

Parzival

Wolfram von Eschenbach
English translation by Rob Bocchino

Book I

Ist zwîvel herzen nâchgebûr,
daz muoz der sêle werden sûr.
Gesmæhet unde gezieret
ist, swâ sich parrieret
unverzaget mannes muot,
als agelstern varwe tuot.
Der mac dennoch wesen geil:
Wand an im sint beidiu teil,
des himmels und der helle.
Der unstæte geselle
hât die swarzen varwe gar,
und wirt och nâch der vinsten var;
Sô habet sich an die blanken
der mit stæten gedanken.

Diz vliegende bîspel
ist tumben liuten gar ze snel.
Sine mugens niht erdenken;
wand ez kan vor in wenken
rechte alsam ein schellec hase.
Zin anderhalb ame glase
geleichtet, und des blinden troum,
die gebent antlûzes roum,
doch mac mit stæte niht gesîn
dirre trûbe lîhte schîn:
Er machet kurze fröude alwâr.
Wer roufet mich dâ nie kein hâr
gewuohs, inne an mîner hant,

*When doubt is the heart's neighbor,
then must the soul turn sour.¹
Both praise and blame
are warranted, when the spirit of a man,
though undefeated, contradicts itself,
as the magpie's color does.²
And yet he may become a happy man:
For in him are both parts,
of heaven and of hell.
The faithless companion
is entirely black
and treads only the dark path;
while the one with faithful thoughts
remains in the light.*

*This flying example
is much too swift for simple people.³
Their thinking cannot comprehend it;
before their grasp
it flees like a startled hare.
Tin behind heavy glass
reflects, like the blind man's dream,
only the shape of the face.
It does not endure with any strength
because the light shines too weakly:
It gives merely fleeting joy.⁴
He who grasps me where no hair grows,
on the inside of my hand,*

¹ This paragraph alludes to Parzival, who is physically very strong but is plagued by doubt.

² The magpie is a bird with black and white coloration. Wolfram compares the bird with two colors to a man with contradictory impulses.

³ Scholars have suggested that this paragraph may be a veiled response to Wolfram's contemporary critics.

⁴ Perhaps Wolfram is complaining about critics who misconstrue his work and thereby reflect it badly, like a poorly-made mirror.

der hât vil nâhe griffe erkant.
 Sprich ich gein den vorhten och,
 das glîchet mîner witze doch.
 Wil ich triwe vinden
 aldâ si kan verswinden,
 als viur in dem brunnen
 unt daz tou von der sunnen?

Ouch erkante ich nie sô wîsen man,
 ern möhte gerne künde hân,
 welher stiure disiu mære gernt
 und waz si guoter lêre wernt.
 Dar an si nimmer des verzagent;
 beidiu si vliehent unde jagent,
 si entwîchent unde kêrent,
 si lasternt unde êrent.
 Swer mit disen schanzen allen kan,
 an dem hât witze wol getân:
 der sich niht versitzet noch vergêt
 und sich anders wol verstêt.

Valsch geselleclîcher muot
 ist zem hellefiure guot,
 und ist hôher werdekeit ein hagel.
 Sîn triwe hât sô kurzen zagel
 das si den dritten biz niht galt
 fuor si mit bremen in den walt.

Dise manger slahte underbint
 iedoch niht gar von manne sint.
 Für diu wîp stôze ich disiu zil.
 Swelhiu mîn râten merken wil,
 diu sol wizzen war si kêre
 ir prîs und ir êre,
 und wem si dâ nâch sî bereit
 minne und ir werdekeit,
 sô daz si niht geriuwe
 ir kiusche und ir triuwe.
 Vor gote ich guoten wîben bite,
 daz in rehtiu mâze volge mite.
 Scham ist ein slôz ob allen siten;
 Ich endarf in niht mêr heiles biten.
 Diu valsche erwirbet valschen prîs.
 Wie stæte ist ein dünnez îs,

*that one knows a close grip indeed.
 If as a result I cry out,
 that just shows my perspicuity.
 Should I look for loyalty
 exactly where it vanishes,
 as fire in the fountain
 or dew in the sun?*⁵

*But I never knew a man so wise
 that he would not be an eager listener
 and agree that my story is important
 and provides worthy lessons.
 The story never falters;
 by turns it runs away and pursues,
 it dodges and attacks,
 it blames and praises.
 Whoever can make sense of all these strands,
 by that man has wit done well:
 he neither idly sits nor wanders off;
 he understands himself well.*

*The mind of a false friend
 is destined for hellfire.
 To high nobility it is a hailstorm.
 Its loyalty has a tail too short
 to prevent each third bite
 when swatting flies in the forest.*⁶

*The observations I have made here
 are certainly not limited to men.
 Women, too, I hold to the same standard.
 Any woman who follows my advice
 shall know where to grant
 her praise and honor,
 and upon whom to bestow
 her love and respect,
 so that she will not regret
 the gift of her devotion and purity.
 Before God I pray for virtuous women,
 that they might follow the righteous path.
 Humility is the highest of all virtues;
 I may offer no more reverent prayer.
 The false maiden garners false praise.
 How permanent is the thin ice*

⁵ Perhaps Wolfram is complaining that he let a person or persons get close to him, and he feels they betrayed him.

⁶ A colorful comparison between loyalty and an animal swatting flies with its tail. In this case the tail (loyalty) is so short (meager) that it cannot prevent even every third fly-bite.

daz ougestheize sunnen hât?
 Ir lop vil balde alsus zergât.
 Manec wîbes schoene an lobe ist breit;
 Ist dâ daz herze conterfeit,
 die lob ich als ich solde
 das safer ime golde.
 Ich enhân daz niht für lîtiu dinc,
 swer in den kranken messinc
 verwurket edeln rubîn
 und al die âventiure sîn;
 dem glîche ich rehten wîbes muot.
 Diu ir wîpheit rehte tuot,
 dane solich varwe prûeven niht,
 noch ir herzen dach, daz man siht.
 Ist si inrehalp der brust bewart,
 so ist werder prîs dâ niht verschart.

Solt ich nu wîp unde man
 ze rehte prûeven als ich kan,
 dâ füere ein langez mære mite.
 Nu høert dirre âventiure site.
 Diu lât iuch wizzen beide
 von liebe und von leide:
 fröud und angest vert tâ bî.
 Nu lât mîn eines wesen drî,
 der ieslîcher sunder phlege
 daz mîner künste widerwege:
 dar zuo gehôrte wilder funt,
 op si iu gerne tæten kunt
 daz ich iu eine künden wil.
 Si heten arbeite vil.

Ein mære wil i' u niuwen
 daz seit von grôzen triuwen,
 wîplîchez wîbes reht,
 und mannes manheit alsô sleht,
 diu sich gein herte nie gebouc.
 Sîn herze in dar an niht betrouc;
 er stahel, swa er ze strîte quam;
 sîn hant dâ sigelîchen nam
 vil manegen lobelîchen prîs.
 Er küene, træclîche wîs
 (den helt ich alsus grûze),
 er wîbes ougen sîeze,
 unt dâ bî wîbes herzen suht,
 vor missewende ein wâriu fluht.
 Den ich hie zuo hân erkorn,

*that lies in the August sun?
 Her good name will just as quickly vanish.
 Many a beautiful woman comes in for praise;
 Yet if the heart be false,
 I praise her no more than I would
 a worthless bauble set in gold.
 I count it as no small thing
 if someone chooses lowly brass
 for the setting of a noble ruby
 and all its adventure and mystery;
 in the same way I account a woman's spirit.
 If she does right by her wisdom,
 then I judge not her outward appearance,
 the mere visible covering of her heart.
 If that heart beats faithfully in her breast,
 then genuine praise is not amiss.*

*If I were of woman and man
 to render the best judgment that I could,
 the telling would make a long tale.
 Now listen to the substance of this story.
 It will bring you knowledge
 both of love and of sorrow:
 joy and distress are in it together.
 Now imagine that instead of one of me there were three,
 each one having
 the same artistic skill as myself:
 it would still be an unheard-of achievement
 if they could easily tell
 what I alone intend to relate.
 They would undertake a lot of work.*

*I will tell you a story
 that bears witness to great faithfulness,
 speaks of womanly women,
 and tells likewise of a man's manhood,
 against which no hardship could prevail.
 His heart never betrayed him;
 he stood firm, when he faced adversity;
 his victorious hand
 claimed many times the praiseworthy prize.
 A courageous man, wise by successive steps
 (thus I hail the hero),
 one dear to women's eyes,
 and thereby a sorrow to women's hearts,
 one who shuns all wrongdoing.
 The one to whom I refer is,*

er ist mæreshalp noch ungeborn:
dem man dirre âventiure giht,
und wonders vil des dran geschiht.

Sie pflegents noch als mans dô pflac,
swâ lît und welhsch gerihte lac.
Des pfliget ouch tiuscher erde ein ort:
Daz habt ir âne mich gehôrt.
Swer ie dâ pflac der lande
der gebôt wol âne schande
(daz ist ein wârheit sunder wân)
daz der altest bruoder solde hân
sîns vater ganzen erbeteil.
Daz was der jungern unheil,
daz in der tôt die pflihte brach
als in ir vater leben verjach.
Dâ for was ez gemeine,
sus hâtz der alter eine.
Daz schuof iedoch ein wîse man,
daz alter guot solde hân:
“Jugent hât vil werdekeit
daz alter siuften unde leit.
Ez enwart nie niht als unfruot,
sô alter unde armuot.”
Künge, grâven, herzogen
(daz sag ich iu für ungelogen),
daz die dâ huobe enterbet sint
unz an daz elteste kint,
daz ist ein fremdiu zeche.

Der kiusche und der vreche
Gahmuret der wîgant
verlôs sus bürge unde lant,
dâ sîn vater schône
truoc zepter unde krône
mit grôzer küneclîcher kraft,
unz er lac tôt an rîterschaft.
Dô klagte man in sêre.
Die ganzen triwe und êre
brâht er unz an sînen tôt.
Sîn elter sun für sich gebôt
den fürsten ûzem rîche.
Die kômen ritterlîche,
wan si ze rehte solden hân
von im grôz lêhen sunder wân.

*as far as the story goes, not yet born:
the one whom this adventure concerns
and of whom many wonders will be told therein.⁷*

*There is an ancient rule sometimes observed
where here and there the law remains that way.
Our little realm is such a place:
you know that without hearing it from me.
There the lord of the land
upholds the law without a trace of shame
(that is the truth, no doubt)
that the oldest brother should inherit
his father's whole estate.
This was the younger brothers' disadvantage,
for in their father's death they lost the rights
that while he was alive they had enjoyed.
Whereas before all wealth was held in common,
now suddenly the eldest owned it all.
Such was the judgment of a learned man,
that age be given this advantage:
“Youth has many blessings
for which age sighs and sorrows.
Never was anything so miserable
as old age and poverty.”
Kings, counts, dukes
(I tell you no lie),
that they should lose their holdings
to an eldest child,
that is a strange custom.*

*The gallant and the brave
Gahmuret the warrior
lost his castles and land,
for his dear father
bore scepter and crown
with great royal power
until he lay dead in knightly combat.
Then there was wailing and grief.
He commanded the highest loyalty and honor
unto his very death.
His eldest son summoned to himself
the princes of his realm.
They came in knightly fashion,
for they by right expected to receive
from him great unrestricted grants of land.*

⁷ That is, Parzival, who is introduced in Book III. The first two books concern his father, Gahmuret.

Dô si ze hove wâren komen
 und ir reht was vernomen,
 daz se ir lêhen alle enpfiegen,
 nu hœret wie siz ane viengen.
 Si gerten, als ir triwe riet,
 rich und arme, gar du diet,
 einer kranken, ernstlîcher bete,
 daz der kûnec an Gahmurete
 bruoderlîche triwe mêrte,
 und sich selben êrte;
 daz er in niht gar verstieze,
 und im sînes landes lieze
 hantgemælde, daz man möhte sehen,
 dâ von der hêrre müese jehen
 sîns namen und sîner vrîheit.
 Daz was dem kûnege niht ze leit:
 Er sprach, "Ir kunnet mâze gern:
 Ich wil iuch des und fürbaz wern.
 Wan nennet ir den bruoder mîn
 Gahmuret Anschevîn?
 Anschouwe ist mîn lant:
 Dâ wesen beide von genant."

Sus sprach der kûnec hêr:
 "Mîn bruoder, der mac sich mêr
 der stæten hilfe an mich versehen
 denne ich sô gâhes welle jehen,
 Er sol mîn ingesinde sîn.
 Deiswâr ich tuon iu allen schîn
 daz uns beide ein muoter truoc.
 Er hâ wênc, und ich genuoc.
 Daz sol im teilen sô mîn hant,
 dês mîn sælde niht sî pfant
 vor dem der gît unde nimt,
 ûf reht in bêder der gezimt."

Dô die fürsten rîche
 vernâmen al gelîche
 daz ir hêrre triwen phlac,
 daz was in ein lieber tac.
 Ieslîcher im sunder neic.
 Gahmuret niht langer sweic;
 der volge, als im sîn herze jach.
 Zem kûnge er gûetlîchen sprach,
 "Hêrre unde bruoder mîn,
 wolt ich ingesinde sîn
 iwer oder decheines man,

*When they came to the court
 and their claims were heard
 and they all received their grants,
 now hear what they said and did.
 They made, as their loyalty commanded,
 rich and poor, the entire host of them,
 a doubtful yet sincere request,
 that the king display
 his brotherly loyalty to Gahmuret
 and do honor to himself;
 that he stint at nothing,
 and assign him of his lands
 an estate, that one might see
 from where the lord derived
 his name and free man's status.
 That was not disagreeable to the king:
 He said, "You make a worthy request.
 I will grant this and more besides.
 Why not name my brother
 Gahmuret Angevin?
 Anjou is my country:
 Let both of us bear its name."*

*The king also said this:
 "My brother is right to expect
 much help from me,
 more than I can quickly discharge.
 Let him become a member of my court.
 In this way I shall show to everyone
 a single mother bore the both of us.
 He has but little, and I have enough.
 So let my hand bestow a part of it,
 that my salvation be not forfeited
 before the One who gives and takes away,
 as each of those befits."*

*When the mighty princes
 all understood
 that their lord was acting in good faith,
 it was a dear day for them.
 Each one bowed before him.
 Gahmuret broke his silence;
 he followed the prompting of his heart.
 To the king he graciously said,
 "My lord and brother,
 were I to join your household
 or that of any man,*

sô het ich mîn gemach getân.
 Nu prüevet dar nâch mînen prîs
 (ir sît getriuwe unde wîs),
 und rât als ez gezeihe nuo.
 Dâ grîfet helflîche zuo.
 Niht wan harnasch ich hân;
 het ich dar inne mêr getân,
 daz virrec lop mir bræte,
 etswâ man mîn gedæhte.”

