down praises from God upon the king: ‘May he be happy in the land of Iran; may it be prosperous for him for as long as the world exists. May his heart and fortune be cheerful and happy, may he stay clear of affliction and fear, and may all the affairs of the world be arranged for him.’