

Pashan

خروشي برآمدز هر دوسياه بر فتند یکسر سوی ر ز مگاه نبد بشه راروزگارگذر زبس گرزوتیغ وسنان وسپر توگفتی جهان دام نر از دهاست و گر آسمان بر ز مین گشت ر است سوى ميمنه گيوگودرزبود ر دومو بدومهتر مرزبود سوی میسره اشکش تیزچنگ که دریای خون راندهنگام جنگ يال ن بافريبرزكاوس شاه درفش ازیس بشت درقلبگاه فريبرز بالشكر خويش گفت كهمار اهنر هاشداندر نهفت یک امروزچون شیرجنگ آوریم جهان بربداندیش تنگآوریم كزين ننگ تاجاودان برسياه بخنددهمي گرزورومي كاله یکی تیر بار انبکر دندسخت چوبادخزانی که ریزددرخت توگفتی هوابر کرگس شدست زمین ازپی پیل پامس شدست نبدبر هوامرغ راجايگاه زتيروز گرزوز گردسياه در فشيدن تيغ الماس گون بکر دار آتش بگر داندر و ن

A roar arose from both armies—face to face they were They moved as though in unison to each engage the other Not a fly could it pass through such a throng of men So thick were all the spears and swords and maces then The world around them seem'd like in a dragon's trap The sky above as if weighed down and earth did overlap On the Persian right side stood, Giv and brave Goudarz In front of all the Priests and all the Border Guards On the left flank Ashkash was, he of sharpened claw To unleash a bloody sea upon the field before These men were led by Fariborz, son of Kavus King Their standard rais'd up for resolve to the army bring Fariborz addressed his host, and this is how he spoke: "The art of war is hidden deep within our folk Like lions we shall fight, to battle we shall go We shall rid the world of our wicked foe In you I have full confidence we shall disgrace avoid If strength and bravery are in our hearts alloyed." The sky above was then filled with arrows flying true Like the autumn rain that falls upon the trees and thru' The air as if t'were filled with frightful screeching hawks The earth trod flat by elephants, wherever they did walk This was no place for a dove to spread its wings and fly Amid the hue and clash of arms and the battle cry Their banner shone up high, a diamond sword so bright It danced about upon the breeze like a flam'ed light Transcription, and translation[©] 2025 by Maison Nazanin[®]

Abu'l Qasim Firdausi (940–1020) Shahnameh (Book of Kings)