Gahmuret sprach ave sân:
 “Sehzen knappen ich hân,
 der sehse von îser sint.
 Dar zuo gebt mir vier kint,
 mit guoter zuht, von hôher art.
 Vor den wirt nimmer niht gespart,
 des ie bejagen mac mîn hant.
 Ich wil kêren in diu lant.
 Ich hân ouch ê ein teil gevarn.
 Ob mich gelücke wil bewarn,
 so erwirbe ich guotes wîbes gruoze.
 Ob ich ir dar nâch dienen muoze,
 und ob ich des wridec bin,
 sô rætet mir mîn bester sin
 daz ichs mit rehten triwen phlege.
 Got wîse mich der sæden wege.
 Wir fuoren geslêchliche
 (dennoch het iwer rîche
 unser vater Gandîn),
 manegen kumberlîchen pîn
 wir bêde dolten umbe liep.
 Ir wâret ritter unde diep:
 Ir kundet dienen unde heln.
 Wan kunde ouch ich nu minne steln!
 Ôwê wan het ich iwer kunst
 und anderhalb die wâren gunst!”

Der künec siefte unde sprach,
 “Ôwê daz ich dich ie gesach,
 sit du mit schimphlîchen siten
 mîn ganzer herze hât versniten,
 unt tuost op wir uns schieden.
 Mîn vater hât uns beiden
 gelâzen guotes harte vil.
 Des stôze ich dur gelîchiu zil.
 Ich bin dir herzenlîchen holt.
 Lieht gesteine, rôtez golt,

*I would have everything at my convenience.
 Now take the measure of my worth
 (you are honorable and wise),
 and advise me as to what is proper.
 Then help me do it.
 I have nothing but my armor;
 had I accomplished more in it,
 it would bring me greater renown,
 so that others might remember me.”*

*Gahmuret continued:
 “I have sixteen squires,
 six of them armored.
 Give me in addition four pages,
 of good manners, from fine families.
 From them I will withhold nothing
 that ever my hand might obtain.
 I aim to journey far throughout the land.
 I have already done some traveling.
 If I am lucky,
 I shall enjoy the fellowship of a good woman.
 If I treat her honorably,
 and if I am worthy of it,
 then my best thought will lead me
 to behave with true loyalty.
 May God reveal the blessed path to me.
 We have ridden together
 (when our father Gandin
 still held your kingdom),
 and both of us have suffered,
 for love, many bitter pains.
 You were a knight and a thief:
 You could both serve and deceive a lady.
 Would that I too could steal love!
 If only I had your skill
 and through it could enjoy such favor!”*

*The king sighed and said,
 “Alas that I ever knew you,
 as you with shameful behavior
 have entirely broken my heart,
 by suggesting that we part.
 My father has left plenty of wealth
 to both of us.
 I grant to you an equal part of it.
 I hold you dear to my heart.
 Bright jewels, red gold,*

liute, wâpen, ors, gewant:
 des nim sô vil von mîner hant,
 daz du nâch dînem willen varst
 unt dîne mildekeit bewarst.
 Dîn manheit ist ûz erkorn:
 Wærstu von Gylstram geborn
 oder komen her von Ranculat,
 ich hete dich immer an der stat
 als ich dich sus vil gerne hân.
 Du bist mîn bruoder sunder wân.”

“Hêrre, ir lobt mich umbe nôt,
 sît ez iwer zuht gebôt.
 Dar nâch tuot iwer helfe schîn.
 Welt ir und diu muoter mîn
 mir teilen iwer varnde habe,
 sô stîge ich ûf und ninder abe.
 Mîn herze iedoch nâch hœhe strebet.
 Ine weiz war umbez alsus lebet,
 daz mir swillet sus mîn winster Brust.
 Ôwê war jaget mich mîn gelust?
 Ich solz versuochen, ob ich mac.
 Nu nâhet mîn urloubes tac.”

Der küene in alles werte,
 mêr denne er selbe gerte:
 fünf ors erwelt und erkant,
 de besten über al sîn lant,
 küene, starc, niht ze laz;
 manec tiwer goltvaz,
 und mangan guldînen klôz,
 den küene wêne des verdrôz,
 er enfultes im vier soumschrîn,
 gesteines muose ouch vil dar in.
 Dô si gefüllet lâgen,
 knappen, die des pflâgen,
 wâr wol gekleidet und geriten.

Dane warn jâme niht vermiten,
 do er für sîne muoter gienc,
 und si in sô vaste zuo ir vienc.
 “Fil li roy Gandîn,
 wilt du niht langer bî mir sîn?”
 sprach daz wîplîche wîp.
 “Ôwê nu truoc dich doch mîn lîp:
 du bist och Gandînes kint.
 Ist got an sîner helfe blint,

*men, weapons, horses, garments:
 of these take so much from my hand
 that you might do as you wish
 and maintain your generosity.
 Your manhood is exceptional:
 If you had been born in Gylstram
 or come here from Ranculat,
 still I would keep you here always,
 for I am very fond of you.
 You are my brother, no matter what.”*

*“Lord, you praise me of necessity,
 because your noble temperament demands it.
 Show me your assistance after the same fashion.
 If you and my mother
 share your wealth with me,
 then I’ll go always up and never down.
 Yet still my heart is yearning for the heights.
 I know not why it is so full of life
 that so swells the left side of my breast.
 O where will my desire drive me?
 I shall discover that, if I can.
 Now the day of my departure is here.”*

*The king granted him everything,
 even more than he had asked for:
 five horses true and tested,
 the best in his whole land,
 brave, strong, and not slow;
 many a precious vessel,
 and many a bar of gold.
 Nor did the king refuse at all
 to fill four traveling chests for him,
 pouring in jewels until they were full.
 As they were being filled,
 the pages, who were in charge,
 were beautifully dressed and mounted.*

*Then there was no lack of grieving,
 when he went to see his mother,
 and she clasped him tightly to herself.
 “Son of King Gandin,
 will you no longer stay with me?”
 said that womanly woman.
 “Alas, my body bore you;
 you are also Gandin’s child.
 Is God in his help blind,*

oder ist er dran betoubet,
 daz er mir niht geloubet?
 Sol ich nu niwen kumber haben?
 Ich hân mîns herzen kraft begraben,
 die sûeze mîner ougen:
 Wil er mich fürbaz rouben,
 und ist doch ein rihtære,
 sô liuget mir daz mære
 als man von sîner helfe saget,
 sît er an mir ist sus verzaget.”

Dô sprach der junge Anschevîn,
 “Got tröeste iuch, frowe, des vater mîn:
 den suln wir beidiu gerne klagen.
 Iu enmac nie man von mir gesagen
 deheiniu klagelîchiu leit.
 Ich var durch mîne werdekeit
 nâh ritterschaft in fremdiu lant.
 Frouwe, ez ist mir sus gewant.”

Dô sprach diu kûeginne,
 “Sît du nâch hôher minne
 wendest dienest unde muot,
 lieber sun, lâ dir mîn guot
 ûf die vart niht versmâhen.
 Heiz von mir enpfâhen
 dîne kamerære
 vier soumschrîn swære.
 dâ ligent inne phelle breit,
 ganze, die man nie versneit,
 und manec tiwer samît.
 Sûezer man, lâ mich die zît
 hœren, wenn du wider kumest:
 An mînen frôuden du mir frumest.”

“Frouwe, des enwiz ich niht,
 in welhem lande man mich siht:
 Wan swar ich von iu kêre,
 ir habt nâch ritters êre
 iwer werdekeit an mir getân.
 Och hât mich der kûnic lân
 als im mîn dienest danken sol.
 Ich getrûwe iu des vil wol,
 daz ir in deste werder hât,
 swie halt mir mîn dinc ergât.”

*or is He deaf,
 that He does not heed me?
 Shall I now know fresh grief?
 I have buried the strength of my heart,
 the beauty of my eyes:
 If He robs me further,
 and is yet a judge,
 then the gospel lies to me
 when it speaks of His help,
 since he has completely abandoned me.”*

*Then said the young Angevin,
 “God comfort you, lady, for the loss of my father:
 let us both mourn him in all earnestness.
 But about me let no one say
 any words of mourning.
 For the sake of my honor, I go
 in quest of knightly deeds in strange lands.
 Lady, this is what I must do.”*

*Then the queen said,
 “As you towards courtly love
 are directing your spirit and service,
 dear son, do not refuse to take my wealth
 upon your journey.
 Tell your attendants
 to receive from me
 four heavy chests.
 Inside are wide bolts of silk,
 whole cloth, never cut,
 and precious samite as well.
 Dear man, let me know the day
 when you shall return:
 You are the source of all my joy.”*

*“Lady, I have no idea
 in what country one might find me.
 Yet wherever I go,
 You have as befits a knight
 bestowed upon me your nobility.
 Moreover the king has released me
 in a manner that deserves my highest thanks.
 I assure you that because of it
 you will hold him in high regard,
 no matter what becomes of me.”*

Als uns diu âventiure saget,
 dô het der helt unverzaget
 enpfangen durch liebe kraft
 unt durch wîplich geselleschaft
 kleinœtes tûsent marke wert.
 Swâ noch ein jude pfandes gert,
 er möhtz derfür enphâhen:
 ez endorft im niht versmâhen.
 Daz sande im ein sîn friundin.
 An sînem dienste lac gewin,
 der wîbe minne und ir gruo;z;
 Doch wart im selten kumbers buoz.

Urloup nam der wîgant.
 Muoter, bruoder, noch des lant,
 sîn ouge nimmer mêr erkôs;
 dar an doch maneger vil verlôs.
 Der sich hete an imerkant,
 ê daz er wære dan gewant,
 mit deheiner slahte gûnste zil,
 den wart von im gedanket vil.
 Es dûhte in mære denne genuoc:
 Durch sîne zuht er nie gewuoc
 daz siz tæten umbe reht.
 Sîn muot was ebener denne sleht.
 Swer selbe sagt wie wert er sî,
 da is lîhte ein ungeloube bî.
 es solten de umbesæzen jehen,
 und ouch die hêten gesehen
 sîniu were da er fremde wære;
 Sô geloupte man dez mære.

Gahmuret der site phlac,
 den rehtiu mâze widerwac,
 und ander schanze enkeine.
 Sîn rüemen daz was kleine;
 grôz êre er lidenlîchen leit;
 der lôse wille in gar vermeit.
 Doch wânde der gefüege,
 daz niemen krône trüege,
 küneec, keiser, keiserîn,
 des messenîe er wolde sîn,
 was eines der die hœhsten hant
 trüege ûf erde übr elliun lant.
 Der wille in sînem herzen lac.
 Im wart gesagt, ze Baldac
 wære ein sô gewaltic man,

*As the adventure tells us,
 this dauntless hero had received,
 through the power of love
 and through a woman's fellowship,
 gifts worth a thousand marks.
 Even today a Jew would receive them as security,
 and value them at that amount:
 He would not disdain to do so at all.
 These were sent to him by his beloved.
 Through his service he had won
 the love and greetings of a woman;
 but seldom had he experienced grief.*

*The warrior took his leave.
 Mother, brother, even his home country
 his eyes never saw again;
 because of it many experienced great loss.
 To anyone who had ever
 bestowed a favor upon him,
 with great fervor
 he expressed his thanks.
 He deemed their generosity more than sufficient:
 Because of his courtesy he never imagined
 that they did only what was required.
 In this way was his nature unassuming.
 Anyone who proclaims his own value
 will not be believed.
 It should be others,
 and ones that observe his actions
 in unfamiliar places;
 Then one can believe the tale.*

*Gahmuret did those things
 that moderation required,
 and no others.
 He rarely boasted;
 he meekly bore great honor;
 he disavowed all haughtiness.
 Yet this noble man felt
 there was no one who wore a crown,
 king, emperor, empress,
 whose court he wished to join,
 unless that one had supreme power
 over all the lands of the Earth.
 Such desire lay in his heart.
 He learned that in Baghdad
 there was a man so powerful*

daz im der erde undertân
 diu zwei teil wæren oder mêr.
 Sîn name heidensch was sô hêr
 daz man in heiz den Bâruc.
 Er hete an krefte alsolhen zuc,
 vil küenege wâren sîne man,
 mit krônem lîbe undertân.
 Dez Bâruc-ambet hiute stêt.
 Seht wie man Kristen ê begêt
 ze Rôme, als uns der touf vergiht,
 heidensch orden man dort siht:
 ze Baldac nement se ir bâbestreht
 (daz dunket se âne krümbe sleht).
 der Bâruc in für sünde
 gît wandels urkunde.

Zwên bruoder von Babilôn,
 Pompeius und Ipomidôn,
 den nam der Bâruc Ninivê
 (daz was al ir vordern ê);
 si tâten wer mit kreften schîn.
 Dar kom der junge Anschevîn;
 dem wart der Bâruc vil holt.
 Jâ nam nâch dienste aldâ den solt.

Gahmuret der werde man
 nu erloubt im daz er müeze hân
 ander wâpen denne im Gandîn
 dâ for gap, der vater sîn.
 Der hêrre pflac mit gernden siten,
 ûf sîne kovertiure gensiten
 anker lieht hermîn,
 Dâ nâch muos ouch daz ander sîn,
 ûfme schilt und an der wât.
 Noch grüener denne en smârâ
 was geprüevent sîn gereite gar,
 und nâch dem achmardî var.
 Daz ist ein sîdîn lachen.
 Dar ûz hiez er im machen
 wâpenroc und kursît;
 Ez ist bezer denne der samît.
 Hermîn anker drûf genæt,
 guldîniu seil dran getræt.

*that he ruled much of the Earth,
 two thirds or more.
 His name among the heathens was so great
 that they called him the Baruch.⁸
 Such was his power,
 that many kings were his vassals,
 and their crowns were subject to him.
 The office of the Baruch exists today.
 Just as Christian law looks
 to Rome, as our faith decrees,
 there one sees the heathen order ruled:
 from Baghdad they take their commands
 (as their religion deems entirely proper).
 The Baruch gives them absolution
 for their sins.*

*From two brothers from Babylon,⁹
 Pompey and Ipomidon,
 the Baruch had taken Nineveh
 (which had belonged to all their ancestors);
 they had defended it vigorously.
 Then came the young Angevin;
 the Baruch held him in great favor.
 He took him into his service.*

*Gahmuret the worthy man
 took a coat of arms
 of a different design than Gandin
 his father had given him.
 As one with high aspirations,
 he chose for his symbol
 an anchor of white ermine,
 sewn on his horse's caparison and elsewhere,
 on his shield and garments.
 Greener than emerald
 was his saddle-gear,
 and made from achmardi.
 That is a silken material.
 From it was fashioned
 his surcoat and gambeson;
 It is superior to samite.
 His anchor had not yet gone on a voyage,
 nor had it been cast anywhere.*

⁸ Likely the Caliph of Baghdad, who ruled until 1245. "Baruch" means "blessed one" in Hebrew.

⁹ Ancient Babylon was a city near modern-day Cairo.

