

Gudrun

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Das wuch ist von Chaurin



Es wuchs in  
Eberlandt.  
ein reicher  
Künig her.  
gehayssen  
was er Ger.  
sem dritter  
die hieß Ste.  
vnd was ein

Küniginne. durch se hebetugende  
so gezam dem reichen wol frinne.

Ger dem reithen Künigedas ist  
wol erkant. dienten vil der Burge.

Er hette Siben für sien Landt. dar  
inne hette er Lecken. Viertausent oder  
oder mere. damit er täglich mocht  
te erwerben baude gut vnd ere. Dem  
jungen Irgebande man yeh hofege  
bot. da er solte lermen ob im des  
wurde not. mit dem Sperreiten.  
schirmen vnd sichiessen. so er fuden  
venden kame daz er bdesterbasmoch  
te genießen. Er wuchs ontzandie  
sunde. daz er waffen trug. in heldes  
athte erkunde alles des genig. des  
in solten preysen man vnd mayn.

*Fac-simile of the Ambrasian manuscript of Gudrun, reproduced from Koenig's Deutsche  
Literatur Geschichte.*



# GUDRUN

A Mediaeval  
Epic

TRANSLATED FROM THE

**Middle High German**

by

MARY PICKERING NICHOLS

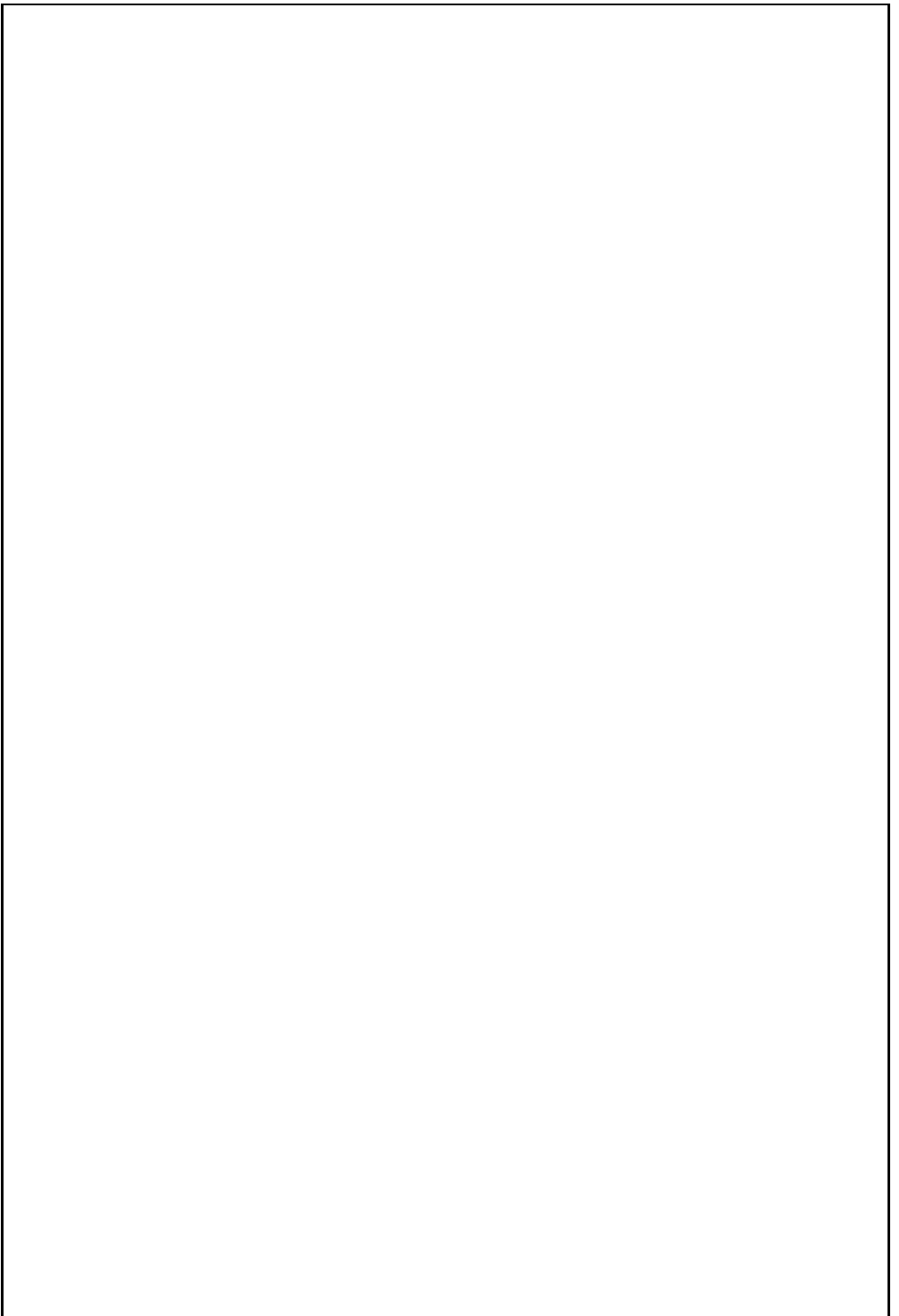


BOSTON AND NEW YORK

**Houghton, Mifflin and Company**

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

M DCCC LXXXIX



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## *Preface.*

The epic poem of Gu-drun is one of the most important early literary works of the German race. It is attributed to the latter part of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, and to a date a little subsequent to that of the Nibelungen Lied. It was first brought to the notice of the modern world in the year 1817, the only original manuscript now known to exist having been discovered about that time in the castle Ambras in the Tyrol, among other manuscripts which had been collected by the Emperor Maximilian I. (1493-1519). The manuscript is now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. It has been several times edited and printed in the original Middle High German, with critical annotations; various translations into modern German have also been published: but so far as I can learn, no complete metrical version in the English language has been made public.

The name of the author is unknown; it is generally thought to have been constructed, in great measure, from earlier legends which had been repeated by wandering singers. According to the late Karl Bartsch, the distinguished critic and editor of Mediæval German literature, the tale shows [iv] affinity to legends of the Scalds of Norway and Denmark, and to those of the Shetland Isles. Traces of resemblance are said to be found among the relics of Anglo-Saxon literature. The supposition that the poem was constructed from various early legends explains



some of the marvellous incidents of the tale, and those chronological inconsistencies where the rude habits and ideas of earlier times are combined with the later knightly usages of the Middle Ages and with Christian belief.

The scene of the poem is laid principally on the shores of the North Sea, and includes Ireland and Normandy, as well as Holland, Denmark, and Friesland. Very vague ideas of geography were, however, entertained by the poet. Some names of places are thought to be fabulous, and critics disagree with regard to the modern countries designated by other names used.

The poem is founded upon the themes of love and war, and properly consists of three parts. The first portion, embracing four tales, relates the adventures of Hagen, the grandfather of Gu-drun; the second part gives the story of the wooing and abduction of Hilda, his daughter, the mother of Gu-drun. The proper story of Gu-drun begins only with the ninth tale.

The narrative gives a vivid picture of the ideas, manners, and customs of the age of the author; of the dwellings, dress, and ornaments in use; of the weapons and warfare; of the ships and sea-life; and of the tournaments and court festivities. From it we [v] see the nature of the intellectual amusement enjoyed by the northern nations, at that period of their mental development when literary entertainment in the modern sense was yet unknown, and its place was

supplied by listening to the recitals of wandering bards.

Modern German critics agree in assigning a high literary value to the poem of Gu-drun, and compare it not unfavorably with the Nibelungen Lied. Bartsch, the critic above named, says: "The general impression which the poem gives is one of greater beauty, though not always of equal grandeur with that of the Nibelungen; it is a worthy companion-piece. The two are justly compared, as are the Iliad and the Odyssey. In the Nibelungen as in the Iliad the fate of a whole people is decided by the sword, and the ruling house, consisting of noble heroes, meets destruction before our eyes; but the conquerors do not fully rejoice in their success. The whole breathes a tragic spirit, even more than the Greek epic. '*Nach Freude Leid*'—'after joy comes sorrow'—is the earnest tone throughout. Gu-drun, like the Odyssey, closes more tenderly and in a spirit of reconciliation. Although pitiless fate has destroyed the happiness of those for whom the poet has awakened our sympathy, and we see a noble being suffer in the most shameful manner, yet we are sustained by hope, and a happy end compensates for woes endured. '*Aus Leid Freude*'—'sorrows end in joy'—is the final conclusion.... All the characters are worked out in the most minute and careful manner, and are developed consistently.... The best traits of the German nature, fearless bravery, unflinching fidelity, and unswerving integrity, are presented. The nobility of a feminine soul which, inspired by pure love, in the

distress of a hard captivity, preserves its fidelity to its beloved, perhaps in no poem of the German middle ages is so strikingly shown as in the character of Gu-drun.... The descriptions both of battle and scenery are masterly, and are painted with a few decisive strokes.”

The metrical form of Gu-drun is similar to that of the Nibelungen. In both, the accentuation is determined by the logical sense, as in prose, and not always by the number of syllables, as in most modern verse. In both, the lines are metrically divided, giving three accents to each half-line of the stanza, except in the fourth line, in which Gu-drun differs from the Nibelungen in having five accents instead of four on the concluding half-line.

The translator has adhered to the original rhythm, and has endeavored in each stanza to convey strictly the ideas of the author, being careful not to introduce anything, in thought or simile, foreign to the poem, and, as far as the verse would permit, to give a verbal rendering.

The translation has been made from Bartsch's edition of the original Middle High German (Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1874). He, like the other editors, has supplied some omissions in the manuscript, an instance of which may be seen in the sixth line of the fac-simile given. The drawings introduced are copied from mediæval German printed books.

I wish to acknowledge my obligation to my brother for careful revision and for many important improvements throughout the translation.

M. P. N.

BOSTON, 1889.

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# *Contents.*

TALE I. Sigeband, king of Ireland, after the death of his father, marries a princess of Norway, who bears him a son, Hagen. During the celebration of a court festival, Hagen, now seven years old, while outside the castle in the care of his attendants, is caught up by a griffin, and borne to his nest in a distant land. Stanzas 1-66.

TALE II. Hagen, falling from the grasp of one of the young griffins, crawls into a cave where he finds three young daughters of kings, who had also been carried off by the griffins. He grows up in their company. At last, one day, he wanders with them to the seashore, where he finds a ship whose master, a lord from Karadie, he persuades to rescue them from their exile. 67-113.

TALE III. The master of the ship inquires of Hagen and the maidens concerning their country, and learns that Hagen is the son of an old enemy. He threatens to keep him as a hostage, but Hagen seizes thirty of the sailors, and flings them into the sea, and compels the others to steer towards his home. There, he sends messengers to announce his arrival to his father and mother, who come down to the shore to meet him. 114-150.

TALE IV. Hagen reconciles his father to the men who had brought him home, and from his father the government of the kingdom. He marries one of the three maidens, Hilda, from India. She gives birth to a daughter, likewise named Hilda. When she is grown up, her many suitors are rejected by her father. 151-203.

TALE V. Hettel, king of the Hegelings, a suitor for Hilda, summons his vassals, Wiglaf, Horant, and Fru-te, and sends them to obtain her for his wife. They go, purporting to be merchants, carrying seven hundred warriors concealed in the hold of the ship. They send rich gifts to Hagen, and at the request of his daughter, Hilda, they are kindly received at court. 204-371.

TALE VI. Horant delights the court with his singing, and he with his friend Morunc is introduced to the bower of Hilda. He tells her of Hettel's suit, which she, charmed by the singing of Horant, receives with favor. They invite her to visit their ship, with her father and mother, and the invitation is accepted. 372-439.

TALE VII. Hilda, with her father and mother and her maidens, rides down to the ship, and the maidens go on board the ship. While Hagen's attention is occupied, the vessel sets sail, and they arrive in Hettel's land.

[TALE VIII.](#) Hagen and his warriors follow in their ships, in order to rescue Hilda, and the Hegeling land: a battle takes place on the seashore. At Hilda's entreaty, peace is made, and Hagen consents to her marriage with Hettel. Hagen returns home, leaving Hilda and her maidens in Hettel's kingdom. 487-562.

[TALE IX.](#) Wâ-te, Horant, and the other vassals of Hettel go back to their homes. He bears to Hettel a son, Ortwin, and a daughter, Gu-drun, who is afterwards sought by Siegfried, king of Moorland. He is rejected by her father, Hettel, and retires in anger. 563-586.

[TALE X.](#) Hartmut, a Norman prince, son of Ludwig and Gerlind, hears of the beauty of Gu-drun, and resolves to woo her. Messengers are dispatched with letters, but receive a forbidding answer. 587-616.

[TALE XI.](#) Herwic, king of Sealand, sends suitors for the hand of Gu-drun, who are rejected. Hartmut of Normandy comes to woo her in person, and is kindly received by her; she, however, begs him, if he values his life, to leave the court. He returns to Normandy, resolved to win her by force. 617-629.

[TALE XII.](#) Herwic, being forbidden by Hettel to woo his daughter, invades his kingdom, and, after a battle, Gu-drun, with Hettel's consent, is betrothed to him. 630-667.

[TALE XIII.](#) Siegfried, a rival suitor for Gu-drun, invades the land of Herwic, who seeks Hettel for his assistance: Hettel with many of his vassals comes to his help. Siegfried is driven into a castle, and there besieged. 668-724.

[TALE XIV.](#) Hettel sends to announce to Hilda, his wife, and to Gu-drun, his daughter, of his success in the fight with Siegfried. Hartmut, the Norman, takes advantage of the absence of both Hettel and Herwic, and invades the Hegeling kingdom. 725-752.

[TALE XV.](#) Hartmut sends messengers again to Gu-drun to ask her hand, and threatens to take her by force if she still rejects his suit. She answers that she is betrothed to Herwic, and refuses him. Hartmut and Ludwig bring an army and capture the Hegeling castle, and carry away Gu-drun with her hand-maidens. 753-809.

[TALE XVI.](#) Hettel and Herwic, being informed of their losses by Hilda, make peace with Siegfried, and release him on condition that he will unite with them in war against Hartmut. They take possession of the ships of a pilgrim band, and pursue Hartmut. 810-846.

[TALE XVII.](#) Ludwig and Hartmut, on their way to Normandy with Gu-drun, stop at an island, called Wulpensand; Hettel and Herwic, in pursuit, reach the island, and a battle ensues. 847-879.

[TALE XVIII.](#) Ludwig, king of the Normans, slays Hettel, and his army steals away

maidens in the night. The Hegelings discover their departure, bury the dead, and erect a hospital and cloister in their memory. 880-918.

[TALE XIX](#). The Hegelings return, and announce to Queen Hilda the death of her husband and their ill-success. They decide to wait till the young knights become old enough for war, and then to make a second campaign against the Normans. 919-950.

[TALE XX](#). The Normans reach their land with Gu-drun and her maidens; she refuses to marry Hartmut, and is placed in the care of Gerlind, his mother, who treats her harshly and obliges her to perform menial service. Ortrun, the sister of Hartmut, shows kindness to Gu-drun. 951-1040.

[TALE XXI](#). Gu-drun receives better treatment, but, still refusing to marry Hartmut, is sent to wash clothes on the seashore. Hildeburg, one of her maidens, obtains permission to share her labors, which are continued through many years. 1041-1070.

[TALE XXII](#). Hilda summons her vassals to make an expedition against the Normans, visiting the graves of their kinsmen on the Wulpensand, they pass in safety the magnetic rocks at Givers, and arrive on the coast of Normandy. 1071-1141.

[TALE XXIII](#). Herwic and Ortwin, the brother of Gu-drun, agree to go forward in a boat to procure intelligence in regard to her and her maidens. 1142-1164.

[TALE XXIV](#). While Gu-drun and Hildeburg are washing on the seashore, a swan appears to them the approach of Queen Hilda's army for their rescue, and tells them that two knights will come the next morning to inform them still further of this. 1165-1206.

[TALE XXV](#). Herwic and Ortwin, coming in a boat, see the maidens washing on the shore, recognize them, and make themselves known. Thinking it dishonorable to take the maids away without winning them in fight, the knights return to bring their army. The maidens go back to Gerlind, and, feeling sure of her speedy rescue, Gu-drun pretends to agree to Hartmut's suit, and is restored to favor. 1207-1334.

[TALE XXVI](#). On their return to their friends, Herwic and Ortwin make known the result of their search. The Hegeling army arrives before the Norman castle, and is discovered by Ludwig and Hartmut. 1335-1365.

[TALE XXVII](#). Hartmut names to Ludwig the banners of the coming knights. On learning that the Hegeling army is approaching, Gerlind counsels her son, Hartmut, to await a siege; but he chooses to sally forth, with Ludwig and their followers, and a battle ensues, in which Ludwig overthrows Herwic. 1366-1440.

[TALE XXVIII](#). Herwic, feeling mortified that Gu-drun from the castle should see Ludwig return to the fight, and slays Ludwig. Gerlind bribes one of her men to put Gu-drun to death, but he is prevented by the threats of Hartmut.

Hartmut is taken prisoner, and carried on board a ship. 1441-1493.

[TALE XXIX](#) The Hegelings obtain possession of the castle, and spare neither old nor young. Ortrun seeks refuge with Gu-drun, and Gerlind also implores her protection, but she is recognized and killed by Wâ-te. The Hegeling army devastate the land: Hartmut and Ortrun are held captive.

1494-1560.

[TALE XXX](#) The Hegeling army returns home, bringing Gu-drun and her maidens, Norman captives. Hilda welcomes the returning ships, and embraces her daughter, whom she does not at first recognize, after her long absence. By Gu-drun's request, Hilda is reconciled to Hartmut and Ortrun, and Ortwin takes Ortrun for his bride. Hartmut and his men are set free, on their promise not to escape, and Hartmut agrees to wed Hildeburg. Herwic's sister is sent for, and betrothed to Siegfried.

1561-1666.

[TALE XXXI](#) A great wedding festival is held, at which the four kings, Herwic, Or Hartmut, and Siegfried, try to surpass each other in generous giving. Hartmut with his bride, Hildeburg, leaves for Normandy. 1667-1695.

[TALE XXXII](#) Siegfried, king of Moorland, goes home, taking his bride, Herwic's sister. Herwic returns to his home with Gu-drun, after she has bidden farewell to her mother, Hilda, and to her brother, Ortwin, and Ortrun, his wife.

1696-1705.



## *Names of Persons.*

GER,—an early king of Ireland, grandfather of Hagen.

U-TE,—wife of Ger.

SIGEBAND,—son of Ger and U-te.

U-TE,—a Norwegian princess, wife of Sigeband.

HAGEN,—son of Sigeband and the second U-te, and  
grandfather of Gu-drun.

HILDA,—a princess of India, wife of Hagen.

HILDA,—daughter of Hagen, wife of Hettel.

HETTEL,—king of the Hegelings, husband of Hilda, and  
father of Gu-drun and Ortwin.

GU-DRUN,—daughter of Hettel and Hilda.

ORTWIN,—prince of Ortland, son of Hettel and Hilda.

WÂ-TE,

FRU-TE,

HORANT,

MORUNC,

IROLD, } vassals of Hettel.

LUDWIG,—king of Normandy.

GERLIND,—wife of Ludwig.

HARTMUT,—son of Ludwig and Gerlind, a suitor for  
Gu-drun.

ORTRUN,—daughter of Ludwig and Gerlind.

SIEGFRIED,—king of Moorland, a suitor for Gu-drun.

HERWIC,—king of Sealand, betrothed to Gu-drun.

HILDEBURG,

HERGART, } maiden companions of Gu-drun.

## *Names of Places.*

ABAKIE,—an imaginary Eastern land, subject to Siegfried.

ABALIE,—an Eastern land, noted for gems and cloths.

ALZABIE,—a fabulous Moorland city, the residence of Siegfried.

AMILE,—an imaginary Eastern land, the home of mermaids.

ARABY,—a land whence came fine clothes and treasures.

BALLIAN,—Ballyghan, Hagen's chief city in Ireland.

DANELAND,—not the present Denmark, but, in the ninth century, the seat of the Danes in Friesland, near the mouth of the Scheldt.

DIETMARSCH,—a province subject to Hettel.

FRIESLAND,—subject to Hettel, and held in fief by Morunc and Irold.

GALEIS,—a land whose people are friendly to Herwic.

GALICIA,—Portugal, the home of Hildeburg.

GARADIE,—an indeterminate country, near Ireland.

GIVERS,—a fabulous land, subject to Horant.

GULSTRED,—a place in the West.

HEGELING,—the name of a people on the North Sea, in Holland, governed by Hettel.

HOLSTEIN,—variously mentioned as subject to Fru-te, to Irold, and to Ortwin.

ICARIA,—a fabulous land whose people are allies of Siegfried of Moorland.

IRELAND,—The situation seems sometimes to correspond with the modern Ireland, and

sometimes to a part of Holland. There is a place in Texel, at the present day, named Eijerland.

ISERLAND,—the home of one of Gu-drun's maiden companions.

KAMPALIA,—a fabulous land noted for rich clothing.

KAMPATILLE,—Hettel's castle, also called Matelan.

KARADIE,—a land belonging to Siegfried of Moorland.

KASSIAN,—the chief city and castle of Normandy.

MATELAN,—see Kampatille.

MOORLAND,—the kingdom of Siegfried; owing to the love of the marvelous in antiquity, regarded by the poet as the land of the Moors, but probably a low country near the North Sea.

NIFLAND,—“the land of fogs,” on the lower Rhine, the home of the Nibelungen,

NORMANDY or ORMANIE,—may be the country now known as Normandy, or is perhaps a region near the mouth of the Scheldt, where the name Ormans-kapelle occurs in an ancient map.

ORTLAND,—probably Jutland, under the rule of Ortwin.

SALME,—a fabulous country.

SEALAND,—Herwic's kingdom, not the Danish Zealand, but probably the sea-lands of Friesland.

SCOTLAND,—spoken of as belonging to Norway.

STURMLAND,—subject to Wâ-te, adjoining Herwic's kingdom.

WALEIS,—the western limit of Hettel's kingdom, by some supposed to be Wales, but generally thought to be the country near the mouth of the river Waal in Holland.

WULPENSAND,—an island at the mouth of the Scheldt.



## *Tale the First.*

### HOW HAGEN WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE GRIFFIN.

In olden days in Ireland      a king to greatness      [1]  
came

Who bore the name of Sigeband;      Ger was his  
father's name.

Queen U-te was his mother;      she of a king was  
daughter;

High was her worth and goodness,      and well her  
love beseemed the lord who sought her.

The sway of Ger was mighty,      as unto all is      [2]  
known;

He many lands and castles      and lordships seven  
did own:

Four thousand knights or over      he thence was often  
leading,

And wealth, and name yet greater,      he daily won,  
with those who did his bidding.

Now the youthful Sigeband      to his father's      [3]  
court must go,

That he might there be learning      all he had need to  
know,—

To bear the spear in riding,      to thrust it, and to  
shield him,

That when he met the foeman,      the better fame  
thereby the fight would yield him.

That age he now was reaching      when he the      [4]

sword might bear;  
Of all that a knight befitteth he learned a goodly  
share.  
This from kin and vassals praise unmeasured  
brought him;  
For this he still was striving, and of the toil it cost  
he ne'er bethought him.

A few short days thereafter death came [5]  
among them all,  
As even to men the greatest sadly doth befall.  
In every land and kingdom the truth of this we're  
meeting,  
And we, with heavy sorrow, such news ourselves  
must every day be waiting.

Sigeband's mother, U-te, the widow's seat [6]  
must take;  
Her son, so high and worthy, left all things for her  
sake.  
No whit he cared for wedlock, and had no heart  
for wooing;  
Many a queenly lady at this was sad, young  
Sigeband's sorrow ruing.

A worthy wife to find him his mother him [7]  
besought;  
So might he and his kingdom to greater name be  
brought;  
And he with all his kindred, after their bitter  
sorrow  
For the death of the king, his father, might for

themselves no little gladness borrow.

The teaching of his mother he heard in kindly [8]  
mood,

And began at once to follow, as that of a friend  
one should.

The best of high-born maidens, 'mong those in  
Norway dwelling,

He bade his men to sue for: to help in this he  
found his kinsmen willing.

She soon to him was wedded, as hath of old [9]  
been said.

With her, among her followers, came many a  
lovely maid,

And, from over Scotland's border, seven hundred  
warriors fully;

They came with her right gladly, when the worth  
of the king was known to them more truly.

Proudly their way they wended, as [10]  
beseemed the maiden's birth;

With all the care they led her befitting his kingly  
worth;

Hidden were the roadways by gazers without  
number,

Who hasted to behold her; for three miles and a  
half the throngs the ways did cumber.

Where'er along the roadside the path with [11]  
green was spread,

Flowers and grass were trampled, by crowds,

with heavy tread.

It fell upon that season when the leaves are  
springing,  
And in every copse and thicket all the birds their  
best of songs are singing.

Of simple folk and merry there rode with her [12]  
enough;

While many loaded horses bore much costly stuff,  
Brought there from her birthland by followers of  
the maiden;

They came with her by thousands, with gold as  
well as clothing heavy-laden.

On the shore of two wide marches, the [13]  
dwellers by the sea,

As they saw the west wind waft her, gave her  
welcome free;

They found a seemly lodging for the lovely, well-  
born lady,

And brought her all things needful, by the youthful  
king, before, for her made ready.

The fair young maid they welcomed with [14]  
knightly tournament;

Not soon their games they ended, when on the  
spear-fight bent.

To the land of Ger his father they bore her to be  
wedded;

She there was loved and mighty, and men to sound  
her name she never needed.



All, as they were able, waited on the maid; [15]  
The gaudy cloth for her saddle down to the grass  
was spread;  
The horses' hoofs were hidden by the housing,  
heavy drooping.  
Aha! In mood how gleeful was Ireland's lord,  
once more a blessing hoping!

When now the time was fitting that he the [16]  
maid should kiss,  
All crowded thick about him, in haste to see their  
bliss.  
The bosses of their bucklers were now heard  
loudly clashing,  
Struck with blows together; each strove to shun  
the throngs, in uproar crashing.

Now with the dawn of morning, they sent [17]  
out, far and wide,  
To give to all the tidings of the coming of the  
bride,  
And that, with their master, they ere long would  
crown her.  
His queen she was thereafter, and well she earned  
from him the honor shown her.

It was not deemed becoming that he his love [18]  
should plight,  
Since she by birth was queenly, and he not yet a  
knight:  
He first, before his lieges, must the crown be  
wearing;

To this his kinsmen helped him, and later of his  
worth were all men hearing.

He, with knights five hundred, then was [19]  
dubbed with the sword;

Whatever they could wish for was given them at  
his word,—

Both shields, and, for their wearing, every kind of  
clothing.

The youthful king so dauntless, thro' life, of fame  
and honor wanted nothing.

For many a day thereafter his sway did [20]  
Ireland bless,

And never did his greatness at any time grow less.

To all he freely listened; the poor man's wrongs  
he righted;

Widely known was his goodness; no truer knight  
than he his word e'er plighted.

His boundless acres yielded a full and ready [21]  
gain;

His wife was known for wisdom, and worthy to  
be his queen.

To hold her as their mistress full thirty lords it  
booted;

As long as the sway she wielded, her hand to each  
his lands and home allotted.

She bore unto her husband, within the next [22]  
three years,

A child to see most comely; (such is the tale one

hears.)

When later he was christened, and they were told  
to name him,  
They gave the name of Hagen; and never since, the  
tale of his life doth shame him.

He had most careful breeding, and kindly [23]  
was he nursed;  
Should he be like his fathers, he would of knights  
be first.  
Watched over by wise women, and by maidens of  
early age,  
His father and fond mother found in his face their  
glad eyes' pasturage.

When now the boy, well fostered, to his [24]  
seventh year was bred,  
'Twas seen that he by warriors by the hand was  
often led.  
He was happy in men's teaching, but was with  
women wearied;  
All this he knew no longer; for, torn from them, he  
far away was carried.

Whene'er to him it happened weapons at [25]  
court to see,  
He understood them readily, and their wearer  
longed to be;  
The helmet and ringed armor would he have put  
on gladly:  
Alas! not long he saw them, and all his hopes of  
fighting ended sadly.

While the kingly Sigeband,      beneath a cedar-      [26]  
tree,  
One day on the turf was seated,      the queen said  
earnestly:  
“Although good name and riches      we share with  
one another,  
At one thing yet I wonder,      and this from you I dare  
to hide no further.”

He asked of her: “What is it?”      Then said his      [27]  
helpmeet kind:  
“It me doth sorely worry      in body and in mind,  
And my heart, alas! is heavy;      to my wish you give  
no heeding,  
To see you ’midst your vassals,      my beaming eyes  
with pride upon you feeding.”

The king to her thus answered:      “How should      [28]  
it ever be  
That you have had such longing      me with my  
knights to see?  
I will strive thy will to follow,      of this think not so  
sadly;  
Ever to meet thy wishes,      both care and toil will I  
give myself most gladly.”

She said: “No man is living      who owns such      [29]  
wealth, I trow,  
Who has so many castles      or lands so wide as thou,  
With silver and gems so costly,      and gold so heavy  
weighing;  
For this are our ways too lowly,      and nought there

is in life to me worth saying.

“When erst I was a maiden, and on [30]  
Scotland’s soil drew breath,  
(Chide not, my lord, thy helpmeet, but list to what  
she saith,)  
I there was daily seeing the liegemen of my father  
For highest prizes striving; but here such games  
we never see together.

“A king so rich and mighty, as you in name [31]  
have been,  
Before his followers often should let himself be  
seen;  
He oft should ride in tilting with other champions  
knightly,  
That both himself and his kingdom should seem  
more fair, and hold their rank more fitly.

“It shows, in a lord so noble, a most [32]  
unworthy mind,  
When he has heaped together riches of every kind,  
If he with his faithful warriors to share them is  
unwilling:  
When men in the storm of warfare deep wounds  
have had, how else can they find healing?”

Then said to her King Sigeband: “Lady, you [33]  
mock at me;  
In all these warlike pastimes I will most earnest  
be;  
And for the strife so worthy my wish shall never

waver:

No man shall find it easy the ways of well-born  
kings to teach me ever.”

She said: “You now for warriors must send [34]  
throughout the land;  
Stores of wealth and clothing must be given with  
open hand.

I too will send out heralds my kinsmen all to rally,  
And to show them my good wishes; we then shall  
find our life to pass more gaily.”

At this the king of Ireland unto his wife thus [35]  
said:

“I yield to you most willingly, for men are often  
led

By the wishes of fair women great feastings to  
make ready;

I therefore now will gather my brave and hardy  
kinsmen, and those too of my lady.”

To him the queen then answered: “Sorrow [36]  
no more I wear;

Five hundred women’s garments I will give, to  
each her share;

To four and sixty maidens gay clothes to give I’m  
willing.”

Then the king did tell her high times he soon  
would hold, his word fulfilling.

The sports were then bespoken: he bade his [37]  
men to send,

In eighteen days or sooner, to liegeman and to  
friend,  
To say to all in Ireland, who would in his games  
be riding,  
That, after summer was ended, they should spend  
the winter, with him abiding.

He bade his men make benches, so our tale [38]  
doth run,  
And for these, from out the wilderness, timber  
must be drawn;  
For sixty thousand warriors seats must they make  
ready.  
His henchmen and deft stewards, to do this work  
for the king, were skilled and speedy.

Thither men then hastened on many a [39]  
winding way;  
All were kindly cared for throughout their  
lengthened stay.  
Now from Ireland's kingdom, as the king had  
bidden,  
Full six and eighty thousand of warriors strong  
there to his court had ridden.

From the store-rooms of the castle clothing [40]  
now was borne,—  
All the gear they wished for, and all that could be  
worn.  
Shields were also given, and steeds of Irish  
breeding;  
The proud and queenly lady bedecked her guests

with all they could be needing.

She gave to a thousand women      costly clothes      [41]  
    enow,  
And likewise to fair maidens      what one to youth  
    should allow,—  
Broidered bands and jewels,      and silk that  
    glistened brightly;  
The many lovely ladies,      together standing there,  
    were fair and sightly.

To every one who wished it      were given      [42]  
    clothes well-made.  
Horses were there seen prancing,      by the hand of  
    foot-boys led;  
These light shields did carry,      and their spears  
    were seizing.  
U-te, the queenly mother,      was gladly seen, as she  
    on the leads sat gazing.

The guests by the king were bidden      freely in      [43]  
    tilts to meet;  
The glitter of their helmets      grew dim in the dust  
    and heat.  
The ladies, held in honor,      near by were also  
    seated,  
Where they the deeds of the warriors      saw full  
    well, and with words of wonder greeted.

As oft before has happened,      the show had      [44]  
    lasted long;  
The king was not unwilling      to be looked on by the



throng.

This, meanwhile, to his lady      happiness was  
giving,  
As she, amidst her women,      sat on the roof, and  
saw their earnest striving.

When now her lord had ridden,      as doth      [45]  
beseem a king,  
He thought to end their onsets;      some rest to them  
to bring  
He deemed not unbecoming;      to stop the games he  
bade them.  
And then before the ladies,      after their skill thus  
shown, he proudly led them.

U-te, the high-born lady,      began her friends to      [46]  
greet,  
With those from far-off kingdoms;      them as guests  
to meet  
The queen was truly willing;      on them her glad  
eyes rested.  
The gifts of Lady U-te      were not on scornful  
friends that evening wasted.

Knights and lovely ladies      together there      [47]  
were seen.  
The good-will of the master      to all well-known  
had been;  
In all their games and tilting,      his kindness was not  
hidden.  
Once more the guests, that evening,      to ride in  
warlike strife by him were bidden.

Their games and sports had lasted until nine [48]  
days were gone;  
They, as knights befitteth, their skill to the king  
had shown.  
By the many wandering players the show was  
liked the better,  
And they plied their work more briskly, and  
hoped that their reward would be the greater.

Sackbuts loud and trumpets there might all [49]  
men hear;  
Fluting too and harping fell upon the ear.  
Some on the rote were playing, others in song  
were vying;  
They, by their jigs and fifing, soon would better  
clothes for themselves be buying.

On the tenth morn it happened, (now hark to [50]  
my sorry tale,)  
That, after all their pastimes, there rose a bitter  
wail.  
About these days so merry new tales were told on  
the morrow;  
And tho' they now were mirthful, they came to  
know deep gloom and heavy sorrow.

When the guests were seated beside their [51]  
kingly host,  
There came to them a player, and proudly made  
his boast  
That he, before all others, (who should indeed  
believe him?)

Was far more skilled in playing, and even the  
greatest lords their ear must give him.

Outside, a lovely maiden was leading by the [52]  
hand

The little son of Sigeband who swayed the Irish  
land;

With him were likewise women who to the boy  
gave heeding,

And friendly kinsmen also, who carefully taught  
the child, and oversaw his breeding.

Within the great king's palace was heard a [53]  
din and shout;

All were there heard laughing, the roomy walls  
throughout.

The guardians of young Hagen crowded up too  
nearly,

And thus lost sight of the maiden, together with the  
child they loved so dearly.

The evil luck of their master to him that day [54]  
drew near,

And brought to him and U-te sudden woe and fear.

Sent by the wicked devil, from afar his herald  
hasted

To them in their happy kingdom; they were by this  
with sorrow sorely wasted.

It was a strong, wild griffin had quickly [55]  
thither flown;

From the little boy of Sigeband, who ever care

had known,  
Came ill luck to his father, who soon of this was  
tasting.  
His son, so well-belovéd, to him was lost, with  
the mighty bird far hasting.

