

Gív, ready to depart, said thus to Rustam:—

“Káús is rash and hasty: to his mind  
This is no trifle. He was vexed and anxious.  
And would not eat or slumber or repose.  
By thus delaying in Zábulistán  
We place him in a strait; he will be wroth  
And in his headstrong humour seek revenge.”

But Rustam answered: “Give it not a thought,  
For none will chafe at us.”

He gave command  
To saddle Rakhsh and blow the brazen trumpets.  
The horsemen of Zábúl came at the call  
In mail—a mighty army. He therein  
Installed Zawára as chief paladin.

### § 13

#### *How Káús was wroth with Rustam*

Tús and Gúdarz son of Kishwád met Rustam  
One day's march from the court. Both he and they  
Alighted and saluted heartily.

They reached the court all loyalty and mirth,  
But, when they did obeisance, Kai Káús  
Made no response but frowned on them in anger,  
And bare him like a lion of the wood,  
First stormed at Gív, then wholly lost to shame  
Proceeded: “Who is Rustam that he thus  
Should disobey me and break fealty?  
Had I a sword I would smite off his head  
As 'twere an orange. Seize him! Gibbet him  
Alive, and name him not to me again.”

Gív's heart was pained; he cried: “Wilt thou lay  
hand  
On Rustam thus?”

But upon this the Sháh

Raged at them both, so that all present marvelled.  
 He bade Tús : " Go and hang them both alive,"  
 Arose himself, and flamed like fire from reeds,  
 While Tús drew near and seized the hand of Rustam,  
 To all the warriors' wonder, purposing  
 To lead him forth and to beguile his wrath ;  
 But Rustam furious with Káús replied :—  
 " Indulge not such a fire within thy breast.  
 Thy deeds grow worse and worse ! Thou art not fit  
 For sovereignty. Hang for thyself yon Turkman  
 Alive, then rage and scorn thine enemies.  
 Mázandarán, Sagsár, Hámávarán,  
 Rúm, Misr, and Chín are all my charger's thralls,  
 My sword and arrows have transfixed their livers.  
 Thou livest but through me. Why waste thy heart  
 In vengeance ?" V. 467

In his wrath he struck the hand  
 Of Tús, thou wouldst have said : " An elephant  
 Hath struck him !" Tús fell headlong to the ground  
 While Rustam passed him by with angry mien,  
 Went out, and mounted Rakhsh in wrath, exclaiming :—  
 " I conquer lions and distribute crowns,  
 And who is Sháh Káús when I am angry,  
 Or Tús that he should lay a hand on me ?  
 My might and my successes are from God,  
 Not from the Sháh or host. Earth is my slave  
 And Rakhsh my throne, a mace my signet-ring,  
 A helm my crown ; my mates are sparth and spearhead.  
 My two arms and my heart my Sháh. I lighten  
 Night with my sword and scatter heads in battle.  
 Why doth he vex me ? I am not his slave  
 But God's. The warriors called me to be Sháh,  
 But I refused the throne of sovereignty  
 And looked to custom, law, and precedent.  
 Do I deserve thy words ? Art thou my patron ?  
 Mine was the throne. I set Kubád thereon.