Sîn anker heten niht bekort
 ganzes lands noch landes ort,
 dane wâr si ninder in geslagen:
 der hêrre muose fûrbaz tragen
 disen wâpenlîchen last
 in manegiu lant, der werde gast.
 Nâch dem anker diu mâl,
 wand er deheiner slahte twâl
 hete ninder noch gebite.
 Wie vil er lande durchrite
 und in schiffen umbefüere?
 Ob ich iu dâ nâch swüere,
 sô saget iu ûf mînen eit
 mîn ritterlîchiu sicherheit
 als mir diu âventiure giht;
 ine hân nu mêr geziuges niht.
 Diu seit, sîn manlîchiu kraft
 behielt den prîs in heidschaft,
 ze Marroch unt ze Persîâ.
 Sîn hant bezalt ouch anderswâ,
 ze Dâmasc und ze Hâlap,
 und swâ man ritterschaft dâ gap,
 ze Arâbîe under vor Arâbî,
 daz er was gegenstrîtes vrî
 vor ieslîchem einem man:
 Disen ruoft er dâ gewan.
 Sîns herzen gir nâch prîse grief.
 Ir aller tât vor im zesleif
 und was vil nâch entnihtet.
 Sus was ie der berihtet,
 der gein im tjostierens phlac.
 Man jach im des ze Baldac
 Sîn ellen strebte sunder wanc.

Von dan fuor er gein Zazamanc.
 In daz kûnecrîche.
 Die klaget en al gelîche
 Isenharten, der den lîp
 in dienste vlôs umbe ein wîp.
 Des twang in Belacâne,
 diu sîe valsches âne.
 Daz si im ir minne nie gebôt,
 des lager nâch ir minne tôt.
 Den râchen sîne mâge
 offenlîche und an der lâge,
 die frouwen twungen si mit her.
 Diu was mit ellenthafter wer

*His anchor, which did not signify
 any state or province,
 he wore throughout his travels;
 the lord who displayed
 this symbol of home
 was a stranger in every land that he visited.
 Though emblazoned with an anchor,
 nevertheless he found no place
 where he could dwell or take his rest.
 Throughout how many kingdoms did he ride?
 Around how many did he sail in ships?
 If I were called upon to swear to that,
 I would say,
 upon my good word as a knight,
 what the adventure tells me;
 I have no other authority.
 It says that his manly strength
 won praise throughout the heathen lands,
 from Morocco to Persia.
 Elsewhere his hand prevailed as well,
 in Damascus and in Aleppo,
 and wherever knightly deeds were accomplished,
 in Araby and throughout all the Arab lands,
 until he was no longer challenged
 by any man whatever:
 Such was the reputation he acquired.
 His heart's desire was the quest for fame.
 Before him all the deeds of others vanished
 and became almost as nothing:
 So learned every man
 who engaged with him in jousting.
 In Baghdad the people said
 that his courage never failed.*

*From there he traveled into Zazamanc.
 In that kingdom
 all the people were mourning
 Isenhardt, who had lost his life
 in service of a lady.
 He lost it to Belcane,
 the dear and blameless.
 Because she did not give him her love,
 he died from his love for her.
 His kinsmen now exacted their revenge
 both openly and in secret,
 by besieging the lady.
 She was vigorously defending herself*

dô Gahmuret kom in ir lant,
 daz von Schotten Vridebrant
 mit schiffes her verbrande,
 ê daz er dannen wande.

Nu høert wie unser rîter var.
 Daz mer warf in mit surme dar,
 sô daz er kûme iedoch genas.
 Gein der kûngîn palas
 kom er gesigelt in die habe
 Dâ wart er vil geschouwet abe,
 Dô saher ûz an dez velt.
 Dâ was geslagen manec gezelt
 al umb die stat wan gein dem mer:
 dâ lâgn zwei krefigiu her.
 Dô hiez er vrâgn der mære,
 wes diu burc wære,
 wan err kûnde nie gewan;
 noch dehein sîn schifman.
 Si tæten sînen boten kunt,
 ez wære Pâtelamunt.
 Daz wart im minneclîche enboten.
 Si manten in bî ir goten
 daz er in hulfe: es wære in nôt;
 si rungen niht wan umben tôt.

Dô der junge Anschevin
 vernam ir kumberlîchen pîn,
 er bôt sîn dienest umbe guot,
 als noch vil dicke en rîter tuot,
 oder daz sim sageten umbe waz
 er solte doln der vînde haz.
 Dô sprach ûz einem munde,
 der sieche unt der gesunde,
 daz im wær al gemeine
 ir golt und ir gesteine;
 des solter alles hêrre wesen,
 und er möhte wol bî in genesen.
 Doch bedorfter wênec soldes;
 von Arâbîe des goldes
 heter manegen knollen brâht.

Liute vinsten sô diu naht
 wârn alle die von Zazamanc;
 bî den dûht in diu wîle lanc.
 Doch hiez er herberge nemen;
 Des moht och si vil wol gezemen,

*when Gahmuret came to her land,
 which Fridebrant the Scot
 had assailed with ships
 and then left.*

*Now hear what happened to our knight.
 The sea tossed him about with such a storm
 that he barely escaped it.
 Towards the queen's palace
 he sailed into the harbor
 and was seen by many,
 everyone in the lands thereabout.
 There many tents were pitched
 on every side except against the sea:
 two powerful armies were encamped there.
 He told his men to inquire
 whose castle this was,
 because he did not know;
 nor did his captain.
 His messengers returned with the news
 that it was Patelamunt.
 The answer was graciously given.
 The people beseeched them by their gods
 to render aid, as they were in distress;
 they fought with naught but death itself.*

*When the young Angevin
 learned of their dire need,
 he offered them his services for hire,
 as many knights still do,
 and asked what would be the reward
 for incurring the enemy's wrath.
 They responded with one voice,
 the sick and the well,
 that everything they had would be his,
 their gold and their jewels;
 he would be lord of it all,
 and he would live in fine style among them.
 But he required little wealth;
 of the gold of Araby
 he had brought back many an ingot.*

*People black as night
 were all the inhabitants of Zazamanc;
 among them he felt ill at ease.
 Yet he took his lodging;
 the people were very pleased*

daz se im die besten gäben.
 Die frouwen dennoch lâgen
 zen venstern unde sâhen dar:
 Si næmen des vil rehte war,
 sîne knappen und sîn harnas,
 wie daz gefeitieret was.

Dô truoc der helt milte
 ûf einem hermîn schilte
 une weiz wie manegen zobelbale.
 Der kûneginne marschale
 hetez fûr einen anker grôz.
 Ze sehen in wênic dar verdrôz.
 Dô muosen sîniu ouge jehen
 daz er hêt ê gesehen
 disen ritter oder sînen schîn.
 Daz muost ze Alexandrîe sîn,
 dô der Bâruc dervor lac:
 sînen prîs dâ niemen widerwac.

Sus fuor der muotes rîche
 in die stat behagenlîche.
 Zehen soumæ hiez er vazzen;
 die zogeten hin die gazzen.
 Dâ riten zweinzec knappen nâch.
 Sîn bovel man dort vor ersach:
 Garzûne, koche, unde ir knaben
 heten sich hin fûr erhaben.
 Stolz was sîn gesinde:
 Zwelf wol geborner kinde
 dâ hinden nâch den knappen riten,
 an guoter zuht, mit sûezen siten.
 Etslîcher was ein Sarrazîn.
 Dar nâch muos ouch getrecket sîn
 aht ors mit zindâle
 verdecket al zemâle.
 Daz niunde sînen satel truoc.
 Ein schilt, des ich ê gewuoc,
 den fuorte en knappe vil gemeit.
 Derbî, nâch den selben reit
 pusûner, der man och bedarf,
 En tambûrr sluog unde warf
 vil hôhe sîne tambûr.
 Den hêren nam vil untûr
 dane riten floitierre bî,
 und guoter videlære drî.
 Den was allen niht ze gâch.

*to give him the best that they could.
 The ladies were still leaning
 out of the windows to see him:
 they had a good look
 at his men and at his armor,
 and how it was adorned.*

*The noble hero displayed
 upon his ermine shield
 I don't know how many sable pelts.
 The queen's marshal
 saw that they resembled a large anchor.
 The sight was not displeasing to him.
 It seemed to his eyes
 that he had seen before
 either this knight or his likeness.
 That must have been at Alexadria,
 when the Baruch was besieging that city:
 At that time no one equaled his achievement.*

*Thus rode the one rich in spirit
 in good cheer into the city.
 He ordered ten pack horses loaded;
 they bore his belongings.
 Twenty squires rode behind.
 His household staff appeared in front:
 Pages, cooks, and their boys
 were at the head of the procession.
 His retinue was proud:
 Twelve highborn youths
 rode behind the squires,
 of good breeding, with courtly manners.
 Several of them were Saracens.
 After them came
 eight horses with their flanks
 garbed in silk.
 The ninth bore his saddle.
 A shield, which I mentioned before,
 a squire very cheerfully carried.
 Alongside, next to the trumpeter,
 who was of course required,
 a drummer beat his drum
 and raised it high in the air.
 The lord would have been very upset
 if flute players had not ridden with them,
 and three good fiddlers.
 None of them was in a hurry.*

Selbe reit er hinden nâch,
unt sîn marnære
der wîse unt der mære.

Swaz dâ was volkes inne,
Mære und Mærinne
was beidiu wîp unde man.
Der hêrre schowen began
manegen schilt zebrochen,
mit spern gar durchstochen:
Der was dâ vil gehangen fûr,
an die wende und an die tûr.
Si heten jâmer unde guft.
In diu venster gein dem luft
was gebettet mangem wunden man,
swenn er den arzât gewan,
daz er doch mohte niht genesen.
Der was bî vînden gewesen.
Sus warb ie der ungerne vlôch.
Vil orse man im widerzôch,
durchstochen und verhouwen.
Manege tunkele frouwen
sach er bêdenthâlen sîn:
Nâch rabens varwe was ir schîn.

Sîn wirt in minneclîche enpfîenc;
daz im nâch frôuden sît ergîenc.
Daz was ein ellens rîcher man:
Mit sîner hant het er getân
manegen stich unde slac,
wand er einer porten phlac.
Bî dem er manegen rîter vant,
die ir hende hiengen in diu bant,
unt den ir houbet schrunden.
Die heten sölhe wunden,
daz si doch tâten rîterschaft:
Si heten lâzen niht ir kraft.

Der burcgrâve von der stat
sînen gast dô minneclîchen bat
daz er niht verbære
al daz sîn wille wære
über sîn guot und über den lîp.
Er fuorte in dâ er vant sîn wîp,
diu Gahmureten kuste,
des in doch wênc geluste.
Dar nâch fuor er enbîzen sân.

*He himself rode last,
and his ship's captain,
a man both famous and wise.*

*All the people in the city
were Moors and Mooresses,
every woman and man of them.
The lord saw
many shattered shields
riven with spears:
Many hung there
on wall and door.
They were sorrowful all around.
In the window against the breeze
lay abed many a wounded man,
such that even if he saw a doctor,
he would never become well.
This was the result of the battle.
So it goes with men who refuse to flee.
Many horses were led past,
pierced and run through.
Many dark-skinned ladies
he saw on both sides:
Their appearance was like the raven's color.*

*He was received with grace;
later this reception brought him joy.
He was a man rich in courage:
With his hand he had dealt
many a thrust and blow
when he guarded a gate.
Near him he found many a knight
whose arms hung in slings,
and whose heads were in bandages.
Though they were wounded,
they still performed knightly deeds:
their power was not diminished in this way.*

*The governor of the city
graciously bade his guest
not to refrain from claiming
whatever he wished
of his person and possessions.
He led him to his wife,
who kissed Gahmuret,
little as he relished it.
Then they went to breakfast.*

Dô diz alsus was getân,
 der marschalch fuor von im zehant
 alda er die küneginne vant,
 und iesch vil grôziu botenbrôt.
 Er sprach, “Frouwe, unser nôt
 ist mit freuden zergangen.
 Den wir die haben enphangen,
 daz ist ein rîter sô getân,
 daz wir ze vlêhen immer hân
 unsern goten, die in uns brâhten,
 daz si des ie gedâhten.”

“Nu sage mir, ûf die triwe dîn,
 wer der ritter mûge sîn.”

“Frouwe, ez ist ein degen fier,
 des Bâruckes soldier,
 ein Anschevîn von hôher art.
 Âvoy wie wênic wirt gespart
 sîn lîp, swâ man in læzet an!
 Wie rehter dar unde dan
 entwîchet unde kêret!
 Die vînde er schaden lêret.
 Ich sach in strîten schône
 dâ die Babylône
 Alexandrîe læsen solten,
 unde dô si dannen wolten
 den Bâruc trîben mit gewalt.
 Waz ir dâ nider wart gevalt
 an der schumphentiure!
 Da begienc der gehiure
 mit sîme lîbe sölhe tât,
 sine heten vliehens keinen rât.
 Dar zuo hôrt i’n nennen,
 man solt in wol erkennen,
 daz er den prîs übr manegiu lant
 hete al ein zuo sîner hant.”

“Nu sih et wenne oder wie,
 und füeg daz er mich spreche hie.
 Wir hân doch fride al disen tack,
 dâ von der helt wol rîten mac
 her ûf ze mir; od sol ich dar?
 Er ist anders denne wir gevar.
 Ôwî wan tæte im daz niht wê!
 Daz het ich gerne erfunden êr,

*When that was finished,
 the marshal left him
 to go to the queen,
 and ask her for a very large reward.¹⁰
 He said, “Lady, our distress
 is ended now in joy.
 This man whom we have welcomed
 is a knight of such a nature
 that we shall evermore profusely thank
 our gods, who brought him to us,
 that they bethought themselves to do so.”*

*“Now tell me, on your loyalty,
 who this knight might be.”*

*“Lady, he is a mighty warrior,
 a solider of the Baruch,
 an Angevin of noble lineage.
 O how little does he hold back
 his person, in the thick of battle!
 How skillfully this way and that
 he dodges and feints!
 He deals out sorrow to the enemy.
 I saw him in glorious strife
 when the Babylonians
 were supposed to be rescuing Alexandria,
 and they were attempting
 to drive the Baruch away by force.
 What a lot of them were destroyed
 in their defeat!
 Then that wonderful man
 accomplished such feats of arms
 that they had no choice but to run away.
 Besides I heard it said of him,
 that men should well acknowledge
 that he has won, with his own hand,
 great honor throughout many a land.”*

*“Now determine when and how
 he will speak with me, and arrange for it to occur.
 All day today we have a truce,
 so the hero can easily ride
 here to see me; or should I go there?
 His color is not like ours.
 O how I hope that doesn’t bother him!
 I should like to find out*

¹⁰ He asked for *botenbrôt*, or “messenger’s reward,” as the bearer of good news.

Op mirz die mîne rieten
ich solt im êre bieten.
Geruochet er min nâhen,
wie sol ich in enphâhen?
Ist er mir dar zuo wol geborn,
daz mîn kus niht sî verlorn?”

“Frowe, erst für kûeneges künne erkant:
des sî mîn lîp genennet phant.
Frowe, ich wil iuern fürsten sagn,
daz si rîchiu kleider tragen,
und daz si vor iu bîten
unz daz wir zuo ziu rîten.
Daz saget ir iweren frouwen gar.
Wan swenne ich nu hin nider var,
sô bring ich iu den werden gast,
dem süezer tugende nie gebrast.”

Harte wênic des verdarp:
Vil behendeclîchen warp
der marschalch sîner frouwen bete.
Balde wart dô Gahmurete
rîchiu kleider dar getragen;
diu leiter an. Sus hôrt ich sagen,
daz diu tiwer wâren.
Anker die swâren
von Arâbischem golde
wârûn drûfe alser wolde.
Dô saz der minnen geltes lôn
ûf ein ors, daz ein Babylôn
gein im guruh tjosieren reit:
Den stach er drabe, daz was dem leit.