A shadow now came o'er them, from wings [56]  
that bore him fleet,  
As if a cloud had risen; great strength had the bird,  
I weet.  
The guests, in pastime busy, no thought to this had  
given,  
And the maid, with the child she was leading, was  
standing now alone, unheeded even.

Beneath the weight of the griffin forest trees [57]  
broke down;  
And now the trusty maiden looked where the bird  
had flown;  
Then she herself sought shelter, and left the child  
forsaken.  
Hearing a tale so startling, one truly might the  
whole for a wonder reckon.

The griffin soon alighted, and in his claws [58]  
he held  
The little child, gripped tightly, while with fear it  
quailed.  
His ghastly mood and anger the bird was harshly  
showing;  
This must knights and kinsmen long bewail, with  
sorrow ever growing.

The boy was sorely frightened, and began [59]  
aloud to shriek;  
Higher the mighty griffin flew, with outstretched  
beak;  
To the clouds above them floating he his prey was  
bearing.  
Sigeband, lord of Ireland, loudly wept, his  
outcries never sparing.

His friends and all his kinsmen the sorry tale [60]  
soon heard;  
They, in the death of his offspring, his bitter  
sorrow shared.  
Downcast were he and his lady, and all their loss  
felt nearly;  
Sorely they wept together, mourning the boy, now  
torn from them so early.

In this their mood so gloomy, the happy, [61]  
merry plays  
Must now be sadly ended. Before their frightened  
gaze,  
The griffin so had robbed them that all for home  
now started,  
Sober, and filled with sadness. They truly felt  
forlorn, and heavy-hearted.

The king was bitterly weeping, his breast [62]  
with tears was wet;  
The high-born queen besought him his sorrows to  
forget,  
Thus wisely to him speaking: “Should all in death

be stricken,  
There must be an end of all things;      it is the will of  
    God their lives hath taken.”

Now all would hence be faring,      but the      [63]  
    queen to them did say:  
“I beg you, knights and warriors,      longer with us to  
    stay;  
Our gifts of gold and silver,      that here for you are  
    ready,  
You should not think of meanly;      our love for you  
    is ever true and steady.”

The knights to her bowed lowly,      and then      [64]  
    began they all  
To say how they were thankful.      The king, thereon,  
    did call  
For silken stuffs, the richest,      for all who there yet  
    tarried;  
They had ne'er been cut nor opened;      and from far-  
    off lands had erst to the king been carried.

He gave them also horses,      both palfreys and      [65]  
    war-steeds;  
The horses out of Ireland      were tall and of hardy  
    breeds.  
Red gold was likewise given,      and silver without  
    weighing;  
The king with care had bidden      outfit good for his  
    guests, no longer staying.

Soon as the queen was willing,      each her      [66]

leave now takes,  
Both lovely maids and women;      each one herself  
    bedecks  
With gifts that made her fairer;      all new clothes are  
    wearing.  
The high times now are ended;      Sigeband's land  
    they leave, and are homeward faring.



***Tale the Second.***  
**HOW HAGEN SLEW THE GRIFFIN.**

Of how their stay was ended      I will speak no      [67]  
longer here;

Now I tell you further      of the rushing flight in the  
air,

That the child with the angry griffin      far away was  
bearing.

For this his friends and kinsmen      long in their  
hearts were heavy sorrow wearing.

Because the Lord so willed it      the child was      [68]  
not yet dead;

But, none the less, he later      a life of sadness led,  
After the harsh old griffin      back to his nestlings  
bore him.

When on their prey they gloated,      hard toil enough  
the boy had now before him.

Soon as the bird that bore him      did on his      [69]  
nest alight,

He dropped the boy he carried,      and in his claws  
held tight;

One of the young ones caught him:      that he did not  
devour him

Thanks to God thereafter      were given, far and  
wide, for the watch kept o'er him.

Else the birds had slain him,      and with their      [70]  
claws had torn.



Now listen all with wonder,      and his bitter sorrow  
learn:

Hear how the king of Ireland      then from death was  
shielded;

Him a young bird now carried,      strongly clutched,  
and naught of his grip he yielded.

From tree to tree in the forest      he with the      [71]  
boy took flight;

The bird a little too boldly      trusted his strength and  
might.

Upon a branch he lighted,      but now to the ground  
must flutter,

For he was much too heavy;      in the nest to have  
longer staid had methinks been better.

The child, while the bird was falling,      broke      [72]  
from him away,

And hid among the bushes,      a little, lorn estray;  
Well-nigh was he to starving,      'twas long since  
food he tasted.

Yet on a day long after      the hopes of women in  
Ireland on him rested.

God doth many a wonder,      truly one may say.      [73]

By the craft of the mighty griffin,      it came to pass  
one day,

Three daughters fair of princes      had been taken  
thither,

And now near by were dwelling.      No man can tell  
how there they lived together,

And how, thro' days so many,      their lives to      [74]  
    them were spared,  
Were it not that God in heaven      for them in  
    kindness cared.  
Hagen now no longer      need live without a fellow;  
Those good and lovely maidens      soon found the  
    little waif in a rocky hollow.

When, crawling to his hiding,      they the child      [75]  
    did see,  
It might, so thought the maidens,      a dwarfish goblin  
    be,  
Or perhaps it was a water-oaf,      from out the sea  
    up-driven;  
But when the boy came near them,      at once a  
    welcome kind to him was given.

Hagen was ware of the maidens,      as into their      [76]  
    cave they stole,  
While with fear and sadness      their little hearts  
    were full,  
Before they yet had knowledge      that they a  
    Christian greeted.  
But the care they later showed him      lifted the pain  
    from many hearts o'erweighted.

First spake the eldest maiden:      "How darest      [77]  
    thou in our cave,  
Where from the God of heaven      we home and  
    shelter have?  
Go, seek again thy playmates,      the billowy waters  
    under;

Enough ourselves we sorrow, and on our bitter lot  
in sadness ponder.”

The high-born child then answered: “I pray [78]  
you let me stay;

I truly am a Christian, you must not say me nay.  
One of the griffins seized me, and to the cave did  
carry;

I cannot live all lonely, and here with you would I  
most gladly tarry.”

Then to the child so friendless they loving [79]  
welcome gave;

But they of his worth thereafter did better  
knowledge have.

They now could ask him only, whence he had  
been stolen;

But, such was then his hunger, in telling his tale,  
his heart was full and swollen.

Then spake the little foundling: “Food I [80]  
sorely need;

Give to me, in kindness, a little drink and bread.  
'Tis long since I have had it, and now three days  
I'm fasting,

The while the griffin bore me, and full a hundred  
miles was hither hasting.”

Then answered one of the maidens: “Our lot [81]  
it so hath been,

That we our wonted cup-bearers never here have  
seen;

Neither our lordly steward,      who should food to us  
be giving.”

Still they praised God’s goodness;      altho’ their  
years were few, they were wisely living.

A search they soon were making      for roots      [82]  
and herbage wild,

Wherewith they hoped to strengthen      Sigeband’s  
darling child.

Such food as they had lived on      they gave to him  
most freely;

To him ’twas a meal unwonted,      but such as they  
long time had eaten daily.

Yet he needs must eat it,      for hunger sore he      [83]  
hath,

And hard it is to any      to meet with bitter death.

Thro’ all the days so dreary,      while with the  
maidens dwelling,

To them his help most willing      he ever gave, his  
thankfulness thus telling.

They, too, had him in keeping,      that can I say      [84]  
for truth;

He there grew up in sadness,      throughout his early  
youth;

Until, one day, the children,      to make them greatly  
sorrow,

Before their cavern-dwelling      saw wonders rise,  
that threatened more to-morrow.

I know not from what border,      tossing o’er      [85]

sea to land,  
Came to those shores so rocky      a holy pilgrim  
band.  
The ground-swell it was heavy,      and rocked the  
bark full sorely;  
Thereat the banished maidens      felt their care and  
sorrow growing hourly.

Soon the ship was shattered;      not one his life      [86]  
could save.  
Quickly the stern old griffins      came down beside  
the wave;  
Seizing many drowned ones,      back to their nest  
they hurried.  
Many a woman was mourning,      soon as the sorry  
tale to her was carried.

When to the hungry nestlings      the food they      [87]  
took in haste,  
Back again the griffins      came from their offspring's  
nest;  
From what far spot I know not,      along the sea-paths  
flying.  
Their young they left on the hillside,      with a  
neighbor grim, while they were hither hieing.

One day the goods of the sailors      Hagen saw      [88]  
near the sea,  
For many had been drowned there;      holy men were  
they.  
He thought, among the wreckage,      food might still  
lie hidden;

But, through fear of the wicked griffins, he softly  
crept to the shore, by hunger bidden.

No one could he find there, but a body in [89]  
armor alone;

Thereby the wild old griffin hard work would  
give him soon.

Out from his armor he shook him, nor did he spurn  
to wear it:

He found a bow and weapons, by its side, on the  
sandy shore, lying near it.

With these himself he girded, that simple [90]  
little child;

When in the air above him he heard a rushing  
wild.

He wished that he had loitered, the sorry little  
master;

But quickly came the griffin; to the sheltering  
cavern fain would he flee the faster.

The bird swung down in anger to the sandy [91]  
beach and foam;

The little playmate and fellow of the young it left  
at home,

Would by the angry griffin have at once been  
swallowed;

But now the bold young Hagen the ways of a  
daring foeman bravely followed.

He with strength but youthful the tightened [92]  
string drew out,

And arrows swift and many from the well-bent  
bow he shot.

Alas! he did not hit him; what hope of his ill-luck  
turning?

Then he of the sword bethought him; he heard the  
maids bewailing him and mourning.

Tho' his years were not yet many, he still [93]  
was brave enough;

A wing from the angry griffin he struck at the  
shoulder off,

And in the leg he smote him a heavier blow and  
stronger;

So that his wounded body the bird away from the  
spot could drag no longer.

The boy was now the winner; one of his foes [94]  
lay dead;

But quickly came another, who sorrow for him  
made.

All at last were slaughtered; nor old nor young  
were living;

God in heaven helped him; but truly against such  
strength 'twere hopeless striving.

When he that feat of wonder had done, with [95]  
heart so brave,

He called the friendly maidens from out their  
rocky cave.

He said: "Let air and sunshine your sorry hearts  
be filling;

Since now the God in heaven to grant to us some

bliss at last is willing.”

His call they kindly welcomed,      and many      [96]  
    times, forsooth,  
The boy by the lovely maidens      was kissed upon  
    the mouth.  
Their keeper now lay lifeless;      and none there was  
    to hinder  
Their roaming o’er the hillsides,      and, far or near,  
    at their good-will to wander.

By help of the boy, from sorrow      they now      [97]  
    were wholly free;  
The little childish wanderer,      so skilled with the  
    bow was he,  
That birds his well-shot arrows      could never shun  
    by flying.  
He shot them now for pastime;      but to get them  
    soon for food must he be trying.

He in heart was daring,      he was mild, but      [98]  
    also brave;  
Hey! from the wild beasts learning,      what nimble  
    leaps he gave!  
As doth the strong young panther,      over the rocks  
    he scrambled;  
Himself was his only teacher,      and, far away from  
    kin, alone he rambled.

While on the shore, by the waters,      his time      [99]  
    he often spent,  
He saw, among the sea-waves,      live fishes, as he



went;  
To catch them it were easy, but yet he did not get  
them,  
For with fire his kitchen smoked not. Daily his  
sorrow grew that he could not eat them.

Oft from his rocky shelter to the forest he [100]  
would roam;  
Many wild beasts saw he, strong and grim in their  
home.  
One there was among them greedy to devour him;  
But with his sword he slew him, and let him  
quickly feel the hate he bore him.

Unto a wild chameleon this dreadful thing [101]  
was like;  
Its skin the boy drew from it, (for that was he not  
too weak;)  
Now for its blood he thirsted, and, when of this he  
had taken,  
He felt great strength come o'er him; and many  
thoughts began in him to waken.

Then with the skin of the monster he [102]  
wrapped himself around;  
When soon to him it happened hard by a lion he  
found.  
To shun him it were hopeless, for he quickly  
rushed upon him;  
But the boy was yet unwounded; his foe from the  
daring child warm welcome won him.

When he the lion had smitten to death, with [103]  
many blows,  
He to the cave would take it, as homeward thence  
he goes.  
At all times had the maidens been by his care  
upholden,  
But now this food unwonted did raise their  
waning strength, and their hearts embolden.

Of fire they yet knew nothing, but wood [104]  
they need not seek;  
From out a stone he quickly many sparks did  
strike.  
The food they long had wanted he soon was on  
them bestowing,  
And, since there was none to do it, themselves the  
flesh must cook on the coals now glowing.

When they of food had eaten, at once they [105]  
grew more strong;  
Their boldness, too, grew greater, (to God their  
thanks belong.)  
And now their bodies also as healthy were, and  
comely,  
As if they still were living, each in her father-  
land, on fare more homely.

The wild young Hagen also the strength of [106]  
twelve did own;  
And for this, thro' all his lifetime, praise by him  
was won.  
But both to him and the maidens 'twas pain and

sorrow only,  
To think that they forever must pass their lives in a  
waste so sad and lonely.

They begged of him to lead them down to [107]  
the watery flood.

Shame they felt in going, for the clothes were none  
too good

The maidens now were wearing; they themselves  
had sewed them,

Ere yet the youthful Hagen them in their  
banishment found, and his kindness showed  
them.

For days full four and twenty they fared [108]  
thro' the piny wood;

At last, on a morning early, down they came to the  
flood,

And saw a laden galley, that came from Garadé.  
Then did the lonely maidens sorrow and pain at  
the sailors' plight betray.

Hagen shouted loudly; he was hindered [109]  
none the more,

Altho' the winds were boisterous, and wild the  
waves did roar.

Now the ship was groaning; and the sailors,  
landward steering,

Felt dread of water-nixes, on seeing the maids, as  
they the shore were nearing.

The ship it had a master, a lord from out [110]

Salmé;

Hagen, as well as his kindred, had he known on a  
former day.

They before were neighbors, but Ireland's child,  
here roaming,

The youthful son of Sigeband, was to the pilgrims  
unknown, who now were coming.

The earl forbade his steersman nearer to [111]  
sail to the shore;

But now the childish outcast but begged of them  
the more,

For love of God, to take them away from that  
shore forsaken.

The sailors felt emboldened, when by the boy the  
name of Christ was taken.

The earl, with eleven others, into a boat [112]  
now sprung;

Ere he the truth was learning, the time to him  
seemed long.

Whether the maidens as goblins or mermaids must  
be treated

He knew not; such beings never, in all his life  
before, his eyes had greeted.

He first began to ask them, before he [113]  
reached the strand:

“Boy, have you been baptized? What do you in  
this land?”

Dight with fresh green mosses he saw those lovely  
daughters,

Who earnestly begged the sailors that they would  
deign to take them o'er the waters.



### *Tale the Third.*

#### HOW HAGEN SAILED TO HIS HOME.

Ere they went on shipboard,      the pilgrims      [114]  
    them besought

Kindly to take the clothing      they with them had  
    brought.

However shy were the maidens,      to wear them they  
    were ready;

They donned the clothes with blushes,      and now  
    their sorrow had an ending speedy.

Soon as the lovely maidens      embarked upon      [115]  
    the wave,

They heartily were greeted      by knights both good  
    and brave,

Who to the high-born daughters      welcome to give  
    were heedful;

Tho' they at first mistook them,      and thought them  
    wicked elves, or mermaids dreadful.

That night the maidens rested      with friends      [116]  
    upon the sea;

So wondrous was their dwelling,      from fear they  
    were not free:

Wiser it were in the children      to think this home a  
    blessing.

Soon as the earl had bidden,      their food upon the  
    maids they all were pressing.

After they had eaten,      and while with them      [117]

he sat,  
The lord of the land of Garadie      the maidens did  
entreat  
To say by whom such fair ones      were brought unto  
that shore.  
The children, at his asking,      only felt their sorrow  
grow the more.

First answered him the eldest      of those who      [118]  
with him sat:  
“I come from a far-off kingdom,      (my lord, now  
hear my fate;)  
I was born in the land of India,      a land wherein my  
father  
Was king while he was living,      but I, alas! the  
crown must leave to another.”

Then spake the maid next younger:      “I too      [119]  
have come from far;  
Erewhile a strong old griffin      did me from Portugal  
bear.  
A king in the land was my father;      none than he was  
prouder,  
Nor for a mighty ruler,      far or near, were ever  
praises louder.”

Then the youngest maiden,      who by the earl      [120]  
sat near,  
To him spoke low and modestly,      and said: “I pray  
you hear;  
From Iserland I was carried,      my father there held  
power;

But from those who hoped to rear me,      alas! afar  
was I borne in an evil hour.”

The high-born knight then answered:      “By      [121]  
God ’tis ordered well,  
Since you among your kinsfolk      not long were left  
to dwell;  
Now, at last, by his kindness      you are freed from  
dangers,  
For I within these borders      have found you living  
here, such lovely strangers.”

However much he asked them,      they yet to      [122]  
tell were loath,  
How unto them it happened      grim death had spared  
them both,  
When erewhiles the griffin      unto his nest had  
brought them.  
Many had been their sorrows;      no more to speak of  
these the maids bethought them.

Then said the worthy leader,      turning to the      [123]  
youth;  
“My dearest friend and fellow,      now let me hear  
the truth;  
Since unto me these maidens      their sorry tale have  
given,  
From you would I hear gladly,      and learn the land  
and kin whence you were riven.”

To him wild Hagen answered:      “That will I      [124]  
tell to you;



One of those dreadful griffins bore me hither too.  
Sigeband was my father; in Ireland once was I  
living;  
But long with these lovely maidens I since have  
dwelt, with many sorrows striving.”

Then they all besought him to say how it [125]  
befell

That, living with the griffins he had come off so  
well.

To them young Hagen answered: “To God it all  
was owing;

But now I have cooled my anger; no more for them  
my heart with hate is glowing.”

Then spake the lord of Garadie: “I fain [126]  
would learn from you

How you were freed from danger?” He said: “I  
quickly slew

Both the old and the young ones; not one of those  
is living

By whom my life was threatened, and who to me  
such fear were daily giving.”

Then said all the sailors: “Your strength [127]  
indeed was great;

For every man and woman to praise you it were  
meet.

A thousand of us truly ’gainst them in, vain had  
striven,

Nor ever could have slain them; truly to you have  
blessings great been given.”

The earl and all his followers were of the [128]  
boy afraid;  
His strength was past all measure, and sorrow for  
them made.  
They would by craft his weapons have taken from  
him gladly,  
But these he sternly guarded, and soon, thro' him,  
it ended for them sadly.

Then spake the earl yet further: "It now has [129]  
happened well,  
After our toilsome wanderings, and all that us  
befell.  
But since you are a kinsman of my foeman,  
Sigeband,  
And here have come from Ireland, I as a hostage  
hold you in my hand.

"You come to me most fitly, as you shall [130]  
know ere long,  
For many of your kindred have done to me great  
wrong.  
In Garadie's fair kingdom, which lies too near  
their border,  
In a heavy fight, my warriors were seized upon  
and murdered by their shameful order."

Then answered him young Hagen: "Of all [131]  
the wrongs they did  
I am wholly guiltless; if me to them you lead  
I their hearts will soften, and so will the strife be  
ended.

Let hope to me be granted that I on my kinsmen's  
shore may soon be landed."

Then said the earl to Hagen: "For a pledge [132]  
must you abide,  
And I shall keep these maidens to live at court by  
my side;  
They will swell my greatness, and I shall be their  
owner."

Then thought the youthful Hagen, such words to be  
to him a wrong and a dishonor.

He quickly said in anger: "No bondsman [133]  
will I be;  
That may no man ask for, who would unscathed go  
free.  
And now, my worthy sailors, you needs to my  
land must bear me;  
I will reward you gladly, and to give you clothes  
and gold will never spare me.

"The earl has thought my maidens his own [134]  
shall ever be;  
But they shall yet be happy, and shall of him be  
free.  
Whoe'er is blest with wisdom, let him my bidding  
follow;  
Look to your sails, and turn them, and guide the  
ship to Ireland, o'er the billow."

The men, as the earl had bidden, to seize [135]  
the boy now dared,

But boldly did he meet them,      and for their lives  
    they feared.  
He by the hair caught thirty,      and into the water  
    flung them;  
Soon the strength of his body      was known to all,  
    and dreaded much among them.

Had not the kindly maidens      sought to end      [136]  
    the fight,  
Soon the earl of Garadie      he would have killed  
    outright.  
'Gainst neither low nor mighty      did his anger  
    falter;  
These warriors and sailors      now to Ireland's  
    shores their way must alter.

They began at once to hasten,      lest he their      [137]  
    lives might take;  
For now the wrath of Hagen      made them with fear  
    to quake.  
For seventeen days the sailors      from toiling never  
    rested,  
And sorely were they frightened;      whene'er he  
    seemed unkind they ills forecasted.

When he now drew nearer      unto his father's      [138]  
    shore,  
He saw the roomy castles      he well had known  
    before;  
Soon a lofty palace      he spied at the edge of the  
    river;  
Three hundred towers fully      he there beheld, as

strong and good as ever.

In it dwelt King Sigeband, with his proud [139]  
and queenly wife.

Again each pilgrim sailor thought to lose his life;  
For should the lord of Ireland aught of them be  
learning,

They feared that he would slay them; but Hagen  
stood between, his anger turning.

Then spake unto the pilgrims that brave and [140]  
warlike man:

“Your peace will I make gladly, altho’ I do not  
reign;

I hold no sway in the kingdom, but thither will I be  
sending,

And ’twixt yourself and my father of the hatred  
old I soon will make an ending.

“Would any now be doing what wealth to [141]  
him will bring,

Let him my errand carry. Whoever to the king  
Shall say what I shall bid him, gold will I give  
him truly;

And also, very gladly, my father and my mother  
will reward him duly.”

Twelve of the stranded pilgrims he bade to [142]  
ride away:

“Now ask of the king, my father,” thus the youth  
did say,

“Whether to see young Hagen, his son, he still is

yearning,—  
Him who erst by the griffin was stolen far away,  
heart-sorrow learning.

“I know that what you tell him the king will [143]  
not believe;  
Then ask you of my mother if she her faith will  
give,  
And if for her child to own me she will at last be  
willing,  
If I upon my bosom will show a golden cross, the  
proof fulfilling.”

When those he sent had ridden farther into [144]  
the land,  
They found, in the palace seated, Queen U-te and  
Sigeband.  
Then knew the king that the riders from Garadie  
came thither,  
And that they to him were foemen; at this both he  
and his men were wroth together.

He asked of them how dared they to come [145]  
within his land?  
Then one among them answered: “We are sent  
here at the hand  
Of your son, the youthful Hagen. If any fain would  
meet him,  
He now is here, so near you, that you ere many  
hours, in truth, may greet him.”

Then spake the kingly Sigeband: “To cheat [146]

there is no need;  
The loss of my dear little one,      who hath so long  
    been dead,  
Still my heart's deep sorrow      doth too oft  
    awaken."

"Ask, then, the queen, your lady,      if for a falsehood  
    should our word be taken?"

"The little boy so often      in her fond care has      [147]  
    been,  
She knows if on his bosom      a golden cross was  
    seen.  
And if upon this wanderer      be found the self-same  
    token,  
You as your child can own him;      you then will  
    grant that truth by us is spoken."

Then to the Lady U-te      the tale was quickly      [148]  
    told;  
Glad was she of the tidings,      yet mourned she as of  
    old.  
She said: "Now let us hasten,      that the truth no  
    more be hidden."  
Her lord then bade to saddle;      and steeds for  
    himself and his bravest knights were bidden.

Straightway one of the pilgrims      to the fair      [149]  
    Queen U-te said:  
"I will tell you, if you listen,      what now to do you  
    need.  
You first must carry clothing      for each young  
    lovely maiden

Whose coming does you honor; as followers of  
your son were they hither bidden.”

Soon brought they richest clothing, and [150]  
tiring-women, too;

The queen was also followed by men both brave  
and true.

They found the youthful Hagen, who on the shore  
was standing;

And many men from Garadie, who with the  
wandering boy on the beach were landing.





## *Tale the Fourth.*

### **HOW HAGEN WAS MET BY HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.**

Soon both men and women riding there [151]  
were seen;

Then the brave young Hagen went forth to meet his  
kin.

Who 'twas that came to greet him he now to know  
was seeking;

The throng grew ever thicker of friends who came  
in haste, their kindness speaking.

The king a friendly welcome into his land [152]  
soon gave;

He said: "To send men hither did you the boldness  
have,

To say that our queen beloved is in truth your  
mother?

If the words are true you've spoken, so glad as  
now I am there's not another."

His queen, the lovely U-te, with lofty [153]  
breeding, said:

"Bid that for these new-comers lodgings now be  
made;

I shall know right easily if he for the crown is  
fitted."

She found, in truth, the token, and, full of bliss, her  
youthful son she greeted.

With eyes all wet with weeping, she kissed [154]  
him on the mouth:

“Though I before was ailing, I now am well in  
sooth.

Welcome be thou, my Hagen, my only child, loved  
dearly!

All in the land of Sigeband right glad shall be for  
him they lost so early.”

The king to the youth came nearer; his [155]  
happiness was great.

For the hearty love he bore him his manly cheek  
was wet;

With tears that hot had risen his eyes were  
overflowing.

For the child, from him erst stolen, rightly the  
father felt the love he was showing.

The queenly U-te welcomed the homeless [156]  
maids that day;

Many clothes she gave them, both bright in hue  
and gray,

Of silk, with downy linings, that much the maidens  
wanted.

Their sorrows now were lightened by all the gifts  
the wife of Sigeband granted.

Well they clothed the maidens, as their [157]  
loveliness became;

This they long had needed, and oft had blushed  
with shame;

But, decked with gaudy trimmings, now they came

less shyly.

The king and all his followers      soon to the maidens  
gave a welcome freely.

Hagen asked that friendship      to the men of      [158]

Garadie

Should by the king and his lieges      be granted  
speedily;

Beseeching his forgiveness      for all their foul  
misdoing.

Soon, at the wish of Hagen,      kindness to the  
pilgrims he was showing.

When the king had kissed them      and soothed      [159]

his angry mood,

He to the shipwrecked pilgrims      made their losses  
good.

To them it was a blessing,      and praise to Hagen  
carried;

The lands of the men of Ireland      never since have  
they as foemen harried.

Then their food and clothing      the guests took      [160]

out, for use,

And up on the sands they bore them,      trusting in  
Hagen's truce;

To take their rest for a fortnight      them did he  
embolden.

The band of haughty pilgrims      to give to him their  
thanks were now beholden.

Then, in the midst of uproar,      they rode      [161]

away from the shore;  
Up the castle of Ballian came also many more,  
Led by a tale of wonder that the son of the king  
was living,—  
Of their king so rich and mighty; a thing so strange  
was to many past believing.

The water-weary pilgrims, long-tossed [162]  
upon the sea,  
When fourteen days were ended to leave the land  
were free.  
To them by the host were given gifts of gold,  
bright shining;  
By the help of his son's great kindness he hoped a  
lasting friendship to be winning.

Hagen his maidens never henceforth [163]  
unthought-of leaves;  
Kindly doth he teach them oftentimes to bathe in the  
waves.  
He showed himself most loving, ever for them  
caring;  
Rich clothes to them were given, and wise beyond  
his years was all his bearing.

Now was the youth beginning to be a man [164]  
well-grown.  
He ever showed his kinsmen the skill to warriors  
known;  
Whate'er a knight befitteth with hand and weapon  
doing.  
In the land of his father, Sigeband, his mighty

sway he soon to all was showing.

Hagen was ever learning      what doth a king      [165]  
    beseem.

He who of knights is leader      must ever free from  
    shame

And every stain be living;      this earns fair women's  
    praises.

So gentle was he truly      that every one with wonder  
    on him gazes.

Brave he was and daring,      (such is the olden      [166]  
    song,)

And ever was he ready      to right his neighbor's  
    wrong.

He high upheld his honor      in all things, never  
    fearing;

Throughout the land, his praises      were spoken and  
    were sung in all men's hearing.

In a waste he grew to manhood,      that      [167]  
    youthful son of a king,

Wild beasts his only fellows;      but none so quick  
    could spring

That they to flee were able,      if he for them was  
    striving.

I ween both he and his maidens      had wonders seen,  
    while by the waters living.

Rightly his name was Hagen;      but later men      [168]  
    did own

He was "of kings the Devil;"      so came he to be

known  
In every land and kingdom, such was his strength  
in fighting.  
The bold and wild young Hagen well did earn his  
name, his foemen smiting.

He oft was begged by his kinsmen that he a [169]  
wife would take;  
One so fair was near him that none had need to  
seek  
A fairer or a lovelier, all earthly kingdoms over.  
He himself had taught her; with her in sorrow  
grown, and now her lover.

She bore the name of Hilda; from India she [170]  
had come,  
And love she oft had shown him under their  
wretched doom,  
Since, in their early childhood, he in the cave had  
found her.  
None better need he wish for, or seek in any land  
the heavens under.

His father bade him hasten to be knighted [171]  
with the sword,  
With a hundred of his vassals. He gave, with  
kindly word,  
To him and to his maidens, for clothes and horses  
needed,  
A thousand marks of silver. Hagen said that the  
will of his father should be heeded.

The news of this was bruted through many [172]  
a prince's land;  
And the day when it should happen all did  
understand.  
Soon the king's great kindness from all won  
praises golden  
In a year and three days after the festival of  
knighting them was holden.

For this the knights made busy, glad to be [173]  
bidden there.  
Soon they made them bucklers, bright and painted  
fair;  
In making showy saddles the workmen were not  
idle;  
With gold both red and shining the breastplate  
was bedecked, as was the bridle.

Upon a broad green meadow the guests of [174]  
the mighty king  
Were bidden then to gather. He left not anything  
That they from him could ask for; seats were  
spread in order,  
And many guests soon after were seen to ride to  
his land from every border.

To those from far now ready the sword [175]  
with him to bear  
Fighting-gear was given, that beseemed them well  
to wear.  
They who from other kingdoms into his land were  
faring

A thousand men were reckoned; to give them  
clothes and steeds he was not sparing.

Unto his friends then said he: “If now you [176]  
deem it fit

That men a king should call me, it therefore  
seemeth meet

That she my heart holds dearest a crown with me  
be wearing;

Never shall I rest happy until, for her love to me,  
she this is sharing.”

Then asked of him his followers who might [177]  
the lady be,

Who, riding proudly before them, they at court  
should see?

He said: “Her name is Hilda, in India once living;  
To me and to my kindred she, as our queen, no  
shame will e’er be giving.”

Well pleased was now his mother, when [178]  
she the tidings had,

That they thought to crown the lady; his father, too  
was glad.

Of them was she so worthy, that high in heart they  
set her.

With him the sword was taken by full six hundred;  
the number e’en was greater.

As is the way of Christians, both of them [179]  
were bid

First for the crown to be hallowed; this at once



they did.

King Hagen with Queen Hilda      in state were soon  
seen riding;

Many games of knighthood      were played at court  
by his men, at Hagen's bidding.

Sigeband, too, rode with them;      high rose his      [180]  
heart as he went;

He reckoned very little      the wealth that must be  
spent.

When in jousts they had ridden,      in ways most true  
and knightly,

Then were pages busy      to make the halls for the  
guests all fair and sightly.

Seats were brought together,      strong, and      [181]  
broad, and long,

With stools besides, and tables.      After the mass  
was sung,

U-te, his wife, came riding,      with women round her  
thronging;

These the youthful warriors      to gaze on, as they  
rode, right earnestly were longing.

While the great King Sigeband      sat by U-te's      [182]  
side,

And Hagen next to Hilda,      all looked on with  
pride;

And said, in his child-belovéd      happy was their  
master.

Before them, while at table,      the throng was great;  
the clash of spears grew faster.

After the king of Ireland at the meal his fill [183]  
had eat,  
By riders the grass was trodden; flowers to dust  
they beat  
With rude and heavy trampling, while in uproar  
riding.  
The men best known for bravery, before the fair,  
in knightly jousts were leading.

Four and twenty warriors, bearing well the [184]  
shield,  
Over the plain came riding; bold were they in the  
field,  
And now in many a struggle all their strength were  
spending.  
'Twas done in sight of the ladies, and hard it was  
of their games to make an ending.

The brave young son of Sigeband himself in [185]  
the onset rode.  
Not loth was she to gaze on him who her with  
hope had wooed;  
That she to him was friendly in a far-off land  
forsaken,  
For this would he reward her. No truer knight the  
sword had ever taken.

Amid the throngs here riding, one thro' the [186]  
dust might see  
Men whose birth was princely, in number twelve  
and three;  
The Christian and the heathen to him their fiefs

were owing,  
And honor now, right heartily, to Sigeband and  
Hagen they were showing.

Long those high times lasted; their mirth, [187]  
how loud it rose!

With crowding and with shouting great the bustle  
grows.

The king now bade the champions to end the strife  
so heated;

And leave to them was given that they beside the  
ladies should be seated.

Before his friends and kinsmen then spake [188]  
King Sigeband:

“Unto my dear son Hagen give I now my land,  
With the dwellers and the strongholds, be they far  
or nearer.

Let all my trusty liegemen have him now for their  
lord, and hold none dearer.”

As soon as his father, Sigeband, his sway [189]  
did thus forego,

Hagen his lands and castles began in fief to  
bestow;

This he did right freely, and to those to whom he  
gave them

He seemed so true and worthy that they indeed  
from him would gladly have them.

As by feudal law is rightful, many stretched [190]  
the hand

To the youthful king in fealty.      To all, from every  
land,  
Or far or near, then gave he      clothes and riches  
hoarded.  
A feast so freely given      would now the poor not  
harm, and with thanks be rewarded.

At court now dwelt the maidens      who had      [191]  
before been brought  
With him within those borders;      of these one now  
was sought,  
And sent to the king and Hilda;      there she soon was  
dwelling.  
The maid it was from Iserland;      of one more fair to  
see none e'er was telling.

A princely youth soon wooed her,      who saw      [192]  
the maiden fair  
Beside the king's fair daughter.      Soothly might he  
swear  
That she by right was worthy      to be of a crown the  
wearer.  
She had erst been Hilda's playmate;      of  
widespread lands she now became the sharer.

At last the guests were scattered,      and all      [193]  
now left the king.  
That high-born lady also      men did straightway  
bring  
Into the land of Norway,      to her youthful lord's  
kind keeping.  
After her heavy sorrows,      blest with hope, she

knew no more of weeping.

Now, throughout all Ireland, did Hagen his [194]  
sway begin.

If ever among his lieges a deed of wrong was  
seen,

At once for this the doer must pay with pain well  
dreaded;

Of such, within a twelvemonth, eighty or more  
were for evil deeds beheaded.

An inroad made he later into the lands of [195]  
his foes.

He spared the poor, and brought not flames, to add  
to their woes;

But if with pride and rudeness he was by any  
treated,

He quick laid waste their strongholds, and deadly  
wounds in bitter wrath he meted.

When it came to fighting, he was a goodly [196]  
knight.

Of heroes high in breeding he soon brought low  
the might;

To all he showed his bravery, whether far or near  
him.

Of kings was he the Devil; in truth his many foes  
might greatly fear him.

The life he led was happy, nor of gladness [197]  
asked he more.

His wife, from far-off India, to her lord and

master bore  
A fair and lovely daughter; she also, like her  
mother,  
Bore the name of Hilda; well known is her tale to  
us, and to many another.

Wild Hagen bade his maidens so to rear the [198]  
child,  
That the sun ne'er shone upon her; nor were rough  
winds wild  
Oft allowed to touch her. She was by ladies  
guarded,  
And cared for by her kinsmen; most wisely was  
the trust to them awarded.

