

like face Danish Bait said If the King
will not credit it let him only look here
and he began to lament bitterly by the
side of the ox crying Melech Mahommed
if this be you Make some sign to let me
know The Ox Made signs by nodding his head
Danish Bait said the curse of God light
on you and your doings Wretch that you
are of Matchless shamelessness and impudence
He called his people to get cords and bind
him and make him carry all the water
that was wanted for oblation The Shah
and all who were at the banquet burst
out a laugh him While the hapless -

He that hath happiness in store
May laugh to day or to morrow
But a man will never laugh the more
That his heart is oppressed with sorrows

At last Danish Bait called to his
servants to loose that ill starred wretch
and drive him off to his house and
mounting his horse he set out while they
drove the Ox before him all the way when
he got home he ordered them to conduct
him to the stall and every day to give
him fodder till he grew fat and when
winter comes said he I will have him
boiled