Op sîn wirt iht mit im var?
Er und sîne rîter gar.
Jâ deiswâr, si sint es frô.
Si riten mit ein ander dô
und erbeizten vor dem palas,
dâ manec riter ûffe was;
die muosen wol gekleidet sîn.
Sîniu kinder liefen vor im in,
le zwei ein ander an der hant.
Ir hêrre manege frouwen vant,
gekleidet wûnneclîche.
Der kûeginne rîche
ir ougen fuogten hôhen pîn,
dô si gesach den Anshevîn.

*whether my people advise
me to treat him with honor.
If he comes to me,
how should I receive him?
Is he high enough born for me,
that my kiss will not be wasted on him?”*

*“Lady, it is well known that he is the kin of kings:
I pledge my life on it.
Lady, I will tell your princes
to put on their best clothes,
and wait with you
for the two of us to ride here.
You may tell this to your serving women.
When I ride there now,
I will bring you this worthy guest,
who lacks nothing for dear virtue.”*

*Very little of this was overlooked.
With great diligence the marshal worked
to carry out his lady’s bidding.
In short order Gahmurete was given
splendid clothes to wear;
he put them on. I have heard it said
that they were quite elegant.
Anchors heavy
with Arabian gold
were sewn thereon, at his request.
Then that rich reward of love
mounted upon a horse, which a Babylonian
had ridden in jousting against him:
he had unhorsed that man, and caused him grief.*

*And did his host ride with him?
He did, together with his knights.
Indeed, they were happy to do so.
Thus they rode together
and stopped before the palace,
where many knights were stationed;
of course they all were finely dressed.
His pages entered before him
in twos, hand in hand.
Their master beheld several ladies within,
wonderfully attired.
The noble queen’s eyes
caused her great pain,
when she beheld the Angevin.*

Der was sô minneclîche gevar
daz er entslôz ir herze gar,
ez wære ir liep oder leit;
daz beslôz dâ vor ir wîpheit.

Ein wênc si gein im dô trat,
ir gast si sich küssen bat.
Si nam in selbe mit der hant.
Gein den vînden an die want
sâzen se in diu venster wît
ûf ein kultr gestepet samît,
dar undr ein weichez pette lac.
Ist iht liehters denne der tac,
dam glîchet niht diu kûnegin.
Si hete wîplîchen sin,
und was abr anders rîterlîch,
der touwegen rôsen ungelîche.
Nâch swarzer varwe was ir schîn,
ir krône ein liehter rubîni,
Ir houbet man derdurch wol sach.
Diu wirtîn zir gaste sprach,
daz ir liep wær sîn komn.
“Hêrre, ich hân von iu vernomn
vil rîterlîcher werdekeit.
Durch iwer zuht lât iu niht leit,
ob i’u mînen kumber klage,
den ich nâhe im herzen trage.”

“Mîn helfe iuch, frowe, niht irret.
Swaz iu war od wirret,
swâ daz wenden sol mîn hant,
diu sî ze dienste dar benant.
Ich pin niht wan einec man,
Swer iu tuot od hât getan,
dâ biut ich gegen mînen schilt
die vînde weîne des bevilt.”

Mit zûhten sprach ein fürste sân:
“Hetten wir einen hubetman,
wir solden vînde wênic sparn,
sît Vridebrant ist in gevarn.
Der læset dort sîn eigen lant.
Ein kûnec, heizet Hernant,
den er durh Herlinde sluoc,
des mâge tuont im leit genuoc:
sine wellent si’s niht mâzen.

*He was so lovely in appearance
that he unlocked her entire heart,
whether for good or ill for her;
her womanhood till then had kept it shut.*

*Then she stepped towards him a little,
and invited her guest to kiss her.
She took him by the hand.
Along the wall that faced the enemy
they sat in a window seat
on a cushion of samite,
under which lay a soft mattress.
If there is something brighter than the day,
in no way did the queen resemble it.
She had a womanly bearing,
and was, though like a knight in other ways,
quite unlike a dewy rose.
Her appearance was black in color,
her crown a translucent ruby,
through which one clearly saw her head.
The host said to her guest
that she treasured his arrival.
“Lord, I have heard of you
and your many knightly achievements.
Be not distressed in your nobility
if I bewail my sorrow,
which I carry next to my heart.”*

*“Lady, my help will not fail you.
Whatever troubles you,
let my hand
be pledged unto your service.
Though I am but a single man,
and though it may be a small contribution,
I offer my shield
against all those who seek to do you harm.”*

*One prince spoke courteously thus:¹¹
“If we but had a leader,
little would we spare the enemy,
now that Fridebrant is gone.
He is off defending his own country.
A king, Hernant by name,
whom he slew for Herlinde’s sake,
has kinsmen who now cause him grief enough:
they show no signs that they will soon relent.*

¹¹ The prince explains that Belcane is simultaneously fighting two armies: Isenhart’s and Friedebrant’s.

Er hât hie helde lâzen.
 den herzogen Hiutegêr,
 des rîterât uns manegiu sê
 frumt, und sîn geselleschaft;
 Ir strît hât kunst unde kraft.
 Sô hât hie mangeln soldier
 von Normandîe Gaschier,
 der wîse degen hêre.
 Noch hât hie rîter mêre
 Kaylet von Hoskurast,
 manegen zornigen gast.
 Die bræhten alle in diz lant
 der Schotten kûnec Vridebrant
 und sînre genôze viere
 mit mangem soldiere.
 Westerhalb dort an dem mer
 dâ lît Isenhartes her
 mit fielen ougen.
 Offenlîch noch tougen
 gesach si nimmer mêr kein man,
 sine müesen jâmers wunder hân
 (ir herzen regen die gûsse warp),
 sît an der tîost ir hêre starp.”

Der gast zer wirtinne
 sprach mit ritters sinne,
 “Saget mire, ob irs ruochet,
 durh waz man iuch sô suochet
 zornlîche mit gewalt.
 Ir habet sô manegen degen balt:
 Mich müet daz si sint verladen
 mit vînde hazze nâch ir schaden.”

“Daz sage i’u, hêre, sît irs gert.
 Mir diende ein ritter, der was wert.
 Sîn lîp was tugende ein bernde rîs.
 Der helt was küene unde wîs,
 der triwe ein reht beklibeniu fruht:
 sîn zuht wac fûr alle zuht.
 Er was noch kiuscher denne ein wîp;
 Vrecheit und ellen truoc sîn lîp.
 Sone gewuohs an ritter milter hant
 vor im nie über elliu lant.
 (Ine weiz was nâch uns sûle geschehen;
 des lâzen ander liute jehen.)
 Er was gein valsscher fuore ein tîr,
 in swarzer varwe als ich ein Mîr.

*He has left heroes behind here.
 The duke Hiuteger,
 whose knightly deeds have caused us
 distress, and his company;
 Their fighting prowess has skill and power.
 Another with many a soldier here
 is Gaschier of Normandy,
 the warrior great and wise.
 Even more knights has
 Kaylet of Hoskurast;
 they are many angry guests.
 All of these came into this country
 with Fridebrant the Scottish king
 and his four companions
 with many soldiers.
 To the west along the sea
 there lies Isenhardt's force
 with streaming eyes.
 In public or in private
 no man has beheld them
 but he has marveled at their wondrous grief
 (the raining of their hearts produces floods),
 since in the joust their lord has lost his life.”*

*The guest unto his hostess
 with knightly bearing said,
 “Tell me, if you will do so,
 the reason why you suffer such attacks
 of violence and wrath.
 Your knights are many and are valiant:
 It makes me sad to see them thus encumbered
 by enemy hatred, to their disadvantage.”*

*“That, sir, I shall tell you, since you ask.
 A worthy knight once served me.
 His body was a blooming bough of virtue.
 The hero was bold and wise,
 a loyal and a firmly rooted fruit:
 His courtesy outweighed all others’.
 He was more modest than a woman;
 his person embodied daring and bravery.
 Never grew up a knight more generous
 than him through the land.
 (I know not what may occur after us;
 let others speak of that.)
 To every false behavior he was deaf,
 in color black like me, a Moor.*

Sîn vater hiez Tankanîs,
 ein künec: Der het och hôhen prîs.
 Mîn friunt der hiez Isenhart.
 Mîn wîpheit was unbewart
 dô ich sîn dienst nâch minne enphienc,
 deiz im nâch frôuden niht ergienc.
 Des muoz ich immer jâmer tragen.
 Si wænent daz i'n schüef erslagen:
 Verrâtens ich doch wênic kan,
 swie mich des zîhen sîne man.
 Er was mir lieber danne in.
 Âne geziuge ich des niht bin,
 mit den ichz sol bewæren noch:
 Die rehten wârheit wîzen doch
 mîne gote und ouch die sîne.
 Er gap mir manege pîne.
 Nu hât mîn schamndiu wîpheit
 sîn lôn erlenget und mîn leit.
 Dem helde erwarp mîn magetuom
 an rîterschefte manegen ruom.
 Do versuocht i'n, ober kunde sîn
 en friunt. Daz wart vil balde schîn.
 Er gap durh mich sîn harnas
 enwec, daz als ein palas
 dort stêt (daz ist ein hôch gezelt:
 daz brâhten Schotten ûf diz velt).
 Dô daz der helt âne wart,
 sîn lîp dô wênic wart gespart.
 Des lebens in dâ nâch verdrôz,
 mange âventiure suohter blôz.

“Dô ditz alsô was,
 ein fürste (Prôthizilas
 der hiez), mîn massenê,
 vor zageheit der vrê,
 ûz durch âventiure reit,
 dâ grôz schade in niht vermeit.
 Zem fôrest in Azagouc
 ein tjost im sterben niht erlouc,
 die er tet ûf einen kûenen man,
 der ouch sîn ende aldâ gewan.
 Daz was mîn friunt Isenhart.
 Ir ieweder innen wart
 eins spers durh schilt und durh den lîp.
 Daz klag ich noch, vil armez wîp:

*His father was called Tankanis,
 a king: He also was of great renown.
 The name of my beloved was Isenhart.
 My womanhood was ill advised
 in accepting his love's service,
 as it did not end in joy for him.
 For that I must always bear sorrow.
 His men imagine that I murdered him:
 in fact I am hardly capable of guile,
 despite their accusations.
 He was dearer to me than he was to them.
 I lack not witnesses
 for what I claim:
 The honest truth is known
 to both my gods and theirs.
 He caused me much grief.
 But my modest womanhood
 prolonged his waiting and my suffering.
 My maidenly shyness spurred the hero
 to ever-greater deeds of knightly fame.
 I tested him, to see if he could be
 my beloved. That soon became apparent.
 On my account he gave his gear
 away, that like a palace
 stands there (it is a lofty tent
 brought by the Scotsmen to this field).¹²
 Once the hero lost his possessions,
 his health was hardly spared.
 He lost interest in life,
 seeking out adventures without arms.*

*“When matters stood this way,
 a prince (Prothizilas
 by name), one of my courtiers,
 free from all cowardice,
 rode out toward adventure,
 where great grief did not miss him.
 In the forest of Azagouc
 a joust to the death was no joke;
 he charged against a brave man,
 who also met his end.
 That was my beloved Isenhart.
 Each warrior suffered
 a spear through shield and body.
 For this I grieve today, a woeful woman:*

¹² The tent was part of the equipment that Isenhart gave away. It is now being used by Friedebrant's army.

Ir bêder tôt mich immer müet.
 Ûf mîner triwe jâmer blüet.
 Ih enwart nie wîp decheines man.”

Gahmureten dûhte sân,
 swie si wære ein heidenin,
 mit triwen wîpflicher sin
 in wîbes herze nie geslouf.
 Ir kiusche was ein reiner touf,
 und ouch der regen der si begôz,
 der wâc der von ir ougen flôz
 ûf ir zobel und an ir brust.
 Riwen phlege was ir gelust,
 und rehtiu jâmers lêre.

Si seit im fürbaz mêre,
 “Dô suohte mich von über mer
 der Schotten künec mit sînem her:
 Der was sîns œheimes suon.
 Sine mohten mir niht mê getuon
 schaden dan mir was geschehen
 an Isenharte, ich muoz es jehen.”
 Diu frouwe ersiuftedickte,
 Durch die zâher manege blicke
 si schamende gastlîchen sach
 an Gahmureten: dô verjach
 ir ougen dem herzen sân
 daz er wære wol getân.
 Si kunde ouch liehte varwe spehen,
 wan si het och ê gesehen
 manegen liechten heiden.
 Aldâ wart undr in beiden
 ein vil getriulîchiu ger:
 Sie sach dar, und er sach her.

Dar nâch hiez si schenken sân.
 Getorste si, daz wære verlân:
 Ez müete si deiz niht beleip,
 wand ez die ritter ie vertreip,
 die gerne sprâchen widr du wîp.
 Doch was ir lîp sîn selbes lîp:
 Ouch het er ir den muot gegeben,
 sîn leben was der frouwen lebn.

*both deaths distress me still.
 Grief blooms in the ground of my loyalty.
 Never have I been wed to any man.”*

*Gahmuret clearly saw
 that though she was a heathen,
 no woman's heart was better endowed
 with feminine loyalty.
 Her innocence was a pure baptism,
 as was the rain that soaked her,
 the flood that flowed from her eyes
 into her clothes and onto her bosom.
 Her purpose was the business of sorrow,
 and the experience of true grief.*

*She continued,
 “Then the king of the Scots¹³ with his host
 sought me from across the sea:
 He was his uncle's son.
 They could bring me
 no more pain than was inflicted
 by Isenhart himself, I must confess it.”
 The lady gave out sighs,
 and through her tears many glances
 in the manner of a bashful guest
 at Gahmuret: for clearly
 her eyes told her heart
 that he was handsomely constructed.
 She could also appreciate light complexions,
 for she had laid eyes upon
 many fair-skinned heathens.
 Thus arose between them
 a genuine desire:
 She saw him, and he saw her.*

*She ordered that the parting toast be given.
 She would have preferred to skip it:
 It vexed her that she could not,
 for it always drove away the knights
 who enjoyed speaking with women.
 Yet her person was now his:
 he had caused her to believe
 that his life was the lady's life as well.*

¹³ That is, Friedebrandt.

Dô stuont er ûf unde sprach,
 “Frouwe, ich tuon iu ungemach.
 Ich kan ze lange sitzen;
 Daz tuon ich niht mit wîzen.
 Mir ist vil dienestlîchen leit
 daz iwer kumber ist sô breit.
 Frouwe, gebietet über mich:
 Swar ir welt, darst mîn gerich.
 Ich dien iu allez daz ich sol.”

Si sprach, “Hêr, des trûwe i’u wol.”

Der burcgrâve sîn wirt
 nu vil wênic des verbirt,
 ern kürze im sîne stunde.
 Ze vrâgen er begunde,
 ober wolde baneken rîten,
 “und unser porten sîn behuot.”
 Gahmuret der degen guot
 sprach, er wolde gerne sehen
 wâ ritterschaft dâ wære geschehen.