Before twelve years were ended the fair [199]  
and well-born maid  
Was comely more than any, and her name was  
widely spread;  
Rich and high-born princes gladly would have  
sought her,  
And earnestly were thinking how they could win  
wild Hagen's lovely daughter.

One of these same princes in Denmark had [200]  
his home,  
Within the land of Waleis. When the tale to him  
had come  
About this lovely maiden, his longing ne'er would  
leave him;  
But he was scorned by Hagen, who swore of life  
and name he would bereave him.

Whene'er to seek the maiden      men were by      [201]  
    wooers sent,  
In his pride, wild Hagen      upon their death was  
    bent.  
He to none would give her      who than himself was  
    weaker;  
Of the tale of the mighty Hagen,      far and near, was  
    every man the speaker.

He bade that more than twenty      of those sent      [202]  
    there be hung;  
None might wreak his anger,      though sore his heart  
    was wrung.  
When all had done their errand,      for Hagen's  
    daughter suing,  
"Enough," soon went the saying:      "'Twere best that  
    none should go for her a-wooing."

But still by high-born warriors      the maid      [203]  
    was not unsought.  
Let pride be ne'er so lofty,      as we have long been  
    taught,  
There always is another      with just as high a  
    bearing;  
While to win her kindness      his yearning grows, and  
    his toil he is never sparing.





*Tale the Fifth.*

**HOW WÂ-TE WAS SENT TO IRELAND AS A SUITOR.**

Hettel was lord in Daneland;      to be its king      [204]  
    he rose;

'Twas in the Sturmisch marches,      as many a one  
    well knows;

There abode his kindred,      who ways of honor  
    taught him.

Ortland also served him.      His might and worth high  
    fame with all soon brought him.

One among his kinsfolk      the name of Wâ-te      [205]  
    bore;

He for his lands and castles      fealty to Hettel  
    swore.

As kinsman of his master,      he careful teaching gave  
    him

In all things good and worthy,      and in his watchful  
    care did ever have him.

A landed knight in Daneland      was Wâ-te's      [206]  
    sister's son,

The brave and upright Horant.      Later his faith was  
    shown

Unto his lord, King Hettel,      who for his worth did  
    crown him.

This to him he grudged not,      but ever for a prince  
    was glad to own him.

Hettel, rich and mighty,      at Hegeling held his      [207]

seat,  
Not far from the lord of Orland;      this is true, I  
    weet.  
He there owned many castles,      eighty at least or  
    over;  
They who these strongholds guarded      in truest faith  
    and honor held them ever.

Lord he was of Friesland,      its waters and its      [208]  
    land;  
Ditmarsh, as well as Waleis,      were swayed by his  
    kingly hand.  
Hettel was truly mighty;      his kinsmen they were  
    many;  
Bold was he and daring,      and 'gainst his foes he  
    plotted, well as any.

Hettel was an orphan,      and so he felt the      [209]  
    need  
That he a wife should find him.      To him, at last,  
    were dead  
Father as well as mother,      who their lands had left  
    him.  
He friends in truth had many,      yet found he much in  
    life that of bliss bereft him.

The best of these besought him      some      [210]  
    maiden's love to seek,  
Who of his birth was worthy.      The knight did  
    answer make:  
"I here know none who fitly      should be o'er the  
    Hegelings seated,

Nor is there any lady who, brought from far,  
should as my queen be greeted.”

Then spake a knight of Nifland, Morunc, a [211]  
youthful lord:

“I know of a lovely maiden, of whom I oft have  
heard;

She in truth is fairer than all on earth now living.  
Her will we gladly sue for, that she her troth to  
you may soon be giving.”

Then quoth the king: “Who is she? her name [212]  
I pray you tell.”

Then said Morunc: “’Tis Hilda, in Ireland she  
doth dwell;

Her father’s name is Hagen; King Ger was her  
forefather.

If to this land she cometh, your life will then be  
blissful altogether.”

Then spake the young King Hettel: “I oft [213]  
have heard it said,

Whoever woos this maiden her father’s wrath  
must dread.

Many a worthy suitor his life for her has ended;  
But none among my vassals must meet his death  
for having me befriended.”

Morunc quickly answered: “Then send to [214]  
Horant’s land,

And bid that he come hither; he well doth  
understand

The ways and moods of Hagen,      for often has he  
seen them.

Unless his help he gives you,      'twill come to  
nought, howe'er your friends demean them."

He said: "Your will I follow,      since she is      [215]  
so fair;

But if my friends shall seek her,      yourself the suit  
must share;

And if unto your friendship      the task I've trusted  
fitly,

Wealth shall you have and honor,      when as the  
Hegeling's queen she's greeted rightly."

He quickly sent out riders      through the      [216]  
Danish land to haste;

By them was the mighty Horant,      his nephew, found  
at last,

And to the court was bidden;      to come must he be  
speedy,

Within seven days, not later,      if he to help his lord  
in truth were ready.

When Horant met the heralds,      and did their      [217]  
errand hear,

Then for friendly service      himself he would not  
spare.

Right gladly did he listen      to the bidding of his  
master;

But this, on a day thereafter,      to him brought  
sorrow great, and sore disaster.

To the court he soon went riding,      with sixty      [218]  
    of his men;  
Of friends at home young Horant      to take his leave  
    was seen.  
He then made haste the faster,      when now the tale  
    was told him  
How he must help his master,      if for a faithful  
    knight he now would hold him.

Upon the seventh morning      he came to      [219]  
    Hettel's land;  
Decked in finest clothing      was he and all his band.  
The king to welcome Horant      rode forth, most glad  
    to greet him,  
And saw that with him Fru-te,      another Danish  
    knight, was there to meet him.

Good news it was of their coming,      of which      [220]  
    all men now spoke;  
Glad was the king to see them;      from him a share it  
    took  
Of the deep and heavy sorrow      which his heart  
    was filling.  
“Welcome, Cousin Fru-te!”      cried he, the while he  
    looked upon him smiling.

When Horant now with Fru-te      before the      [221]  
    king did stand,  
Then he asked for tidings      of their home in the  
    Danish land.  
Both of them now answered:      “Not many days are  
    ended

Since we in stormy battle      with many deadly blows  
our lives defended.”

He asked whence they had ridden      from off      [222]  
the stormy field.

They said: “It was from Portugal,      where the strife  
was held;

There the mighty ruler      from fighting would not  
spare us;

Daily within our borders      he did us wrong, and  
much ill-will did bear us.”

The young King Hettel answered:      “Now      [223]  
cast all care away;

I know that the aged Wâ-te      will never yield the  
sway

He holds o’er the Sturmisch marches;      he of the  
land is owner;

Who wins from him a castle      will earn high praise  
and long be held in honor.”

Within the roomy palace      the guests then      [224]  
took their seats.

Both Horant and Sir Fru-te      with thoughtless,  
merry wits,

Of the loves of high-born ladies      began to gossip  
gaily.

To them the young king listened,      and costly gifts  
he gave unto them freely.

Hettel turned to Horant,      and thus to ask      [225]  
began:

“If aught hath reached your hearing,      then tell me, if  
    you can,  
How ’tis with Lady Hilda,      King Hagen’s lovely  
    daughter?  
To her would I send most gladly,      and would that  
    words of love from me were brought her.”

The youthful knight then answered:      “She is      [226]  
    to me well known;  
A maid so fair and lovely      my eyes ne’er looked  
    upon  
As she, that maid of Ireland,      Hilda, the rich and  
    stately,  
The daughter of wild Hagen;      to wear a crown  
    with you would befit her greatly.”

On this King Hettel asked him:      “Now think      [227]  
    you, can it be  
That ever her lordly father      will give this maid to  
    me?  
If I deemed he were so friendly,      I would seek to  
    win her,  
And would reward him ever      who gave to me his  
    ready help to gain her.”

“That can never happen,”      to him young      [228]  
    Horant said:  
“No rider with this errand      to Hagen need be sped.  
To hasten thither boldly      I feel, myself, no longing;  
The man sent there to seek her      is either slain with  
    blows, or dies by hanging.”

Then spake again King Hettel:      “Not so for      [229]  
her I care;  
To hang my trusty vassal      should Hagen ever dare,  
Then he, the king of Ireland,      himself must death be  
facing.  
Be he ne’er so boastful,      he’ll find his rashness is  
to him no blessing.”

Then spake the knightly Fru-te:      “If Wâ-te      [230]  
deigns to go  
Unto the king of Ireland,      to woo this maid for you,  
Lucky will be our errand,      and we shall bring the  
lady;  
Or wounds throughout our bodies,      e’en to the  
heart, to take shall we be ready.”

Then said to him King Hettel:      “My men I      [231]  
now will send  
With word to the lord of Sturmland;      I do not fear  
the end,  
For Wâ-te will hasten gladly      wherever I shall bid  
him.  
Bring Irold, too, from Friesland,      with all his men,  
for sorely do I need him.”

His riders then went quickly      into the      [232]  
Sturmisch land,  
Where the brave old Wâ-te      they found among his  
band.  
Then the word they gave him,      now to the king to  
betake him;  
But Wâ-te felt great wonder,      to know for what the



Hegeling king did seek him.

He asked if it were needful      to bring, when      [233]  
    he should go,  
His breastplate and his helmet,      and any followers,  
    too?  
One of the heralds answered:      “We did not hear it  
    spoken  
That he had need of fighters;      for you alone did his  
    words a wish betoken.”

Wâ-te would be going,      but left behind a      [234]  
    guard,  
To care for lands and castles.      Then taking horse,  
    at his word,  
Twelve of his followers only      with him from home  
    now started;  
Wâ-te, the brave old warrior,      at once on his way  
    to court in haste departed.

He reached the land of the Hegelings.      When      [235]  
    he now was seen,  
As he came near Kampatille,      but little sorrow, I  
    ween,  
Was felt by the kingly Hettel;      with speed he went  
    to greet him,  
And thought of the kindly welcome      he would give  
    his friend, old Wâ-te, when he met him.

Right glad was he to see him;      with hearty      [236]  
    speech he says:  
“Sir Wâ-te, thou art welcome;      many are the days

Since I have looked upon you, when on our horses  
sitting,  
Side by side together, we proudly met our foes  
with blows befitting.”

Then answered him old Wâ-te: “Ever [237]  
should good friends  
Be glad to be together; that fight the better ends  
Where, before the foeman, friends as one are  
fighting.”  
Then by the hand he held him, to him his love and  
friendship warmly plighting.

They took their seats together, nor place to [238]  
other gave.  
Hettel, he was mighty, and Wâ-te, he was brave;  
He yet was also haughty, and proud in all his  
bearing.  
Hettel now was thinking how Wâ-te could be  
brought to Ireland to be faring.

Then spake the knightly Hettel: “For this I [239]  
bade thee come;  
Need have I of riders, to send to Hagen’s home.  
Truly I know of no one whom I would send the  
sooner  
Than thee, my good friend Wâ-te, or who in this  
could bring me greater honor.”

Then said the aged Wâ-te: “Whatever I can [240]  
do  
To show my love and fealty, I’ll gladly do for

you.  
Herein I may be trusted, to be for you bold-  
hearted;  
And to bring about your wishes, unless in this by  
death I should be thwarted.”

Then quoth the kingly Hettel: “Many friends [241]  
have said  
That if the mighty Hagen will my wooing heed,  
And give to me his daughter, she, as my queen,  
would honor  
Me and my kingdom also; my heart is bent as a  
wife and queen to own her.”

Angrily spoke Wâ-te: “Whoever this has [242]  
said  
Would truly feel no sorrow if I this day were  
dead.  
'Tis Fru-te, he of Denmark, I know it is no other,  
Who to this has stirred you, to send me to the  
maid, your suit to further.

“This young and lovely maiden is guarded [243]  
now with care;  
Horant and Fru-te also, who say she is so fair,  
And speak to you her praises, must go with me to  
seek her.  
Never shall I rest easy unless they strive with me  
your own to make her.”

Both these faithful vassals King Hettel sent [244]  
for soon;

To others good and trusty they also made it  
known,  
That by their king and master they at court were  
wanted.  
No more their thoughts men whispered, but freely  
spoke of the coming raid, undaunted.

When Wâ-te, the brave old warrior, did on [245]  
Horant look,  
And on the Danish Fru-te, how sharply then he  
spoke!  
“Brave knights, may God reward you, to me you  
are so friendly,  
And of my fame so careful, and my trip to court  
this time you help so kindly.

“You are, forsooth, most willing that I this [246]  
errand do;  
But both of you are bounden with me thereon to  
go,  
To serve the king, our master, even as our duty  
calleth.  
He who my life endangers himself the risk must  
share, whate’er befalleth.”

“For this I now am ready,” answered [247]  
Horant the Dane;  
“If leave the king will grant us, I then will shun no  
pain,  
Nor aught of toil will grudge me. Only to see this  
lady,  
For me and for my kinsman, were happiness

enough, and bliss already.”

“Then we ought,” said Fru-te,      “to take upon      [248]  
our way

Seven hundred warriors.      No man doth honor pay  
To Hagen without grudging.      He is overweening,  
truly;

If he thinks that he can crush us,      he soon must lay  
aside his boasting wholly.

“Sir king, you should bid your workmen      a      [249]  
ship of cypress-wood

To build upon the river;      strong must it be and  
good,

So your band of warriors      shall shipwreck ne'er  
be ruing.

From timber white as silver      the lofty masts your  
men must soon be hewing.

“Also food for your fighters      you must now      [250]  
bespeak;

And bid that men be busy      helmets for us to make,  
And hauberks strong for many;      when we these are  
wearing,

Then wild Hagen's daughter      we shall the easier  
win by craft and daring.

“Also my nephew Horant,      who is shrewd      [251]  
and wise,

Must go with us as a shopman;      (I grudge him not  
his guise)

There must he to the ladies      be clasps and arm-

bands selling,  
With gold and costly jewels;      thus greater trust in  
us will they be feeling.

“For sale we also must carry      weapons and      [252]  
clothing, too;  
And since wild Hagen’s daughter      it is such risk to  
woo,  
That only now by fighting      one can hope to wed  
her,  
Let Wâ-te choose the warriors      to go with him, and  
home to the king to lead her.”

Then spake the aged Wâ-te:      “A shop I      [253]  
cannot keep;  
Not often doth my money      in coffers idly sleep;  
My lot I’ve shared with fighters,      and that I still am  
doing;  
Therein I am not skilful,      that I to ladies gew-gaws  
should be showing.

“But since my nephew Horant      on me this      [254]  
task has laid,  
He knows full well that Hagen      will never yield  
the maid:  
He prides himself on owning      the strength of six  
and twenty;  
If he shall learn of our wooing,      our hope to leave  
his land will be but scanty.

“Good king, now let us hasten,      but bid that      [255]  
first our hull

With a deck of deal be covered; let it, below, be  
full  
Of knights both strong and doughty, who shall help  
be giving,  
If ever the wild King Hagen forbids that we shall  
leave his kingdom, living.

“Of these brave knights a hundred, with [256]  
outfits good for war,  
Unto the land of Ireland we in our ships must bear;  
There shall my nephew Horant in his shop be  
seated,  
Keeping two hundred near him; thus shall the ladies’  
coming be awaited.

“Your men must also build us barges strong [257]  
and wide,  
To carry food and horses, and to sail our ships  
beside:  
Enough for a year or longer we must take to feed  
us;  
And we will say to Hagen that to leave our land  
King Hettel did forbid us,

“And that our lord and master great wrong [258]  
to us hath wrought.  
Then with our gifts so costly we often shall be  
brought  
To Hagen and to Hilda, where they their court are  
keeping;  
Our gifts shall make us welcome, and kindness  
from the king shall we be reaping.





seen by any lady.”

When he his leave had taken,      Wâ-te to      [263]  
    Sturmland rode;  
Horant and with him Fru-te      followed in hurried  
    mood,  
Back to the land of Denmark,      where they held the  
    lordship.  
To help their master Hettel      they thought could  
    never be to them a hardship.

Then, in his home, King Hettel      let his will      [264]  
    be known;  
Of shipwrights and of workmen      idle was not one.  
While the ships were building      to do their best they  
    hastened;  
The beams that met together,      were with bands of  
    silver strongly fastened.

All the spars and mast-trees,      they were      [265]  
    strong and good;  
Red gold, and brightly shining,      was laid on the  
    rudder-wood,  
And like to fire was glowing:      wealth their master  
    blesses.  
When time it was for leaving,      the men their tasks  
    had done, and won high praises.

The ropes that held the anchors      came from a      [266]  
    far-off strand,  
Brought from the shores of Araby;      never on sea or  
    land,

Before that day or after, had any man seen better:  
So might the men of the Hegelings easier make  
their way o'er the deep sea-water.

They who the sails were making worked [267]  
late, and early rose;  
For the king had bid them hurry. For making these  
they chose  
Silken stuff from Abalie, as good as could be  
brought them.  
Truly far from idle were, in those days, the busy  
hands that wrought them.

Can any one believe it? They had the [268]  
anchors made  
Of purest beaten silver. The heart of the king was  
led  
Strongly now to wooing; no rest would he be  
knowing,  
Nor of his men was sparing, until the day when  
they should thence be going.

Well-framed, with heavy planking, now the [269]  
ships were seen,  
Sound 'gainst war and weather. Then word was  
sent to the men,  
That to seek the lovely lady they must soon be  
faring.  
This was told to no one but those who the trust of  
the king were rightly sharing.

Wâ-te to meet King Hettel from Sturmland [270]

held his course;  
With silver gear and housing, heavily went his  
horse.  
To court went, too, his followers, four hundred  
men undaunted;  
And now the doughty Hettel brave knights enough,  
for guests, no longer wanted.

Morunc, the brave and daring, from [271]  
Friesland thither went,  
And with him brought two hundred. Word to the  
king was sent  
That now, with helms and breastplates, they were  
thither riding;  
In haste came Irold also; thus gladly Hettel's  
kinsmen did his bidding.

Thither rode from Denmark Horant young [272]  
and brave;  
Hettel to do his errand did trusty liegemen have;  
A thousand men or over might he for this be  
sending;  
Only a prince so mighty of such a task had ever  
made an ending.

Irold, too, of Ortland, was ready now to go: [273]  
E'en though on him King Hettel should never  
clothes bestow,  
Yet, for himself and his followers, he had of these  
so many,  
That wheresoe'er they were going, they never  
need to beg for aught from any.

The king, as well beseemed him,      greeted all      [274]  
    the band;  
First, his liegeman Irold      he kindly took by the  
    hand;  
Then he turned to Wâ-te,      to where he found him  
    seated:  
At last, his hardy warriors,      ready to leave the  
    land, his word awaited.

To all it now was bidden      that they should      [275]  
    give good heed,  
And everything make ready      that knights could ever  
    need.  
Now were seen by the warriors      the ships so fair  
    and stately;  
To woo the lovely Hilda      the king in all things  
    showed his forethought greatly.

Two new and well-made galleys      they had      [276]  
    upon the flood,  
With two broad ships of burden;      both were strong  
    and good.  
A ship of state went with them;      than this had ne'er  
    a better,  
By any friend or foeman,      on the shores of any  
    land, been seen upon the water.

To start they now are willing;      already on      [277]  
    the ships  
Were the clothes and horses loaded.      Then from  
    Wâ-te's lips  
Came kindly words to Hettel;      he begged him to

feel easy,  
Till they should again be coming, for to do his  
bidding they would all be busy.

The king to him said mournfully: "I give [278]  
into your care  
The knights, untaught and youthful, who such risks  
will dare,  
With you upon this errand: most earnestly I pray  
you  
That, for your honor, daily you teach these youths  
with care, and make them to obey you."

Him thus Wâ-te answered: "To that give not [279]  
a thought;  
Keep a brave heart, I beg you, that here at home,  
in nought  
You fail of being steadfast, where'er your honor  
reaches:  
Watch well, too, o'er our holdings: these youths  
shall learn from me what wisdom teaches."

The good and trusty Fru-te the wealth of the [280]  
king did guard,—  
The gold and costly jewels, and of many things a  
hoard.  
The king was free in spending whatsoe'er was  
wanted;  
If Fru-te aught did ask for, thirty-fold to him he  
gladly granted.

A hundred men were chosen, and now [281]

within the ship,  
Wherein to woo the maiden his friends must cross  
the deep,  
All craftily were hidden, to help them, if 'twere  
needful.  
Gifts both rich and worthy the king to give these  
faithful men was heedful.

With these, among the followers, every rank [282]  
was seen;  
Of knights and squires also, thirty hundred men,  
Who, for toil and struggle, from far-off lands came  
riding.  
Then said the king to his lieges: "May God in  
heaven to you give careful guiding."

To him thus Horant answered: "From fear [283]  
now be you free;  
When you shall see us coming, you then with us  
will see  
A maid so fair and lovely, you well may wish to  
greet her."  
This the king heard gladly, but far was the day  
when he at last should meet her.

They took their leave with kisses, the king [284]  
and many a guest;  
For these the king was feeling wearisome unrest.  
While they for him are toiling, each hour he fear  
must borrow;  
He forsooth was downcast, and nought could  
cheer him, in his mood of sorrow.

This was for his welfare,      that a wind from      [285]  
    out the north

Now their sails was swelling,      and briskly helped  
    them forth.

The ships were wafted evenly,      as they from land  
    were turning;

But hardships they had known not      the youths, upon  
    their way, erelong were learning.

The truth we cannot tell you,      nor can it e'en      [286]  
    be guessed,

For nights full six and thirty      what lodgings gave  
    them rest,

While upon the water.      The youths they with them  
    carried,

Bound by oaths of fealty,      swore again to keep  
    them, where'er they tarried.

However willing were they      to sail on the      [287]  
    tossing sea,

Yet sometimes it befell them      in great unrest to be.  
Ease they took but seldom,      as the waves would  
    spare it;

But he who ploughs the waters      pain must often  
    feel, and yet must bear it.

After the waves had borne them      full a      [288]  
    thousand miles,

They came to Hagen's castle,      where, as was said  
    erewhiles,

He, the master of Ballian,      shamefully had lorded:  
This was a wicked falsehood,      the deeds were

never done as the tale was worded.

When now the men from Hegeling      over the      [289]  
    sea had gone,  
And neared wild Hagen's castle,      their coming  
    soon was known;  
Much the folk there wondered      from what far  
    kingdom sailing  
The waves had borne them thither;      how finely they  
    were clad all men were telling.

First the ship with an anchor      was fastened      [290]  
    on the strand;  
To furl the sails then quickly      each gave a ready  
    hand.  
It was not long thereafter      before the news was  
    bruted,  
Throughout King Hagen's castle,      that ships, with  
    unknown men, in his harbor floated.

Now on the shore they landed,      and did their      [291]  
    goods unlade;  
Whatever could be wanted      on the sands, for sale,  
    they spread,  
And all that any asked for.      In wealth they were not  
    lacking;  
But tho' their men had silver,      'twas little that they  
    bought, or for themselves were taking.

Clothed in the garb of tradesmen,      on the      [292]  
    shore did stand  
Sixty men or over,      well-dight, a goodly band.



Fru-te, the lord of Denmark, was busy as their  
leader;  
His clothing was far better than there was worn by  
any other trader.

The worthy lord and master over Ballian [293]  
town,  
When he heard of their coming, and the riches they  
did own,  
Rode down with many followers to where those  
crafty sellers  
He found, himself awaiting. Kind was the mien of  
all who there were dwellers.

First the master asked them: “Whence their [294]  
way they had made,  
And over the sea come thither?” To him then Fru-  
te said:  
“God have you in his keeping; we from afar are  
sailing;  
Tradesmen truly are we; our masters rich, near by,  
in ships are dwelling.”

“Let peace with us be plighted,” old Wâ-te [295]  
then began;  
But from the master’s grimness, the truth to see  
was plain,  
That, where he was the ruler, stern and harsh was  
his bearing.  
Straightway then to Hagen they led the guests, who  
with their tale were faring.

Hagen said, as he met them:      “Safeguard to      [296]  
    you I give;  
My peace I pledge you willingly.      He shall no  
    longer live,  
But hang upon the gallows,      who these guests shall  
    harry:  
Let them not be fearful;      them shall nothing harm  
    while in my land they tarry.”

Rich and costly jewels      they to Hagen gave,      [297]  
In worth, of marks a thousand.      From them he  
    nought did crave,  
Nor even so much as a penny;      but what for sale  
    they offered  
He begged of them to show him,      such as to knights  
    and ladies might be proffered.

For all he thanked them warmly;      he said: “If      [298]  
    I should live  
Not more than three days longer,      for all that now  
    they give  
My guests shall be rewarded.      If my liegeman do  
    not heed me,  
And these for aught be lacking,      all shall then for  
    this with right upbraid me.”

Now the gifts they gave him      the king with      [299]  
    his men did share;  
Among them there were necklaces,      fit for ladies  
    fair,  
With finger-rings and arm-bands,      as well as  
    ribands dainty,

And head-gear, to bedeck them:      these the king to  
many gave in plenty.

His wife and lovely daughter      now most      [300]  
rightly thought

That never to their kingdom      had gifts for them  
been brought,

That were so rare and costly,      by sellers or by  
traders.

Horant and Wâ-te also      in sending gifts to court  
were now the leaders.

Sixty silken garments,      the best that e'er      [301]  
were sold,

Up to the shore were carried,      and forty wrought  
with gold.

They would have prized but lightly      cloths from  
Bagdad even;

Of linen suits a hundred,      the best they had, now to  
the king were given.

Beside the handsome clothing,      made of      [302]  
silken stuff,

Of richest inner garments      they also gave enough;  
There might perhaps be forty,      or more, if reckoned  
fully;

Could ever man buy praises,      they by their costly  
gifts had gained them truly.

Twelve Castilian horses,      all saddled, were      [303]  
brought, I trow;

Also many breastplates,      and well-made helmets,

too,  
Men were bidden to carry;      twelve bucklers  
likewise bore they,  
Rimmed with golden edges.      Kind were Hagen's  
guests; free givers were they.

Then, too, with gifts came riding      Horant the      [304]  
brave and bold;  
Irold the strong came with him;      this to the king  
was told:  
'Twas said to him, moreover,      that those now  
thither faring  
Of lands were the lords and owners.      This might  
well be seen by the gifts they were bearing.

After these came riding      four and twenty      [305]  
men  
Whom they were thither leading,      well-bred were  
they, I ween;  
Such also was their clothing,      they seemed as if  
well fitted,  
And now in truth were coming,      that very day to be  
by Hagen knighted.

Then unto King Hagen      one of his friends      [306]  
thus spake:  
"The gifts the men now bring you      'tis best you  
deign to take:  
Never must you leave them      unthanked for all their  
treasure."  
Hagen lacked not riches,      but yet his thanks he gave  
them without measure.

He said: "I thank you kindly, as I of right [307]  
should do."

Then he bade that his stewards to see the gifts  
should go;

And also that the clothing, piece by piece, be  
shown them.

Glad were they to see them, and wondered greatly  
as they gazed upon them.

Then said one of the stewards: "Hear now [308]  
the truth I tell:

Chests there are of silver, and filled with gold as  
well,

With many costly jewels, rich and kingly even:

Marks fully twenty thousand the goods are worth,  
which they to you have given."

Then the king thus answered: "Blessings on [309]  
my guests!

I now will share with others the riches in these  
chests."

Then to his knights was given whate'er of these  
they wanted;

To every one among them all that he might wish  
by the king was granted.

The king now seated near him both the two [310]  
young men,—

Irold and also Horant; he began to ask them then,  
"Whence to his kingdom sailing, they to come had  
striven?

Gifts so rich and worthy have ne'er before by

guests to me been given.”

Then spake the knightly Horant:      “This shall      [311]  
    you know full well;  
My lord, now hear us kindly      while we our  
    sorrows tell.  
Outlawed wanderers are we,      and from our homes  
    were driven;  
A king most rich and mighty,      to wreak his anger,  
    woe to us hath given.”

Then spake again wild Hagen:      “What may      [312]  
    be his name,  
From whose rich kingdom driven,      outcasts you  
    became?  
You of wealth are owners,      and, if not by his wits  
    forsaken,  
To keep such worthy lieges      within his land he  
    would some pains have taken.”

He asked “Who them had outlawed,      and      [313]  
    what name he bore?  
Of what misdoings guilty,      had they to this far  
    shore  
Made their flight in sorrow,      to ask the help of  
    strangers?”  
To him then answered Horant:      “To you will we  
    make known our woes and dangers.

“He bears the name of ‘Hettel,      Lord of the      [314]  
    Hegeling land’;  
Brave and mighty is he,      and sways with a heavy

hand.

We of all our happiness      have been robbed and  
plundered;  
Of right are we embittered,      since from our land  
and home we now are sundered.”

To him spoke Hagen kindly:      “This to your      [315]  
good shall turn;  
I will in full repay you      the losses that you mourn.  
If I make myself a beggar,      by thus so freely giving,  
Yet from the king of the Hegelings      you need not  
ask for help while I am living.

“If you, good knights,” he added,      “here with      [316]  
me will stay,  
With you will I share right gladly      the lands I own  
to-day;  
Such guerdon by King Hettel      ne’er to you was  
given.  
The wealth from you he has taken,      that give I you,  
and more by tenfold even.”

“To stay with you we are ready,”      then said      [317]  
Horant the Dane,  
“But we fear that when King Hettel      shall learn that  
we were seen  
Within the Irish borders,      he will find a way to  
reach us;  
And I am ever dreading      that we can nowhere live,  
and this he’ll teach us.”

Then to the band of wanderers      the lordly      [318]

Hagen said:

“Do what now I bid you,      and a home for you is  
made.

Never will King Hettel      dare for your harm to seek  
you

Within my land and kingdom;      it were a wrong to  
me from hence to take you.”

He bade they should be sheltered,      at once,      [319]  
within his town;

Then to his men and lieges      he made his wishes  
known,

That now unto the wanderers      all honor should be  
granted.

The water-weary sailors      soon found the rest that  
they so long had wanted.

Then the townsmen freely      did the king’s      [320]  
behest;

To do it they were ready:      houses, the very best,  
Forty, or even over,      were empty left, to be taken  
By the Danish sailors;      their homes, by the king’s  
good lieges were willingly forsaken.

Up on the beach were carried      the wares,      [321]  
full many a pile,

That in the ships lay hidden.      Their owners thought,  
the while,

That they would rather struggle      with storms upon  
the water,

Than to seek their luck and welfare      in wooing  
Hilda, Hagen’s lovely daughter.



Hagen bade his followers:      “Now ask these      [322]  
    guests of mine  
If they will deign most kindly      to eat my bread and  
    wine,  
Till they, within my kingdom,      on lands they hold  
    are living.”  
The Danish Fru-te answered:      “To take your food  
    would shame to us be giving.”

“If erst the great King Hettel      had been to us      [323]  
    so good,  
That he both gold and silver      would give to us for  
    food,  
We in our houses had them,      and might of them be  
    wasteful;  
We e’en could stay our hunger,      and feed thereon,  
    if this to us were tasteful.”

’Twas bidden then by Fru-te      that his booth      [324]  
    should be set up.  
To see for sale such riches      men ne’er again could  
    hope.  
Never within their borders      did any trader offer  
Fine goods at such a bargain;      they easily were  
    sold before the day was over.

All could buy who wished them,      gold and      [325]  
    jewels rare.  
The king, by greatest kindness,      was to his guests  
    made dear.  
If any, without buying,      still these treasures  
    wanted,

The traders were so friendly      that they, as gifts, the  
    goods to many granted.

Whate'er of Wâ-te or Fru-te      was said by      [326]  
    any one,—

Of all the deeds of kindness      that here by them  
    were done,—

The tale might not be trusted,      how they for these  
    were ready;

They strove to gain high praises,      and this at court  
    was told to many a lady.

Of the poor nor man nor woman      for clothes      [327]  
    was seen to lack;

To those in need among them      they gave their  
    pledges back,

And from debt they freed them.      To the princess,  
    morn and even,

Oft by her faithful steward      the tale of these guests  
    from far was truly given.

To the king she made her prayer:      “Dearest      [328]  
    father mine,

Ask that these guests so worthy      to ride to court  
    will deign.

They say that one among them      hath charms beyond  
    all measure;

Should he to your bidding listen,      the sight of him  
    ofttimes would give me pleasure.”

To her the king thus answered:      “That shall      [329]  
    quickly be;



Hilda bent on winning.

Thither came brave Horant;      all others he      [333]  
out-vied

In rich and costly clothing.      With mantles long and  
wide,

Gay in hue and gaudy,      his men were decked out  
brightly:

Those brave men from Denmark      proudly came,  
and had a look most knightly.

Tho' Hagen's birth was kingly,      and lordly      [334]  
was his mood,

He yet went forth to meet them.      His daughter, fair  
and good,

Rose up before old Wâ-te      from where she now  
was seated.

Such was Wâ-te's bearing      as if with smiles his  
friends he never greeted.

She said, in way most seemly:      "Welcome to      [335]  
you I give;

Both I and the king, my father,      must from your  
looks believe

That you are weary warriors,      and sorely have  
been fighting.

Good-will the king will show you,      and soon his  
faith to you will he be plighting."

To her they all bent lowly;      their ways, they      [336]  
were well-bred.

The king then bade to be seated,      as hosts are wont

to bid.  
Of drink to them was given, wine the best and  
rarest;  
Better ne'er was tasted in the home of any lord,  
albeit the fairest.

In talk and fun and merriment seated were [337]  
they all.

Soon the queenly maiden was seen to leave the  
hall:

But first she begged her father the kindness now to  
show her

To bid the knights so worthy to come to her, for  
pastime, to her bower.

Her wish the king then granted, (so to us, [338]  
'tis said);

His young and lovely daughter at this was truly  
glad.

Soon fair clothes and jewels the maidens all were  
wearing;

And earnestly were watching the many knights  
from far, to see their bearing.

When now the elder Hilda sat by her [339]  
daughter fair,

Each one of her lovely maidens demeaned herself  
with care;

So that all who saw her high in breeding thought  
her,

And nothing else could say of her, but that she was  
indeed a king's fair daughter.

Now bade they that old Wâ-te should to the [340]  
    maids be brought;  
Though he was gray and aged, none the less they  
    thought,  
To guard against his wooing, they must as children  
    meet him.  
Then to the aged Wâ-te stepped forth the youthful  
    queen, right glad to greet him.

She was the first to do so, but wished she [341]  
    might be spared  
When she now must kiss him: broad and gray was  
    his beard,  
And the hair of the aged Wâ-te with golden strings  
    was braided.  
He and the Danish Fru-te the queen's behest to  
    seat them slowly heeded.

Both the well-clad heroes before their seats [342]  
    now stood;  
Well they knew fine breeding, and made their  
    teaching good.  
In many a bitter struggle, in their manhood early,  
They gained a name as warriors; and men to them  
    gave praises for it fairly.

Queen Hilda and her daughter, in lively, [343]  
    merry mood,  
Began to ask of Wâ-te, whether he thought it good,  
Thus with lovely ladies to sit in ease and  
    pleasure,  
Or if to him 'twere better his strength in stormy

fight with foes to measure?

The aged Wâ-te answered: “To me the last [344]  
seems best;  
Altho’ among fair ladies glad am I to rest,  
Never am I happier than when with knights most  
daring,  
Wherever that may happen, upon the stormy field  
the fight I am sharing.”

At this the gay young maiden broke into [345]  
laughter loud;  
Well she saw, with ladies, his stern, uneasy mood.  
With this in the halls yet longer were the maidens  
merry;  
Queen Hilda and her daughter to talk with  
Morunc’s knights were never weary.

