

## § 10

*How Afrásiyáb put Bízhan in Ward*

Afrásiyáb commanded Garsíwaz :—

“ Prepare a gloomy pit and weighty bonds,  
Secure with chains Bízhan's hands to a yoke  
Bridge-like, as Rúmans do, from head to foot  
Chain him and make all sure with heavy rivets ;  
Then throw him in the pit head first—no more  
Of sun and moon for him ! Take elephants,  
And fetch the boulder of the dív Akwán,  
Which God raised from the ocean-depth and cast  
Upon a wood in Chín. Thus will I be  
Avenged upon Bízhan. Convey this stone,  
Which covereth the dungeon of Arzhang,  
Upon high-crested elephants, and cover  
Bízhan's, then leave him to go mad with anguish.  
Take horsemen, sack the palace of that wanton—  
Manízha, who hath shamed her quality—  
Deprive her of her fortune, crown, and state,  
And say to her : ‘ Thou wretched and accursed,  
Who art unworthy of the throne and crown !  
Thou hast abased my head among the kings,  
And cast my diadem upon the dust.’  
Then drag her naked to the pit and say :—  
‘ Behold him whom thou sawest on the throne  
Here in this pit ! Thou art his Spring, console him,  
And wait upon him in his gloomy cell.’ ”

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So Garsíwaz departed from the presence.  
They carried out the monarch's evil purpose ;  
They haled the son of Gív back from the gallows,  
And bore him to the pit's mouth in his bonds,  
There fettered him from head to foot in iron,  
His waist with Rúman chains, his hands with gyves,  
While smiths with steel and hammers made secure

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The massive rivetings, and then they flung him  
 Head-foremost down the pit and set the stone  
 Upon it. Garsiwaz thence led his troop  
 To where the daughter of Afrásiyáb  
 Dwelt, gave up all her treasury to spoil,  
 And made a fresh disposal of the wealth.  
 Manízha was reduced to naked feet,  
 Bare head, and single wrap. He hustled her  
 Forth to the pit. Her eyes wept tears of blood ;  
 Her cheeks were like the spring.

"Behold," he said,  
 "Thy house and home : Henceforth thou art to be  
 This prisoner's drudge :"

He turned back, and Manízha,  
 The spouse of woe, roamed wailing o'er the plain.

Now when a day and night had passed she came  
 With lamentations to the pit, and made  
 A passage large enough to pass one hand.  
 Thereafter when the sun rose o'er the hills  
 She used to gather food at every door  
 By day-long wanderings and pass it through  
 The crevice to Bizhan, and weep. Thus she  
 Lived for a while in abject misery.

## § 11

*How Gorgin returned to Isfah and hunted about Bizhan*

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When the week passed, and still Bizhan returned not,  
 Gorgin began to search on every side  
 In haste and bathed his face in tears of blood.  
 Repenting of his ill intents he sought  
 The place wherein Bizhan had gone astray,  
 Went all about the forest but saw no one,  
 And heard not e'en a twitter from the birds.  
 He sought too in the mead, and all at once