Her ab mit dem helde reit
 manec rîter vil gemeit,
 hie der wîse, dort der tumble.
 Si fuorten in alumbe
 für sehzeihen porten,
 und beschieden im mit worten,
 daz der decheinu wære bespart
 “sît wurde gerochen Isenhart
 an uns mit zorn. Naht unde tac
 unser strît vil nâch gelîche wac:
 Man beslôz ir keine sît.
 Uns gît vor ähte porten strît
 des getriwen Isenhartes man:
 Die hânt uns schaden vil getân.
 Si ringent mit zorne,
 die fürsten wol geborne,
 des küneges man von Azagouc.
 Vor ieslîcher porte flouc
 ob küener schar ein liehter van,
 ein durchstochen rîter dran:
 Als Isenhart den lîp verlôs,
 sîn volc diu wâpen dâ nâch kôs.

*Then he stood up and said,
 “Lady, I do you a disservice.
 I can sit here no longer;
 that would be thoughtless of me.
 It causes me great grief
 that your sorrow is so deep.
 Lady, command me:
 Wherever you wish, there shall my power be.
 I shall serve you however I may.”*

She responded, “Sir, I believe you will.”

*The governor his host
 now left little undone
 to make the time pass quickly for him.
 He asked whether he would like
 to ride out to the battlefield,
 “and see how our gates are defended.”
 Gahmuret the worthy warrior
 said that he would gladly see
 where such feats of knighthood had occurred.*

*Down with the hero rode
 several noble knights,
 some seasoned, others new.
 They led him around
 to sixteen gates,¹⁴
 and explained to him
 that none of them had been shut
 “since Isenhart began to be avenged
 upon us with wrath. Night and day
 our strife has been unending:
 no gate have we closed since.
 Before eight gates we are assailed
 by men loyal to Isenhart:
 They have caused us great grief.
 They fight fearsomely,
 these princes nobly born,
 these vassals of the King of Azagouc.
 Before each gate there flies
 above a brave host a bright flag,
 on which is depicted an impaled knight:
 As Isenhart has lost his life,
 such is the coat of arms his men have chosen.*

¹⁴ The knights explain that Belcane is defending sixteen gates against the enemy. Eight of them are attacked by Isenhart’s army, and the other eight are attacked by Friedebrand’s army.

“Dâ gein hân wir einen site;
 Dâ stille wir ir jâmer mite.
 Unser vanen sint erkant,
 daz zwêne vinger ûz der hant
 biutet gein dem eide,
 irn geschæhe nie sô leide
 wan sît daz Isenhardt lac tât.
 Mîner frouwen frumt er herzenôt.
 Sus stêt diu kûnegîn gemâl,
 frou Belakâne, sunder twâl
 in einen blanken samît
 gesniten von swarzer varwe sît.
 Daz wir diu wâpen kuren an in
 (ir triwe an jâmer hât gewin),
 Die steckent ob den porten hôch.
 Vür die ander ähte uns suochet noch
 des stolzen Fridebrandes her,
 die getouften von über mer.

“Ieslîcher porte ein fürste phliget,
 der sich strîtes ûz bewiget
 mit sîner baniere.
 Wir haben Gaschiere
 gefangen einen grâven abe;
 Der biutet uns vil grôze habe.
 Der ist Kayletes swester suon:
 Swaz uns der nu mac getuon,
 daz muoz ie dirre gelten.
 Sölch gelücke kumt uns selten.

“Grüenes angers lützel, sandes
 wol drîzec poinder landes
 ist zier gezelten vome grabn.
 Dâ wirt vil manec tjost erhâbn.”
 Disiu mære sagt im gar sin wirt:
 “Ein ritter nimmer daz verbirt,
 ern kom durck tjostieren für.
 Op der sîn dienst dort verlür
 an ir diu in sante her,
 was hulfe in dan sîn vrechiu ger?
 Daz ist der stolze Hiutegêr.
 Von dem mag ich wol sprechen mêr.
 Sît wir hie sîn besezen,
 daz der helt vermezzen
 ie smorgens vil bereite was

*“Opposing that device we have our own;
 and with it we pay tribute to their grief.
 Our banner may be recognized
 by two fingers of the hand
 outstretched to swear an oath,
 that never did such woe occur to her
 as when Isenhardt lay dead.
 That caused my lady her heart’s sorrow.
 There stands the noble queen,
 the lady Belcane, in sharp relief
 on white samite
 emblazoned in black.
 Ever since we saw their banners
 (their loyalty causes them grief),
 these have flown high over our gates.
 Before the other eight gates we are assailed
 by proud Fridebrandt’s host,
 baptized Christian men from across the sea.*

*“A prince commands each gate.
 He leads his forces out
 with his banner.
 We have captured
 one of Gaschier’s counts;
 He offers us a large ransom.
 He is Kaylet’s sister’s son.”¹⁵
 Whatever Kaylet does to us,
 he must pay for.
 We seldom have such luck.*

*“There is hardly any turf,
 just thirty horse lengths of sandy ground
 from the moat to their tents.
 There we fight many a joust,”
 his host continued his report.
 “A single knight never fails
 to come out and join the joust.
 If he were to serve in vain
 for the one who sent him out,
 what would be the purpose of his challenge?
 That is the proud Hiuteger.
 About him I would like to tell you more.
 Ever since we have been under siege,
 that dauntless hero
 has appeared each morning*

¹⁵ The count’s name is Killirjacac. He is in fact Gahmuret’s cousin. Kaylet, a king from Spain, is also Gahmuret’s cousin, as explained below.

vor der porte gein dem palas.
 Ouch ist von dem küenen man
 kleinœtes vil gefüeret dan,
 daz er durch unser schilte stach,
 des man für grôze koste jach
 so ez die krîgerre brâchen drabe.
 Er valt uns manegen rîter abe.
 Er læt sich gerne schowen,
 in lobent ouch unser frouwen.
 Swen wîp lobent, der wirt erkant;
 er hât den prîs ze sîner hant,
 unt sînes herzen wunne.”

Dô hete diu müede sunne
 ir iehten blic hinz ir gelesn.
 Des bankens muose ein ende wesn.
 Der gast mit sîme write reit,
 er vant sîn ezzen al bereit.

Ich muoz iu von ir spîse sagen.
 Diu wart mit zûhten für getragen:
 Man diende in rîterliche.
 Diu kûneginne rîche
 kom stolzliche für sînen tisch.
 Hie stuont der reiger, dort der visch.
 Si was durch daz hinz im gevarn;
 si wolde selbe daz bewarn
 daz man sîn pflæge wol ze frumen.
 Si was mit juncfrouwen kumen.
 Si kniete nider (daz was im leit),
 mit ir selber hant si sneit
 dem rîter sîner spîse ein teil.
 Diu frouwe was ir gastes geil.
 Dô bôt si sîn trinken dar
 und phlac sîn wol. Och nam er war,
 wie was gebærde unde ir wort.
 Zende an sînes tisches ort
 sâzen sîne spilman,
 und anderhalp sîn kappelân.
 Al schemende er an die frouwen sach;
 harte blûclîcher sprach,
 “Ichn hân mi’s niht genietet,
 als ir mirz, frouwe, bîetet,
 Mîns lebens mit sölhen êren.
 Ob ich iuch solde lêren,
 sô wær hînt sân an iuch gegert
 eins phlegens des ich wære wert,

*before the gate opposite the palace.
 To that brave man
 many a lady has given her favor;
 which he has run through our shields;
 they are deemed to be of great value
 when our warriors’ arms receive them.
 He has cost us many a brave knight.
 He is eager to be seen,
 and our women praise him too.
 When women praise a man, he garners fame;
 he has the prize in his hand,
 and his heart’s desire.”*

*Now the weary sun
 had gathered up its rays.
 The end of the day was at hand.
 The guest rode back with his host,
 and there he found his supper all prepared.*

*I must tell you about their meal.
 It was set out properly,
 as befits a knight.
 The splendid queen
 sat proudly at his table.
 Here was heron, there was fish.
 She remained with him the entire time;
 she wanted to ensure
 that he was well attended.
 She was there with her serving girls.
 She knelt down (this caused him grief),
 and with her own hand she cut
 for the knight his portion of food.
 The lady was delighted with her guest.
 She served him his drink
 and attended him well. For his part he observed
 her behavior and her words.
 At the foot of the table
 sat his minstrels,
 and on the other side his chaplain.
 Shyly he looked at the lady;
 blushing he said,
 “Never in my life
 have I been served with such honor, lady,
 as you show me here.
 If I am permitted to say it,
 I would have chosen
 the treatment I deserve,*

sone wært ir niht her ab geritn.
 Getar ich iuch des, frouwe, bitn,
 Sô lât mich in der mâze leb'n.
 Ir habt mir êr ze vil gebe'n."

Sine wolt och des niht lâzen.
 Dâ sîniu kinder sâzen,
 diu bat si ezzen vaste.
 Diz bôt si zêrn ir gaste.
 Gar disiu junchêrrelîn
 wâren holt der kûnegîn.
 Dar nâch diu frouwe niht vergaz,
 si gieng och dâ der wirt saz
 und des wîp diu burcrâvin.
 Den becher huop diu kûnegin,
 si sprach, "Lâ dir bevolhen sîn
 unseren gast: Diu êre ist dîn.
 Dar umbe ich iuch beidiu man."

Si name urloup, dô gienc si dan
 aber hin wider für ir gast.
 Des herze truoc ir minnen last.
 Daz selbe ouch ir von im geschach;
 des ir herze unde ir ouge jach:
 Diu muosens mit ir phlihte hân.
 Mit zûhten sprach diu frouwe sân,
 "Gebietet, hêrre: Swes ir gert,
 daz schaf ich; want ir sît es wert.
 Und lât mich iwer urloup hân.
 Wirt iu hie guot gemach getân,
 des vrôwen wir uns über al."
 Guldîn wâr'n ir kerzstal;
 Vier lieht man vor ir drûfe truoc.
 Sie reit ouch dâ si vant genuoc.

Sine âzen och niht langer dô.
 Der helt was trûric unde frô.
 Er fröute sich daz man im bôt
 grôz êre; in twanc doch ander nôt.
 Daz was diu strenge minne,
 diu neiget hôhe sinne.

Diu wirtin fuor an ir gemach:
 Harte schiere daz geschach.
 Man bette dem helde sân;
 daz wart mit vlîze getân.
 Der wirt sprach zem gaste,

*and you would not have ridden here.
 If I may ask it of you now, lady,
 let me live in moderation.
 You have shown me too much honor."*

*She did not relent.
 Going to where his pages sat,
 she bade them to eat heartily.
 She did this to honor her guest.
 Every one of these young gentlemen
 was enamored of the queen.
 Nor did the lady neglect
 to go over to where
 the governor sat with his wife.
 The queen raised her cup
 and said, "To you I commend
 our guest: The honor is yours.
 I urge this upon you both."*

*She bade farewell, and yet
 again she went over to her guest.
 His heart felt love for her.
 The same was true of her for him;
 Her heart and her eyes declared it:
 For they took on the burden with her.
 Courteously the lady said,
 "Command, sir: Whatever you wish,
 I shall perform; for you are worthy of it.
 Now permit me to take my leave.
 If you have a good rest,
 we shall be extremely pleased."
 Her torch holders were gold;
 Four torches went before her.
 She rode back to where there were torches enough.*

*They ended their meal.
 The hero was both sad and happy.
 It pleased him to be shown
 great honor; yet he felt distress.
 That was the strength of love,
 which humbles mighty spirits.*

*The hostess quickly took her leave:
 swift was her departure.
 They prepared a bed for the hero;
 they did it with care.
 The host said to the guest,*

“Nu sult ir slâfen vaste,
und ruowet hînt: des wirt iu nôt.”

Der wirt den sînen daz gebôt,
si solten dannen kêren.
Des gastes junchêren
der bette alumbe dez sîne lac,
ir houbet dran, wand er des pflac.
Dâ stuonden kerzen harte grôz
und brunnen lieht. Den helt verdrôz
daz sô lanc was diu naht.
In brâhte dicke in unmaht
diu swarze Mœrinne,
des landes kûneginne.
Er want sich dicke alsam ein wit,
daz im krachten diu lit.
Strît und minne was sîn ger:
Nu wûnschet daz mans in gewer.
Sîn herze gap von stôzen schal
wand ez nâch rîterschefte swal.
Daz begunde dem recken
sîne brust bêde erstrecken,
sô die senwen tuot daz armbrust.
Dâ was ze dræte sîn gelust.

Der hêrre ân allez slâfen lac,
unz errkôs den grâwen tac:
Der gap dennoch niht liehten schîn.
Dô solt och dâ bereite sîn
zer messe ein sîn kappelân:
Der sanc si got und im sân.
Sîn harnasch truoc man dar ze hant;
Er reit da er tjostieren vant.

Dô saz er an der stunde
ûf ein ors, daz beidu kunde
hurtlîchen dringen
und snelleclîchen springen,
Bekêric swâ manz wider zôch.
Sînen anker ûf dem helme hôch
man gein der porte fûeren sach.
aldâ wîp unde man verjach,
sine gesâhn nie helt sô wûnneclîch:
Ir gote im solten sîn gelîch.

“Now you should sleep soundly
and rest well: you will need it.”

*The host told his men
that they should leave.
The guest's pages
had their beds facing his,
in a circle, as was his custom.
There stood candles of great size,
burning brightly. It bothered the hero
that the night was so long.
He felt weakened by the words
of the black Mooress,
the queen of the land.
He tossed and turned like a willow branch,
so that his joints cracked.
Strife and love were his desire:
Now let us hope that he achieves both.
His heart beat loudly
as he yearned for knightly conquests.
It began
to strain his breast,
as the bow does the bowstring.
Such was his desire.*

*The hero lay bereft of all sleep,
until he saw the day dawning:
not yet did it brightly shine.
Then his chaplain
prepared himself for mass:
He sang it for God and for the knight.
They brought him his armor;
he rode out to the jousting-place.*

*Straightaway he mounted
upon a horse that could both
charge headlong
and swiftly leap,
responding instantly to his command.
They saw his anchor upon his tall helmet
riding before the gate.
Man and woman alike proclaimed
that they had never seen such a handsome knight:
Their gods should be like him.*

Man fuort ouch starkiu sper dâ bî.
 Wie er gezimieret sî?
 Sîn ors von îser truoc ein dach:
 Daz was für slege des gemach.
 Dar ûf ein ander decke lac,
 ringe, diu niht swære wac:
 Daz was ein grüener samît.
 Sîn wâpenroc, sîn kursît
 was ouch ein grüenez achmardî:
 Daz was geworht dâz Arâbî.
 Dar an ich liuge niemen:
 Sîne schiltriemen,
 swaz der dar zuo gehôrte,
 was ein unverblichen borte
 mit gesteine harte tiure;
 Geliutert in dem fiure
 was sîn bukel rôl golt.
 Sîn dienest name der minnen solt:
 Ein scharpher strît in ringe wac.