She asked about old Wâ-te: “Say, by what [346]  
name is he known?  
Has he any liegemen? Doth he lands and castles  
own?  
Has he a wife and children in the land whence he  
is roving?  
There, as I am thinking, at his home and hearth,  
there must be little loving.”

Then answered one of the warriors: “Both [347]  
children and a wife  
In his home and land await him. His riches and his  
life  
He risketh for his duty; a hero brave he has shown

him.

A bold and daring champion, throughout his life,  
both friend and foe have known him.”

I told the tale was telling about this fearless [348]

knight,

That never worthier liegeman, or bolder man in  
fight,

A king need e'er be seeking, his lands and castles  
over:

Though mildly now he bears him, there ne'er was  
found a stronger or a braver.

The queen then said to Wâ-te: “Give heed [349]  
to what I say;

Since in his Danish kingdom Hettel forbids your  
stay,

I here, within my borders, a home will gladly give  
you;

There lives no lord so mighty that he would ever  
dare from hence to drive you.”

Then to the queen he answered: “I too, [350]  
myself, own land;

There give I clothes and horses, at will, with open  
hand.

To wait on you as liegeman, would make me  
sorry-hearted;

And from my lands and castles, more than a year, I  
never can be parted.”

At last they all were going: then begged the [351]



lovely queen,  
That when at court they waited, they always might  
be seen  
Seated among the ladies; no shame by this were  
done them:  
Then said to her brave Irold, that in their home  
this seat was ever shown them.

To load with gifts these wanderers the king [352]  
was ever bent.  
But in a mood so haughty had they been thither  
sent,  
To no man were they willing to be for a mark  
beholden.  
Hagen, the king, was lordly, and took it ill that  
their pride should them embolden.

To the king they now betook them; many [353]  
were they who came;  
There they found, for pastime, for each some  
merry game:  
Draughts were many playing, or spear and shield  
were trying;  
For these they cared but little, but ever were in  
Hagen's praises vying.

As happens oft in Ireland, with every kind [354]  
of fun  
Forthwith the men made merry. In this old Wâ-te  
won  
A friend for himself in Hagen; but to win the  
ladies' praises,

Horant, the knight from Denmark, his time in  
lightsome frolic with them passes.

Fru-te and also Wâ-te were knights full [355]  
brave and bold;

When standing near each other, both alike looked  
old.

Their locks were gray and hoary, and with gold  
were twisted;

But where the bold were needed, to show their  
bravery earnestly they listed.

The followers of King Hagen wore their [356]  
shields at court,

With clubs as well as bucklers; there they strove  
in sport,

In the sword-play slashing; thrusts of spears they  
parried;

Well themselves they shielded. The youthful  
knights in games were never wearied.

Then asked the brave King Hagen of Wâ-te [357]  
and his men,

“If, where they erst were living, such fights were  
ever seen,

Or such heavy onslaughts, as his good knights  
were dealing,

Here in his Irish kingdom?” A smile of scorn o’er  
Wâ-te’s face was stealing.

Then quoth the knight from Sturmland: “The [358]  
like I never saw;

If any here could teach it,      from here would I not  
    withdraw  
Till a year was fully ended,      and I had learned it  
    rightly.  
Whoe'er should be my master,      for his care and  
    pains would I not reward him lightly."

The king to him then answered:      "For the      [359]  
    love to you I bear,  
I will bid my best of masters      teach you his art  
    with care,  
Till the three strokes are easy,      that, in field-storms  
    raging,  
Men give to one another;      by this will you be  
    helped when battle waging."

Then came a fencing-master,      and began his      [360]  
    craft to show  
To Wâ-te, the daring fighter;      in him he found a foe  
Who fear for his life soon gave him.      Wâ-te his  
    onset parried,  
With all the skill of a fencer.      The face of Fru-te  
    the Dane a smile now carried.

To save himself, the teacher      gave a spring      [361]  
    as wide  
As doth an untamed leopard.      Wâ-te his weapon  
    plied,  
And in his hand it clattered,      until the fire-sparks  
    glistened  
Upon his foeman's buckler;      he well might thank  
    the youth who to him had listened.

Then said the king, wild Hagen:      “Give me      [362]  
    the sword in hand.  
I will take a little pastime      with him of the  
    Sturmisch land;  
I will be his teacher,      and he my four strokes be  
    learning.  
He for this will thank me.”      Soon was the king high  
    praise from Wâ-te earning.

To him old Wâ-te answered:      “A pledge I      [363]  
    now must hear  
That I from you, great Hagen,      no guile soe’er may  
    fear;  
Should I by you be wounded,      with ladies’ scorn  
    shall I redden.”  
In the fight was Wâ-te nimble;      such quickness to  
    believe should none be bidden.

The simple, untaught fencer      smote Hagen      [364]  
    many a blow;  
Till, like a wet brand steaming,      was the king  
    before his foe.  
The learner outdid his teacher:      well his strength  
    he boasted.  
The host laid strokes unnumbered      upon the guest,  
    who in his skill had trusted.

Many looked on gladly      to see the strength of      [365]  
    both.  
To own the skill of Wâ-te      the king was nothing  
    loth;  
He might have shown his anger,      and brought no

shame upon him.

Great was the strength of Wâ-te, but yet 'twas  
seen that Hagen had outdone him.

To the king then spake old Wâ-te: “Let each [366]  
no favor show,  
While we together struggle. Well have I learned  
from you  
Your four strokes to be plying; my thanks be you  
now sharing.”  
Such thanks he later showed him as doth a fighting  
Frank or Saxon daring.

No more a truce was thought of by Wâ-te [367]  
and the king;  
With strokes that loud were crashing, the hall  
began to ring.  
Harder blows than ever they gave, as now they  
battled;  
All their thrusts were sudden; the knobs upon their  
swords snapped off and rattled.

The two sat down to rest them; then Hagen [368]  
said to his guest:  
“You fain would be a learner, but you in truth are  
the best  
That ever I was teaching the skill that the foeman  
dazes.  
Wherever you are fighting, you in the field will  
win most worthy praises.”

Then to the king spake Irold: “My lord, the [369]

strife is done  
That you so well were waging;      such fights have  
    we seen won,  
In the land of our king and master.      Oft, at home,  
    we freely  
Try our skill with weapons;      knights and squires  
    there meet in matches daily.”

Then again spoke Hagen:      “Did I this      [370]  
    understand,  
I never a fighting weapon      had taken in my hand.  
No youth have I ever met with      who was so quick  
    at learning.”  
When to these words they listened,      the face of  
    many a one to smiles was turning.

Now by the king ’twas granted      to his guests      [371]  
    to pass the day  
As they might all be choosing.      Glad of this were  
    they,  
The men from out the Northland.      When the hours  
    grew weary,  
They vied huge stones in hurling;      or else in  
    shooting arrows made them merry.



*Tale the Sixth.*  
**HOW SWEETLY HORANT SANG.**

It came to pass one evening,      good luck did      [372]  
so befall,

That Horant, the knight of Daneland,      sang before  
them all.

His singing was so wondrous      that all who listened  
near him

Found his song well-pleasing;      the little birds all  
hushed their notes to hear him.

King Hagen heard him gladly,      and with him      [373]  
all his men:

The song of the Danish Horant      friends for him did  
gain.

Likewise the queenly mother      hearkened with ear  
befitting,

As it sounded thro' the opening      where she upon  
the leaded roof was sitting.

Then spake the fair young Hilda:      “What is it      [374]  
that I hear?

Just now a song the sweetest      was thrilling on mine  
ear,

That e'er from any singer      I heard until this hour.  
Would to God in heaven      my chamberlain to raise  
such notes had power!”

Then she bade them bring her      him who so      [375]  
sweetly sung;

Soon as the knight came forward, thanks were on  
her tongue.

For her with song the evening blissfully was  
ended;

By Lady Hilda's women the minstrel-knight was  
carefully befriended.

Then spake the lovely Hilda: "Once more [376]  
you must let us hear

The songs that you this evening have made to us so  
dear.

Truly it were blissful every day, at even,  
To hear from you such singing; for this would  
great reward to you be given."

"Since you your thanks, fair lady, have thus [377]  
on me bestowed,

Every day will I gladly sing you a song as good;  
And whoso listens rightly shall find his pains  
departed,

His cares shall all be lessened, and he henceforth  
will feel himself light-hearted."

When he his word had given, forthwith he [378]  
left the queen.

Great reward in Ireland did his singing win;  
Never in his birthland had such to him been  
meted.

Thus did the knight from Denmark give his help to  
Hettel, as him befitted.

Soon as the night was ended, with the early [379]



dawn of day,  
Horant raised his carol;      the birds soon stopped  
    their lay,  
And to his song they listened,      while in hedges  
    hidden.  
The folk who yet were sleeping      rested no more,  
    by his sweet tones upbidden.

Horant's song rose softly,      higher and yet      [380]  
    more sweet;  
King Hagen also heard it,      while near his wife was  
    his seat.  
From out their inner chamber      drawn to the roof,  
    they waited;  
Their guest of this had warning;      and Hilda the  
    young gave ear, where she was seated.

The daughter of wild Hagen      with her maids      [381]  
    around her heard  
From where they sat and listened;      and now each  
    little bird  
Wholly forgot his singing,      and in the court-yard  
    lighted;  
The warriors hearkened also,      and well the song of  
    the Danish minstrel greeted.

Thanks to him were given      by women and by      [382]  
    men;  
“But,” said the Danish Fru-te,      “would that I ne'er  
    again  
Such songs might hear him singing.      Whom would  
    he be pleasing?

To whom is my witless nephew      such worthless  
morning-hymns so bent on raising?”

Then spake King Hagen’s liegemen:      “My      [383]  
lord, let him be heard;

There’s none so sick is lying      but would in truth be  
cheered,

If to the songs he listened      which fall from him so  
sweetly.”

Said Hagen: “Would to Heaven      such skill to sing  
were mine; ’twould glad me greatly.”

When the knightly minstrel      three songs to      [384]  
the end had sung,

No one there who heard him      thought they were too  
long,

The turn of a hand, not longer,      they had thought it  
lasted,

E’en if they had listened      while for a thousand  
miles a horseman hasted.

When his song he ended,      and to leave his      [385]  
seat was seen,

The youthful, queenly maiden      more blithe had  
never been,

Nor decked, at early morning,      in gayer clothes or  
better;

Forthwith the high-born lady      sent to beg her father  
now to meet her.

Then came her father quickly,      and on the      [386]  
maiden looked,

While, in a mood of sadness, her father's chin she  
stoked;  
With her hand she coaxed him, to make her word  
the stronger,  
And said: "My dearest father, bid that he at court  
may sing yet longer."

He answered: "Best loved daughter, if [387]  
again, at the hour of eve,  
His songs he deigns to sing you, a thousand  
pounds I'll give.  
But now a mien so lofty these guests of ours are  
wearing,  
To us 'tis not so pleasant here, at court, to give his  
songs a hearing."

However much she pressed him, would the [388]  
king no longer stay;  
Then strove again young Horant, and never on any  
day,  
Had his knightly song been better. Sick and well  
together  
All lost their wits in hearing, and none could  
leave who to listen once came hither.

The wild beasts in the forest let their [389]  
pasture grow;  
The little worms that creeping through grass are  
wont to go,  
The fishes, too, that ever amidst the waves were  
swimming,  
All now stopped to listen; the singer's heart with

pride was overbrimming.

Whatever he might sing to them,      to no one      [390]  
seemed it long;

Ill vied with his song the choral      which by priests  
is sung.

Even the bells no longer      rang as of yore so  
sweetly;

Every one who heard him      was moved by Horant's  
song, and saddened greatly.

Then begged the lovely maiden      that he to      [391]  
her be brought;

Without her father's knowledge,      she slyly this  
besought.

From her mother, Hilda, also      must the tale be  
hidden

That unto her, in her bower,      unknown to all, the  
minstrel had been bidden.

It was a yielding chamberlain      who did the      [392]  
wages gain,

That, for his help, she gave him;      red gold it was, I  
ween.

Glittering and heavy,      with armlets twelve, full-  
weighted.

'Twas thus within her bower      the maid, at  
eventide, the singer greeted.

By hidden ways he did it;      Horant was glad      [393]  
indeed

That such good-will and kindness,      at court, had

been his meed.  
To win her love for his master      from far had he  
    been faring;  
To his tuneful skill he owed it      that she such  
    friendly will to him was bearing.

She bade her faithful chamberlain      to stand      [394]  
    before the house;  
That so there might be no one      who could the  
    threshold cross  
Until the songs were ended,      soon heard with  
    praises truthful.  
None went into her bower      but Horant only and  
    Morunc the youthful.

She bade the bard be seated:      “Now sing to      [395]  
    me once more,”  
Thus spake the high-born maiden,      “those songs I  
    heard before.  
For this I feel sore craving;      than aught beside ’tis  
    sweeter  
Unto your lays to listen;      than any gem or pastime  
    ’tis far better.”

“If I might dare to sing to you,      most fair and      [396]  
    lovely maid,  
And never need be fearful      for this to lose my  
    head,  
Thro’ your father’s anger,      never will I falter  
In any wise to serve you,      if in my master’s land  
    you’ll seek a shelter.”

He then began a ditty of a mermaid of [397]  
Amilé,  
Which never man nor Christian had learned to  
sing or say,  
Although he may have heard it on some wild,  
unknown water.  
In this the good knight, Horant, gave honor meet at  
court to Hagen's daughter.

At last, when he the love-song had sung [398]  
unto the end,  
Then said the lovely maiden: "Thanks I give, my  
friend."  
She drew a ring from her finger, nought of gold  
were fairer,  
And said: "I give it gladly; be this of my good-  
will to you the bearer."

Now her word she pledged him, and with it [399]  
gave her hand:  
"Should she of a crown be wearer, and ever sway  
the land,  
That ne'er by the hand of any need he be further  
driven  
Than unto her in her castle; there to live in honor  
would leave be given."

Of all she pressed upon him nothing would [400]  
he take  
Unless indeed a girdle. He said: "Let no man  
speak,  
And say that I the maiden e'er for myself was

wooing;

I will to my master bring her, and for this his heart  
shall be with bliss o'erflowing."

She asked: "Who is thy master? By name [401]

how is he known?

Have e'er his liegemen crowned him? And any  
lands doth he own?

For love of thee, most truly, good-will I bear him  
ever."

The knight from Denmark answered: "A king so  
rich and mighty saw I never."

He said: "To none betray us, most fair and [402]  
lovely maid;

To thee will I tell most gladly what our master  
said,

When from his land we started, hither to come at  
his bidding;

For thy dear sake, fair lady, unto thy father's land  
and castle speeding."

She said: "Then tell me freely the errand on [403]  
which you're sent

By him you call your master; if my will that way  
is bent

I shall let you know it truly, before we yet are  
parted."

But Horant feared wild Hagen, and began at court  
to feel himself faint-hearted.

To the lady thus he answered: "To you he [404]

sends this word,—  
That his heart for you is longing; his love alone is  
stirred.  
For him, I beg, fair lady, let now your kindness  
waken;  
He from other women has for your sake his love  
and longing taken.”

She said: “May God reward him; such love [405]  
for me he shows.  
If he in birth is my fellow, I fain would be his  
spouse,  
If you will deign to sing to me every morn and  
even.”  
He said: “That will I gladly; to this no care by you  
need e’er be given.”

Quoth he to the queenly Hilda: “Most fair [406]  
and high-born maid,  
There daily live with my master, and long at court  
have staid,  
Twelve minstrels who, before me, earn much  
higher praises;  
But, though sweet their singing, my lord, the king,  
in song still better pleases.”

She said: “If your loving master in song so [407]  
skilful be,  
Of longing for him, truly, I never can be free;  
My best of thanks I give him for the love he now  
is showing,  
And, dared I leave my father, gladly from here



would I with you be going.”

Then spake the knightly Morunc:      “Lady,                      [408]  
    with us there are  
Warriors full seven hundred:      our weal or woe  
    they share,  
And each for this is ready;      if once in our hands we  
    have you,  
Know you nor fear nor sorrow      lest we to meet  
    wild Hagen’s wrath should leave you.”

He said: “From Hagen’s kingdom      we wish                      [409]  
    forthwith to go;  
Therefore beg your father      the kindness to us to  
    show,  
Youthful, high-born maiden,      that he and your  
    queenly mother  
Will deign our bark to look on;      and you must also  
    come, e’en if no other.”

“That will I do most gladly,      if my father’s                      [410]  
    leave you have;  
Of him and those about him      this boon you now  
    must crave,  
That I and my maidens also      may ride to the shore  
    some morning.  
If he shall grant your wishes,      three days before, of  
    the time you must give us warning.”

The first of all the chamberlains      was wont,                      [411]  
    and had a right,  
Often to be with the maidens.      Just then, this very

knight

There had come for pastime, and to give to them  
his greeting;

There found he Horant and Morunc; well might  
they fear some harm was their lives awaiting.

He said to Lady Hilda: “Who are they [412]  
sitting here?”

From the lord so hot and hasty was never such  
wrath to fear.

He said: “Whoe’er allowed you to come into this  
bower?

Whoso in this hath helped you ne’er showed you  
falsel friendship to this hour.”

She said: “Now soothe your anger: in peace [413]  
pray let them live.

If to yourself great evil you do not wish to give,  
You must unseen by any, them to their rooms be  
bringing;

It else hath helped but little that his knightly songs  
the minstrel here was singing.”

“Is this the knight,” he asked her, “they say [414]  
so well can sing?

E’en such a minstrel know I: never hath any king  
Had a braver fighter. My father and his mother  
Were children of one father; worthier knight than  
he there’s not another.”

The maid began to ask him: “Tell me, then, [415]  
his name.”

He said: "Men call him Horant;      from the Danish  
land he came.  
Although no crown he weareth,      he yet for one is  
fitted:  
We now know not each other,      but once at Hettel's  
court our love we plighted."

When Morunc, too, was telling      that erst, in      [416]  
his fatherland,  
He also had been outlawed,      his heart was sorely  
pained.  
His eyes with tears were welling,      and now were  
overflowing;  
Then the queenly lady      kindly looked on him, her  
sorrow showing.

Then saw the chamberlain also      how that his      [417]  
eyes were wet.  
He said: "Most worthy lady,      these friends whom  
here we meet  
I know to be my kinsmen;      help now that all goes  
rightly  
With both these worthy champions:      most careful  
will I be to keep them fitly."

Much for them he sorrowed,      and felt heart-      [418]  
pain, forsooth;  
"Durst I before my ladies,      I would kiss upon the  
mouth  
Each of these knights so worthy.      The days indeed  
are many  
Since tidings of King Hettel      I could from a

Hegeling ask, or learn from any.”

Then spake the maiden further:      “Since these      [419]  
thy kinsmen be,  
Now so much the dearer      are they as guests to me.  
Known unto my father      thou should’st quickly make  
them;  
They will not then so hastily      to their homes afar  
across the sea betake them.”

A busy talk began they,      those two young      [420]  
heroes brave;  
Morunc unto the chamberlain      his mind most freely  
gave.  
He said for Lady Hilda      they came within those  
borders;  
And that their master Hettel      to bring her back had  
sent them, as her warders.

Then said to them the chamberlain:      “A      [421]  
twofold care I feel,  
As liegeman of my master,      and to help you, too, as  
well.  
How could I turn his anger,      if he knew you now  
were seeking  
To win his maiden daughter?      Never from here  
could you your way be taking.”

Then spake the knightly Horant:      “Hear well      [422]  
what now I say;  
In four days’ time to Hagen,      we will come, and  
him will pray

That we may leave his kingdom, if such may be  
his pleasure.

The king will then make ready gifts for us of  
clothes, as well as treasure.

“We will ask for nothing further, (help you [423]  
here must lend,)

But that Hagen shall be willing, as well beseems a  
friend,

To come to the shore to see us, my lady with him  
riding,—

His wife, the high-born Hilda; there to see the  
ship in which we’re biding.

“Might we in this be lucky, our toil we well [424]  
shall spend;

And, with a happy outcome, our sorrows have an  
end.

If only to the seashore he will ride with his  
daughter,

We well shall be rewarded at home by our master  
Hettel, for whom we sought her.”

Then from out the castle they were led by [425]  
the crafty man,

So that the kingly Hagen mistrusted not their plan.

When, for their floating shelter, they the courtyard  
quitted,

All they had done for their master should not, I  
ween, by him at home be slighted.

They told the aged Wâ-te what yet to none [426]

was known:  
They said the high-born maiden      her love did  
    freely own  
Unto their master, Hettel,      for whom they now had  
    sought her;  
They talked with wise old Wâ-te      how best to  
    bring her home across the water.

Then spake the aged Wâ-te:      “Were she      [427]  
    once outside the gate,  
And I the lovely maiden      there might only meet,  
However hard the struggle      that there we had with  
    the foeman,  
To cross her father’s threshold      none again should  
    see that lovely woman.”

Their plot, well-laid and crafty,      to no one      [428]  
    did they break,  
But slyly made them ready      their homeward way to  
    take.  
This they told the warriors      on board their ship  
    there lying;  
Not loth were they to hear it,      for now to sail the  
    weary men were sighing.

They quickly brought together      such goods      [429]  
    as they did own;  
Then, in stillness whispered,      their hidden thought  
    made known.  
Later, throughout Ireland,      it was mourned, with  
    bitter wailing;  
Though woe it brought to Hagen,      the Hegeling’s

greatness would it soon be telling.

Upon the fourth day's morning      to court they      [430]  
    bravely rode,  
With new and well-cut clothing;      none better ever  
    showed.  
Then the guests there gathered      were their wishes  
    speaking;  
Of the king and all his liegemen      they asked that  
    they their leave might now be taking.

Then spake to them King Hagen:      “Why will      [431]  
    you leave my land?  
So far as I was able,      I have striven for this end,—  
That you within my kingdom      should meet with  
    kindness only;  
Now would you hence be sailing,      leaving me  
    here, to lead a life all lonely.”

To him old Wâ-te answered:      “The Hegeling      [432]  
    king, our lord,  
Has sent to call us homeward;      he will not hear a  
    word  
Of aught but our forgiveness.      Then, too, for us are  
    mourning  
Those we left behind us;      we therefore soon must  
    back on our way be turning.”

Then said to him wild Hagen:      “Your loss      [433]  
    my heart doth break;  
Horses and fine clothing      deign, for my love, to  
    take,

With gold and costly jewels.      Right well it doth  
    beseem me  
For all your gifts to pay you;      in this shall no one  
    ever dare to blame me.”

Then said the hoary Wâ-te:      “Too rich am I      [434]  
    to-day  
That I the gold you give us      should wish to take  
    away.  
Our master, whose forgiveness      our friends have  
    lately won us,  
The rich and mighty Hettel,      in such a deed would  
    truly never own us.

“One thing we have yet further,      my lord, to      [435]  
    ask of thee;  
(If you this kindness show us,      a worthy boon,  
    ’twill be.)  
It is that you shall witness      how well we can be  
    feasting;  
Of food for hearty eaters      we have in store what  
    might three years be lasting.

“To all who ask we give it,      for hence we      [436]  
    sail o’er the deep;  
May God long give you honor,      yourself may He  
    ever keep.  
We now betake us homeward,      we here may bide  
    no longer;  
Now may you and your kinsfolk      ride with us to  
    our ship; no guard were stronger.



“If but your lovely daughter,      and with her      [437]  
    my lady, your wife,  
Shall look upon our riches,      glad will it make our  
    life,  
And dear to us forever.      If this to us be granted,  
Great and good King Hagen,      from you no other  
    gifts shall e’er be wanted.”

Then to his guests he answered,      with      [438]  
    seemly, well-bred mien:  
“Since you are now so earnest,      at early morn shall  
    be seen  
A hundred mares made ready,      saddled for woman  
    or maiden;  
I, too, will ride down with them;      right glad am I  
    that to see your ship I’m bidden.”

Then for the night they left him,      and rode      [439]  
    away to the shore.  
Then up on the beach was carried      of wine a  
    goodly store,  
That in the bark was lying;      for food they were not  
    lacking.  
By this the ship was lightened;      wisely had Fru-te  
    of Denmark his plans been making.



*Tale the Seventh.*

**HOW THE MAIDENS CAME TO SEE THE SHIP, AND  
WERE CARRIED TO HETTEL'S KINGDOM.**

Early on the morrow,      after the mass was      [440]  
    said,

To don their richest clothing      strove each wife and  
    maid:

A throng of these King Hagen      to the sandy shore  
    was leading;

And with them riding gayly      a thousand stalwart  
    Irish knights were speeding.

Within the town of Ballian      the guests had      [441]  
    heard the mass.

Of all the woe and sorrow,      that soon would come  
    to pass,

Hagen as yet knew nothing:      little honor was left  
    him

By his guests' withdrawal;      this of his fair and  
    well-born child bereft him.

When now they all had ridden      to the ships      [442]  
    upon the strand,

Queen Hilda and her ladies      were lifted down on  
    the sand.

The young and lovely maidens      to see the ships  
    were taken:

The traders' booths were open,      and the goods did  
    wonder great in the queen awaken.

Many fair-wrought jewels      lay in sight in the      [443]  
    shops,  
Such as men prize highly;      King Hagen to see them  
    stops,  
And many with him also:      soon as the goods were  
    shown them,  
The maidens, too, must see them,      and rings and  
    bands of gold were pressed upon them.

To see the sights King Hagen      into a boat      [444]  
    had gone:  
Not all the booths were open,      nor all the goods  
    were shown,  
When Wâ-te's men heaved anchor      up from the  
    sea-sands deftly,  
And Hilda with her maidens      was borne away  
    from the land of her fathers swiftly.

For no one's hate and anger      Wâ-te greatly      [445]  
    cares;  
Little he recks what happens      to the shops of costly  
    wares:  
Hilda, the queenly mother,      was sundered from her  
    daughter;  
The men, in the ship long hidden,      up-sprang and  
    sorrow made for Hagen on the water.

Then the sails were hoisted,      and 'twas seen      [446]  
    that they were set:  
From the ship they threw the foemen,      who  
    thoroughly were wet,  
Like sea-birds on the water,      when near the sands

they flutter.

For her daughter dear-belovéd      sorrow and anger  
the queen aloud did utter.

When the weaponed fighters      by Hagen there      [447]  
were seen,

Then, in truth, how scornful      and wrathful was his  
mien!

“Now bring to me my long-spear,      to feel it I will  
teach them;

They all shall die full quickly      when my strong  
right arm with that shall reach them!”

Boldly then spoke Morunc:      “Be not so      [448]  
much in haste!

Though now you think to fight us,      and to rush on us  
so fast

With a thousand well-armed foemen,      we yet will  
overthrow them,

And fling them into the water;      a damp, cold  
lodging we will quickly show them!”

Still, brave Hagen’s followers      the fight      [449]  
would not give o’er;

The water shone and glistened      with the armor that  
they wore;

Then they drew their long-swords,      spears were  
thickly flying;

But oars were dipped full quickly,      and fast the  
boats away from the shore were hieing.

The bold and daring Wâ-te      from the sands      [450]

had given a bound  
Into a well-manned row-boat;      loud did his mail  
    resound,  
As he, with fifty warriors,      after Hilda hasted:  
Hagen's careless followers      now must rouse  
    themselves, no time they wasted.

Onward came King Hagen;      his fighting-gear      [451]  
    he wore,  
And a heavy sword, the sharpest,      he proudly with  
    him bore;  
But now the aged Wâ-te      almost too long had  
    waited;  
Wild and grim was Hagen,      and high his spear he  
    raised 'gainst his foe belated.

Loudly then he shouted,      and bade his men      [452]  
    make haste;  
None of all his followers      would he allow to rest,  
Hoping these guests, now fleeing,      who had been  
    such traitors,  
Might be with speed o'ertaken,      and either should  
    be slain, or bound in fetters.

The king had now about him      fighters many      [453]  
    and brave,  
But yet he could not follow      across the wild sea-  
    wave;  
His ships were all unready,      and many of them  
    leaking,  
When now he would be sailing;      of Hagen's blame  
    for this were all soon speaking.

On the gravelly sea-shore standing,      no other      [454]  
    way he knew  
But that more ships be builded      for him and his  
    liegemen true,  
And workmen called together,      who must therein  
    be speedy:  
All came who now were able,      and these he found  
    to be both skilled and ready.

Upon the seventh morning,      there left the      [455]  
    Irish land  
The men sent forth by Hettel      to ask for Hilda's  
    hand,  
And bring to him the lady.      They were a thousand  
    barely;  
Hagen brought against them      thirty hundred men, if  
    reckoned fairly.

The daring knights of Denmark      sent men      [456]  
    home before,  
To carry word to Hettel      that Hagen's child they  
    bore,  
And to his land would bring her,      with honor him  
    befitting.  
Though now they little thought it,      still harder work  
    erelong must they be meeting.

To them their master, Hettel,      in happy mood      [457]  
    then spoke:  
"My sorrows now are over.      Great toils my  
    liegemen took  
For me in Hagen's kingdom,      and now have

brought me gladness;  
Since they on their errand left me,      fear for their  
doom has filled my heart with sadness.

“Dear friends, if with your tidings      you have      [458]  
not me betrayed,  
And do not tell me falsely      that you have seen the  
maid  
Near to my land and kingdom,      and in my friends’  
safe-keeping,  
For your tale will I reward you,      and gladly will  
your praise be ever speaking.”

They said: “No lie we tell you,      that we the      [459]  
maid have seen;  
But when we miles had measured,      the daughter of  
the queen  
Sadly said, for our welfare      she feared, and was  
heavy-hearted,  
Lest the king, her father,      to follow with his ships  
e’en then had started.”

For the tidings, Hettel gave them      a hundred      [460]  
marks in worth;  
For all his knights there gathered,      men at once  
brought forth  
Swords as well as helmets,      and shields for them  
were bidden:  
Thus from Hettel’s castle      they went, as if to court,  
to bring the maiden.

All the men he was able      Hettel for this now      [461]

sought;  
Greatly was he hoping, and much thereof he  
thought,  
So great a host to muster, and these so well  
outfitted,  
That never to king's fair daughter so fine a  
welcome might again be meted.

In haste were all then bidden who ought [462]  
with him to go;  
They still made ready slowly, till gifts he should  
bestow  
Of all things that they needed; they for this were  
waiting.  
At length by him were gathered a thousand men or  
more, for Hilda's greeting.

Gay were they in clothing,— 'gainst this [463]  
could none say nay,—  
Poor as well as wealthy were shining in war-  
array:  
To bring the lovely ladies to their new home and  
dwelling  
Were Hettel's lieges earnest; with lofty hopes of  
this their hearts were swelling.

Soon as they left the castle, shouts the land [464]  
did fill,  
As they their way were making thro' lowland and  
o'er hill;  
Men saw upon the pathways crowds still  
thronging nearer:



Hettel hastened forward,      to see the maid, than  
every other dearer.

At last the aged Wâ-te,      the knight from the      [465]  
    Sturmisch land,  
Had reached the Waalisch marches      and stepped  
    upon the sand.  
There on the shore were gathered      the sailors,  
    water-weary;  
Shelter they sought for Hilda,      and in a friendly  
    land were glad to tarry.

Stakes for tents were driven      near to the      [466]  
    broad sea-flood  
By the followers of Wâ-te;      they were in happy  
    mood.  
Erelong the news was bruited,      and soon to them  
    was given,  
That Hettel, king of the Hegelings,      had left his  
    home, and now was near them even;

And that he with many liegemen      was riding      [467]  
    down to the shore,  
To meet his well-belovéd.      Now hoped the maids  
    the more  
That she with greatest honor      should, as her birth  
    befitted,  
Be brought into his kingdom.      No more the thought  
    of strife their hearts affrighted.

The guests for nothing wanted,      they had      [468]  
    both wine and food;

Those who were living near them freely on them  
bestowed

The best that they were able; the wants of all they  
heeded;

Whate'er they had they gave them, and left them  
not to lack for aught they needed.

Hettel now drew nearer to those who had [469]  
reached his land;

And with him, gathered hastily, the strong and  
goodly band,

Drawn from his father's kingdom. They came  
bedecked so gaily,

And in such glittering armor, the guests looked on  
full glad, and praised them freely.

Then the men of the Hegelings came down [470]  
upon the plain,

And soon the rushing riders a tilting-match began;  
All with youthful boldness for knightly prizes  
striving:

Then came the Danish Fru-te, and with him Wâ-te,  
wise as any living.

They were seen from afar by Hettel; happy [471]  
in heart was he.

His horse he set a-prancing; right glad was he to  
see

Two of his bravest liegemen, sent by him o'er the  
water,

With fighters bold to Ireland, in hopes to win for  
him wild Hagen's daughter.

On him, too, looked they gladly,      their      [472]  
    worthy king, so good;  
Each day they spent there with him      found them in  
    happy mood.  
Wâ-te with all his fellows,      while far away they  
    were living,  
Had known much bitter hardship:      for this would  
    Hettel now reward be giving.

As he met his friendly liegemen,      King      [473]  
    Hettel wore a smile;  
Then said he to them kindly:      “Much have I feared  
    erewhile  
For you, my faithful helpers,      and a heavy heart  
    was bearing,  
Lest in Hagen’s castles      my men were held, and all  
    were bondage sharing.”

Then for love he kissed them,      both those      [474]  
    gray old men;  
His eyes had never rested      on so glad a sight as  
    then,  
Nor on a fairer pasture      had fed, with longing  
    fonder.  
I ween that never to Hettel      was aught so full of  
    bliss and sudden wonder.

Then spake the aged Wâ-te:      No harm to us      [475]  
    was done;  
But yet a sway so mighty      I ne’er before have  
    known,  
As this that wild King Hagen      over his lands now

wieldeth:

His followers bear them proudly, and he himself  
in strength to no one yieldeth.

“It was a day as happy as ever could be [476]  
thought,  
When we to you sent tidings that we had Hilda  
brought,  
The loveliest of maidens (no falsehood have I  
spoken,  
Believe the tale I tell you) that ever in this world  
my eyes did look on.”

The high-born knight then added: “Belike [477]  
with greatest speed  
Will come these daring foemen; for this should  
you take heed  
Lest the angry Hagen soon shall overtake us  
Here within your marches; if so, his hatred bitter  
woe will make us.”

Then Wâ-te and Sir Fru-te down to the [478]  
shore did bring  
Many worthy followers, knights of Hettel, the  
king,  
There to see fair Hilda, and there must they await  
her.  
Upon their shining bucklers many a spear-shaft  
crashed in battle later.

Now came the fair young maiden, under a [479]  
comely hat;



maid, her face upturning.

Then one by one he welcomed all the [483]  
maidens fair;

But one there was among them so lofty in her air  
She might of birth be kingly: in nought her kin  
were lacking.

She was one of the maidens who with the griffin  
long her home was making.

She bore the name of Hildeburg: from [484]  
Hilda, Hagen's wife,

She ever had won the honor befitting her worthy  
life;

Born in the land of Portugal, thence had she been  
taken.

She now saw many strangers: a longing sad for  
her friends did this awaken.

Hettel to all the maidens gave a welcome [485]  
free,

Yet was their lot no brighter; for when they  
thought to see

An end of all their sadness, upon the coming  
morrow,

Soon as the day was dawning, there came to them  
again as great a sorrow.

Her throng of high-born followers were [486]  
greeted on every side;

Near to Hagen's daughter on a flowery meadow  
wide,

Under silken awnings, many there were seated.  
But Hagen was now too near them; to them from  
him must many ills be meted.



## *Tale the Eighth.*

### **HOW HAGEN FOLLOWED HIS DAUGHTER.**

When the day was dawning,      there was seen      [487]  
    full well,  
And known by Horant of Daneland,      a cross upon a  
    sail,  
With other emblems blazoned,      that pilgrims did  
    betoken.  
For such a band of pilgrims      in Wâ-te's heart was  
    little love bespoken.

Loudly Morunc shouted      to Irold brave and      [488]  
    true:  
“Now ask our lord, King Hettel,      what he thinks to  
    do?  
A sail with the arms of Hagen      comes to our shore  
    too nearly:  
Too long have we been sleeping,      and well to be  
    rid of this will cost us dearly.”

To Hettel the tale was carried      that the father      [489]  
    of his bride,  
Hither from Ireland sailing,      with ships broad-built  
    and wide  
As well as many a galley,      now their shore was  
    nearing.  
From Wâ-te and from Fru-te      their wisest thoughts  
    the king was bent on hearing.

Both those knights of Denmark      could hardly      [490]



this believe,  
Had not their eyes beheld it,       that Hagen, with  
          followers brave,  
Seeking his daughter Hilda,       to the river Waal was  
          steering.  
The men who came from Ortlund       lay happy on the  
          beach, no danger fearing.

The fair and noble Hilda       soon heard the       [491]  
          wondrous tale,  
Whereat the kindly maiden       did loudly thus bewail:  
“My father, if he comes hither,       soon will make  
          such slaughter,  
That none e’er knew the sorrow       that will be felt  
          by many a wife and daughter.”

“We ’gainst that can guard us,”       answered       [492]  
          the knight Irold:  
“However he may bluster,       I would not take of  
          gold  
A mountain’s weight in barter,       that day when foes  
          are mated,  
Could I see my uncle Wâ-te       near wild Hagen  
          come, with anger heated.”

Then the lovely maidens       began to wail and       [493]  
          mourn.  
The ship was tossed and rolling,       now by the west  
          wind borne,  
With warriors filled and crowded,       near to Waal,  
          the river.  
They there, in heavy fighting,       soon found a blood-

stained resting-place forever.

Wâ-te bade that Hilda      on board a ship      [494]  
    should stay.

To guard the queenly maiden,      while near the shore  
    it lay,

On every side all hastily      men their shields were  
    bearing:

To keep a watch o'er the ladies,      there were on  
    board a hundred warriors daring.

Ready now for battle      were all who to the      [495]  
    strand

Had brought the lovely Hilda      from her Irish  
    fatherland,

Whence they the maid had stolen,      to her father  
    Hagen's sorrow.

Many, sound and healthy,      must sorely fear for  
    their lives before the morrow.

Hettel was soon heard shouting      and calling      [496]  
    aloud to his men:

“Be on your guard, brave fighters!      Who never  
    gold did gain,

To him it shall be measured,      in handfuls, without  
    weighing.

Let this be not forgotten,—      that now your Irish  
    foes you may be slaying.”

Bearing then their weapons,      down they      [497]  
    rushed to the sand;

Stirred with warlike bustle      was all the Waalisch

strand.

Thither to King Hettel      flocked his champions  
daring;  
Friends as well as foemen      soon towards the self-  
same spot were faring.

Now had Hagen also      reached the sandy      [498]  
shore,  
And men at him were hurling      the spears they  
bravely bore:  
Those upon the seashore      well their lives then  
guarded  
From the stormy Irish onset;      but wounds yet all the  
more their bravery rewarded.

How seldom would a father      have wished to      [499]  
send his child  
Where sparks of fire, all-glowing,      were struck by  
foemen wild  
Forth from hardened helmets,      in sight of many a  
maiden!  
To have sailed with these roving fighters      did now  
at last the lovely Hilda sadden.

By turns they smote each other      with heavy      [500]  
spears and long:  
Altho' themselves they guarded      beneath their  
bucklers strong,  
Yet wounded thro' their hauberks,      they were  
gashed and bloody;  
And soon with flowing life-blood      the waters'  
depths were deeply stained and ruddy.

Then to his trusty liegemen      Hagen called      [501]  
aloud:

The sea gave back his shouting,—      truly his  
strength was good,—  
He bade them help to land him,      their wounds by  
them unheeded;  
Glad were they to do it:      thereby were spears in  
many hearts imbedded.

Hagen now drew nearer,      not far was he      [502]  
from the sand;  
His sword it clattered loudly;      Hettel, near at hand,  
Was standing by the water,      on the seashore  
waiting:  
There, with daring followers,      deeds he did that  
praise should aye be meeting.

Hagen, wild with anger,      leaped into the      [503]  
wave,  
And to the shore he waded.      Then on that warrior  
brave  
Came a shower of lances;      like snowflakes falling  
thickly,  
Fast they fell around him,      shot by the Hegeling  
foemen, thronging quickly.

Then from the clash of sword-blades      a      [504]  
mighty noise arose.  
Those who would slay wild Hagen      soon beneath  
his blows  
Were seen to reel and stagger.      Hettel, the noble  
fighter,

Drew near to Hilda's father; at this the maiden  
wept, with tears most bitter.

It was indeed a wonder, as we the tale have [505]  
heard,

So strong and brave was Hagen, that Hettel, the  
Hegeling lord,

Before him held his footing. As soon as, wildly  
fighting,

They had reached each other, their helmets rang  
beneath the heavy smiting.

But not so quickly ended was yet the stormy [506]  
fight.

Soon was Hettel wounded by brave King Hagen's  
might:

Wâ-te the old of Sturmland, with his kin, to Hettel  
hasted,

With Irold, too, and Morunc,— knights as good as  
foemen's lands e'er wasted.

Now came the brave old Fru-te and Wâ-te [507]  
with his throng:

Knights there were a thousand,— the press of  
them was strong.

Hettel's Hegeling kinsmen, well their weapons  
plying,

Wounded many foemen; on every side stretched  
low, the men were lying.

After bravest fighting, now had reached the [508]  
land

The followers of Hagen; then crowded to the  
sand,  
After his friends so faithful, a host from Ireland's  
borders.  
Soon were helmets shattered: grimly they fought to  
win the maids from their warders.

Hagen saw then near him Hettel, the [509]  
youthful knight:  
Many strong and stalwart were shorn of strength  
outright,  
Both by those from Daneland and the Hegeling  
lieges:  
Now to meet wild Hagen every one old Wâ-te  
loud beseeches.

Then, by his strength, King Hagen broke [510]  
thro' the crowd a path,  
And with his sword hewed boldly; well he  
wreaked his wrath,  
Because his much-loved daughter from him by  
craft was taken;  
Coats of mail lay fallen: the wrongs of Hagen hate  
in him did waken.

He might not quench his anger with the [511]  
sword alone;  
By the thrust of his heavy long-spear soon were  
overthrown  
Many a knight most daring: never the tale was  
given  
By these unto their kinsmen, of how in the stormy

fight their luck had thriven.

Now came Wâ-te quickly,      the knight well      [512]  
    born and good;  
Soon of his well-loved kinsmen      he saw the  
    flowing blood,  
Under the slash of broadswords,      out of their  
    armor dripping:  
Of those who would have helped him,      five  
    hundred wounded men in death were sleeping.

Everywhere were gathered      friends as well      [513]  
    as foes,  
All in uproar minged;      a mighty din arose.  
Wâ-te and wild Hagen      rushed on each other  
    madly,  
Whoe'er could shun their pathway      of all the risk  
    he had fled was thinking gladly.

Hagen laid on Wâ-te      many a heavy blow,—      [514]  
Well his strength he wielded.      Their helmets were  
    aglow  
With fiery sparks outflashing,—      like to brands  
    they glittered;  
Each cleft the other's helmet,      and ever still, each  
    other's blows they bettered.

The ground beneath was trembling      with      [515]  
    aged Wâ-te's stroke:  
Scarcely could the maidens      of his onslaught shun  
    the shock.  
Now the wounds of Hettel      his faithful friends

were binding;  
He then began to ask them      where his cousin Wâ-te  
he could be finding.

With Hagen, “of kings the Devil,”      he found      [516]  
old Wâ-te soon:

The skill of him of Sturmland      to guard himself  
was shown:

Brave were both these warriors,      and oft the tale  
was spoken

How Wâ-te the bold and Hagen      in hardest strife  
had each his anger wroken.

Hagen’s spear was broken      ere long on Wâ-      [517]  
te’s shield:

Well in the fight he bore it,      and strength enough  
did wield.

Ne’er on the field of warfare      did blows of men  
fall thicker,

Even of bravest warriors;      Wâ-te scorned to flinch,  
or seem the worker.

Hagen cleft the head-piece      of Hettel’s      [518]  
brave old man,

The trusty, daring Wâ-te,      till blood from his  
helmet ran,

From out his wounds fast flowing.      Now the wind  
blew colder,

For eventide was nearing;      the struggling throng in  
fight but grew the bolder.

Wâ-te gave back in anger      each grim and      [519]



deadly blow,  
Making the blood, like tear-drops,      on Hagen's  
    breast to flow;  
Strokes he gave his foeman,      until the sword-blade  
    glittered  
On the bosses of his helmet;      daylight before his  
    darkened eyesight flittered.

Wounded, too, was Irold,      Ortland's      [520]  
    champion brave.  
Though many there lay dying      from the wounds that  
    Hagen gave,  
Yet the blows of Wâ-te      still did Hagen batter.  
Sorely wept the maidens      when of so many swords  
    they heard the clatter.

Now, in fear and sorrow,      Hilda, the maiden      [521]  
    fair,  
Cried unto King Hettel,      and begged of him to  
    spare  
Her father from old Wâ-te,      the fight so grimly  
    waging.  
He called for his standard-bearer,      and bade him  
    lead his men where the strife was raging.

Then the kingly Hettel      right well and      [522]  
    bravely fought;  
Soon he found old Wâ-te,      to whom no joy it  
    brought:  
Then Hettel called to Hagen:      "Let hatred hence be  
    driven;  
So shall it raise your honor,      if now our friends no

more to death be given.”

Hagen shouted loudly,—      fell indeed was      [523]  
his mood,—

“Who bids that we be parted?”      Then cried the  
warrior good:

“I bid it, I, King Hettel,      the Hegelings’ lord and  
master,

Who for the Lady Hilda      sent my friends so far,  
from you to wrest her.”

Then spake the lordly Hagen:      “Since first to      [524]  
me ’twas told

How you to win my daughter      showed yourself so  
bold,

This to your name with warriors      shame has ne’er  
been doing;

Clever was the cunning      to which your winning of  
my child is owing.”

Hettel then sprang nearer,      as oft by one is      [525]  
done,

Who thinks to stop the fighting.      Grim was the  
mood yet shown

By the bold and aged Wâ-te;      but he and Hagen  
yielded:

Then with all his followers      Hagen stepped back,  
nor longer his weapon wielded.

Now the lordly Hettel      his helmet laid aside;      [526]

A truce was loudly called for      by all, both far and  
wide;

'Twas said by Hilda's father      there was an end of  
fighting:

For many a day, the maidens      had heard no tale  
their ears so much delighting.

The men took off the armor      which they in      [527]  
fight had worn,

And now at last they rested.      Many then must  
mourn

For wounds, in warfare given,      whence the blood  
was welling;

But many lay there also      who never more on  
thoughts of war were dwelling.

Then stepped forth King Hettel      and near to      [528]  
Hagen stood,

And thus he spake to the warrior:      "Since I well  
have wooed

Your lovely daughter Hilda,      'tis fit that you allow  
her

To wear the crown beside me:      my many well-  
bred knights will fealty show her."

Then Hettel sent for Wâ-te,      of whom he      [529]  
was in need;

For many years now ended,      of him it had been  
said

That he from some wild woman      had learned a  
leech's cunning:

Wâ-te, forsooth, was skilful      to heal deep wounds  
and stanch the life-blood running.

Wâ-te laid by his weapons;      his wounds he      [530]  
first had bound.

Herbs that were good for healing      by him were  
quickly found;

He had a box full costly,      that in it held a plaster.  
Now the fair Queen Hilda      besought his help, and  
at his feet she cast her.

She said, “My dear friend Wâ-te,      my father      [531]  
heal, I pray;

For this, whate’er you ask me,      I ne’er will say you  
nay;

And help his warriors also,      who in the dust lie  
bleeding,

And show your skill to his liegemen      who stood by  
him, when he their help was needing.

“Nor must you be forgetful      of those of the      [532]  
Hegeling land,

Who were friends to Hettel;      wet with their blood  
is the sand

On which they now are lying,      as if a rain were  
falling:

Sorrowful tales of their fighting      for me there ne’er  
can be an end of telling.”

Then spake the aged Wâ-te:      “Their wounds      [533]  
I cannot heal,—

In that I will not meddle,      until as friends they feel  
Each unto the other,—      Hagen brave and knightly,  
And Hettel, my lord and master;      till then shall I  
withhold my skill most rightly.”

The high-born maiden answered:      “This I           [534]  
    may not dare  
To ask of the king, my father;      his tears I did not  
    spare,  
And now have not the boldness      to bring to him my  
    greeting;  
Both he and all his kinsmen      I fear would now my  
    love with scorn be meeting.”

Then ’twas asked of Hagen:      “My lord, may      [535]  
    this now be,  
That it would not stir your anger      your daughter  
    here to see,  
The youthful, queenly Hilda?      If you for this are  
    willing,  
She will come most gladly,      and soon your many  
    wounds will help in healing.”

“Gladly will I see her,      whatever she has      [536]  
    done;  
To me will she be welcome:      why should I her  
    disown,  
Here in a land of foemen,      nor take her greeting  
    kindly?  
To me and to my daughter,      King Hettel must atone  
    for deeds unfriendly.”

Horant, the knight from Daneland,      led her      [537]  
    by the hand,  
And with him went brave Fru-te,      to where the king  
    did stand;  
One maiden only with them      looked on Hagen

wounded.

For friends did Hilda sorrow, though Hettel's  
love for her was all unbounded.

On Hildeburg and Hilda when Hagen now [538]

did look,

Then, from his seat upspringing, thus he quickly  
spoke:

“Welcome be thou, my daughter, Hilda, most  
noble lady!

I cannot leave unspoken the greeting warm which I  
to give am ready.”

His daughter he allowed not the care of his [539]  
wounds to take;

While Wâ-te these was binding he bade the maids  
step back,—

The youthful high-born ladies. Wâ-te's wish was  
the stronger

To heal her father quickly, that so his daughter  
there might weep no longer.

Healed with plants and herbage and many a [540]  
far-sought weed,

From all his pain did Hagen feel himself now  
freed;

They eased his hurts with plaster, and when again  
the maiden

Turned to see her father, she found him well, with  
aches no longer laden.

Wâ-te, the healing-master, made haste,—no [541]

time he lost;  
He hoped to gain such riches      among this wounded  
    host,  
That scarce could they by camels      be carried to his  
    dwelling.  
A skill so great and wondrous      never, that I have  
    heard, have men been telling.

First he healed King Hettel,      the lord of the      [542]  
    Hegeling land;  
Then all he saw there wounded      he helped by his  
    skilful hand.  
Those in the care of others      still with pain did  
    sicken;  
But they, when nursed by Wâ-te,      were turned to  
    life, tho' they by death were stricken.

There would they no longer      let the maidens      [543]  
    stay.  
Hagen said to Hilda:      “Elsewhere must we to-day  
Find us rest and shelter;      while others must not idly  
Leave the dead thus lying,      who burial scarce can  
    wait, here scattered widely.”

Hettel begged King Hagen      with him to his      [544]  
    home to go;  
Though loath, to this he yielded,      as soon as he  
    came to know  
That he, the king of the Hegelings,      of many lands  
    was owner:  
Hagen then with his daughter      went with him to his  
    home, and there had honor.

The youthful knights were singing, as they [545]  
left the field.

Happy then were the living; but, never to be  
healed,  
They behind were leaving three hundred dead and  
dying,  
The rich and poor together, slashed with the  
sword, and pitifully lying.

Then the war-worn fighters through the land [546]  
went home;  
All who there were dwelling were blithe to see  
them come:  
But the kinsmen of the warriors who in death lay  
sleeping  
Were slow their hearts to gladden; they for  
kindred slain long time were weeping.

Hettel and Hilda with him took their [547]  
homeward way.  
Many, bereft of fathers, sorely wept that day,  
Whose after life was happy. The mighty Hettel  
later  
Crowned the fair young Hilda; by this the  
Hegeling name became the greater.

Hettel now had thriven,— his suit he well [548]  
did gain.  
Old and young together with swords at court were  
seen,  
As were the guests of Hagen who from the ships came  
kindly.



The wedding of his daughter      was highly praised  
by Hagen, now grown friendly.

Then with what great honor      to the bridal      [549]  
seat was led

That high-born, lovely lady!      Moreover, it is said  
That full five hundred liegemen      then at court were  
knighted.

Fru-te the wise from Denmark      to guard King  
Hettel's wealth was thought well fitted.

The riches of King Hettel      by Hagen now      [550]  
were seen;

The tale had erst been told him      by many of  
Hettel's kin,

That over seven pryncedoms      well his sway had  
thriven.

All the poor there with them      were home in  
gladness sent, and lodgings given.

Hettel gave rich clothing      to Ireland's      [551]  
warriors brave;

Bright-red gold and silver,      and horses, too, he  
gave.

The whole they scarce could carry,      as they  
homeward wended:

Thus good friends he won him,      and this for Hilda  
in highest praises ended.

Upon the twelfth day's morning      they left      [552]  
King Hettel's land.

The horses bred in Denmark      led they out on the

sand;  
Each his mane, thick hanging,      down to his hoofs  
    was shaking.  
The guests from afar were happy      that they King  
    Hettel's friendship had been making.

Grooms and also stewards      with Hagen then      [553]  
    did ride,  
With cup-bearers and carvers.      Ne'er, in his  
    greatest pride,  
In his home and kingdom,      had he been served so  
    truly.  
The crown was worn by Hilda,      and Hagen's heart  
    with bliss was brimming fully.

Food as well as lodgings      they found upon      [554]  
    their road;  
On Hagen and his followers      all men their care  
    bestowed:  
So to their homes most gladly      they the tale did  
    carry  
Of how the friends of Hettel      in showing them all  
    kindness ne'er were weary.

Hagen greeted Hildeburg,      and clasped her      [555]  
    in his arms;  
He said, "Watch over Hilda      for the love your  
    bosom warms.  
So great a throng of followers      at times a woman  
    dazes;  
Care for her so kindly      that of your worth all men  
    shall speak with praises."

“My lord, that will I gladly:      to you has      [556]  
    much been told  
Of the woes that with her mother      I bore in days of  
    old;  
And I for years my friendship      for her did never  
    loosen;  
Her for miles I followed      ere for a lover you by  
    her were chosen.”

Hagen bade the others      their way to court to      [557]  
    take;  
Never then could the maidens      an end of weeping  
    make:  
Now by the hand he took them,      and to Hettel they  
    were given;  
He asked for them his kindness,      since from their  
    homes they sadly had been riven.

Then said he to his daughter:      “So well the      [558]  
    crown now wear,  
That neither I nor your mother      the tale shall ever  
    hear  
That men ill-will do bear you.      High your lot has  
    raised you,  
And you of blame were worthy,      if when men  
    spoke your name they never praised you.”

Low bowed to the king wild Hagen,      and      [559]  
    kissed his child again.  
Neither by him nor his followers      ever more was  
    seen  
The kingdom of the Hegeling:      too far away was

their dwelling.  
Back to his home in Ballian, in his trusty ships,  
King Hagen soon was sailing.

When he had reached his castle, and sat [560]  
with the queen alone,  
The mother of fair Hilda, Hagen was free to own  
That none to win his daughter more fitly could  
have pleaded;  
And if he had yet others, he fain to the Hegeling  
land would send them to be wedded.

Hilda for this gave praises to her master, [561]  
Christ the Lord:  
“That I of my dear daughter such happy news have  
heard  
Fills my heart with gladness, and with bliss  
o’erflowing.  
How fares it with her followers, and Hildeburg,  
who long her love was showing?”

Then spake the kingly Hagen: “Now in their [562]  
land and home  
All of them are happy; great hath our child  
become;  
Ne’er, with us, were her maidens clothed in such  
fine dresses.  
There we now must leave them: for her were  
many breastplates hacked to pieces.”



## *Tale the Ninth.*

### HOW GUDRUN WAS SOUGHT BY SIEGFRIED.

We speak no more of Hagen.      A word may      [563]  
    now be told  
About King Hettel's kinsmen:      they who land did  
    hold  
Ever owed him fealty      for these and for their  
    castles;  
To court they all came often      when Hettel and  
    Hilda sent to call their vassals.

Wâ-te went to Sturmland,      Morunc to      [564]  
    Nifland rode;  
Horant, prince of Denmark,      led his warriors good  
To Givers, by the seashore,      where as lord they  
    held him;  
There their homes they guarded,      and many, far and  
    wide, their master called him.

With mighty sway in Ortland      Irold had his      [565]  
    seat;  
Its lands he held of Hettel;      so, as a vassal meet,  
Near and far to serve him,      his duty was the  
    greater:  
The king was brave and worthy;      and ne'er for a  
    lord of lands was known a better.

If ever in any kingdom      Hettel heard them      [566]  
    speak  
Of a fair and well-born maiden,      her he sought to

take  
Into his home and castle, as handmaid to his lady:  
Whatever Hilda wished for, to help wild Hagen's  
child they all were ready.

The king, with his wife beside him, was [567]  
happy on the throne;  
Their life was ever blissful. To all in the land  
'twas known  
That better far and dearer than all on earth he  
thought her.  
Never by all his kinsmen a lovelier could be  
found, where'er they sought her.

Within seven years thereafter Hettel, in [568]  
stormy fight,  
Thrice to his foes gave battle. They who, day and  
night,  
To wrong his name and honor did their utmost  
gladly,  
Now by the knightly Hettel found themselves  
brought low and chastened sadly.

His castles he did strengthen, and peace he [569]  
gave to his land,  
As well a king befitteth: such were the deeds of  
his hand,  
That never in any kingdom, when his name was  
spoken,  
Was it said he was faint-hearted. The praise of all  
did well his worth betoken.

While, with name so worthy,      Hettel held the      [570]  
    throne,  
Wâ-te, the man of wisdom,      never left undone  
His duty to his master,      to see him three times  
    yearly;  
Truly he was faithful,      far and near, to the lord he  
    held so dearly.

Horant, the lord from Denmark,      to court not      [571]  
    seldom rode;  
Costly gems and clothing      on the maids he there  
    bestowed,  
With gold and silken raiment,      meet for women's  
    wearing:  
He from Daneland brought them,      and to all who  
    wished was he of gifts unsparing.

The service true and steady      that the      [572]  
    liegemen of the king  
Gave to the lordly Hettel      honor to him did bring.  
Praised was he for knighthood      more than any  
    other:  
This Hilda also furthered,      a queen herself, and  
    child of a queenly mother.

Hilda, Hagen's daughter,      children two did      [573]  
    bear  
Unto her lord, King Hettel:      to bring them up with  
    care  
His faithful friends were bidden.      Soon among his  
    vassals  
Were the tidings bruited      that an heir no more was



lacking for his lands and castles.

One became a warrior,      Ortwin was his      [574]  
    name;  
To Wâ-te he was trusted.      It was the teacher's aim  
That he from early boyhood      should his thoughts be  
    turning  
To all things good and worthy;      to be a trusty  
    knight he thus was learning.

The very comely daughter      of Hilda and the      [575]  
    king  
Was called Gu-drun the lovely:      from the land of  
    the Hegeling  
To Denmark she was carried,      to be in her  
    kinsmen's wardship.  
Thus they helped King Hettel,      and this they never  
    felt to be a hardship.

When the maid grew older,      her shape      [576]  
    became so fair  
That neither man nor woman      to praise her could  
    forbear:  
Far from the maiden's birthplace,      all her worth  
    were telling.  
Gu-drun her kinsfolk called her,      in the Danish  
    land where now she had her dwelling.

That age she now was reaching      when, had      [577]  
    she been a man,  
A sword she might have wielded.      Many a prince  
    was fain

To wed the lovely maiden,      and sought her love  
and favor;

But many came a-wooing      who soon their hopes  
must lose, and win her never.

However fair was Hilda,      Hettel's lovely      [578]  
wife,

Yet was Gu-drun more lovely,      and fair beyond  
belief;

More fair than the early Hilda,      erst to Ireland  
carried.

Above all other women      Gu-drun was praised, ere  
yet the maid was married.

Her father scorned to give her      to the king of      [579]  
Alzabé;

When he heard he could not win her      to him 'twas  
a sorry day.

He held himself most highly      for all his kingly  
graces,

And thought there could be no one      whose deeds,  
like his, were worthy of men's praises.

Both brave he was and daring,      and from the      [580]  
Moorland came:

He was known afar and widely,      Siegfried was his  
name;

A king was he full mighty      over vassals seven.

He sued for Hilda's daughter,      such tales of her  
lofty worth to him were given.

He, with his faithful liegemen      from far      [581]

Icaria's strand,  
Won many costly prizes there in Hettel's land:  
His strong and doughty warriors, in sight of ladies  
seated  
Before King Hettel's castle, in games of  
kighthood often there were mated.

When Hilda and her daughter passed the [582]  
hall within,  
Before the house of Wigaleis there rose a mighty  
din  
From warriors of the Moorland, who, all boldly  
dashing,  
Rode in the sight of the women; oft of spears and  
shields was heard the clashing.

Never could knight in tilting better in this [583]  
behave.  
A friendly will she bore him, and oft kind words  
she gave,  
Though he was brown to look on, and in hue was  
dusky even.  
He for her love was yearning, yet for a wife she  
ne'er to him was given.

This pained him beyond measure, and truly [584]  
he was wroth  
That he from far had ridden, yet gave she not her  
troth.  
To burn the land of Hettel then did he threaten  
madly:  
His followers from Moorland, when now his

hopes were lost, were mourning sadly.

From him was the maid withholden by [585]

Hettel's lofty pride;

And now their loving friendship was ended on  
either side.

Then swore the Moor that never he his hate would  
slacken,

And that the grudge he bore him, whate'er befell,  
should never be forsaken.

Then from the land of the Hegeling rode [586]

they all away.

When many years were ended, there came at last a  
day

When by a knight most worthy was bitter sorrow  
tasted;

Then the foes of Herwic did him the worst they  
could, nor in it rested.





## *Tale the Tenth.*

### HOW HARTMUT SENT TO WOO GUDRUN.

Now in the land of Normandy      the tale was      [587]  
    widely told,  
That never fairer maiden      did any man behold  
Than was King Hettel's daughter,      Gu-drun, the  
    high-born lady.  
A king, whose name was Hartmut,      to her then  
    turned his love, to woo her ready.

Gerlind, Hartmut's mother,      her wish to him      [588]  
    made known,  
That he should woo the maiden;      her word he  
    followed soon.  
First they sent for his father,      when they of this had  
    spoken;  
He bore the name of Ludwig,      and in Norman lands  
    he wore the kingly token.

Then the aged father      rode to see his son.      [589]  
Of the end that he was seeking      had Ludwig  
    knowledge won;  
But when to him he hearkened,      and learned his  
    wishes wholly,  
Evil he foreboded,      yet still the youth's fond hopes  
    upheld he fully.

“Who tells you,” said King Ludwig,      “she is      [590]  
    so very fair?  
Tho' she all lands were owning,      the home is not

so near,  
Wherein the maid is dwelling, that we should go  
a-wooing;  
If we sent our men before us to ask her love, their  
task they would soon be ruing.”

Then did Hartmut answer: “For me ’tis not [591]  
too far;  
Whene’er the lord of a kingdom no pain or toil  
doth spare  
To win a wife and riches, he gains a life-long  
blessing.  
My wish, I pray you, follow; let men be sent, that  
they my suit be pressing.”

Then spake his mother, Gerlind, of [592]  
Normandy the queen:  
“Letters must now be written; let clothes, the best  
e’er seen,  
With gold, to those be given upon your errand  
speeding;  
They, too, must learn the roadways that towards  
the home of fair Gu-drun are leading.”

Then spake again King Ludwig: “Know you [593]  
not full well  
That Hilda, the maiden’s mother, did erst in  
Ireland dwell?  
And know you not what happened to many a one  
who sought her?  
Her kin are proud and lofty, and now will scorn  
the love we shall have brought her.”

Then young Hartmut answered:      “Tho’ with      [594]  
a warlike band  
I afar must seek her,      over sea and land,  
That shall I do most willingly:      my heart to her is  
given,  
And never will I rest me      till I for Hilda’s daughter  
happily have striven.”

“Gladly will I help you,”      King Ludwig then      [595]  
did say:  
“Let this now make you happy;      ere long, upon the  
way  
I’ll send twelve sumpter-horses      bearing silver  
treasure;  
That when they hear our errand,      our wealth and  
worth they may more rightly measure.”

By Hartmut then were chosen      sixty men, to      [596]  
send  
To woo the fair young maiden,      and help to him to  
lend;  
With food and clothing also      well were they  
outfitted,  
And on the road well guided:      Ludwig was wise,  
and was in this foresighted.

When everything was ready      that soon the      [597]  
men would need,  
Then were letters written,      sealed, and given with  
speed,  
Both by brave young Hartmut      and his queenly  
mother.



Then from home they started;      so proud a throng  
   there never was another.

Fast they rode and steadily      for many a day      [598]  
   and night,

Until the land they sought for      came at last in sight,  
And they might tell the errand      they were thither  
   bringing.

Long was Hartmut waiting,      while love and care  
   were in his heart upspringing.

Over land and rivers      they took their      [599]  
   toilsome way,

As far as in days a hundred      a pasturing herd may  
   stray,

Until the land of the Hegelings      lay before them  
   stretching.

Their steeds were worn and weary      ere they gave  
   the letters they were fetching.

At last they far had ridden,      and to the sea      [600]  
   had come,

Upon the shores of Denmark:      sadly they long did  
   roam,

Before they reached the kingdom,      and its lord did  
   know them;

Now they begged for guidance,      and men were bid  
   the nearest way to show them.

The news was given to Horant,      the knight      [601]  
   well-bred and bold;

Now asked the errand-bearers,      and the truth to

them was told,  
About King Hettel and Hilda, and all they had  
been hearing.  
They saw the men of Hettel coming in throngs,  
their shields and weapons bearing.

Horant, lord of Daneland, then to his [602]  
liegemen spake,  
And bade for the errand-bearers a safeguard now  
to make,  
And that the men of Hartmut should be by them  
well guided  
To the court of his lord, King Hettel; they grudged  
no toil, and well his bidding heeded.

When thro' the Hegeling kingdom the [603]  
heralds took their way,  
So lordly was their bearing, that often men did  
say:  
"These folk are rich and mighty, whatever they are  
seeking."  
The news to the king was carried, and soon to him  
all men the tale were speaking.

To all the guests from Normandy were [604]  
lodgings given there;  
The king now bade his liegemen to wait on them  
with care.  
He knew not yet their errand, and why to him they  
had ridden;  
But on the twelfth day, early, young Hartmut's men  
before the king were bidden.

An earl there was among them;      how well      [605]  
his breeding showed!  
Upon their clothing also      were praises high  
bestowed;  
They rode the best of horses      on which men e'er  
were seated,  
And before the king they gathered,      in fairest guise,  
that well they might be greeted.

The king gave kindly welcome,      as also did      [606]  
his men,  
Until their wooing errand      was unto him made  
plain:  
Then were they ill-treated,      and knew the king's  
hard feeling.  
I ween the mighty Hettel      to grant young Hartmut's  
wish would ne'er be willing.

One who in that was skilful      to the king the      [607]  
letters read;  
But he was greatly angered      that they to court were  
led  
By the good and upright Horant,      a knight so brave  
and noble;  
And, had they not his friendship,      they had not left  
the king without more trouble.

Then spake to them King Hettel:      "No good      [608]  
to you 'twill bring  
That you were sent a-wooing      by Hartmut, your  
lord and king.  
To pay for this full dearly      you may well be

fearing;  
Your kingly master's wishes      both I and Lady  
Hilda are wroth at hearing."

One among them answered:      "Hartmut      [609]  
    makes it known  
That much he loves the maiden;      and if to wear the  
    crown  
In Normandy she deigneth,      before his friends there  
    living,  
That he, a knight all spotless,      will rightly earn the  
    love she shall be giving."

Then quoth the Lady Hilda:      "How can she      [610]  
    be his wife?  
A hundred and three of his castles      his father held  
    in fief,  
Within the land of Cardigan,      from Hagen, my  
    noble sire;  
It ill becomes my kinsmen      to be King Ludwig's  
    vassals, or owe him hire.

"Ludwig dwelt in Scotland,      and there it erst      [611]  
    befell  
That a brother of King Otto      did wrong to Ludwig  
    deal:  
Both were Hagen's vassals,      and of him their lands  
    had taken;  
And thus my father's friendship      for him was lost,  
    and hate instead did waken.

"Say you now to Hartmut      she ne'er his wife      [612]

shall be.

Your lord is not so worthy that he to boast is free,  
That he doth love my daughter, and she doth not  
d disdain him;  
Bid him elsewhere be looking, if he be fain a  
queen for his land to gain him.”

The heralds' hearts were heavy; 'twas not [613]  
for their good name  
That they, for miles full many, in sorrow and in  
shame,  
Back to their homes in Normandy this news must  
carry sadly.  
Hartmut, as well as Ludwig, was vexed that they  
herein were foiled so badly.

Forthwith to them said Hartmut: “Tell me [614]  
now the truth,  
The grand-daughter of Hagen have you seen,  
forsooth?  
Is the maid, Gu-drun, as lovely as men have here  
been saying?  
May God bring shame to Hettel, that he my suit  
with such ill-will is paying!”

Then the earl thus answered: “This can I [615]  
truly say,—  
Whoe'er shall see the maiden must feel her  
charms and sway;  
Above all maids and women, her worth is past the  
telling.”  
Then quoth the kingly Hartmut: “To live without

her ne'er shall I be willing."

Whereon his mother, Gerlind,      sadly thus      [616]  
did say,

With tears her lot bewailing:      "My son, oh, lack-a-  
day!

Alas that e'er the heralds      to win the maiden  
started!

If we at home had kept them,      e'en to this day had I  
been still light-hearted."



*Tale the Eleventh.*

**HOW HERWIC SENT TO SEEK GUDRUN AND HOW  
HARTMUT CAME HIMSELF.**

Hartmut left his wooing      to wait for many a      [617]  
    year.

Soon a tale was bruited      ('twas true what men did  
    hear)

Of one whose name was Herwic,      a king as yet but  
    youthful;

Often his worth was spoken,      and men yet speak of  
    him with praises truthful.

He began his wooing,      trusting the lovely      [618]  
    maid

Would take him for her lover;      long his hopes he  
    fed,

And much he toiled to win her,      both with love and  
    riches:

But tho' the maid was willing,      her father, Hettel,  
    he in vain beseeches.

Though Herwic long was striving,      and men      [619]  
    to seek her rode,

Yet was his wooing slighted;      for this his wrath he  
    showed.

The heart of proud young Herwic      by heavy care  
    was fettered;

Freely his love he gave her,      and thought a life  
    with her could not be bettered.

There came at length a morning when it to [620]  
them befell  
That in the Hegeling kingdom both knights and  
maids as well,  
With many lovely ladies, his coming never  
fearing,  
Before them saw bold Hartmut; Hettel could not  
believe he'd be so daring.

From this did endless evil soon come upon [621]  
the land:  
These guests high-born and worthy were yet an  
unknown band;  
Hartmut and his kinsmen their host's goodwill  
were sharing,  
And he the hope still harbored that the maid  
would yet the crown with him be wearing.