Diu künin in dem venster lac;
 Bî ir sâzen frouwen mêr.
 Nu seht: Dort hielt och Hiutegêr,
 aldâ im ê der prîs geschach.
 Do er disen rîter komen sach
 zuo zim kalopieren hie,
 dô dâhter, “Wenne oder wie
 kom dirre Franzois in diz lant?
 Wer hât den stolzen her gesant?
 Het ich den für einen Môr,
 sô wære mîn bester sin ein tôr.”

Diu doch von sprungen nicht belibn.
 Ir ors mit sporen si bêde tribn
 ûzem walap in die rabbîn.
 Si tâten rîters ellen schîn,
 der tjost ein ander si niht lügen.
 Die sprîzen gein den lûften flugen
 von des kûenen Hiutegêres sper;
 Ouch valt in sînes strîtes wer
 hinderz ors ûf dez gras.
 Vil ungewent er des was.
 Er reit ûf in und trat in nider.
 Des erholt er sich dicke wider,
 er tet werlîchen willen schîn.
 Doch steckt in dem arme sîn
 diu Gahmuretes lanze.

*They brought him stout spears.
 How was he equipped?
 His horse wore a covering of iron:
 That was for protection against blows.
 Over it was another covering,
 not heavy,
 and made of green samite.
 His surcoat and his gambeson
 were also of green achmardi
 made in Araby.
 I tell you no lie:
 his shield straps,
 and their fastenings,
 were unbleached thongs
 studded with precious stones;
 Refined in flame
 was the red gold of his shield.
 His service was in the name of love:
 A fierce fight was nothing to him.*

*The queen sat in the window;
 with her sat her ladies.
 Now look: Here comes Hiuteger,
 in the very spot where he has won the prize.
 When he sees this knight approaching,
 galloping towards him,
 he thinks, “When and how
 comes this French knight into this land?
 Who has sent that proud man here?
 If I took him for a Moor,
 my best thinking would be foolish.”*

*They did not delay the attack.
 Both spurred their horses
 from a gallop to full speed.
 They put on a knightly show
 and did not fail to joust each other.
 The splinters flew into the air
 from the shaft of Hiuteger’s spear;
 The impact threw him
 over his horse and onto the grass.
 He was not accustomed to this at all.
 Gahmuret rode over to trample him down.
 He picked himself up briskly,
 and ready to defend himself.
 Yet Gahmuret’s lance
 had pierced him in the arm.*

Der iesch die rianze.
 Sînen meister heter funden.
 “Wer hât mich überwunden?”
 Alsô sprach der küene man.

Der sigehafte jach dô sîn,
 “Ich pin Gahmuret Anschevîn.”

Er sprach, “Min sicherheit sî dîn.”

Die enphienger unde sande in in.
 Des muoser vil geprîset sîn
 von den frouwen die daz sâhen.

Dort her begunde gâhen
 von Normandîe Gaschier,
 der ellens rîche degen fier,
 der starke tjostiure.
 Hie hielt och der gehiure
 Gahmuret zer anderen tjost bereit.
 Sîm sper was daz îser breit
 unt der schaft veste.
 Aldâ werten die geste
 ein ander, ungelîchez wac.
 Gaschier dernider lac
 mit orse mit alle
 von der tjoste valle,
 und wart betwungen sicherheit,
 ez wære im liep oder leit.

Gahmuret der wîgant
 sprach, “Mir sichert iwer hant;
 Diu was bî manlîcher wer.
 Nu rîtet gein der Schotten her
 und bitet si daz si uns verbern
 mit strîte, op si des wellen gern,
 Und komt nâch mir in die stat.”
 Swaz er gebôt oder bat
 endehaft ez wart getân:
 Die Schotten muosen strîten lân.

Dô kom gevaren Kaylet.
 Vorn dem kêrte Gahmuret,
 Wand er was sîner muomen suon.
 Waz solter im dô leides tuon?
 Der Spânôl rief im nâch genuoc.
 Ein strûz er ûf dem helme truoc.
 Gezimieret was der man,

*He asked to surrender.
 He had met his master.
 “Who has bested me?”
 So said the brave man.*

*The victor replied,
 “I am Gahmuret the Angevin.”*

The other said, “I give you my promise of surrender.”

*He accepted, and sent him into the city.
 This was much praised
 by the women who saw it.*

*Now came
 Gaschier of Normandy,
 rich in valor,
 and a strong jouster.
 Gahmuret, undaunted,
 prepared himself for the second joust.
 Broad was his iron spearhead
 and firm the shaft.
 Then the two strangers
 assailed each other, with unequal strength.
 Gashier was thrown,
 horse and all,
 to a fall in the joust,
 and was compelled to surrender,
 whether for good or for ill for him.*

*Gahmuret the warrior
 said, “Your hand pledges surrender;
 its defense was manly.
 Now ride over to the Scottish army
 and bid that they spare us
 their assault, if it so pleases them,
 and come with me into the city.”
 Everything he ordered or requested
 was carried out exactly:
 The Scots had to stop fighting.*

*Next came Kaylet.
 Gahmuret turned away from him,
 for he was his mother’s sister’s son.
 How could he do him harm?
 The Spaniard called after him enough.
 He wore an ostrich on his helmet.
 The man was dressed,*

als ich dâ von ze sagenne hân,
 mit phelle wît unde lanc.
 Daz gevilde nâch dem helde klanc:
 Sîne schellen gâbn gedœne.
 Er bluome an mannes schœne.
 Sîn varwe an schœne hielt den strît
 unz an zwên die nâch im wuohsen sît:
 Bêacurs Lôtes kint
 und Parzivâl, die dâ niht sint.
 Die wâren dennoch unbgeborn,
 und wurden sît für schœne erkorn.

Gaschier in mit dem zoume nam.
 “Iwer wilde wirt vil zam
 (daz sag i’u ûf die triwe mân),
 bestêt ir den Anschevîn,
 der mîne sicherheit dort hât.
 Ir sult merken mînen rât,
 und dar zuo, hêrre, mîne bete.
 Ich hân geheizen Gahmurete
 daz ich iuch alle wende;
 Daz lobt ich sîner hende.
 Durch mich lât iwer streben sîn:
 Er tuot iu kraft an strîte schîn.”

Dô sprach der kûnec Kaylet,
 “Ist daz mân neve Gahmuret,
 fil li roy Gandîn,
 mit dem lâz ich mân strîten sîn.
 Lât mirn zom.” “In lâz ius niht
 ê daz mân ouge alrêrst ersiht
 iwer blôzez houbet.
 Daz mîne ist mir betoubet.”
 Den helm er im her ab dô bant.

Gahmuret mê strîtes vant
 (Ez was wol mitter morgen dô),
 die von der stat des wâren vrô,
 die dise tjost ersâhen.
 Si begunden alle gâhen,
 an ir werlîchen letze.
 Er was vor in ein netze:
 Swas drunder kom, daz was beslagen.
 Ein ander ors, sus hœere ich sagen,
 dar ûf saz der werde:
 Daz flouc und ruorte d’erde
 gereht ze bêden sîten,

*as I must tell you,
 in pfellel-silk wide and long.
 The field rang as the hero passed:
 he wore bells on his armor.
 He was a flower of manly beauty.
 His beauty was unsurpassed
 except by two who came after him:
 Beacurs the son of Lot
 and Parzival, who were not here.
 They were still unborn,
 and destined for great beauty.*

*Gaschier took him by the bridle.
 “Your wildness will become very tame
 (so I tell you on my honor),
 if you attack the Angevin,
 who has my guarantee of surrender.
 Heed my advice,
 sir, and my request.
 I have promised Gahmuret
 that I would cease all strife;
 I said it in his hands.
 For my sake leave off your attack:
 He will show you strength in battle.”*

*Then said Kaylet the king,
 “If it is my cousin Gahmuret,
 son of King Gandin,
 I will not attack him.
 Let go of my bridle.” “I will not let go of it
 until I first see with my own eye
 your uncovered head.
 Mine is dazed.”
 He took off his helmet.*

*Gahmuret found more fighting
 (it was now well into mid-morning),
 which pleased the people of the city
 as they observed the jousting.
 They all began to go out,
 in truth every one of them.
 Before them he was as a net:
 whatever came under it was ensnared.
 As I heard it told, the worthy man
 mounted another horse:
 It flew and hugged the ground
 with equal ease,*

küen dâ man solt strîten,
 verhalten unde dræte.
 Was er dar ûfe tæte?
 Dez muoz ich im für ellen jehn.
 Er reit da in Môren mohten sehn,
 aldâ die lâgen mit ir her,
 westerhalp dort an dem mer.

Ein fürste Razalîc dâ heiz,
 Deheinen tac daz nimmer liez
 der rîcheeste von Azagouc
 (sîn geslehte im des niht louc,
 von küneges frühte was sîn art),
 der huop sich immer dannewart
 durh tjostieren für die stat.
 Aldâ tet sîner krefte mat
 der helt von Anschouwe.
 Daz klagte ein swarziu frouwe,
 diu in hete dar gesant,
 daz in dâ iemen überwant.
 Ein knappe bôt al sunder bete
 sîme hêrren Gahmurete
 ein sper, dem was der schaft ein rôr:
 Dâ mite stach er den Môr
 hinderz ors ûfen griez.
 Niht langer er in ligen liez;
 dâ twanc in sicherheit sîn hant.

Dô was daz urliuqe gelant,
 und im ein grôzer prîs geschehen.
 Gahmuret begunde sehen
 aht vanen sweiment gein der stat,
 die er balde wenden bat
 den küenen sigelôsen man.
 Dar nâch gebôt er im dô sân
 daz er kêrte nâch im în.
 Daz tet er: Wan ez solt et sîn.

Gaschier sîn kumn ouch niht verbirt
 an dem innen wart der wirt
 daz sîn gast was komen ûz.
 Daz er niht îsen als ein strûz
 und starke vlinse verslant,
 daz machte daz err niht envant.
 Sîn zorn begunde limmen
 und als ein lewe brimmen.
 Dô brach er û sîn eigen hâr.

*keen when commanded to charge,
 check, or wheel.
 What did he do on this horse?
 That must I account as bravery.
 He rode out to where the Moors could see him,
 where their army lay,
 westward along the sea.*

*There was a prince there called Razalic,
 who was in that day
 the greatest man in Azagouc
 (his lineage assured that,
 as he was descended from kings),
 who never failed each day
 to come to the city for jousting.
 Then the hero from Anjoy
 put a stop to his power.
 A black woman bewailed
 (she who had sent him out)
 that he had been overthrown.
 A page without being asked
 brought his hero Gahmuret
 a spear, the shaft of which was of bamboo:
 With it he drove the Moor
 back over his horse onto the gravel.
 He did not let him lie there very long;
 his hand forced him to guarantee surrender.*

*Thus was the conflict ended,
 and a great prize awarded to him.
 Gahmuret saw
 eight banners streaking toward the city,
 which he ordered sent back
 by the brave but unsuccessful man.
 He further ordered him
 to follow him inside.
 This he did, as there was nothing else to do.*

*Gaschier, not failing to arrive
 inside the walls, advised the host
 that his guest was in the field.
 If that host did not eat iron like an ostrich
 and gnaw at mighty rocks,
 that was because none were at hand.
 His wrath began to growl
 and roar like lion.
 He tore at his own hair.*

Er sprach, “Nu sint mir mîniu jâr
 nâch grôzer tumpheit bewant.
 Die gote heten mir gesant
 einen küenen werden gast.
 Ist er verladen mit strîtes last
 sone mag ich nimmer werden wert,
 waz touc mir schilt unde swert?
 Er sol mich schelten, swer michs mane.”
 Dô kêrter von den sînen dane
 gein der porte er vaste ruorte.

Ein knappe im widerfuorte
 ein schilt, ûzen und innen dran
 gemâlt als ein durchstochen man,
 geworht in Isenhartes lant.
 Ein helm er fuorte ouch in der hant,
 unde ein swert daz Razalîc
 durch ellen brâht in den wîc.
 Dâ was er von gescheiden,
 der küene swarze heiden.
 (Des lop was virrec unde wît.
 Starbe er âne toufen sît,
 so erkenn sich über den degen balt,
 der aller wunder hât gewalt.)

Dô der burcrâve daz ersach,
 sô rehte liebe im nie geschach.
 Diu wâppen errkande,
 hin ûz der porte er rande.
 Sînen gast sach er dort halden
 (den jungen, niht den alden)
 al gernde strîteclîcher tjost.
 Dô nam in Lachfilirost,
 sîn wirt, und zôch in vaste widr.
 Ern stach tâ mêr decheinen nidr.

Lachfilirost schahtelakunt
 sprach, “Hêrre, ir sult mir machen kunt,
 hât betwungen iwer hant
 Razalîgen? Unser lant
 ist kamphes sicher immer mêr.
 Der ist ob al den Môren hêr,
 des getriwen Isenhartes man,
 die uns den schaden hânt getân.
 Sich hât verendet unser nôt.
 Ein zornic got in daz gebôt
 Dazs uns hie suohten mit ir her.

*He said, “Now in my mature years
 I am behaving with the worst folly of youth.
 The gods have sent me
 a brave and worthy guest.
 If he is burdened with more fighting
 than he can handle,
 of what use are my shield and sword?
 He mocks me, who reminds me of such failure.”
 Then he turned away from the people
 and galloped off towards the gate.*

*A squire brought him
 a shield, decorated outside and in
 with an impaled knight,
 made in Isenhardt's land.
 He also bore a helmet in his hand,
 and a sword that Razalic
 had wielded bravely in the fight.
 That was taken from him,
 the brave and black-complexioned heathen.
 (His fame traveled far and wide.
 If he died without baptism,
 then let Him have mercy on that brave warrior,
 who has all miracles in his power.)*

*When the governor saw the shield,
 he had never been so delighted.
 Recognizing the coat of arms,
 he went out of the gate at a gallop.
 He saw his guest
 (the young one, not the old one)
 eagerly awaiting the joust.
 There the host, whose name was Lachfilirost,
 led him back into the city.
 He never fought another combat there.*

*Lachfilirost the governor
 said, “Sir, if you would tell me,
 have you struck down with your hand
 Razalic? If so, our land
 is safe from war forever.
 He commanded all the Moors,
 those vassals of Isenhardt,
 who have done us harm.
 Our suffering has ended.
 An angry god commanded them
 to strike us with their host.*

Nu ist enschumphiert ir wer.”

Er fuort in in: Daz was im leit.
 Diu küneginne im widerreit.
 Sinen zoum nam si mit ir hant
 si entstrichte der fintâlen bant.
 Der wirt in muose lâzen.
 Sine knappen niht vergâzen
 sine kêrten vaste ir hêrren nâch.
 Durch die stat man fûeren sach
 ir gast die küneginne wîs,
 der dâ behalden het den prîs.
 Sierbeizt aldâ sis dûhte zît.
 “Wê wie getriwe ir knappen sît!
 Ir wænt verliesen disen man.
 Dem wirt ân iuch gemach getân.
 Nemt sîn ors unt fûert ez hin:
 Sîn geselle ich hie bin.”