Now before Queen Hilda by ladies he was [622]  
seen  
To stand with lofty breeding, and with a stately  
mien.  
There the proud young Hartmut wore a look so  
knightly,  
That he the love of ladies well might ask, and  
'twould be granted rightly.

Well-grown was he in body, fair he was [623]  
and bold,  
Kind as well as lordly. Why I ne'er was told  
Had Hettel and Queen Hilda from him withheld  
their daughter,



When he had thought to woo her;      wroth was he to  
be scorned when now he sought her.

Of her his heart had longed for      he now had      [624]  
gained the sight;

There oft were stolen glances      between Gu-drun  
and the knight.

He made it known to the maiden,      by speech from  
others hidden,

That he was young King Hartmut,      and from the  
Norman land had lately ridden.

Then she told her wooer      the pain to her it      [625]  
gave;

And tho' she wished he ever      a happy life might  
have,

Yet from her father's kingdom      she begged him  
now to hasten,

For in the land of Hettel      was his life at risk, and  
this would never lessen.

She looked on him so kindly      that now her      [626]  
heart was warned

That he should stay no longer,      for here his suit  
was spurned.

Friendly was she to Hartmut,      who her love so  
wanted,

But his hopes she little heeded,      and while he  
wooed, not much to him she granted.

At last her well-bred lover      from Hettel's      [627]  
land must go;

He bore upon his shoulders      a heavy load of woe:  
To wreak his wrath on Hettel      would he now be  
    choosing,  
Yet feared he, if he harmed him,      that he the  
    maiden's love would then be losing.

'Twas thus the daring Hartmut      the Hegeling      [628]  
    kingdom left;  
Much he felt of sadness,      though not of hope bereft.  
He knew not yet the ending      of his wooing of the  
    maiden;  
For the sake of her, thereafter,      were helmets cleft,  
    and many sorrow-laden.

When he had reached his kingdom,      and      [629]  
    home again did turn,  
Where dwelt his father and mother,      Hartmut, grim  
    and stern,  
For war with Hettel longing,      began to make him  
    ready.  
Gerlind, the old she-devil,      at all times spurred  
    him on with hatred steady.



*Tale the Twelfth.*

**HOW HERWIC MADE WAR ON HETTEL, AND HOW  
GUDRUN WAS BETROTHED TO HIM.**

What more befell young Hartmut      we now      [630]  
    forbear to say.

Upon the brave King Herwic      a weight of sorrow  
    lay,

As great as that of Hartmut,      for love of the high-  
    born lady.

He, with all his kinsmen,      to woo Gu-drun, as best  
    they might, made ready.

Near her he was dwelling,      and there he      [631]  
    held his land.

A thousand times tho' daily      he should send to ask  
    her hand,

Ever would his wooing      be met with scorn and  
    flouting;

But though he now was thwarted,      later on her, as  
    his wife, he was fondly doting.

The king forbade him longer      to woo Gu-      [632]  
    drun, his child;

Then sent he word in anger      that never would he  
    yield:

Hettel should see him coming,      with men and  
    shields, a-wooing;

And this to him and Hilda      would evil bring, that  
    they would long be ruing.

Whose rede it was I know not, but thrice a [633]  
thousand men,  
Showing thus their friendship, were soon with  
Herwic seen.  
By them against the Hegelings harm erelong was  
plotted  
For the sake of the lovely maiden he fondly hoped  
would be to him allotted.

Those who came from Sturmland the tale [634]  
would not believe,  
To those from Denmark also none the tidings  
gave;  
But Irold, lord of Ortland, soon the word was  
hearing  
That now the daring Herwic for warlike ends to  
Hettel's home was faring.

When 'twas known to Hettel that Herwic, [635]  
fearing naught,  
E'en now the land was nearing, and followers  
with him brought,  
Then asked he of his kinsmen, and of the queen,  
his lady:  
"What say you to the tidings? I hear that guests to  
our home have come already."

She said: "What can I answer, but that 'tis [636]  
well and right,  
When one such deeds is doing as befit a worthy  
knight,  
Tho' good or ill it bring us, praise should they be

earning.

Can aught amiss befall him?      Herwic is wise, and  
aye for honor yearning.”

His queenly wife said further:      “Yet must      [637]

we beware,

That he may bring no burden      unto our kinsmen  
here.

This have many told me,—      ’tis for the sake of  
your daughter

That he with many warriors      has come into your  
borders, o’er the water.”

Hettel with his kinsmen      had waited a little      [638]  
too long:

The wrath of young King Herwic      now had waxen  
strong.

In the cool of the early morning,      he, with  
followers daring,

Reached King Hettel’s castle,      and later with his  
men the strife was sharing.

While yet the men were sleeping      within      [639]  
King Hettel’s halls,

The watchman from the castle      down to them  
loudly calls:

“Up from your rest now, quickly!      Arm yourselves  
and listen!

Foes from abroad are coming!      E’en now, on their  
way, I see the helmets glisten.”

From off their beds upsprang they,      no      [640]

longer dared they lie;  
Whoe'er there was among them, in rank or low or  
high,  
Must bear a heavy burden, for life and honor  
caring.  
Thus the young King Herwic strove for a wife, the  
storm of warfare daring.

Hettel and Queen Hilda had now to the [641]  
window come:  
Men they saw with Herwic, brought from a far-off  
home  
Among the hills of Galeis, where they had their  
dwelling;  
These the mighty Morunc in Waleis knew, and oft  
of them was telling.

The foes were seen by Hettel, thronging [642]  
towards the gate.  
Well Gu-drun's brave father must fear to meet  
their hate,  
As they were rushing onward, tho' high his heart  
was swelling:  
Much they roused his anger, but them his burghers  
helped erelong in quelling.

Armed to guard the castle were a hundred [643]  
men or more;  
Hettel himself fought boldly, goodwill for this he  
bore.  
His lieges all were doughty, but yet they could not  
save him;

Hard were the blows for Hettel,      that in the fight  
the brave young Herwic gave him.

Upon his foeman's helmet      whizzing blasts,      [644]  
fire-hot,

Were struck by the daring Herwic.      The many  
blows he smote

Gu-drun now saw with wonder,      her eyes upon him  
feeding:

He seemed a knight most worthy,      and love she  
felt, e'en though her heart was bleeding.

Hettel bore his weapon      grimly 'gainst his      [645]  
foe;

Of strength no less than riches      he had, in truth,  
enow:

But soon he did unwisely,      he pressed on him too  
nearly,

And those within the castle      saw the fight between  
them all too clearly.

The sore-beleaguered dwellers      the gates      [646]  
would gladly shut;

But now their losses told them      that this would  
nothing boot:

Friends as well as foemen      near the gates were  
thronging,

And great was the hope of Herwic      to win the maid  
for whom his heart was longing.

Hettel then and Herwic      against each other      [647]  
dashed,

In sight of all their followers; flames shot out and  
flashed  
On the bosses of the bucklers which they both  
were wearing:  
But little while it lasted, ere knowledge of each  
other they were sharing.

When Hettel saw in Herwic a warrior so [648]  
proud,  
And one so truly daring, he cried to all aloud:  
“Should any here forbid me that I with him be  
friendly,  
He knows the knight but little; deadly wounds he  
hews, in mood unkindly.”

Gu-drun, the lovely maiden, looked on, and [649]  
heard the din.  
Luck is round and rolling, like a ball, I ween;  
And since to end the fighting to her it was not  
given,  
She hoped that, when ’twas over, her father and  
his foe would find their strength was even.

She then began to call to him, from out the [650]  
palace hall:  
“Hettel, my noble father, behold how blood doth  
fall,  
From out the hauberks flowing! Everywhere about  
us  
The walls therewith are spattered! A neighbor ill  
is Herwic, and harm hath wrought us.



“If you would grant my wishes,      you now      [651]  
    will be at peace;  
Give rest to heart from anger,      and let your fighting  
    cease,  
Till I can ask of Herwic,      and he to us be telling,  
About his land and kingdom,      and where his  
    nearest kinsmen have their dwelling.”

Then said the proud young Herwic:      “Not      [652]  
    yet may peace begin,  
Unless without my weapons      I your love may win.  
If rest a while be granted,      the knowledge you are  
    seeking  
I then will give you freely,      and of my kinsmen will  
    to you be speaking.”

Now, for love of the maiden,      the strife did      [653]  
    they forego.  
Then shook they off their armor,      each battle-weary  
    foe,  
And bathed in running waters,      from rusty stains to  
    free them.  
They soon were cheered and rested,      and none  
    could grudge in happy mood to see them.

A hundred knights with Herwic      went from      [654]  
    the field to find  
Gu-drun, the Hegeling maiden,      still wavering in  
    her mind.  
She, with other ladies,      gave him welcome kindly;  
But the worthy, high-born Herwic      hardly dared to  
    think their wishes friendly.

The fair and comely maiden showed the [655]  
    guests their seats;  
The bravery of Herwic ere long with love she  
    meets:  
His high and noble breeding earned him kindest  
    greeting.  
'Twas thought Gu-drun and Hilda should grant his  
    suit, without a longer waiting.

To the ladies then spake Herwic: "I oft [656]  
    have heard it said  
That you of me speak lightly, and think me lowly  
    bred:  
Your scorn may bring you sorrow, after all my  
    striving;  
The rich may from the poorest a blessing gain, the  
    while with them they're living."

She said: "Where is the maiden who could [657]  
    behold with scorn  
A knight who strove so bravely, or from his love  
    could turn?  
Believe me," said the maiden, "I do not hold you  
    lightly;  
Never maid more kindly has looked on you, or  
    prized your worth more rightly.

"If now my friends and kindred leave for [658]  
    this will give,  
Even as you wish it, with you I will gladly live."  
Then with fondest glances he her eye was seeking:  
In her heart she bore him, and owned the truth to

all, no falsehood speaking.

The brave and happy Herwic      begged that he      [659]  
    might dare  
To woo the fair young maiden.      Now to grant his  
    prayer  
Were Hettel and Hilda ready;      but first must they  
    be knowing  
Whether Gu-drun, their daughter,      was glad or  
    sorry for the kingly Herwic's wooing.

Herwic was quick in learning      how kindly      [660]  
    was her mood:  
And now the brave young warrior      before the  
    maiden stood,  
In shape as fair and comely      as if the hand of a  
    master  
On a white wall had drawn him:      while there he  
    stood her love but grew the faster.

“If you your love will give me,”      he said,      [661]  
    “most lovely maid,  
Then shall my truest worship      to you be ever paid;  
Throughout my lands and castles      to you there shall  
    be given  
My kinsmen's faithful service,      and ne'er shall I  
    repent that thus I've striven.”

She said: “I give you freely      the love for      [662]  
    which you pray;  
By all your toils and daring      you well have earned  
    to-day

That you and all my kindred      foes shall be no  
longer.

Now none can make me sorrow,      and every day  
our bliss shall grow the stronger.”

Then they sent for Hettel:      thus ended was      [663]  
the fight.

Soon came he to his daughter;      and many a faithful  
knight

Followed the king, their master,      who unto him had  
ridden

From all the Hegeling kingdom.      Thus to the strife  
a long farewell was bidden.

Now when Hettel’s kinsmen      their wish for      [664]  
this did speak,

Then asked he of his daughter      if she would gladly  
take

Herwic, the knight so noble,      who in his heart had  
set her.

Then said the lovely maiden:      “There’s not another  
I could love the better.”

They then betrothed the maiden      at once to      [665]  
the knightly king,

Who in his land would crown her.      This did  
gladness bring

To him, and sorrow likewise:      ere many years  
were ended,

And she to him was wedded,      good knights in  
stormy fight their lives defended.

To take the maiden with him      Herwic now      [666]  
    was fain;  
But this her mother grudged him:      thereby much  
    woe and pain  
Came upon him later      from foes as yet unheeded.  
The king was told by Hilda      that longer time ere  
    she be crowned was needed.

They thought it best for Herwic      to leave the      [667]  
    maiden there,  
While he with other women      might pass the time  
    elsewhere,  
And wait to wed the lady      until a year were ended.  
This learned the men of Alzabie:      to wait so long  
    for her young Herwic ill befriended.



## *Tale the Thirteenth.*

### HOW SIEGFRIED MADE WAR AGAINST HERWIC.

Siegfried, king of Moorland,      called for all      [668]  
    his men;  
Ships were soon made ready,      wherever they were  
    seen;  
Then with food and weapons      to load them it was  
    bidden,  
For war against King Herwic:      from all but faithful  
    friends his thoughts were hidden.

A score of wide, strong barges      bade he to      [669]  
    be made.  
I ween they liked it little      to whom the king now  
    said  
That forthwith unto Sealand      to fight must they be  
    faring;  
And he would thither hasten      as soon as, winter  
    o'er, springtide was nearing.

Eighty thousand warriors      soon to him had      [670]  
    come;  
Of fighting men in Alzabie      none were left at home.  
Then swore the Moorland princes      for war to make  
    them ready;  
Some of these still lingered,      others to follow with  
    the king were speedy.

Then against the Sealands      the threat of war      [671]  
    he made.

This roused the wrath of Herwic,      who well might  
    him upbraid;  
To earn the hate of Siegfried      wrong had he done  
    him never.  
His marches and his castles      he bade his men to  
    guard, now more than ever.

Then he said in sorrow      to friends who came      [672]  
    in haste  
That foes would burn his castles,      and his lands lay  
    waste:  
All he could give his liegemen,      that he held but  
    lightly.  
They took their wages gladly;      that war would  
    bring them riches, hoped they rightly.

About the gladsome May-time,      there went      [673]  
    across the sea  
Warriors out of Alzabie,      and eke from Abakie.  
Onward came they proudly,      as tho' the world's  
    end seeking;  
Many now trod boldly      who in the dust their rest  
    would soon be taking.

Into the land of Herwic      they cast the      [674]  
    burning brand.  
Then all whom he could gather,      and all his friends  
    at hand,  
Rode to the field with Herwic.      Thro' war-storms  
    grimly driven,  
They with their lives must bargain      for gold and  
    gems and silver to them given.

To him, the king of Sealand,      great ill      [675]  
     erelong was wrought.  
 A stalwart foeman was he:      Aha, how well he  
     fought!  
 He made the land the richer      with the dead there  
     lying:  
 The old in fight grew youthful:      the strong were  
     slain, who recked not yet of dying.

Long the fighting lasted,      till thickly lay the      [676]  
     dead:  
 Then to the brave King Herwic      came at last the  
     need  
 To flee into his marches,      for life he there was  
     turning;  
 All his lands lay smoking:      of this to Gu-drun, his  
     lady, sent he warning.

Now to the land of Hettel      men at his      [677]  
     bidding went:  
 Many tears and bitter      they shed when they were  
     sent  
 To find the great King Hettel,      and the tale to him  
     to carry.  
 They were not long in showing      unto the king their  
     plight so hard and dreary.

Tho' sad in mood he found them,      a      [678]  
     welcome kind he gave,  
 Such as far-off wanderers      and homeless friends  
     should have.  
 He asked if from their homesteads      they were



hither driven,  
When foes their lands had wasted, and all their  
marches had to flames been given.

Then to him they answered: “In sorrow did [679]  
we leave:  
The faithful men of Herwic, from early morn till  
eve,  
Sell their lives full dearly, and well his gifts are  
earning;  
They fight for name and honor: for this at home  
are many women mourning.”

Then to them said Hettel: “To my daughter [680]  
make it known;  
Whatever she shall wish for at once shall that be  
done.  
If she for vengeance calleth for the wrongs he  
wrought you,  
We then will help you gladly, and pay him back  
the ill that he has brought you.”

Before they yet had spoken unto the fair [681]  
young maid,  
Already of her sorrow her friends had taken heed.  
The lady had been longing to see the heralds  
hourly;  
Them in haste she sent for, the loss of land and  
honor, mourning sorely.

When they came before her, they found the [682]  
queenly maid

Sitting sad, and weeping,— faithful love she had;  
She asked them of her lover, and how they leave  
had taken,  
And if he still was living when they of late had  
land and home forsaken.

Then answered one among them: “We left [683]  
him sound and well;  
But since the day we saw him we know not what  
befell,  
Or how the men of Moorland may his home have  
wasted:  
Mischief they had done him, neither from fire and  
plunder had they rested.

“Listen, high-born maiden! my master’s [684]  
bidding heed:  
He and all his warriors are now in sorest need.  
To lose both life and honor they are fearing daily;  
And now my lord, King Herwic, sends to beg your  
men to his help to rally.”

Gu-drun, the lovely maiden, then from her [685]  
seat upstood;  
The wrongs that had been done her she to her  
father showed:  
She said her men were slaughtered, and her  
castles wasted,  
And told her father, Hettel, that to ride to  
Herwic’s help she would he had hasted.

Then in her arms she pressed him, her eyes [686]

with weeping wet:  
“Help, O dearest father! My woes are all too  
great,  
Unless your many liegemen, with ready hand, are  
willing  
To help my good friend Herwic: none else can  
end the strife, my sorrow healing.”

“That will I leave to no one,” the king did [687]  
freely say;  
“I will haste to help King Herwic, and wait not  
many a day.  
As well as I am able, I will end your sorrow:  
I will call for the aged Wâ-te and many other  
friends, before the morrow.

“He will bring from Sturmland all the men [688]  
of his lands;  
And when ’tis known by Morunc how ill with us it  
stands,  
Fighters full a thousand to bring will he be  
speedy.  
Our foes shall find out quickly, that under helmets  
we to march are ready.

“Horant, too, from Denmark shall bring [689]  
upon the way  
Of men full thrice a thousand: nor will Irold stay;  
But he will raise his banner, and hasten to the  
slaughter.  
Then, too, thy brother Ortwin will come, and all  
will earn the blessing of my daughter.”

The heralds soon went riding      whom the      [690]  
    maid did send.  
Her friends far off were living,      but all who help  
    would lend  
To heal the maiden's sorrow      would honor great  
    be earning;  
Knights would she warmly welcome:      for this  
    erelong the more to her were turning.

Hilda, the maiden's mother,      unto her      [691]  
    daughter spake:  
"Who'er is quick to help you,      and now his shield  
    shall take  
To follow with your warriors      when they to war  
    are faring,  
Whate'er we gain by fighting      he shall, in truth,  
    henceforth with us be sharing."

Then the chests were opened;      men to court      [692]  
    soon bore  
Whate'er therein was lying,      of fighting-gear a  
    store,  
Fast with steel well studded;      then the knights were  
    laden  
With armor white as silver:      this made glad the  
    heart of the queenly maiden.

To full a thousand warriors      were given      [693]  
    clothes and steeds;  
Out of stalls men brought them,      as oft the horse  
    one leads,  
When, along the highways,      men to the fight go

riding.  
Of all the king's good horses      they left but very  
    few at rest abiding.

When from his queenly lady      the king his      [694]  
    leave did take,  
Both Hilda and her daughter      began to weep for his  
    sake;  
But on the knights forth riding      gladly they were  
    gazing,  
And said: "May God in heaven      so help the fight  
    that men may you be praising."

After they all were gathered      without the      [695]  
    castle gate,  
Youths were there heard singing,      hoping for  
    plunder great.  
Each thought, by hardest fighting,      to win himself  
    much riches;  
But far must they yet be riding,      for long the way to  
    their master's foemen stretches.

On the third morning early      came, at break of      [696]  
    day,  
The very aged Wâ-te      with a thousand to the fray;  
And from the Danish kingdom,      as the seventh day  
    was dawning,  
Came Horant with four thousand,      to whom the fair  
    Gu-drun had sent her warning.

From out the Waalisch marches      Morunc      [697]  
    thither rode;

He ever fought for the ladies, for the love to them  
he owed.

Twenty thousand warriors he brought,—for nought  
he tarried:

These were all well-weaponed, and happily rode,  
while help to the king they carried.

The queenly maiden's brother, Ortwin, the [698]  
youthful knight,

Brought across the water, to help her in the fight,  
Forty hundred warriors, or even a number greater:  
Were it known to the men of Alzabie, well might  
they have feared to meet him later.

Before they yet could help him, to Herwic [699]  
and his men

The strife had now gone badly, his luck began to  
wane:

To him and all his followers was evil sore  
betiding;

Altho' they struggled bravely, his foes too near his  
castle gate were riding.

Great mishaps to Herwic from Siegfried's [700]  
kin arose;

For now the gates of the castle were shattered by  
their blows.

False friends had made it easy, and boasts too  
loudly spoken:

If e'er to such one trusteth, it worketh him no  
good, and his hopes are broken.

Now 'twas told to Herwic,      men fast for      [701]  
     help had gone.  
 The foes from fight ne'er rested,      by anger driven  
     on;  
 From early morn to even,      they oft to the strife  
     were bidden:  
 But now the friends of Herwic      on every side drew  
     near, nor long lay hidden.

When this the men of Karadie      did learn,      [702]  
     they well might fear  
 That now two kings against them      in the fight  
     should share:  
 For them it was unlucky      that Hettel now was  
     leading  
 His many fighters thither;      he from afar had come,  
     to Herwic speeding.

Friends were they to each other;      so both      [703]  
     would meet the foe.  
 These, the men from Moorland,      bold themselves  
     did show:  
 One saw by all their bearing      they would from  
     none be flying;  
 Those who with them struggled      by hardest toil  
     must their reward be buying.

Wâ-te, the very daring,      with all his knights      [704]  
     had come;  
 Gu-drun, the lovely lady,      had called him from his  
     home  
 To help her lover, Herwic,      and a host had ridden

hither:  
Whate'er might now befall them, later full happy  
rode they thence together.

Although their foes were heathen, from out [705]  
the Moorish land,  
They might not back be driven: one well might  
understand  
That in any earthly kingdom they were the best and  
boldest.  
To all who came to meet them they gave a sorry  
welcome and a shelter coldest.

Herwic, king of Sealand, his loss would [706]  
now make good  
Upon his foes from Alzabie. For this must flow  
the blood  
On either side of many; to friends and kin were  
given  
Wounds full fast and heavy: to bear his own was  
hard for Hettel even.

When they had come together of whom I [707]  
spoke before,  
Bringing all their followers, gladness they knew  
no more;  
On them were ever resting heavy care and sorrow  
For what the night might bring them. They thought:  
“How shall we live to see the morrow?”

Thrice with the Moorish foemen they strove [708]  
on the stormy field,



While peace was given the castle, as knights are  
wont to yield.

Again with sword and spear-shaft they the strife  
would settle:

Peace not yet they wished for, but wounds the  
more they got in hard-fought battle.

Nor Herwic's men nor Siegfried's yet [709]  
would leave the fight;

They to the last had struggled, and many a bravest  
knight

Upon the field lay wounded, or in death was  
sleeping.

This was told to the women, who now began a  
wild, unmeasured weeping.

How well the daring Wâ-te in battle-storm [710]  
did fight!

Strong was he and skilful, and oft the aged knight  
Gave to the foe heart-sorrow, by all the ill he  
wrought him:

Ever to fight with his warriors, by the side of the  
boldest and best, his wishes taught him.

Horant, too, from Denmark, brave was he [711]  
enough!

Beneath his hand were shattered helmets strong  
and tough;

Ne'er by him 'twas forgotten to wear his armor  
shining;

Ill he wrought to many, and oft the ranks of his  
foemen he was thinning.

The quick and fearless Morunc      boldly      [712]  
    stretched his hand  
Ofttimes beyond his buckler,      and oft the fight he  
    gained.  
To shun the king of Moorland      ne'er would he be  
    seeking;  
Upon that king, so mighty,      he the wrath of Herwic  
    now was wreaking.

The great and doughty Hettel,      when that his      [713]  
    daughter fair  
Had sent to beg her father      in Herwic's fight to  
    share,  
That peace at last might follow,      fought for him not  
    idly:  
If life were dear to any,      'twere best to shun King  
    Hettel's borders widely.

Bravely strove King Herwic      on the field      [714]  
    and at the gate;  
None than he fought better.      His head was often  
    wet,  
Beneath his armor dripping,      with sweat that fast  
    was oozing.  
In death were many deafened;      they who would  
    crush him must their lives be losing.

Wigaleis, the faithful,      great ill to many      [715]  
    wrought.  
Sir Fru-te, too, from Daneland,      with knightly  
    prowess fought:  
The thanks of all his fellows      he should of right be

sharing;  
He strove where the fight was stormy, and none  
e'er knew an aged knight so daring.

The lord who came from Orland, Ortwin, [716]  
brave and young,  
Showed the hand of a warrior; it was on many a  
tongue,  
That never man in warfare bore himself more  
boldly:  
Wounds he gave the deepest, and this by none was  
ever told of coldly.

For twelve long days of fighting, earnestly [717]  
they strove.  
The men led on by Hettel oft their spear-shafts  
drove  
Thro' their foes' light bucklers, as close they met  
together:  
The fighters proud from Moorland sorely rued the  
day that brought them thither.

Upon the thirteenth morning, ere early mass [718]  
was said,  
With sorry heart spake Siegfried: "How many  
here lie dead  
Of all our bravest warriors! In his lofty wooing  
The king of Sealand also here to himself has evil  
great been doing."

Then to the men of Karadie made he known [719]  
his will,

To a stronghold to betake them,      there their wounds  
to heal:  
They, with those from Alzabie,      were earnest to go  
thither;  
Right glad were these far-riders      that all in death  
might not be found together.

Then to a sheltering castle      to turn they all      [720]  
began,  
Where onward, fast beside it,      a wide, deep river  
ran.  
While they were thither riding,      fleeing away from  
danger,  
They were still seen fighting      with those who ne'er  
would yield their homes to a stranger.

Now against King Hettel      the king of      [721]  
Moorland rode:  
Well might one believe it,      his former warlike  
mood  
Was but a slight beginning;      he soon a foe was  
meeting  
Who many of his kinsmen      with deep and deadly  
wounds of late was greeting.

Hettel, he of the Hegelings,      and Siegfried,      [722]  
the Moorland king,  
There unto the struggle      all their strength did bring;  
Shields were hacked to pieces      by the swords they  
wielded:  
The mighty lord of Moorland      to the castle fled,  
nor to him of Daneland yielded.

Camps by the men from Denmark      for      [723]  
    themselves were made:  
Then the beleaguered warriors,—      it cannot be  
    gainsaid,—  
E'er many days were over,      with care were  
    burdened sadly;  
However good their shelter,      all would then have  
    been at home more gladly.

Thus the boastful fighters      were by the      [724]  
    foeman's hand  
Fast held within the stronghold;      nor was their  
    knightly band  
Now able to give battle,      although for this yet  
    longing.  
Their castle well they guarded,      as best they might,  
    wherein they now were thronging.





*Tale the Fourteenth.*

**HOW HETTEL SENT TIDINGS FROM HERWIC'S  
LAND.**

Hettel then sent tidings,      to still their fears at      [725]  
home.

To the fair and high-born ladies      men with news  
did come,

That unto the old and youthful,      throughout the  
stormy fighting,

Good luck had aye befallen;      and now, with hope  
must they for them be waiting.

He bade his men to tell them      how Siegfried      [726]  
was besieged,

While he with all his followers      war against him  
waged,

To help the lord of Sealand,      loved by Gu-drun, his  
daughter;

That all, as they were able,      daily fought for her,  
and for him who sought her.

Hettel's queen, fair Hilda,      the hope began      [727]  
to have

That luck would follow Herwic      and all his  
warriors brave;

And, as their worth befitted,      all might well be  
speeding.

Then said Gu-drun: "God grant it,      that they our  
friends may back in health be leading."

By Wâ-te's men from Sturmland,      the foes      [728]  
    from Alzabie  
And all who came from Moorland      were kept  
    away from the sea;  
Sadly must they tarry      within the sheltering castle:  
In Wâ-te and in Fru-te      foes they had with whom  
    they ill could wrestle.

Loudly swore King Hettel      the castle ne'er      [729]  
    to leave;  
That he and all his followers      still to the end  
    would strive,  
Till those to him had yielded      who now the Moor  
    befriended.  
Unwise had been their inroad,      and this for them  
    one day in sorrow ended.

Meanwhile the spies of Hartmut,      whom he      [730]  
    had thither sent,  
Tho' little good they looked for,      from the Norman  
    border went;  
Ever to learn what happened      they a watch were  
    keeping,  
And from the stormy warfare      they hoped that  
    Hettel might no gain be reaping.

Now they saw that Siegfried,      the Moorland      [731]  
    king high-born,  
Was kept within the castle,      besieged both eve and  
    morn;  
Thence could he sally never,      and this he knew  
    with sorrow;





doth wake!  
If they are now beleaguered, then are we well  
befriended;  
We must to Hegeling hasten, ere Hettel's fight  
with Siegfried shall be ended."

Ludwig and young Hartmut had both the [736]  
selfsame mind,—  
Had they ten thousand fighters whom they at once  
could find,  
Gu-drun they might lay hold on, and to their home  
might carry,  
Before her father, Hettel, came back again from  
the land where he did tarry.

Hartmut's mother, Gerlind, earnestly gave [737]  
thought  
To wreak her wrath on Hettel, that he to harm be  
brought,  
Because her dear son Hartmut he shamefully had  
slighted.  
She wished the aged Wâ-te and Fru-te might be  
hanged, for the help they plighted.

Then spake the old she-devil: "Good [738]  
knights, your hire behold!  
If you will now ride thither, my silver and my  
gold,  
That will I give you freely,— but women shall not  
share it.  
I care not if Hettel and Hilda shall rue their  
wrong, and ne'er again will dare it."

Quoth Ludwig, Hartmut's father:      "We from      [739]  
    our Norman land  
Forthwith must make an inroad:      soon will I have  
    at hand  
Twenty thousand fighters      whom I for war will  
    gather;  
With these it will be easy      to seize Gu-drun, and  
    bear her from her father."

Then spake the youthful Hartmut:      "Might      [740]  
    ever this betide,  
That Hilda's lovely daughter      I here should see my  
    bride,  
I would not take in barter      for that a pryncedom  
    fairest;  
Then might we here together      pass our lives, each  
    one to the other dearest."

Busily his followers,      hour by hour, gave      [741]  
    thought  
How they could do his wishes.      A host King  
    Ludwig brought  
To lead against the Hegelings;      well were they  
    outfitted.  
How should Hilda know it,      that soon thereby her  
    welfare would be blighted?

The wife of Ludwig also      helped them as      [742]  
    she could.  
For this she plotted ever,      that fair Gu-drun be  
    wooded,  
And, as the bride of Hartmut,      to Normandy be

carried;  
She did her best most busily      that the maid one day  
    should to her son be married.

Ludwig said to Hartmut,      his well beloved      [743]  
    son:

“Think well, O knight most worthy,      no toil we  
    now must shun,  
Until our foes are mastered      and from their lands  
    are driven.  
Reward the guests who help us;      to our men at  
    home by me shall gifts be given.”

These they soon were sharing,      all and every      [744]  
    one.

Never yet in Suabia      gifts so rich were known,  
Of steeds for war or burden,      saddles, and shields  
    fair shining;  
I ween they were gladly given:      Ludwig ne'er  
    before such thanks was winning.

Quickly all made ready      to start upon their      [745]  
    way.

Sailors were found by Ludwig;      skilful men were  
    they,  
Who the deep sea-pathways      knew, and well could  
    follow;  
Hard must they be toiling      to win their wages high  
    upon the billow.

Now, in seemly measure,      fit were they to      [746]  
    go.

Throughout the lands and highways      soon the news  
    did grow  
That Ludwig and young Hartmut      home and land  
    were leaving.  
They yet would see much sorrow,      when they  
    erelong their Hegeling foe were braving.

When to the shore they had ridden,      ships      [747]  
    were floating there,  
That workmen well had builded,      the knights away  
    to bear;  
Gerlind's gold and riches      had made them strong  
    and steady.  
Nor Wâ-te the old nor Fru-te      of this knew aught,  
    nor were for their coming ready.

With three and twenty thousand      they sailed      [748]  
    the waters o'er.  
Now for Gu-drun young Hartmut      a weight of  
    sorrow bore:  
This, before his followers,      to hide he was not  
    earnest;  
He hoped to meet King Hettel,      and him to  
    overcome in strife the sternest.

As yet they knew not fully      how they his land      [749]  
    could reach.  
To the sons of many a mother      the raid did sorrow  
    teach.  
Near to the shores of Ortland      the rolling billows  
    bore them,  
Before 'twas known to Hettel:      now Hilda's castle

rose in sight before them.

The warriors led by Hartmut      were still      [750]  
    twelve miles away;  
Yet had they come already      over the wide, deep  
    sea,  
Unto the land of the Hegelings,      and to its shores so  
    nearly  
That castles, towers, and palaces      in Hilda's town  
    they all could see most clearly.

Ludwig, king of Normandy,      bade that on the      [751]  
    sand  
They now should drop the anchors;      he then gave  
    word to land  
To all his men together,      and bade them do it  
    quickly:  
They now had come so near them,      they feared the  
    Hegeling bands would gather thickly.

Then bore they up the weapons,      with      [752]  
    shields and helmets good,  
That they had with them carried      over the heaving  
    flood:  
They to fight made ready;      yet they at first  
    bethought them  
To send through the land their runners,      to learn if  
    friendly helpers might be brought them.



*Tale the Fifteenth.*

**HOW HARTMUT CARRIED AWAY GUDRUN.**

Now at Hartmut's bidding      heralds quickly      [753]  
    rode

To where the queenly Hilda      and her daughter dear  
    abode.

To them his word they carried,      that if to wed the  
    maiden

They should think him worthy,      her and her mother  
    both it well might gladden.

If she her love would give him,      as he had      [754]  
    asked before,—

Ofttimes his heart was heavy      for the love to her he  
    bore,—

That he would ever serve her      so long as he was  
    living,

And many lands wide-reaching,      held of his father,  
    would to her be giving.

But if she would not love him,      she then      [755]  
    would earn his hate;

He asked of her that kindly      she his love would  
    meet,

So that he to his fatherland      his lovely bride might  
    carry

Without a fight or struggle.      To hope for this brave  
    Hartmut ne'er was weary.

Did she gainsay his wooing,      Hartmut sent      [756]



this word:

“I will not be bought with silver,      albeit a heavy  
    hoard,  
To leave in peace her kingdom;      she yet shall give  
    me heeding.  
I will show Gu-drun, fair maiden,      brave knights  
    enough, to be for her eyes fine feeding!

“Further, good errand-bearers,      this say to      [757]  
    her from me:  
I ne'er will leave her borders      to sail on the wide,  
    deep sea;  
Better will I think it      to be hewn in pieces even,  
Unless the Hegeling maiden      will follow me hence,  
    to me in wedlock given.

“But, should she scorn me wholly,      and      [758]  
    never my bride will be,  
Then me, with my daring fighters,      riding here she  
    will see.  
Before the Hegeling castle      I will then leave lying  
Twenty thousand warriors,      on both sides of the  
    roadway, dead or dying.

“Since by the craft of Wigaleis      King Hettel      [759]  
    has been led,  
And by the aged Wâ-te,      hither our way we've  
    made  
Into the Hegeling kingdom,      time and toil thus  
    spending;  
For this shall many be fatherless,      and glad shall I  
    be of the whole to make an ending.”

Those sent forth by Hartmut fast on their [760]  
way did ride,  
For he bade them wait no longer. They came to a  
castle wide,  
By name ycleped Matelan; therein was Hilda  
dwelling,  
And with her was her daughter, the maid about  
whose charms all men were telling.

With them sent Hartmut also two earls of [761]  
wealth and name,  
Who with him out of Normandy over the waters  
came.  
He bade them see Queen Hilda, and kindly to  
bespeak her;  
To pledge to her his friendship, and say that his  
goodwill would ne'er forsake her.

Of her they must ask her daughter, for him [762]  
who in his mind  
So high had ever set her, above all womankind:  
In worthy love he wooed her, and she would rank  
be taking  
That for aye would make her happy; to do her will  
she ne'er would find him lacking.

To the maiden's waiting-women the news [763]  
was quickly told,  
That from out the land of Normandy a band of  
woosers bold  
Hither rode to Matelan, and for Gu-drun were  
suing:

Hilda hushed the tidings, for now Gu-drun in  
fright the tale was ruing.

Queen Hilda's faithful warders opened [764]  
soon the gate;

Those who had ridden thither need no longer wait;  
They to come in were bidden. The gate was  
thrown wide open,

And the men sent there by Hartmut into Matelan  
rode: no ill to them did happen.

They quickly told their wishes, to see King [765]  
Hettel's wife.

It was not yet allowed them; they who should  
guard her life,

And to the king must answer, at first had this  
forbidden:

They never left uncared for Hilda the queen, and  
eke Gu-drun the maiden.

At last the men of Hartmut into the hall [766]  
were led.

To them the queenly Hilda kindly greeting made,  
As did Gu-drun the lady, with fair and lofty  
bearing;

But she, the high-born maiden, love for Herwic in  
her heart was wearing.

Altho' they felt unfriendly, yet drink they [767]  
gave to the men

Ere yet they told their errand; freely then the queen  
Bade them to be seated before herself and her

daughter.

She begged them then to tell her:      “What boon to  
seek had brought them o’er the water?”

All the men of Hartmut      before their seats      [768]

yet stood,

As well-bred men beseemeth,      and errand-bearers  
should.

Then they told the ladies      what they would there be  
doing,—

That for their master, Hartmut,      they for the fair  
Gu-drun had come a-wooing.

The high-born maiden answered:      “Of this I      [769]  
nought will hear,—

That with the young King Hartmut      I the crown  
should share,

Before our friendly kinsmen,      and troth to him be  
plighted:

The name of the knight is Herwic      whose love  
shall never by myself be slighted.

“To him I am betrothed;      me he chose for a      [770]  
wife,

And him for myself I have taken.      Ever, throughout  
his life,

All of good I wish him      that can henceforth befall  
him:

Ne’er, till my days are ended,      will I ask the love  
of another, or my lord will call him.”

One of them then answered:      “‘This warning      [771]

Hartmut gives:

If nay shall be your answer,      before three days, if  
    he lives,  
Against great Matelan castle      you shall see him  
    leading  
All his knightly followers.”      Smiles at this were  
    the maiden’s face o’erspreading.

Their leave they would be taking,      and      [772]  
    hasten on their way,  
Those two great earls so haughty;      but Hilda bade  
    them stay.  
Altho’ she ne’er had known them,      of gifts she was  
    not chary;  
But yet they would not take them,      for crafty men  
    were they, and in truth were wary.

At those sent there by Hartmut      Hettel’s      [773]  
    followers sneered,  
And said, their scorn and anger      they very little  
    feared:  
If to drink the wine of Hettel      they were, in truth,  
    unwilling,  
Then this warning gave they:      that they their cup  
    with blood would soon be filling.

When they had heard this answer,      back to      [774]  
    the shore they went  
Whence they had been by Hartmut      upon their  
    errand sent.  
He then ran forth to meet them, to ask how they were  
    treated,

And what had them befallen, and how his  
courtship by Gu-drun was greeted.

Then one of them thus answered: “This to [775]  
us they said:

The high and queenly maiden a lover long has had,  
For whom, beyond all others, love in her heart she  
is feeling:

If you will not taste their wine-cup, they soon will  
fill to you, your life-blood spilling.”

“Ah, woe is me!” said Hartmut, when he [776]  
this answer heard;

“My heart is full of anger, with shame I hear your  
word!

Never men more friendly shall I need, till I am  
dying,

Than those who now will help me.” Straightway  
his men upsprang, on the shore then lying.

Ludwig now and Hartmut, with their men, [777]  
set out for war;

Their banners high uplifted in pride and wrath  
they bore.

These from Matelan castle were seen afar to  
shimmer:

“Cheer up!” then said the maiden; “Herwic and  
Hettel come! their weapons glimmer!”

But Hilda saw the standard bore not King [778]  
Hettel’s mark:

“Ah, woe shall now betide us before this day

grows dark!  
To seek Gu-drun are coming      foemen grim and  
daring;  
Many a well-made helmet      their blows shall hew  
before the night is nearing.”

Then her friendly Hegelings      thus to Hilda      [779]  
spake:  
“If those led on by Hartmut      to-day an onslaught  
make,  
Wounds we then must deal them,      and show we are  
the stronger.”  
Queen Hilda then gave bidding      to shut the castle  
gates, and wait no longer.

But the men of brave King Hettel      followed      [780]  
not her hest;  
They who the castle guarded      thought to fight their  
best.  
They bade that now their banners      to the shafts be  
fastened;  
King Hettel’s daring followers,      to slay his foes,  
from out the castle hastened.

The bars that should be lowered,      to keep      [781]  
the foemen out,  
Were left, in over-boldness,      and the gates not fully  
shut,  
Since from Hartmut’s foreguard      they little harm  
foreboded.  
But when they pressed in boldly,      then came the  
rest, who ever on them crowded.

A thousand men or over      stood before the      [782]  
    gate;  
 These, their swords upbearing,      the fight did there  
    await.  
 A thousand more with Hartmut      now came  
    thronging thickly;  
 They then from their steeds alighted,      and back to  
    the rear they sent their horses quickly.

Spears in hand they carried,      with points full      [783]  
    keen to cut.  
 Who could shun their onset?      With heavy wounds  
    they smote  
 Those who the castle guarded,      in their pride  
    o'erweening.  
 Just at the hour came Ludwig,      with his Norman  
    knights, as the fight was now beginning.

Much the women sorrowed      as Ludwig      [784]  
    nearer rode:  
 The banners o'er them floating      well and proudly  
    showed  
 The fearless foe oncoming;      beneath each standard  
    flocking,  
 Three thousand now came boldly,      tho' sad on  
    their homeward way they might yet be looking.

Before the walls beleaguered      the guards      [785]  
    were a busy band:  
 Never hardier fighters      were seen in any land  
 Than were the faithful warders      in Hettel's castle  
    dwelling;



Their blows they were thickly dealing, and  
Hartmut's men their strength were quickly  
feeling.

Ludwig, Hartmut's father, the Norman king, [786]  
was seen

From hardened rims of bucklers to strike a fiery  
sheen:

Truly, great was the bravery that now his heart  
was swelling;

His friends and followers also, in the bloody  
game, were bold beyond all telling.

When they who the castle guarded hoped [787]  
for rest and peace,

Then their daring foemen did nearer to them press,  
Led by him of Normandy: the youthful Hartmut's  
father

Grudged no toil to help him; and this from that  
day's fight one well might gather.

Now the trustful warders began in truth to [788]  
mourn,

That they, 'gainst Hilda's bidding, had their care  
forborne,—

The hest of the wife of Hettel, the high and worthy  
lady.

For this their shields were shattered, and many a  
life was lost, in fight too ready.

Ludwig now and Hartmut on the field had [789]  
met,

And, holding speech together, learned that,  
striving yet,  
Queen Hilda's men were seeking the castle gates  
to fasten;  
Then, with shields before them, to bear their flags  
within they all did hasten.

Rocks were hurled from the castle, and [790]  
many spears were thrown,  
But the foe it hurt but little, and his daring  
lessened none.  
Little thought was given to the dead around them  
lying:  
With heavy stones down beaten, many bold  
besiegers there fell dying.

When Hartmut and King Ludwig came [791]  
within the gate,  
Many, badly wounded, from them their death-  
stroke met.  
For this the lovely maiden began to sorrow sorely;  
Now in Hettel's castle the woe they wrought was  
growing greater hourly.

Then the king of Normandy was glad [792]  
enough, I ween,  
When to the halls of Hettel he could lead his men,  
Bearing well their weapons: soon his banner  
fluttered  
Over the roof of the castle. Hilda at this her  
sorrow loudly uttered.

Greatly do I wonder      what might these      [793]  
    guests befall,  
Had now the grim old Wâ-te      been there, and seen  
    it all,  
The while the men of Hartmut,      with Ludwig,  
    brave and daring,  
Thro' the halls were rushing,      and from her home  
    the fair Gu-drun were tearing.

Both Wâ-te and King Hettel,      if to them that      [794]  
    day  
A warning had been given,      would stoutly have  
    barred the way;  
They their foemen's helmets      with swords would  
    so have riven  
That back to their homes in Normandy,      without  
    Gu-drun, would they have soon been driven.

Now within the castle      were all in saddest      [795]  
    mood;  
So men to-day might sorrow.      Whate'er the foemen  
    would,  
There did they lay hands on,      and took from out the  
    dwelling.  
Rich grew Hartmut's followers,—      you well may  
    trust that I the truth am telling.

Then came the bold young Hartmut      where      [796]  
    he Gu-drun could see,  
And said: "Most worthy lady,      you erst looked  
    down on me;  
But now both I and my followers      think of your kin

so little,  
We will not seize and hold them, but slay and  
hang them, so the strife to settle.”

Then said the maiden only: “Alas! O father [797]  
mine,  
Had you of this been knowing, that I, a child of  
thine,  
One day from out your kingdom would thus by  
foes be stolen,  
Never to me, poor maiden, such woe and sorry  
shame had here befallen.”

Then was the gold and clothing borne out [798]  
by the robber band:  
Forth they took Queen Hilda, led by her snow-  
white hand.  
Matelan’s goodly castle they would have burned  
up gladly;  
For what became of the dwellers the Normans  
never cared, nor thought of sadly.

But Hartmut now had bidden that it should [799]  
not be burned,  
To leave the land he hastened, and home again he  
turned,  
Before ’twas known to Hettel, who with his men  
was lying  
Within the Waalisch marches, and there against  
his foe his strength was trying.

“Leave your stolen booty!” to his men [800]

young Hartmut said;  
“At home my father’s riches will I give to you  
instead:

Thus o’er the watery pathway our sail will be the  
lighter.”

To Gu-drun the hand of Ludwig brought a heavy  
wrong, and woe full bitter.

They overthrew the castle, the town with [801]  
fire they burned;

From it the best was taken; with wealth they  
homeward turned:

Two and sixty women thence with them they  
carried,

And many lovely maidens. With heartfelt woe was  
queenly Hilda wearied.

How were they filled with sadness to leave [802]  
the wine behind!

Now did the queenly mother a seat in the window  
find,

And looked upon her daughter, from home in  
sorrow turning.

Many a stately lady the Normans left in tears, and  
bitterly mourning.

Weeping now and wailing was heard on [803]  
either hand;

No one there was happy, when from the father-  
land

The foe with Hilda’s daughter and with her  
maidens hasted.

Many, now but children, for this, when men, to  
work them woe ne'er rested.

Those who were seized by Hartmut down [804]  
to the shore he took;  
All their lands were wasted; their homes went up  
in smoke.

Now his hopes and wishes happily were granted:  
Both Gu-drun and Hildeburg he with him carried  
off,—the prize he wanted.

Well he knew that Hettel was many a [805]  
league away,  
And war was grimly waging; no more would  
Hartmut stay.  
Yet from the Hegeling kingdom no whit too fast he  
speeded,  
For word was sent by Hilda to Hettel and his  
friends, that much their help was needed.

How mournful were the tidings before the [806]  
king she laid!—  
That in his home and castle his knights were lying  
dead,  
Or else were left by Hartmut now with death-  
wounds bleeding;  
That foes had seized his daughter, and with her  
many maids were homeward speeding.

She said: "Now tell King Hettel that I am [807]  
here alone;  
Evil hath me o'ertaken, and now, with pride

o'ergrown,  
Our mighty foeman, Ludwig,      back to his land is  
    faring;  
A thousand men or better      lie at our gates, and the  
    pains of death are bearing.”

Quickly then went Hartmut,      and, ere three      [808]  
    days were o'er,  
On board his keels was ready;      these the plunder  
    bore,  
As much as they could carry,      whate'er his men  
    had stolen.  
The men of brave King Hettel      were dazed and  
    stunned by all that had befallen.

What further did betide them,      who in truth      [809]  
    can tell?  
Loud on the ear it sounded,      as they shifted the  
    flapping sail,  
And away from the Hegeling kingdom,      unto an isle  
    forsaken,  
They their barks were turning;      the name of  
    Wulpensand—or shore of the wolves—it had  
    taken.





*Tale the Sixteenth.*

**HOW HILDA SENT TO HETTEL AND HERWIC TO ASK  
THEIR HELP AGAINST HARTMUT.**

The fair and queenly Hilda,      with all her      [810]  
    will and mind,  
Gave her thoughts now wholly      trusty men to find  
To bear the tale to Hettel.      Her heart indeed was  
    riven  
By the wrongful deeds of Hartmut,      and food for  
    tears he to her eyes had given.

To Herwic and her husband      she bade that it      [811]  
    be said  
That foes had seized her daughter,      that many  
    knights lay dead;  
And she was left in wretchedness,      lonely and  
    forsaken;  
That all her gold and jewels      the Normans on their  
    way had with them taken.

Quickly rode the heralds      and through the      [812]  
    land they went:  
The queen in greatest sorrow      these on their way  
    had sent.  
Upon the seventh morning,      they came where they  
    were greeted  
With the sight of beleaguering Hegelings      who  
    before their Moorland foes were seated.

Oft in knightly matches      strove they every      [813]

day,  
And one might also hear them at many a game and  
play,  
That they might not be weary who the siege were  
keeping;  
Some at a mark were shooting, and others strove  
in running and in leaping.

When by the Danish Horant errand-bearers [814]  
were seen  
Who to the land were coming, thither sent by the  
queen,  
Then said he unto Hettel: “With news for us  
they’re riding;  
May God in kindness grant it, no ill to those at  
home is now betiding!”

The king himself went forward, and met [815]  
them where they stood.  
He said, with seemly bearing, to them in their  
sorry mood:  
“Brave knights, I give you welcome here to this  
far-off border.  
How fares it with Queen Hilda? Who sent you  
here? and who is left to guard her?”

Said one: “Your lady sent us; to you for [816]  
help she turns:  
Wasted are your castles; your lands the foeman  
burns.  
Gu-drun from thence is carried; her maidens, too,  
are taken:

Never can your kingdom from all these woes and  
ills again awaken.

“This must I say, moreover, we are in [817]  
straitest need;

Now of your men and kindred a thousand there lie  
dead;

And into far-off kingdoms have foes your riches  
carried;

Your hoard of wealth is scattered: it shames good  
knights that thus your lands are harried.”

The king then bade them tell him who these [818]  
deeds had done.

One among them answered, and their names to him  
made known:

“Ludwig was one, the Norman; with many knights  
he fought us;

Hartmut, his son, was the other: ’twas they the  
inroad made, and havoc wrought us.”

Then King Hettel answered: “To Hartmut I [819]  
would not give,

For his bride, Gu-drun my daughter; for this he  
now doth strive

To waste with war my kingdom. I know his lands  
are holden

Of Hagen, her mother’s father; to woo her should  
his rank not him embolden.

“To our beleaguered foemen we nought of [820]  
this must tell,

And to our friends but whisper      the ills that us  
    befell;  
We then must call our kinsmen      hither to be  
    hasting.  
Worse could never happen      unto good knights at  
    home, from warfare resting.”

Herwic then was bidden      to Hettel forthwith      [821]  
    to go:

Hettel’s friends and kindred      and his men were  
    sent for, too.  
When now these knights so worthy      their way to  
    him had taken,  
They found their king and master      dark in mind,  
    and of every hope forsaken.

Then said the lord of the Hegelings:      “To      [822]  
    you I make my moan;

And, trusting in your friendship,      my sorrows must  
    I own:  
The queen, my Lady Hilda,      has sent to give us  
    warning,

That the men of the Hegeling kingdom      are ill  
    bestead, and bitterly are mourning.

“My lands with fire are wasted,      and my      [823]  
    castle broken down;

Ill our walls were guarded      while we from home  
    were gone:  
Foes have seized my daughter;      my kin in death are  
    sleeping;  
My trusty men are slaughtered      to whom I left my

land and name in keeping.”

Herwic now was weeping,      in his eyes the      [824]  
tear-drops stood;  
Wet were the eyes of Hettel,      and fast they  
overflowed:  
So it was with others,      at seeing them thus  
weeping;  
Every one was sorrowful      who, near the king, his  
faith to him was keeping.

Then said the aged Wâ-te:      “Further of this      [825]  
say nought.  
For all the woe and losses      these friends to us have  
brought,  
Soon will we repay them,      and we shall yet be  
gladdened;  
Ludwig’s kin and Hartmut’s      shall at our hands for  
this erelong be saddened.”

Hettel asked in wonder:      “How can that be      [826]  
done?”  
To him old Wâ-te answered:      “’Tis best that peace  
be won  
Now with the king of Moorland,      with whom we  
yet are warring;  
Our men, who here besiege him,      to seek for fair  
Gu-drun we may then be sparing.”

Wise was the aged Wâ-te,      the words he      [827]  
spake were meet:  
“To-morrow morning early,      let us with Siegfried

treat;  
And we ought so to bear us that he shall well be  
knowing  
That, should we not allow it, he with his men can  
ne'er be homeward going."

Then said the daring Herwic: "Wâ-te has [828]  
spoken right;  
To-day must you be thinking how, with the  
morrow's light,  
You all before the foeman may show a warlike  
bearing:  
It gives me pain that women should make us leave  
our siege, and hence be faring."

Then they got together horses and clothes [829]  
with speed;  
Unto the words of Wâ-te they readily gave heed.  
When the day was dawning, they again were  
striving  
'Gainst those from Abakia. Great praise for this  
were all to them soon giving.

On every side, with banners, they to the [830]  
field did throng;  
Many, sound in body, there were slain erelong:  
Wâ-te's men from Sturmland "Nearer! Nearer!"  
shouted;  
But those they would o'er-master were quicker yet  
in fight, and nought it bootied.

Soon the knightly Irold, over the edge of his [831]

shield,  
Called out, "Men of Moorland, to peace with us  
will you yield?  
King Hettel bids us ask you, will you this be  
choosing?  
Your lands so far are lying, that you your goods  
and men will else be losing."

Siegfried, lord of Moorland, answered to [832]  
him thus:  
"Would you for peace have pledges, then win the  
fight o'er us;  
With no one will I bargain for aught my name may  
lessen:  
If you think to overcome us, you will the more by  
this your losses hasten."

Then spake the knightly Fru-te: "If help to [833]  
us you'll give,  
And pledge your word to do it, your stronghold  
you may leave  
And go from my master's kingdom, without more  
bloody fighting."  
The Moors from Karadie on this stretched forth  
the hand, their faith thus plighting.

There came to strife a stand-still, this I for [834]  
truth may say.  
The glad and happy warriors met that selfsame  
day;  
Those who erst were foemen their help to each  
other granted.

They both had quenched their hatred; to fight the  
Normans now was all they wanted.

Then to Siegfried of Moorland at once King [835]

Hettel told

All the heavy tidings that he in his breast did hold;

He pledged to him his friendship, so long as he  
was living,

If Hartmut's foul misdoing now to repay, his help  
he would be giving.

To him the lord of Alzabie, the Moorish [836]

Siegfried said:

"Knew we where to find them, they should our  
coming dread."

The aged Wâ-te answered: "I can show you nearly

Their path across the water: and we perhaps on  
the sea may meet them early."

Then to them all spake Hettel: "Where can [837]

ships be sought?

And, if I wish to harm them, how bring my wish  
about?

I might at home make ready within their lands to  
seek them,

And there, when I had found them, my anger for  
my wrongs should quick o'ertake them."

To him then said old Wâ-te: "In this I can [838]

help you still;

God is ever mighty to do whate'er he will.

I know within these borders now are lying near us



Well-made ships full seventy;      filled with food,  
these barks from the sands will bear us.

“In them have wandering pilgrims      sailed      [839]  
the waters o’er:

Their ships, whatever happens,      we must seize  
upon the shore;

The pilgrims must be willing      that on the sand we  
leave them,

Until our Norman foemen      make good our wrongs,  
or we again shall brave them.”

At once old Wâ-te started,      no longer would      [840]  
he wait;

A hundred knights went with him,      the others  
lingered yet.

He said he came for buying;      what could the  
pilgrims sell him?

For this men died thereafter,      and, for himself, but  
sorry luck befell him.

On the shore he found the pilgrims,—      this I      [841]  
know is true,—

Fully thirty hundred,      I ween, and better, too.

To fight were they unready,      and could not rouse  
them quickly:

Nearer came King Hettel,      and with him led his  
men, now crowding thickly.

Their goods the pilgrims guarded,      yet Wâ-      [842]  
te sent on shore

All that he had no need for,      of silver and clothes a

store;  
But the food was left on shipboard, so old Wâ-te  
chooses:  
He said he should come hereafter, and would  
reward them well for all their losses.

Sadly mourned the pilgrims, for sorest was [843]  
their need;  
But for all they said old Wâ-te cared not a crust of  
bread:  
The bold, unyielding warrior, stern and never  
smiling,  
Said: "Both ships and flatboats they to leave to  
him must now be willing."

Hettel recked but little if ever they sailed [844]  
again  
Over the sea with their crosses: then he took of  
their men  
Five hundred at least, or over, the best they had  
among them;  
Of these to the Hegeling kingdom few came back,  
from the death that overhung them.

I know not whether Hettel atoned for his [845]  
evil deed  
Done to these poor pilgrims, that made their hearts  
to bleed,  
And, in a far-off kingdom, rent their band, to their  
sorrow.  
I ween the God in heaven saw the wrong, and his  
anger showed on the morrow.

King Hettel and his followers met with a [846]  
kindly breeze,  
And now their way were taking quickly across the  
seas;  
Seeking for their foemen, they sailed far over the  
water,  
Wherever they might find them, longing to show  
their wrath, and bent on slaughter.



*Tale the Seventeenth.*

**HOW HETTEL CAME TO THE WULPENSAND IN  
SEARCH OF HIS DAUGHTER.**

Ludwig, king of the Normans,      and Hartmut,      [847]  
    too, his son,  
Now, with all their followers,      far away had gone,  
And on a lone, wild seashore,      after their toil,  
    were resting.

Though many there were gathered,      yet little  
    happiness they then were tasting.

'Twas on a broad, low island,      hight the      [848]  
    Wulpensand,  
That now the brave King Ludwig,      and they of the  
    Norman land,  
Shelter for men and horses      had found unto their  
    liking;  
But a doom to them most woful      ere long must  
    come, instead of the rest they were seeking.

The very high-born maidens,      torn from the      [849]  
    Hegeling land,  
Had been led out, and wandered      along the barren  
    sand;  
So far as 'twas allowed them      to show their  
    feelings freely,  
They who had been stolen      in sadness wept before  
    the foeman daily.

Fires upon the seashore      were seen on every      [850]

side;  
The men from far-off Normandy were thinking  
there to abide.  
Gladly with the maidens would they seven days  
have rested,  
And there have made them lodgings; but every  
hope of this erelong was blasted.

While on this isle forsaken Hartmut now [851]  
must stay,  
Loth were he and his followers the hope to put  
away,  
Which till now they fostered, that they for rest  
might tarry  
Throughout a week in the shelter whither they the  
maidens fair did carry.

It was from far-off Matelan that Ludwig and [852]  
his band  
The fair Gu-drun had taken unto this lonely strand;  
Nor felt they now uneasy lest to their hidden  
dwelling  
Wâ-te them should follow, and never harm from  
him were they foretelling.

Now saw King Ludwig's sailors, tossing on [853]  
the wave,  
A ship with sails the richest. To the king they  
warning gave;  
But when 'twas seen by Hartmut, and others with  
him standing,  
That on the sails were crosses, they said these

must be pilgrims, bent on landing.

On the waters floating      three good ships      [854]  
    were seen,  
With new and well-made flatboats;      they bore  
    across the main  
Those who on their clothing      never yet wore  
    crosses,  
Their love to God thus showing.      The Normans  
    must from them meet heavy losses.

As they the shore were nearing,      one on the      [855]  
    ships might see  
Helmets brightly shining.      No more from care were  
    free  
King Ludwig and his kinsmen,      and harm their  
    fears foreboded:  
“Look there!” then shouted Hartmut;      “with  
    grimmiest foes of mine these ships are loaded.”

The ships were turned so quickly      that now      [856]  
    men loudly heard  
Rudders strained and cracking,      held by those who  
    steered.  
Both the young and aged,      who on the sea-sands  
    rested,  
Were indeed bewildered      when to spring on shore  
    the foeman hasted.

Ludwig and young Hartmut      their shields in      [857]  
    hand now bore.  
For them it had been easier      to reach their homes

once more  
If they had not too freely      their rest on the island  
taken:  
They had falsely reckoned      that Hettel had now no  
friends, and was all forsaken.

Ludwig called out loudly      to all his trusty      [858]  
men,  
(He thought it child's play only      that he before had  
seen,)  
“Now with worthy foemen      must I, at length, be  
striving!  
He shall be the richer      who 'neath my flag his help  
to me is giving.”

Soon was Hartnut's banner      raised upon the      [859]  
shore.  
The ships had now come nearer;      with spears the  
Normans bore  
To reach the foe were easy      from where they now  
were waiting:  
I ween the aged Wâ-te      was ready with his shield,  
the foeman meeting.

Ne'er before so grimly      did champions      [860]  
guard their land.  
Boldly the Hegeling warriors      nearer pressed to  
the strand;  
Soon they met the Normans      with sword and spear,  
undaunted;  
Blows they freely bartered:      such bargains cheaply  
given no more they wanted.

Everywhere the Hegelings      sprang upon the      [861]  
shore.

After a wind from the hill-tops      was never seen  
before

Snow so thickly whirling      as spears from hands  
that threw them:

Though they had done it gladly      idle it were to shun  
the strokes that slew them.

Thick fly the spears on both sides:      the time      [862]  
but slowly goes,

Till they on the beach are standing.      Quickly on his  
foes

Sprang the aged Wâ-te,      just as they were nearing;  
His mood was of the grimmest,      and soon they saw  
what mind he now was bearing.

Ludwig, king of the Normans,      then at Wâ-te      [863]  
ran,

And hurled a spear well sharpened      against the  
brave old man.

The shaft, in splinters shattered,      high thro' air  
went crashing,

For Ludwig drove it bravely;      soon to the fight  
came Wâ-te's kinsmen dashing.

With a heavy stroke, old Wâ-te      Ludwig's      [864]  
helmet cut;

The edge of the sword he wielded      the head of his  
foeman smote,

Who beneath his breastplate      a shirt of silk was  
wearing;



(In Abalie 'twas woven;)      were it not for this, his  
end he must be nearing.

Hardly from him could Ludwig      with life      [865]  
and limb go free;

The spot he would fain be leaving,      for Wâ-te was  
ill to see

When he was roused to anger,      and to win the day  
was trying:

Struck by his hand were many,      who, brave in  
warfare, now on the field lay dying.

Irold and young Hartmut      each on the other      [866]  
sprang:

On either side their weapons      on the foeman's  
helmet rang;

Throughout the throng of fighters,      all could hear it  
loudly;

For bold in war was Irold,      and Hartmut, too, was  
brave, and bore him proudly.

Herwic from the Sealands,      a warrior strong      [867]  
and good,

Could not reach the landing,      but leaped into the  
flood,

And in the waves was standing,      up to his  
shoulders hidden.

Soon to his cost was he learning      how hard a task  
it is to win a maiden.

They the shore who guarded      their foemen      [868]  
thought to drown

While in the waters struggling.      Shafts at them  
    were thrown,  
And many on them broken;      but they, their foes now  
    seeking,  
Soon the sands were treading,      and many a knight  
    his wrath on them was wreaking.

Ere they had reached the shoreland,      one      [869]  
    saw the watery flood  
Dyed by the killed and wounded,      in hue as red as  
    blood;  
Everywhere, so widely      the reddened waves were  
    flowing,  
One could not shoot beyond them,      how far soe'er  
    he might his spear be throwing.

Heavier toil and losses      heroes never found,      [870]  
And never so many warriors      lay trampled on the  
    ground:  
Enough were they for a kingdom      who lay,  
    unwounded, dying.  
The Normans who o'erthrew them,      on all sides  
    too, I ween, in death were lying.

It was to save his daughter      that there King      [871]  
    Hettel fought,  
And all his kinsmen with him.      On every side were  
    wrought,  
By him and those who helped him,      havoc and  
    bitter sorrow.  
Dead on the Wulpensand      were many bodies found  
    before the morrow.

Unto their lords all faithful,      they strove      [872]  
    upon the sand,—  
Alike the men of Normandy      and they of the  
    Hegeling land.  
Warriors brave from Denmark      fought with  
    matchless daring;  
He ne'er should wait their onset      who much for his  
    welfare or his life was caring.

Morunc and with him Ortwin      boldly held      [873]  
    their ground,  
And for themselves won honor;      nowhere could be  
    found  
Men who greater slaughter      wrought, with hearts  
    undaunted:  
The heroes twain, with their followers,      gave full  
    many wounds, with spears well planted.

Proudly the men from Moorland,      as I have      [874]  
    heard it said,  
When from their ships they landed,      the way to the  
    foemen led.  
Hettel hoped, in his struggle,      help from them to be  
    gaining,  
For they were daring fighters:      one saw the blood  
    beneath their helmets raining.

How could he who led them      have braver or      [875]  
    bolder been?  
That day he dimmed with life-blood      many  
    breastplates' sheen;  
Siegfried it was, unyielding      in storm of battle

ever.

How could the Danish Fru-te, or even Wâ-te the  
old, have shown them braver?

Thickly hurled were lances, hither and [876]  
thither thrown:

Ortwin, with his followers, in hopeful mood came  
on;

Helmets that day he shattered, blows upon them  
dealing.

Gu-drun was bitterly weeping: her women, too,  
were deepest sorrow feeling.

The strife, on both sides, lasted throughout [877]  
the livelong day;

Longing to reach each other, they crowded to the  
fray.

There to knights and warriors must the fight go  
badly,

Where the friends of Hettel to win his daughter  
back were striving gladly.

The evening sun sank lower; and for King [878]  
Hettel now

His losses grew the greater. King Ludwig's men, I  
trow,

Did their best in fighting, but could not flee the  
slaughter;

Their foes they wounded deeply, and guarded thus  
Gu-drun from those who sought her.

The strife began at morning; by night alone [879]



*Tale the Eighteenth.*

**HOW LUDWIG SLEW HETTEL, AND STOLE AWAY IN  
THE NIGHT.**

High in hand their weapons      Hettel and      [880]  
Ludwig bore,—

Well had they been sharpened.      Soon each knew  
the more

Who was now his foeman,      such strength they both  
were showing.

Ludwig slew King Hettel;      and out of this our  
mournful tale is growing.

When the lord of Matelan      upon the field lay      [881]  
slain,

Soon 'twas told to his daughter:      loudly then began  
Gu-drun to mourn her father,      so did many a  
maiden;

Not one could stop her wailing:      friends and foes  
alike were sorrow-laden.

Soon as the grim old Wâ-te      the death of the      [882]  
king did know,

He cried and roared in anger.      Like to the evening  
glow,

Now were helmets blazing,      beneath the strokes  
quick given

By him and all his followers,      who by their loss  
were unto madness driven.

However hard their fighting,      how could it      [883]

bring them good?  
Drenched was all the island with many knights'  
hot blood.  
Not yet the Hegeling warriors to think of peace  
were ready;  
Away from the Wulpensand they only wished to  
bring Gu-drun, their lady.

In stormy fight the Waal men bewreked the [884]  
death of the king;  
To many a fighting Ortlander and hard-pressed  
Hegeling  
Those who came from Denmark of friendship  
gave a token:  
Soon these knights so daring found in their hands  
their trusty weapons broken.

Now to avenge his father Ortwin bravely [885]  
strove:  
Faithful to him did Horant and all his followers  
prove.  
Night the field had darkened, the light of day was  
failing;  
Then were given to many wounds from which the  
life-blood fast was welling.

Soon, in the dark, on Horant a Danish [886]  
follower sprang;  
The sword that he was holding loud on the armor  
rang:  
Thinking he was a foeman, Horant at once upon  
him

Wrought most bitter sorrow: a deadly wound by  
that warrior brave was done him.

When Horant saw that his kinsman beneath [887]  
his blow lay dead,

Then he bade that his banner be borne with his  
own o'erhead.

The voice of him who was dying told whose life  
he had taken

With his hand so rashly; sorely he mourned the  
friend who never would waken.

Loudly called out Herwic: "Murder here is [888]  
done!

Since we can see no longer, and daylight now is  
gone,

We all shall kill each other, friends and foes  
together.

If this shall last till morning, two may be left to  
fight, but not another."

Where'er they saw old Wâ-te on the stormy [889]  
fighting-ground,

No one there was willing near him to be found;  
No welcome, in his madness, was he to any  
giving:

Many a foe he wounded, and laid on the spot that  
he would ne'er be leaving.

'Twas well the foes were sundered until the [890]  
break of day;

On either side the foemen near each other lay,



Wounded to death or slaughtered.      Fast the light  
    was waning,  
Not yet the moon was risen,      and the Hegeling foe  
    the field were nowhere gaining.

The warriors grim, unwillingly,      to the strife      [891]  
    now put a stop;  
The hands of all were weary      ere they gave the  
    struggle up:  
But, when the fight was over,      they near each other  
    loitered.  
Wherever fires were burning,      for each the other's  
    shields and helmets glittered.

Ludwig then and Hartmut,      lords of the      [892]  
    Norman land,  
Talked aside together.      Then to his faithful band  
Spake the elder warrior:      “Why be longer staying  
So near the brave old Wâ-te,      who all of us is  
    madly bent on slaying?”

The wily king then bade them:      “Lie low,      [893]  
    and be not seen,  
With your heads upon your bucklers:      you then  
    must make a din;  
And so the men of the Hegelings      my plan will not  
    be knowing,—  
That, if I now can do it,      I with you all may hence  
    unseen be going.”

Ludwig's men and kinsmen      did as he had      [894]  
    said:

They upon their sackbuts      and trumpets loudly  
    played,  
As if they, by their prowess,      the land had gained  
    them wholly.  
Ludwig now to his followers      showed his crafty  
    plot and cunning fully.

Then were heard, on all sides,      mingled      [895]  
    shouts and cries;  
But wailing from the maidens      was not allowed to  
    rise:  
All who would not stop it      were threatened death  
    by drowning,—  
To be sunk beneath the waters,—      if they were  
    sobbing heard, or loudly moaning.

Whate'er was owned by the Normans      now      [896]  
    to the ships was ta'en;  
The dead were there left lying,      e'en where they  
    were slain.  
Friends were lost to many      who, seeking, could not  
    find them:  
So few there were still living,      that many an empty  
    ship was left behind them.

Thus unbeknown and slyly,      sailed away      [897]  
    o'er the main  
The men of the land of Normandy;      great was the  
    women's pain  
From kinsfolk to be sundered,      and yet to hush their  
    weeping.  
Of this the men knew nothing      who now upon the

Wulpensand were sleeping.

Before the day was dawning, well were on [898]  
their way

They whom the Danish warriors had thought that  
morn to slay.

Then Wâ-te bade that loudly his war-horn should  
be sounded;

He was in haste to follow, and hoped erelong to  
fell them, deeply wounded.

On foot and on their horses, the men of the [899]  
Hegeling land

All were seen together, flocking o'er the sand,  
To fight the fleeing Normans; never in this they  
rested.

Ludwig with his followers already far upon their  
way had hasted.