Vil frouwen er dort ûfe vant.
 Entwâpent mit swarzer hant
 wart er von der künegîn.
 Ein dechlachen zobelîn
 und ein bette wol gehêret,
 dar an im wart gemêret
 ein heinlîchiu êre.
 Aldâ was niemen mêre:
 Die juncfrouwen giengen fûr
 und sluzzen nâch in zuo die tûr.
 Dô phlac diu küneginne
 einer werden sîezer minne,
 und Gahmuret ir herzen trût.
 Ungelîch was doch ir zweier hût.

Si brâhten opfers vil ir goten,
 die von der stat. Was wart gebotn
 dem kûenen Razalîge,
 dô er schiet von dem wîge,
 daz leister durh triuwe;
 Doch wart sîn jâmer niuwe
 nâch sîme hêrren Isenhart.
 Der burcrâve des innen wart,
 daz er kom. Dô wart ein schal.
 Dar kômn die fûrsten über al
 ûz der kûngîn lant von Zazamanc.
 Die sageten im des prîses danc,
 den er het aldâ bezalt.

Now their champion is humbled.”

*He brought Gahmuret in, loath as he was to follow.
 The queen rode down to meet him.
 She took his bridle with her hand
 and untied the fastenings of his ventail.
 The governor surrendered the bridle.
 His pages did not fail
 to run to attend their lord.
 Through the city they saw
 the wise queen leading her guest,
 who had taken the prize.
 She dismounted at the proper time.
 “Oh, how devoted your pages are!
 You seem to think you will lose this man.
 Without you he will be well attended.
 Take his horse and lead it away.
 In this city I am his friend.”*

*He found many ladies there.
 The black hands of the queen
 Ungirded him.
 In a coverlet of sable
 and a bed beautifully adorned,
 there he was granted
 an intimate honor.
 No one was there:
 the maidens had gone out
 and shut the door.
 The queen bestowed
 a sweet and noble love,
 and Gahmuret was her heart's beloved.
 Their two skin colors were not alike.*

*They brought many offerings to their gods,
 those of the city. Whatever commands
 brave Razalic received
 when he left the battefield,
 he performed them all faithfully;
 yet he felt renewed grief
 for his lord Isenhart.
 The governor was told
 that he had come. Then there was rejoicing.
 Princes arrived from all over
 the queen's land of Zazamanc.
 They gave Gahmuret thanks
 for the victory he had achieved.*

Ze rehter tjost het er gevalt
 vier und zweinzec rîter nidr,
 und zôch ir ors almeistic widr.
 Dâ wârn gevangen fürsten drî;
 Den reit manec rîter bî,
 ze hove ûf den palas.

Entslâfen unde enbizzen was,
 unt wünneclîche gefeitet
 mit kleidern wol bereitet
 was des hôhsten wirtes lîp.
 Diu ê hiez magt, diu was nu wîp;
 diu in her ûz fuorte an ir hant.
 Si sprach, "Mîn lîp und mîn lant
 ist disem rîter undertân,
 obez im vînde wellent lân."

Dô wart gevolget Gahmurete
 einer höfischlîchen bete:
 "Gêt nâher, mîn hêr Razalîc:
 Ir sult küssen mîn wîp.
 Als tuot ouch ir, hêr Gaschier."
 Hiutegêrn den Schotten fier
 bat er si küssen an ir munt;
 Der was von sîner tjoste wunt.

Er bat si alle sitzen,
 al stênder sprach mit wîzen,
 "Ich sâhe och gerne den neven mîn,
 möht ez mit sînen hulden sîn,
 der in hie gevangen hât.
 Ine hâns von sippe decheinen rât,
 ine müez in ledec machen."
 Diu kûngîn begunde lachen,
 sie hiez balde nâch im springen.
 Dort her begunde dringen
 der minneclîche bêâ kunt.
 Der was von rîterschefte wunt,
 und hetz ouch dâ vil guot getân.
 Gaschier der Oriman
 in dar brâhte. Er was kurtoys;
 sîn vater was ein Franzoys;
 er was Kayletes swester barn.
 In wîbes dienster was gevarn.
 Er hiez Killirjacac;

*In the jousting he had overthrown
 twenty-four knights,
 and brought back most of their horses.
 Three princes were captured;
 many of their knights
 rode into the palace courtyard.*

*Well rested and breakfasted,
 and splendidly garbed
 in garments well prepared
 was the body of their highest lord.
 She who was a maid was now a wife;
 she led him forth by the hand.
 She said, "My person and my country
 are now subject to this knight,
 if our enemies will agree."*

*Then Gahmuret made
 a courteous request:
 "Come nearer, my lord Razalic:
 You shall kiss my wife.
 You shall do likewise, lord Gaschier."
 Hiuteger the Scot
 he asked to kiss her on the lips;
 he was still wounded from the joust.*

*He told them all to sit,
 and standing said in jest,
 "Gladly would I also see my cousin,¹⁶
 if I may do so with the permission
 of the one who captured him.
 As I am his kinsman,
 I must set him free."
 Smiling happily, the queen
 bade them fetch him.
 There through the crowd
 came the handsome count.
 He bore the wounds from knightly combat,
 and his many brave deeds therein.
 Gaschier the Norman
 had brought him there. He was courteous;
 his father was a Frenchman;
 he was Kaylet's sister's son.
 He had come in service of a woman.
 His name was Killirjacac;*

¹⁶ This is Gahmuret's cousin Killirjacac. Belcane's forces had captured him, as explained to Gahmuret when he toured the battlefield on the day before the jousting.

aller manne schœene er widerwac.

Dô in Gahmuret sesach
(ir antlütze sippe jach,
Diu wâr ein ander vil gelîch),
er bat die kûeginne rîch
in küssen unde vâhen zir.
Er sprach, “Nu ging ouch her ze mir.”
Der wirt in kunste selbe dô;
Si wâr ze sehen ein ander vrô.
Gahmuret sprach aber sân,
“Ôwê junc süezer man,
was solte her dîn kranker lîp?
Sag an, gebôt dir daz ein wîp?”

“Die gebietent wênic, hêrre, mier.
Mich hât mîn veter Gaschier
her brâht, er weiz wol selbe wie.
Ich hân im tûsent rîter hie,
unt stên im dienestlîche bî.
Ze Rôems in Normandî
kom ich zer samnunge:
Ich brâht im helde junge,
ich fuor von Schampân durch in.
Nu wil kunst unde sin
der schade an in kêren,
irn welt iuch selben êren.
Gebietet ir, sô lât in mîn
geniezen, senftet sînen pîn.”

“Den rât nim du vil gar zuo dier.
Var du und mîn hêr Gaschier,
und bringet mir Kayleten her.”
Dô wurben si des heldes ger,
si brâhten in durch sîne bete.
Dô wart och er von Gahmurete
minneclîche enphangen,
und dicke umbevangen
von der kûeginne rîch.
Si kuste den degen minneclîch.
Sie mohtez wol mit êren tuon:
Er was ir mannes muomen suon
und was von arde ein kûnic hêr.

he surpassed all other men in beauty.

*When Gahmuret saw him
(their faces showed their kinship,
for they were very like each other),
he bade the great queen
kiss him and embrace him.
He said, “Now come over to me.”
The lord kissed him too;
they were happy to see each other.
But Gahmuret said,
“Oh, sweet young man,
whatever brought your tender person here?
Tell me, did a woman make you to do it?”*

*“No, sir, they ask me little.
Gaschier my uncle
brought me here, he well knows why.
I have a thousand of his knights
and stand by in his service.
To Rouen in Normandy
I went in answer to his call to arms:
I brought these young heroes
here from Champagne.
Now will all the skill and artifice
of harm turn against him,
unless you act in service of your honor.
If you permit it, let him benefit
from my kinship, and lighten his distress.”*

*“That decision I will leave to you.
Now accompany my lord Gaschier,
and bring me Kaylet here.”
Then they gladly followed his request,
and brought him in as he had asked.
Then was he too by Gahmuret
graciously received,
and warmly embraced
by the great queen.
Nobly she kissed the warrior.
And well with honor might she do it:
He was her husband's¹⁷ aunt's son
and by birthright was a noble king.*

¹⁷ That is, Gahmuret's.

Der wirt sprach lachende mêr,
 “Got weiz, hêr Kaylet,
 ob ich iu nâme Dôlet
 und iwer lant ze Spâne,
 durch den küene von Gascâne,
 dier iu dicke tuot mit zornes gir,
 daz wære ein untriwe an mir:
 Wan ir sît mîner muomen kint.
 Die besten gar mit iu hie sint,
 der rîterscheft herte.
 ker twant iuch dirre verte?”

Dô sprach der stolze degen junc,
 “Mîr gebôt mîn veter Schiltunc,
 des tochter Vridebrant dâ hât,
 daz ich im diende, ez wær sîn rât.
 Der hât von sîme wîbe
 hie von mîn eines lîbe
 sehs tûsent rîter wol bekant,
 Die tragent werlîche hant.
 Ich brâht ouch rîter mêr durch in,
 Der ist ein teil gescheiden hin.
 Hie wâren durch die Schotten
 die werlîche rotten:
 Im kom von Gruonlanden
 helde zen handen,
 zwên künge mit grôzer kraft.
 Die vluot von der rîterschaft
 si brâhten, unde manegen kiel:
 Ir rotte mir vil wol geviel.
 Hie was och Môrholt durch in;
 Des strît hât kraft unde sin.
 Die sint nu hin gekêret;
 Swie mich mîn frouwe lêret,
 als tuon ich mit den mînen.
 Mîn dienst sol ir erschînen.
 Dune darft mir dienstes danken niht,
 wand es diu sippe sus vergiht.
 Die vrâvelen helde sint nu dîn.
 Wærn sie getoufet sô die mîn,
 und an der hiut nâch in getân,
 sô wart gekrœnet nie kein man,
 ern hete strîts von in genuoc.
 Mich wundert was dich her vertruoc:
 Daz sag mir rehte, unde wie.”

*Laughing, Gahmuret continued,
 “God knows, lord Kaylet,
 if I took Toledo
 and your land of Spain
 in service of the king of Gascony,
 who in his wrath is causing you much grief,
 that would be a disloyal act from me:
 for you are the son of my aunt.
 The very best accompany you here,
 the core of knighthood.
 Who gave you this command?”*

*Then the proud young warrior replied,
 “My uncle Schiltung,
 whose daughter Friedebrant married,
 asked me to serve him, and thereby serve my uncle.
 For his wife’s sake he has
 from my forces
 six thousand well-known knights,
 brave hands all.
 I brought him still more knights,
 of whom a part have left.
 These brave fighters are here
 on behalf of the Scots:
 From Greenland came
 battle-hardened heroes,
 two kings with great strength.
 A flood of knighthood
 they brought, and many a ship:
 That group pleased me well.
 Here also on his behalf was Morholt;
 in warfare he has both power and skill.
 Now these have left;
 As my lady commands,
 so shall I do with my forces.
 My service to her will reveal itself.
 But do not give me your thanks,
 for our kinship requires it.
 Now these dauntless heroes are yours.
 If they were baptized, as mine are,
 and of a similar skin color,
 there would be no man crowned,
 but he would have fighting enough from them.
 But I am amazed to see you here:
 Tell me about that, and how it happened.”*

“Ich kom gestern, hiute bin ich hie
worden hêrre überz lant.
Mich vienc diu künegîn mit ir hant;
Dô wert ich mich mit minne.
Sus rieten mir die sinne.”

“Ich wæn dir hât dîn süeziu wer
betwungen beidenthalp diu her.”

“Du meinst durch daz ich dir entran?
Vaste riefte du mich an.
Waz woltste an mir ertwingen?
Lâ mich sus mit dir dingen.”

“Da erkant ich niht des ankers dîn:
Mîner muomen man Gandîn
hât in gefüeret selten ûz.”

“Do rekante abr ich wol dînen strûz,
ame schilde ein sarapandratest:
Dîn strûz stuont hôch sunder nest.
Ich sach an dînre gelegenheit,
dir was diu sicherheit vil leit,
die mir tâten zwêne man.
Die hetenz dâ vil guot getân.”

“Mir wære ouch lîhte alsam geschehen.
Ich muoz des eime tiuvel jehen
des fuor ich nimmer wurde vrô:
Het er den prîs behalten sô
an vrâvelen helden sô dîn lîp,
für zucker gæzen in diu wîp.”

“Dîn munt mir lobs ze vil vergiht.”

“Nein, in kan gesmeichen niht.
Nim anderr mîner helfe war.”

Si riefen Razalîge dar.
Mit zühten sprach dô Kaylet,
“Iuch hât mîn neven Gahmuret
mit sîner hant gefangen.”

“Hêr, daz ist ergangen.
Ich hân den helt dâ für rekant,
daz im Azagouc daz lant
mit dienste nimmer wirt verspart,
sît unser hêrre Isenhart

*“I arrived yesterday; today I have become
the lord of this entire land.
The queen conquered me with her own hand;
I defended myself with love.
So did my good sense counsel me.”*

*“I understand that sweet defense
has defeated both armies.”*

*“You mean because I avoided fighting you?
You shouted loudly at me.
What did you want to take from me by force?
Let me bargain with you some other way.”*

*“I did not recognize your anchor:
My aunt’s husband Gandin
never wore it.”*

*“But I recognized your ostrich,
and the serpent’s head on your shield:
Your ostrich stood tall without a nest.
I saw from your appearance
that you ill liked the oath of surrender
that the other two had given me.
They had put up a good fight.”*

*“It could easily have gone the same way with me.
I must admit it even of a devil
whose ways I could never abide:
If he took such a prize
against such mighty heroes as you did,
the women would eat him up like sugar.”*

“Your mouth bestows excessive praise on me.”

*“No, I cannot flatter.
Look that I shall give you other help.”*

*They called Razalic over to them.
Courteously Kaylet said,
“My cousin Gahmuret
has imprisoned you with his hand.”*

*“Sir, that he has.
I have recognized the hero as one
to whom the land of Azagouc
will grant homage,
now that our lord Isenhart*

aldâ niht krône solde tragen.
 Er wart in ir dienste erlsagen,
 diu nu ist iwers neven wîp.
 Umbe ir minner er gap den lîp.
 Daz hât mîn kus an si verkorn.
 ich hân hêrren und den mîg verlorn.
 Wil nu iwer muomen suon
 rîterlîche fuore tuon.
 Daz er uns wil ergetzen sîn,
 sô valt ich im die hende mîn.
 Sô hât er rîcheit unde prîs,
 und al dâ mite Tankanîs
 Isenharten gerbet hât,
 der gebalsemt ime her dort stât.
 Alle tage ich sîne wunden sach,
 sît im diz sper sîn herze brach.”
 Daz zôch er ûzem buosem sîn
 an einer snûere sîdîn.

Hin wider hiengz der degen snel
 für sîne brust an blôzez fel.
 “Ez ist noch vil hôher tac.
 Wil mîn hêr Kyllirjacac
 inz her werben als i’n bite,
 sô rîtent im die fürsten mite.”
 Ein vingerlîn er sande dar.
 Die nâch der helle wârñ gevar,
 die kômen, swaz dâ fürsten was,
 durch die stat ûf den palas.

Dô lêch mit vanen hin sîn hant
 von Azagouc der fürsten lant.
 Ieslîcher was sîns ortes geil;
 Doch beleip der bezzer teil
 Gahmurete ir hêrren.
 Die selben wârñ die êrren.
 Nâher drungen die von Zazamanc,
 mit grôzer fuore, niht ze kranc.
 Sie enphiengen, als ir frouwe hiez,
 von im ir lant und es geniez,
 als ieslîchen an gezôch.
 Diu armuot ir hêrren flôch.
 Dô hete Prôtyzilas,
 der von arde ein fürste was,
 lâzen ein herzentuom.
 Daz lêch er dem der manegen ruom
 mit sîner hant bejagete

*never again will wear the crown there.
 He was slain in the service
 of her who is now your cousin’s wife.
 For her love he gave his life.
 But my kiss has settled that dispute.
 I have lost a lord and kinsman.
 I am ready to perform knightly service
 for your aunt’s son.
 If he will compensate me for my loss,
 then I will pledge my hand to him.
 Thus he will have riches and honor,
 and everything that Takanis
 bequeathed to Isenhardt,
 who lies there embalmed in the city.
 I have gazed upon his wounds each day
 since this spearhead broke his heart.”
 Then he drew it forth from his bosom
 on a silken ribbon.*

*The warrior quickly put it back
 against the bare skin of his breast.
 “It is still broad daylight.
 If my lord Killirjacac
 will bear the message as I request,
 my princes will ride along as his escort.”
 He sent a ring as a token.
 Those who were of hell’s color
 came, the princes there,
 through the city to the palace.*

*Then Gahmuret granted fiefs of land
 to the princes of Azagouc.
 Each was delighted with his share;
 yet the best part remained
 for Gahmuret their lord.
 These came first.
 Next were those from Zazamanc,
 in a grand display, not a weak one.
 They received, as their lady wished,
 from Gahmuret their land and titles,
 to each one as befitted him.
 Poverty fled from those lords.
 It happened that Protizilas,
 who was a prince of noble lineage,
 had left a dukedom.
 Gahmuret bestowed it upon one who gained
 much honor with his hand*

(gein strîter nie verzagete):
 Lahfilirost schahtelacunt
 nam ez mit vanen sâ zestunt.

Von Azagouc die fürsten hêr
 nâmen den Schotten Hiutegêr
 und Gaschieren den Orman,
 si giengen für ir hêrren sân.
 Der liez si ledic umb ir bete.
 Des dancten si dô Gahmurete.
 Hiutegêr den Schotten
 si bâten sunder spotten,
 “Lât mîme hêrren daz gezelt
 hie umb âventiure gelt.
 Ez zuch uns Isenhartes lebn,
 daz Fridebrande wart gegeben
 diu zierde unsers landes:
 Sîn freude diu stuont phandes;
 er stêt hie selbe ouch ame rê.
 Unvergolten dienst im tet ze wê.”

Ûf erde niht sô guotes was
 der helm, von arde ein adamas
 dicke unde herte,
 ame strîte ein guot geverte.
 Dô lobte Hiutegêres hant,
 swenner kœme in sînes hêrren lant,
 daz erz wolde erwerben gar
 und senden wider wol gevar.
 Daz teter unbetwungen.

Nâch urloube drungen
 zem kûnege swaz dâ fürsten was;
 dô rûmten si den palas.
 Swie verwüestet wær sîn lant,
 doch kunde Gahmuretes hant
 swenken sôhler gâbe solt
 als al die boume trûegen golt.
 Er teilte grôze gâbe.
 Sîne man, sîne mâge
 nâmen von im des heldes guot:
 Daz was der kûneginne muot.

Der brût loufte hôhgezît
 hete dâ vor manegen grôzen strît;
 Die wurden sus ze suone brâht.
 Ine hân mirs selbe niht erdâht:

(he never avoided battle):
*Lahfilirost the governor
 received it that day.*

*The lordly princes of Azagouc
 took Hiuteger the Scot
 and Gaschier the Norman
 and led them before their lord.
 He pronounced them free on their request.
 For this they thanked Gahmuret.
 Hiuteger the Scot
 they strongly urged as follows:
 “Leave the tent here for our lord
 as a reward for his adventure.
 We lost Isenhardt’s life
 when Friedebrandt was given
 his arms and equipment:
 His joy was lost;
 he himself lies on his bier.
 Unrequited service brought him grief.”*

*Never was anything so fine on earth
 as the helmet, made of diamond
 thick and strong,
 a good companion in battle.
 Then vowed Hiuteger’s hand that
 when he returned to his lord’s land,
 he would gather up all the equipment
 and send it back well preserved.
 This he did unbidden.*

*Now all the princes asked the king
 for permission to withdraw;
 immediately they left the palace.
 Though his land was devastated,
 Gahmuret’s hand could
 dispense gifts as lavish
 as if gold grew on trees.
 He gave out rich presents.
 His vassals and kinsmen
 took this hero’s wealth from him:
 That was the queen’s desire.*

*Before the wedding feast
 there had been many great battles;
 in this way all was set to right.
 I did not invent this myself:*

Man sagete mir daz Isenhart
 küneclîche bestatet wart.
 Daz tâten dien erkanden.
 Den zins von sînen landen,
 swaz der gelten moht ein jâr,
 den selben liezen si dâ gar:
 Gahmuret daz grôze guot
 sîn volc hiez behalten,
 Die muosens sunder walden.

Smorgens vor der veste
 rûmdenz gar die geste.
 Sich schieden die dâ wâren,
 und fuorten manege bâren.
 Daz velt herberge stuont al blôz,
 wan ein gezelt, daz was vil grôz.
 Daz hiez der künece ze schiffe tragn.
 Dô begunderm volke sagn,
 er woldez füern in Azagouc;
 Mit der rede er si betrouc.

Dâ was der stolze küene man,
 unz er sich vaste senen began
 Daz er niht rîterschefte vant,
 des was sîn freude sorgen phant.
 Doch was im daz swarze wîp
 lieber dan sîn selbes lîp.
 Ez enwart nie wîp geschicket baz:
 Der frouwen herze nie vergaz,
 im enfüere ein werdie volge mite,
 an rechter kiusche wîplich site.

Von Sibilje ûzer stat
 was geborn den er dâ bat
 dan kêrens zeiner wîle.
 Der het in manege mîle
 dâ vor gefuort: Er brâht in dar.
 Er was niht als ein Môr gevar.
 Der marnære wîse
 sprach, "Ir sultz helen lîse
 vor den die tragent das swarze vel.
 Mîne kocken sint sô snel,
 sine mugen uns niht genâhen.
 Wir sulen von hinnen gâhen."
 Sîn golt hiez er ze schiffe tragn.

*I was told that Isenhart
 was buried as befits a king.
 Those who knew him did this.
 The taxes from his lands,
 in the amount of one year's worth,
 they expended of their own free will:
 Gahmuret bade them keep
 his great wealth for themselves,
 to enjoy without restriction.*

*The next morning before the fortress
 all the guests took their leave.
 Those who where there departed,
 carrying many a stretcher.
 The field stood bare of shelters
 except for one, and it was very large.
 The king ordered it brought aboard the ship.
 He told the people
 that he would bring it to Azagouc;
 with those words he deceived them.*

*The proud man remained there
 until he began to grieve
 because he found no knightly work to do,
 and this turned his joy to sorrow.
 Yet his black wife
 was dearer to him than his own life.
 Never was a woman more charming:
 The lady's heart never failed
 to display those worthy attributes
 of true modesty and womanly virtue.*

*In the city of Seville
 was born the man whom he asked,
 after a while, to take him away.
 He had for many a mile
 already guided him: He had brought him here.
 He was not colored like a Moor.
 The wise mariner said,
 "You should conceal your plan
 from those whose skins are black.
 My boats are so swift
 that they shall never overtake us.
 We shall get away."
 He ordered his gold loaded into the ship.*

Nu muoz ich iu von scheiden sagn.
 Die naht fuor dan der werde man;
 Daz wart verholne getân.
 Dô er entran dem wîbe,
 dô hete si in her lîbe
 zwelf wochen lebendic ein kint.
 Vaste ment in dan der wint.

Diu frowe in ir biutel vant
 einen brief, den scheib ir mannes hant.
 En franzoys, daz si kunde,
 diu schrift ir sagen begunde:
 "Hie enbiutet lieb ein ander liep.
 Ich pin dirre verte ein diep:
 Die muose ich dir duch jâmer steln.
 Frouwe, in mac dich niht verheltn:
 Wær dîn ordn in mîner ê,
 sô wær mir immer nâch dir wê.
 Und hân doch immer nâch dir pîn.
 Werde unser zweier kindelîn
 anme antlütze einem man gelîch,
 deiswâr der wirt ellens rîch.
 Erst erborn von Anschouwe.
 Diu minne wirt sîn frouwe.
 Sô wirt ab er an strîte ein schûr,
 den vînden herter nâchgebûr.
 Wizze sol der sun mîn,
 sîn an der hiez Gandîn,
 Der lac an rîterschefte tôt.
 Des vater leit die selben nôt.
 Der was geheizen Addanz.
 Sîn schilt beleip vil selten ganz.
 Der was von arde ein Bertûn:
 Er und Utependragûn
 wâren zweier buroder kint,
 die bêde alhie geschriben sint.
 Daz was einer, Lazaleiz;
 Brickus der ander hiez.
 Der zweier vatr hiez Mazadân.
 Den fuort ein feie in Feimurgân.
 Diu hiez Terdelaschoye.
 Er was ir herzen boye.
 Von in zwein kom geslehte mîn,
 daz immer mêr gît lichten schîn.
 Ieschlicher sider krône truoc,
 und heten werdekeit genuoc.
 Frouwe, wiltu toufen dich,

*And now I must tell you of sundering.
 By night the worthy man left;
 it was done in secret.
 And when he deserted his wife,
 she had within her body
 a child growing for twelve weeks.
 The wind took him swiftly away.*

*In her purse the lady discovered
 a letter written in her husband's hand.
 In French, which she knew,
 the writing began to tell her:
 "Here one love sends his love to another.
 Through this journey I am a thief:
 I must be, to spare you grief.
 Lady, I cannot hide it from you:
 Were your faith the same as mine,
 I would be faithful to you forever.
 As it is, I suffer heartbreak for you forever.
 Should the child of us two
 have features like a man,
 then he will be rich in valor.
 He is descended from Anjou.
 Love will be his lady.
 In battle he will be a hailstorm,
 to foes a harsh neighbor.
 My son should know
 he is descended from one called Gandin
 who died in knightly combat.
 His father suffered the same fate.
 His name was Addanz.
 Rarely did his shield stay whole.
 By race he was a Briton:
 He and Utependragun
 were the children of two brothers,
 whose names I inscribe here.
 One was called Lazaleiz;
 the other one Brickus.
 The father of these two was called Mazadan.
 A fairy took him into Feimurgan.
 Her name was Terdelaschoye.
 He was her heart's fetter.
 From these two descends my line,
 which will shine brightly forever more.
 Each one since has worn a crown,
 and each has had honor enough.
 Lady, if you are baptized,*

du maht ouch noch erwerben mich.”

Des engerte se keinen wandel niht.
 “Ôwê wie balde daz geschiht!
 Wil er wider wenden,
 schiere sol ichz enden.
 Wem hât sîn manlîchiu zuht
 hie lâzen sîner minne fruht?
 Ôwê lieplîch geselleschaft!
 Sol mir nu riwe mit ir kraft
 immer twingen mînen lîp.
 Sîme gote ze êren,” sprach daz wîp,
 “Ich mich gerne toufen solte
 unde leben swie er wolte.”

Der jâmer gap ir herzen wîc.
 Ir freude vant den durren zwîc,
 als noch diu turteltûbe tuot.
 Diu het ie denselben muot:
 Swenne ir an trûtscheft gebrast,
 ir triwe kôs den durren ast.

Diu frouwe an rechter zît genas
 eins suns, der zweier varwe was,
 an dem got wonders wart enein:
 Wîz und swarzer varwe er schein.
 Diu kûngîn kunst in sunder twâl
 vil dicke an sîniu blanken mâl.
 Diu muoter hiez ier kindelîn
 Ferefiz Anschewîn.
 Der wart ein waltswende:
 Die tjoste sîner hende
 manec sper zerbrâchen,
 die schilde dûrkel stâchen.
 Als ein agelster wart gevar
 sîn hâr und och sîn vel vil gar.

Nu wasez ouch über des jâres zil,
 daz Gahmuret geprîset vil
 was worden dâ ze Zazamanc,
 sîn hant dâ sigenunft erranc.
 Dennoch swebeter ûf dem sê;
 Die snellen winde im tâten wê.
 Einn sîdîn segel sahter roten;
 den truoc ein kocke, und ouch die boten,
 die von Schotten Vridebrant
 vroun Belakânen hete gesant.

you may yet win me back.”

*She wished it to be no other way.
 “Alas, how quickly this has come to pass!
 If he would just return,
 I would end my faith’s allegiance.
 To whom has his manly nobility
 left the fruit of his love?
 Alas for loving fellowship!
 Now sorrow with her power
 must rule my life forever.
 To honor his God,” the lady said,
 “I would gladly be baptized
 and live as he desires.”*

*Grief brough strife to her heart.
 Her joy sought the withered bough,
 as the turtledove still does.
 For she is ever of the same mind:
 When she has lost a loved one,
 she perches on a withered tree.*

*In due time the lady bore
 a son, who was of two colors,
 in whom God had wrought a marvel:
 his appearance was both black and white.
 The queen kissed him
 all over his white spots.
 The mother called her little child
 Ferefiz Angevin.
 He was to become a forest conqueror:
 In the jousts his hand
 would shatter many a spear,
 and pierce many a shield.
 Like a magpie was the color
 of his hair and skin.*

*It was now more than a year
 since Gahmuret was so greatly praised
 in Zazamanc,
 and his hand had triumphed.
 He was sailing on the sea;
 The swift winds were causing him distress.
 He saw a sail of red silk;
 the boat that bore it also carried
 the messengers from Friedebrant the Scot
 sent to the lady Belcane.*

Er bat di daz se ûf in verkür,
 swer den mât durch si verlür
 daz si von im gesuochet was.
 Dô fuorten si den adamas,
 ein swert, einn halsperc und zwuo hosen.
 Hie mugt ir grôz wunder losen
 daz im der kocke widerfuor,
 als mir diu âventiure swuor.
 Si gâbenz im. Dô lobt ouch er,
 sîn munt der botschefte ein wer
 wurde, swenner kœme zir.

Si schieden sich. Man sagte mir,
 daz mer in truoc in eine habe;
 ze Sibilje kêrter drabe.
 Mit golde galt der küene man
 sînem marnære sîn
 harte wol sîn arbeit.
 Si schieden sich; daz was dem leit.

*He asked her to forgive him,
 though he had suffered on her account,
 for attacking her.
 They had the diamond helmet,
 a sword, a hauberk, and two leg guards.
 It must seem a great marvel to you
 that he encountered them,
 as the adventure tells me he did.
 They gave him the equipment. He swore
 That his mouth would convey the message
 when he came to her.*

*They departed. I am told
 that the sea brought them into a harbor;
 from there he made his way to Seville.
 With gold the brave man
 rewarded his captain well
 for his hard work.
 They parted then; it was to his regret.*

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