Many ships lay empty, and clothing there [900]  
was found;

All about the Wulpensand 'twas scattered o'er the  
ground;

Many weapons also were seen, with none to bear  
them.

They had overslept their going, and never to harm  
their foes could they come near them.

When this was told to Wâ-te, with anger he [901]  
was torn:

How for the death of Hettel he bitterly did mourn!  
And that on Ludwig's body his wrath he was not

wreaking!  
Helmets there lay shattered;      for this must many a  
woman's heart be aching.

How gloomily and sadly      now, in angry      [902]  
mood,  
Ortwin was bewailing      the loss of his warriors  
good!

He said: "Rouse up, my fighters!      we may perhaps  
o'ertake them  
Before they leave these waters;      not far from shore  
we yet in flight may check them."

Willingly old Wâ-te      would his bidding do:      [903]  
Fru-te the winds was watching,      to learn which  
way they blew.

Then said he to his kinsmen:      "What helps it though  
we hasten?  
Mark what now I tell you:      the thirty miles they've  
gained we ne'er can lessen.

"Moreover, we of fighters      have not here      [904]  
enough  
That we in aught can harm them,      e'en should we  
now set off:  
Scorn me not," said Fru-te,      "and to my words give  
heeding;  
What more to say is needful?      Your foes you  
cannot reach, howe'er you're speeding.

"Bid that now the wounded      upon the ships      [905]  
be laid;

Then on the field of battle      let search for the dead  
    be made,  
And bid that they be buried      upon this strand  
    forsaken,  
So friends may rest together;      this good at least  
    from them should not be taken.”

All, standing there together,      wringing their      [906]  
    hands were seen.  
For this one sorrow only,      would their lot have  
    hapless been,—  
To lose the youthful maiden,      Hilda’s lovely  
    daughter.  
How, when they saw her mother,      if home they  
    went, could news so sad be brought her?

Then to them said Morunc:      “Would there      [907]  
    were nothing more,  
Beyond our own sad losses,      for which our hearts  
    are sore!  
Small reward will be given      for the news we home  
    shall carry,  
That Hettel dead is lying:      far from Hilda fain  
    would I longer tarry.”

Then went the warriors searching      for the      [908]  
    dead upon the sand.  
Those they knew were Christians      who lay upon  
    the strand,  
As the Sturmisch Wâ-te bade them,      were all  
    together carried;  
Then both the old and the younger      chose a spot

whereon the dead were buried.

Then said the knight, young Ortwin:      “Let us      [909]  
    bury them here;  
And thought must we be taking      to build a church  
    full near,  
That they be not forgotten,      while this their end is  
    showing.  
For it shall all their kinsmen      give of their wealth,  
    each one his share bestowing.”

Then spake the Sturmisch Wâ-te:      “In this      [910]  
    thou well hast said;  
We now should sell the horses      and the clothing of  
    the dead,  
Who on the shore are lying;      so, since their life is  
    ended,  
Shall many poor and needy,      with the wealth they  
    left, be holpen and befriended.”

Then asked the warrior Irold, if foes who there      [911]  
    lay dead  
Should also now be buried,      or if wolves should  
    on them feed,  
And hungry ravens tear them,      that round their  
    bodies hovered?  
Then to the wise they listened;      none of the dead  
    were left on the field uncovered.

When now the fight was over,      and all were      [912]  
    free from care,  
Hettel, their king, they buried,      who for his

daughter dear,  
Upon this barren seashore, e'en unto death had  
striven.

To others who had fallen, whate'er their land and  
name, was burial given.

First, the men from Moorland each by [913]  
himself they laid;

The same was done for the Hegelings found  
among the dead;

Unto the Normans, also, gave they graves allotted:  
Alone was each one buried, if Christian he were  
or heathen, it nothing booted.

Until six days were over, busy were they, at [914]  
their best,

And never time were finding (for the warriors  
took no rest)

To ask for dead and dying the grace of God in  
heaven,

For sins of which they were guilty; that they for  
their misdeeds should be forgiven.

Saying mass and singing were later heard [915]  
on the strand.

Never was God so worshipped, in any other land,  
For the dead in stormy fighting. Wherever men  
were lying

With their death-wounds smitten, holy priests they  
brought to shrive the dying.

Many there did tarry to care for the [916]

churchly men.

A deed of gift was written,      wherein it could be  
seen  
How of land to the brothers      three hundred hides  
was given.  
Far and wide 'twas bruited,      that well a godly  
house was builded, and had thriven.

All who there were mourning      the loss of      [917]  
friends and kin  
Gave of their wealth a tithing,      women as well as  
men,  
For weal of the souls of any      whose bodies there  
lay buried.  
The cloister soon was wealthy,      by the yield of  
three hundred hides, through toil unwearied.

Now may God in his keeping      have those      [918]  
who there lie dead,  
And the holy men there dwelling.      Those then  
homeward sped  
Who still upon the Wulpensand      were left among  
the living;  
After all their sorrows,      they reached their  
fatherland, no more in warfare striving.





*Tale the Nineteenth.*

**HOW THE HEGELINGS WENT HOME TO THEIR OWN  
LAND.**

The kinsmen of King Hettel      upon the sands      [919]  
    had left

Many in death's fast keeping;      never knights bereft  
Their homeward way had taken,      hearts so sorry  
    bringing.

Thereafter lovely women      for this, with weeping  
    eyes, their hands were wringing.

Ortwin, the knight of Ortland,      who to the      [920]  
    fight had come,

After such shame and losses,      back to fair Hilda's  
    home

Feared to bring these tidings,      his mother dear to  
    sadden.

She there was waiting daily,      hoping her men  
    would bring Gu-drun the maiden.

Wâ-te, fearing sorely,      rode to Hilda's land;      [921]  
The others dared not tell her      of the loss on the  
    Wulpensand.

Ill in the storm of fighting,      his strength her men  
    had warded;

Not lightly her forgiveness      he hoped to gain, who  
    thus her lord had guarded.

When the word was spoken      that Wâ-te near      [922]  
    had come,

At once were men faint-hearted. Erewhiles when  
he came home,  
Back from the war-field riding, it was with war-  
horns braying.  
This he did at all times; but now they all were  
still, and nought were saying.

“Woe’s me!” said Lady Hilda, “what [923]  
sorrows must we fear?  
The men of the aged Wâ-te shattered shields now  
bear;  
Slowly step the horses, with armor heavy-loaded.  
Some evil has befallen. Oh! say what harm to the  
king is now forboded?”

When thus the queen had spoken, but little [924]  
time had passed  
Ere to the aged Wâ-te crowds came up in haste,  
Who of friends and kinsfolk tidings now were  
seeking.  
Soon a tale he told them with which the hearts of  
all were well-nigh breaking.

Thus spake the Sturmisch Wâ-te: “Your [925]  
loss I may not hide,  
Nor falsehood will I tell you; all in the fight have  
died.”  
The young and old together at this with fear were  
stricken.  
Ne’er was a throng more wretched; no other woes  
could one to theirs e’er liken.

“Alas! my bitter sorrow!”      said King      [926]  
Hettel’s wife.

“From me my lord is sundered,      who there laid  
down his life,  
The great and mighty Hettel!      My pride, how is it  
fallen!  
Lost are child and husband!      Gu-drun I ne’er shall  
see, from me forever stolen.”

Then both knights and maidens      with      [927]  
sharpest woe were torn;  
Their sorrow knew no healing.      Loudly the queen  
forlorn  
Was heard, throughout the palace,      for her husband  
mourning.  
“Ah, wretched me,” cried Hilda,      “that now to  
Hartmut’s side the luck is turning!”

Then spake the brave old Wâ-te:      “My lady,      [928]  
end your moan:  
Home are they coming never,      but when to men are  
grown  
The youths within our kingdom,      sad days will  
have an ending;  
To Ludwig and to Hartmut      the like we’ll do, our  
wrath upon them spending.”

Then quoth the weeping lady:      “Alas, that I      [929]  
must live!  
Whatever I am owning      I would most gladly give  
Could e’er my wrongs be righted.      If but this were  
granted,

That I, poor God-forsaken,      might see Gu-drun  
again, naught else were wanted.”

Old Wâ-te spake to Hilda:      “Lady, weep no      [930]  
more.

’Tis best that we be sending,      before twelve days  
are o’er,  
To gather all your warriors,      who will help you  
gladly  
To plan a raid on the foeman;      so with the Norman  
will it yet go badly.”

He said: “My Lady Hilda,      list to what      [931]  
befell:

Erewhile I took from pilgrims      nine ships, and then  
set sail:  
These should again be given      to those we ill have  
treated;  
That when new strifes we’re waging,      a better luck  
to us may then be meted.”

The weeping Hilda answered:      “’Tis best      [932]  
that this be done;

Ever is it fitting      that men for misdeeds atone.  
To steal the goods of pilgrims      is a sin not lightly  
shriven:  
For every mark we’ve taken,      to them three marks  
of silver shall be given.”

The ships were brought to the pilgrims,      as      [933]  
the queen did say;

Not one there was among them,      when they sailed

away,  
Who left a curse behind him. For wrongs they  
found a healing;  
And for Hilda, Hagen's daughter, they harbored,  
when they left, no bitter feeling.

Upon the morrow early, thither to come was [934]  
seen  
Herwic, the lord of Sealand; soon he found the  
queen  
Weeping for her husband, who in death was lying.  
She gave the knight a welcome, with hands she  
ever wrung, and deeply sighing.

Seeing the lady weeping, then, too, to weep [935]  
began  
The young and lordly Herwic; soon spake that  
well-born man:  
“Their lives not all have given, who help to you  
are owing,  
And who would gladly grant it; though many by  
their death their love were showing.

“My arm shall never falter, nor heart from [936]  
care be free,  
Till Hartmut feels my anger, who stole the maid  
from me,  
And dared from home to tear her, death to many  
dealing:  
Soon will I ride to his borders; then will I seize  
and hold his lands and dwelling.”

His men, though filled with sorrow,      rode      [937]  
    towards the town,  
Flocking to Matelan castle.      The queen her hope  
    made known  
That, whatsoe'er might happen,      their fealty would  
    not weaken;  
And, though the worst befell them,      that she by  
    them would never be forsaken.

To her the men from Friesland      and those      [938]  
    from Sturmland went,  
And from the Danish kingdom      were warriors  
    likewise sent;  
The knights of Morunc also,      from the land of  
    Waleis riding,  
Thither came with the Hegelings,      to where the fair  
    Queen Hilda was abiding.

Forthwith there came from Ortland,      Ortwin,      [939]  
    Hilda's son;  
Then mourned they, as was fitting,      his father dead  
    and gone.  
Soon were all the warriors      aside with their ladies  
    speaking,  
And talking of the inroad      the fighters strong one  
    day would thence be making.

Then said the aged Wâ-te:      "This can never      [940]  
    be  
Till those who now are children      fully-grown we  
    see,  
And worthy to be swordsmen.      Then, their fathers

mourning,  
And of their kinsmen mindful, gladly will they  
with us to war be turning.”

Queen Hilda then made answer: “To wait [941]  
for this were long;  
Meanwhile Gu-drun, my daughter, held by foemen  
strong,  
Must in a far-off kingdom be kept in bondage  
bitter;  
And I, poor queen and mother, shall know no  
bliss, and my heart will ne'er grow lighter.”

Then said the Danish Fru-te: “The maid we [942]  
cannot free  
Until once more your kingdom shall full of  
warriors be.  
Then, for the struggle ready, we hence shall ride,  
unfearing;  
And so upon our foemen shall work the greatest ill  
with blows unsparing.”

To this Queen Hilda answered: “That day [943]  
may God soon give;  
But I, unhappy woman, a weary life must live.  
Whoe'er of me is mindful, and of Gu-drun, poor  
maiden,  
Him will I trust most fully, knowing his heart for  
us with care is laden.”

They now their leave were taking; to them [944]  
the lady spake:



“May he be blest and happy      who thought for me  
    shall take.

’Tis right that you, brave warriors,      to fight for me  
    are ready;

Meanwhile for the coming inroad      do all you can,  
    and therein be you speedy.”

Wisely then spake Wâ-te,      the warrior old      [945]  
    and good:

“Lady, we should be felling      trees in the western  
    wood.

Since we to fight have chosen,      our hopes upon it  
    staking,

The men of every pryncedom      should forty well-  
    built ships for us be making.”

“I too will bid,” quoth Hilda,      “that near the      [946]  
    deep sea-flood

Twenty ships be builded,      strong, and firm, and  
    good;

And have them fully ready      —my hest shall well  
    be heeded—

To bear my friends and kindred      to where they for  
    the fight will soon be needed.”

Siegfried, lord of Moorland,      while their      [947]  
    leave they took,

With kind and seemly bearing,      thus to the women  
    spoke:

“You have to tell me only      when our time to wait is  
    ending;

To sail shall I be ready,      nor need you then for me

be further sending.”

Then to the sorrowing women,      before they      [948]  
    spread the sail,  
The friendly guests, now leaving,      bade a kind  
    farewell.  
The hearts of knights and maidens      deep in woe  
    were sinking;  
Yet warlike deeds they plotted      of which their  
    Norman foes were never thinking.

When they at length had ridden      back again      [949]  
    to their land,  
Sadly they mourned their losses:      then to the  
    Wulpensand,  
For the sake of the dead, did Hilda      bid that food  
    be taken  
To the priests for them there praying.      The queen  
    was wise, the dead were not forsaken.

There she bade to be builded      a minster fair      [950]  
    and wide;  
A house for the sick, and a cloister      built they at its  
    side,  
Near where the slain were buried.      In many a land  
    one heareth  
Its name, and of those there fallen:      ‘The church of  
    Wulpensand’ is the name it beareth.



*Tale the Twentieth.*

**HOW HARTMUT WENT HOME TO NORMANDY.**

No further will we tell you      of how with      [951]  
    these it fared,  
Or how the cloister-brothers      their life together  
    shared.  
Now to the tale of Hartmut      we ask you all to  
    listen;  
How he with many maidens,      high-born and fair,  
    unto his land did hasten.

After the fight was ended,      as I have told      [952]  
    before,  
For many there was sorrow      for the bitter wounds  
    they bore:  
Many who had fallen      on the stormy field lay  
    dying;  
Children bereft of fathers      bewailed them soon  
    with tears they ne'er were drying.

With heavy hearts the Normans      were      [953]  
    wafted o'er the flood;  
Every night and morning      many a warrior good  
Felt ashamed and sorry,      thus from the sands to be  
    driven;  
So felt the old and the youthful,      although in all  
    things else they well had thriven.

They came to the Norman borders,      unto      [954]  
    King Ludwig's land.

It was a day of gladness to all the sailing band,  
To see at last their homesteads and thither to be  
steering.

Then said one among them: “These are Hartmut’s  
towns that we are nearing.”

Helped by kindly breezes, soon they [955]  
reached the shore.

Now the men of Normandy happy hearts all bore,  
When to their wives and children they again were  
coming;

Long had they been fearing that they must die,  
while they afar were roaming.

When now the glad King Ludwig did on his [956]  
castles look,

Thus the lordly Norman to Gu-drun, the maiden,  
spoke:

“See you that palace, Lady? In bliss you may there  
be living;

If you to us are kindly, our richest lands will we  
to you be giving.”

Then the high-born maiden thus made her [957]  
sorrow known:

“To whom should I feel kindly, when kindness  
none have shown?

From that, alas! I’m sundered, and in my hopes am  
thwarted;

Nothing I know but hardship, and all my weary  
days I spend sad-hearted.”

Then answered her King Ludwig:      “Throw      [958]  
    off this sorry mood,  
And give your love to Hartmut,      a knight both  
    brave and good.  
Whatever we are owning      to give you we are  
    willing;  
With one who is so worthy      blest may you live,  
    and lofty rank be filling.”

Then spake Hilda’s daughter:      “Why leave      [959]  
    me not in peace?  
Rather than wed with Hartmut      death would I  
    dread far less.  
That he should be my lover      by birth he is not  
    fitted;  
To lose my life were better      than take his love and  
    as his bride be greeted.”

When this was heard by Ludwig,      filled with      [960]  
    wrath was he;  
Quick by the hair he seized her,      and flung her into  
    the sea.  
Straightway the daring Hartmut      his ready help then  
    gave her;  
He sprang at once to the maiden,      and from the  
    whirling waves his arm did save her.

Just as the maid was sinking      Hartmut      [961]  
    reached her side;  
Had not her lover helped her      drowned were she in  
    the tide.  
Her yellow locks well grasping,      then from out the

water

With his hands he drew her:      else nought from  
death had spared Queen Hilda's daughter.

Back to the ship did Hartmut      bring the      [962]

maiden fair;—

Rough ways to lovely women      Ludwig did not  
spare.

Dragged from out the water,      she in her smock was  
seated;

How full was she of sadness!      Never before had  
the maiden thus been treated.

Then all her friends together      wept for the      [963]

lovely maid,

None could there be happy;      for what could be  
more sad

Than to see the king's own daughter      handled thus  
so roughly?

The thought to them was rising:      “To us they now  
will bear themselves more gruffly.”

Then said the knightly Hartmut:      “Why      [964]

drown my hoped-for wife,

Gu-drun, the lovely maiden,      dear to me as life?

If any but my father      so foul a wrong had done her,

Sore would be my anger,      and I from him would  
take both life and honor.”

To him King Ludwig answered:      “Ever free      [965]

from shame

Have I till age been living,      and still a worthy

name  
And rank among my fellows will hold till life is  
ending.  
Bid now Gu-drun, your lady, that she no more her  
scorn on me be spending.”

Now unto Queen Gerlind errand-bearers [966]  
came,  
Who, in mood most happy, bore in Hartmut’s  
name  
Words of love and honor, as from her son was  
fitting.  
He asked a friendly welcome for his many knights  
who on the shore were waiting.

They bore from him the tidings that he [967]  
across the wave  
Had brought the Hegeling maiden, to whom his  
love he gave  
Ere he had looked upon her, and for whom he still  
was pining.  
When this was heard by Gerlind, a happier day on  
her was never shining.

Then said he who told it: “Lady, you now [968]  
should ride  
To the sea before the castle, where yet the maid  
doth bide,  
And give her, in her sorrow, your love and kindly  
greeting;  
You and your daughter, Ortrun, should haste to the  
shore, the homeless maiden meeting.



“Likewise, riding with you down unto the [969]  
flood,  
Should go both maids and women, and also  
warriors good.  
Her you will find in the harbor who from home  
was riven;  
Both to the maid and her followers a welcome  
kind by you should now be given.”

Then Queen Gerlind answered: “That will I [970]  
gladly do;  
'Twill make me richly happy King Hettel's child  
to know,  
And to find that, with her maidens, she has come  
to tarry.  
Well I know that Hartmut will soon be blest, when  
he the maid shall marry.”

Then she bade that horses, with saddle- [971]  
cloths, be brought.  
Ortrun, the youthful princess, was happy in the  
thought  
Soon in her father's kingdom to see Gu-drun, the  
maiden,  
If this might truly happen; for the speech of all  
was with her praises laden.

Then out of chests were taken of all the [972]  
clothes the best  
They knew therein were lying, to be worn to meet  
the guest.  
Soon the knights of Hartmut to don the clothes

were bidden;  
Erelong a throng of followers, gaily bedight, from  
Gerlind's halls had ridden.

Upon the third day early, women as well as [973]  
men,  
All who there had gathered before Gerlind, their  
queen,  
To give the maidens welcome, were ready and  
outfitted;  
Out of the gates they crowded, and on their steeds  
not long in the court-yard waited.

The Normans now with the women had into [974]  
the harbor come:  
The booty they unloaded that they would carry  
home.  
All unto their birthland back had come right  
gladly;  
Gu-drun and her band of maidens, alone of all,  
demeaned themselves but sadly.

Now the brave Sir Hartmut led her forth by [975]  
the hand,  
If she had deemed it fitting, this she had not  
deigned;  
Yet the poor child, in sorrow, took his love but  
coldly,  
Altho' he showed it warmly, and worship more  
had done freely and boldly.

With her went sixty maidens who over the [976]

sea had come:

One saw, as he beheld them,      how that all from  
    their home  
Came with proudest bearing.      They erst high rank  
    had taken,  
In other lands and kingdoms;      their hearts were  
    heavy now, of bliss forsaken.

The sister of young Hartmut      between two      [977]  
    barons rode;  
Now to Hilda's daughter      a welcome warm she  
    showed:  
Ortrun, Ludwig's daughter,      her eyes now wet with  
    weeping,  
Kissed the homeless maiden,      while she her fair  
    white hands in her own was keeping.

Then the wife of Ludwig      to kiss her, too,      [978]  
    was fain,  
But to the youthful maiden      the thought was full of  
    pain.  
Thus she spake to Gerlind:      "Why come you here  
    to meet me?  
Loath am I to kiss you,      and neither can I bear that  
    you should greet me.

"'Twas by your own ill-doing      that I, poor      [979]  
    wretched maid,  
Have known no home nor dwelling;      heart-sorrow  
    long I've had;  
My lot, alas! is shameful,      and will, I fear, grow  
    harder."

Then Ortrun strove to soothe her,      and did her best  
that with love Gu-drun should reward her.

One by one she greeted      the maids on every      [980]  
side.

Now rose a wondrous shouting;      men flocked from  
far and wide:

Upon the pebbly sea-beach      stakes for tents were  
driven;

With silken ropes were they fastened;      to Hartmut  
and his men was shelter in them given.

To bear the goods from the seaside      the folk      [981]  
were all astir.

Gu-drun, fair maiden, sorrowed,      and pain it gave  
to her

To see that all around her      the Normans were so  
many;

Unless it were to Ortrun,      she never showed a  
friendly mood to any.

The maidens on the seashore      must all the      [982]  
day abide.

With tears their eyes were flowing,      whatever  
others did;

Dry were they but seldom,      their cheeks were pale  
with sorrow:

Hartmut tried to soothe them,      but their sadness  
lasted yet through many a morrow.

To hold Gu-drun in honor      was Ortrun ever      [983]  
stern,

And, e'en if others wronged her,      with love to her  
did turn:

She in her father's kingdom      strove to make her  
merry,

But, far from friends and kindred,      often the poor  
young girl was sad and weary.

To the Normans home was welcome,      as      [984]  
indeed was right;

They boasted much of the booty,      both churl as  
well as knight,

Brought from the Hegeling kingdom,      as they home  
were turning.

What welcome glad all gave them      who ne'er to  
see them hoped, albeit yearning!

Soon as Hartmut's warriors      from all their      [985]  
toil were free,

And they were fully rested      from off the stormy  
sea,

They quickly left each other,      for their homes in  
many places:

While some their hands were wringing,      smiles  
were seen to brighten others' faces.

Then did Hartmut also      turn away from the      [986]  
shore,

And to a stately palace      the fair Gu-drun he bore.  
Henceforth the youthful maiden      must tarry there  
far longer

Than she to stay was minded,      and there her woe  
and pain grew ever stronger.

When now the high-born maiden sat in [987]  
Hartmut's hall,  
Where his men should crown her, then he bade  
them all  
To be forever faithful, and their goodwill to show  
her;  
So would she not forget them, but would enrich  
whoe'er should kindness do her.

Then spake the mother, Gerlind, old King [988]  
Ludwig's wife:  
"When will Gu-drun be ready to share young  
Hartmut's life,  
Our youthful prince so noble, and in her arms to  
fold him?  
Of her his rank is worthy, and ne'er will she be  
sorry for her lord to hold him."

Gu-drun to this had listened, the wretched, [989]  
homeless maid;  
She said: "My Lady Gerlind, 'twould make you  
sad indeed  
If you must take in wedlock one who the lives had  
wasted  
Of many friends and kinsfolk; by toil for him your  
life were ever blasted."

"This shall no one hinder," to her then said [990]  
the queen;  
"Gainsay his will no longer, let your love for him  
be seen,  
And on my head I pledge you that rich shall be

your guerdon:

If to be a queen you spurn not,      you of my crown  
shall bear the happy burden.”

Then said the sorrowing maiden:      “That will      [991]

I never wear;

Of all his wealth and greatness      you the tale may  
spare.

Your son, the knightly Hartmut,      my love can ne'er  
be winning:

Unwilling here I linger,      and hence to go I day by  
day am pining.”

Then the youthful Hartmut,      who of the land      [992]  
was lord,

Was angry with the maiden      when he her answer  
heard.

He said: “If, then, to wed her      the lady granteth  
never,

So, also, to the fair one      shall my goodwill and  
love be wanting ever.”

Then the wicked Gerlind      to Hartmut said, in      [993]  
turn:

“Ever the young and thoughtless      from the wise  
should learn.

Now leave to me this maiden,      let me for her be  
caring,

And I so well shall teach her      that she will quickly  
drop her lofty bearing.”

“That will I grant you gladly,”      Hartmut      [994]

answering said;  
“Whate’er from this may follow, to you I give the  
maid,  
To have in your good keeping, as suits her rank  
and honor;  
The maid is sad and homeless; lady, ’tis right that  
kindly care be shown her.”

So Gu-drun, the fair one, when Hartmut [995]  
went that day,  
Was left unto his mother, and given to her sway:  
But Hilda’s youthful daughter Gerlind’s guidance  
hated;  
She could not brook her teaching, and never her  
dislike for this abated.

Then to the lovely maiden the old she-devil [996]  
spake:  
“If you will not live happy, then sorrow you must  
take.  
You have to heat my chamber; yourself the fire  
must kindle;  
See, there is none to help you, nor may you hope  
your toil will ever dwindle.”

The high-born maiden answered: “That I [997]  
well can do;  
Whatever you shall bid me, in all must I yield to  
you,  
Until the God in heaven at last my wrongs has  
righted.  
Never my mother’s daughter the fire upon the



hearth ere this has lighted.”

Said Gerlind: “As I’m living, to toil must [998]  
you begin,

As never queenly daughter to do before was seen.  
To be so proud and headstrong I will make you  
weary:

Before to-morrow darkens, your maidens you  
must leave, and ne’er be merry.

“You hold yourself too highly, as I have [999]  
heard it said;

For this shall work most toilsome soon upon you  
be laid.

This pride and froward bearing must be by you  
forsaken;

Your lofty mood will I lower, and all your hopes  
will very quickly weaken.”

Then went the wicked Gerlind to court, in [1000]  
anger wild;

She said to her son, young Hartmut: “Hettel’s  
wilful child

Scorns both you and your kindred, and ever at us  
is sneering:

Would we had never seen her, if we such talk  
from her must now be hearing.”

Then spake unto his mother Hartmut, the [1001]  
knight so brave:

“Pray treat the maiden kindly, howe’er she may  
behave:

So, for the care you show her, my thanks will you  
be earning.

Greatly have I wronged her; it well may be that  
she my love is spurning.”

Then said to him old Gerlind: “Whate’er [1002]  
by us is done,

In mood she is so stubborn that she will yield to  
none.

Unless we treat her harshly she ne’er, as you  
would have her,

Will come to you in wedlock; this must we do, or  
else to herself must leave her.”

Then to her thus answered the worthy [1003]  
Norman knight:

“Good lady, show her kindness henceforth in all  
men’s sight,

Now for the love you bear me; such care I beg you  
give her

That from her love and friendship the king’s fair  
daughter may not bar me ever.”

Then his devilish mother, with anger [1004]  
brimming o’er,

To the throng of Hegeling maidens quickly went  
once more.

She said: “Make ready, maidens, and to your toil  
betake you,

To do what you are bidden; the task to each that’s  
given ne’er forsake you.”

The maidens then were sundered, and soon [1005]  
from each other torn;  
They saw not one another, and long must live  
forlorn.  
Those who once so worthily lofty rank were  
taking,  
In winding yarn were busied; while they sat at  
work their hearts were aching.

Some her flax were combing, others for [1006]  
her must spin;  
Ladies of lofty breeding, whose pastime it had  
been  
On their silken clothing to lay, with skill  
unsparing,  
Gold and gems most costly, these for her now  
heavy toil were bearing.

The first in birth among them at the court [1007]  
was kept;  
Water she must carry to the room where Ortrun  
slept:  
To wait upon that lady the high-born maid was  
bidden;  
By name was she called Hergart; her lofty birth  
was nought, she still was chidden.

Among them was another, brought from [1008]  
Galicia's strand;  
The griffin her from Portugal had borne to a far-  
off land.  
She to the Hegeling kingdom with Hagen's child

was carried,  
From over Ireland's borders; now with the maids  
in the Norman land she tarried.

She was a prince's daughter, who castles [1009]  
owned and lands;  
The fire must now be lighted by her, with fair  
white hands,  
While in the room well heated Gerlind's ladies  
rested.  
For all the work she was doing no thanks on her  
by them were ever wasted.

Now you well may wonder to hear her [1010]  
sorry plight.  
For Gerlind's lowest wenches she drudged both  
day and night;  
Whatever task they set her, to do must she be  
willing.  
It helped her not with the Normans that she at  
home a lofty rank was filling.

The work was mean and shameful that they [1011]  
were made to do  
For seven half years and over, —this is all too  
true,—  
Until the young Lord Hartmut, when three wars  
were ended,  
Had come again to his kingdom, and found the  
maids at work, and ill-befriended.

To see again his loved one Hartmut deeply [1012]

yearned;  
But when he looked upon her,      the truth he quickly  
    learned,  
That she good food and lodging      of late had seldom  
    tasted:  
For choosing to live rightly,      'twas her reward to  
    be with sorrow wasted.

When forth she came to meet him,      to her      [1013]  
    young Hartmut said:  
“Gu-drun, most lovely maiden,      what is the life you  
    have led  
Since I, with all my warriors,      my lands and home  
    was leaving?”  
She said: “Such tasks they set me,      'twas sin for  
    you, and shame to me 'twas giving.”

Then outspoke young Hartmut:      “Why has      [1014]  
    this been done,  
Gerlind, my dearest mother?      Your love she should  
    have known;  
When with you I left her,      her lot you should have  
    brightened,  
And all her heavy sorrows      you should for her  
    within my land have lightened.”

His wolfish mother answered:      “How      [1015]  
    could I better teach  
King Hettel's ill-bred daughter?      'Twas bootless  
    to beseech,  
Nor could I ever bend her,      to make her leave her  
    jeering:

She scorned both you and your father and kindred,  
too: to this should you give hearing.”

Then again spake Hartmut: “Much wrong [1016]  
we’ve done the maid.

Slain by us, her kindred and many knights lie  
dead;

While from the lovely maiden her father we have  
taken,

Slain by my father, Ludwig, and now with  
thoughtless words her woes we waken.”

Then answered him his mother: “My son, [1017]  
’tis truth I say;

If we Gu-drun, proud maiden, for thirty years  
should pray,

If she with brooms were stricken, or with rods  
were beaten,

Your wife we ne’er could make her; hopeless it is  
the wayward maid to threaten.”

She farther said to Hartmut: “However, [1018]  
since you bid,

I’ll gladly treat her better.” But still her mind she  
hid,

And Hartmut never knew it; ere long Gu-drun  
would find her

Harsher yet than ever; and now the maiden’s  
wrongs could no one hinder.

Then went again old Gerlind to where Gu- [1019]  
drun then sat,

And said to the Hegeling maiden,      in her wrath and  
hate:

“’Twere best you now bethink you,      or else, my  
fair young maiden,  
You with your flowing tresses      must wipe the  
stools and seats, with dust thick laden.

“Then the room I sleep in,      mark what now      [1020]  
I say,  
You, to do my bidding,      must sweep three times a  
day;  
You carefully must warm it,      and keep the fire well  
burning.”  
Said she: “That do I gladly,      rather than take a  
lover I am spurning.”

Whatever she was bidden      the willing      [1021]  
maiden did;  
No work of hers she slighted,      nor should for aught  
be chid.  
For seven years, full-numbered,      in a land far over  
the water,  
The maid was toiling wearily,      and none did hold  
her as a kingly daughter.

The years had long been running,      and the      [1022]  
ninth was coming on,  
When Hartmut to bethink him      wisely had begun,  
That indeed ’twas shameful      that he no crown was  
wearing;  
And for himself and his kinsmen      ’twas right the  
name of king he now were bearing.

After heavy fighting, Hartmut, with his [1023]  
men,  
Bearing the prize of bravery, riding home was  
seen.  
He hoped the love of the maiden would now to  
him be granted;  
For, more than any other, he the fair Gu-drun for  
his true love wanted.

When he reached his homestead, he bade [1024]  
them bring the maid.  
His evil mother, Gerlind, allowed her to be clad  
In meanest clothing only: Gu-drun but little heeded  
The youthful Hartmut's wooing; steadfast and true,  
no love from him she needed.

To him his friends then whispered, that, [1025]  
whether glad or no  
For this might be his mother, he never should  
forego  
To bend the maid to his wishes; and must his care  
be giving  
That so he might with the lady for many a happy  
day in love be living.

To the ladies' room he hastened, when thus [1026]  
his kinsmen spoke,  
And there he found the maiden; her by the hand he  
took,  
And said to her: "Fair lady, love me now, I pray  
you,  
And sit as queen beside me; my knights and men



shall worship ever pay you.”

Then said the lovely maiden:      “For this I      [1027]  
    have no mind;  
For while the fiendish Gerlind      to me is so unkind,  
The love of knights, tho’ worthy,      I can long for  
    never.  
To her and all her kindred      henceforth am I a bitter  
    foe forever.”

“Sorry am I,” said Hartmut;      “to you will I      [1028]  
    make good  
The hate my mother Gerlind      to you so harshly  
    showed;  
As for both of us is worthy,      your wrongs shall  
    now be righted.”  
The high-born maiden answered:      “I trust you not;  
    your word need ne’er be plighted.”

Then said to her young Hartmut,      the lord of      [1029]  
    the Norman land:  
“Gu-drun, most lovely maiden,      you well must  
    understand  
Mine are these lands and castles:      to none may you  
    betake you;  
Who is there here would hang me      if, ’gainst your  
    will, I now my own should make you?”

Then said King Hettel’s daughter:      “That      [1030]  
    were a deed of shame:  
Of aught so wrong and hateful      never did I dream.  
It would be said by princes,      should they the tale

be hearing,  
That one of the kin of Hagen in Hartmut's land a  
harlot's name is bearing."

Then did Hartmut answer: "What care I [1031]  
what they say?

If only you, fair lady, do not say me nay,  
A king my men shall see me, and you my seat be  
sharing."

Then said the maid to Hartmut: "That I should  
love you be you never fearing.

"Well you know, Sir Hartmut, how with [1032]  
me it stands;

And all the wrong and sorrow I met with at your  
hands,

When far from home you carried me whom you  
had stolen,

And, wounded by your warriors, my father's men  
erewhile in death had fallen.

"Well known to you 'tis also, —for this I [1033]  
mourn again,—

How my father, Hettel, was by your father slain.

Were I knight, and not a woman, he durst not come  
before me

Unless his weapons wearing. Why wed the man  
who from my kindred tore me?"

For many years now bygone, it ever was [1034]  
the way,

No man should take a woman, and have her in his

sway,  
Unless they both were willing.      Much praise for  
this is owing.  
Gu-drun, the homeless maiden,      her father's loss  
still mourned, with tears o'erflowing.

Then spake to her in anger      Hartmut, the      [1035]  
youthful knight:  
"Whatever may befall you,      I reckon not for your  
plight;  
Since now you are not willing      to wear the crown  
beside me,  
You'll have what you are seeking,      your meed  
you'll daily earn, nor need you chide me."

"That will I earn most gladly,      as I have      [1036]  
done before,  
Though for the men of Hartmut      the hardest toil I  
bore,  
And for Queen Gerlind's women.      If God my  
wrongs forgetteth,  
To bear them I am willing;      but heavy is the woe  
that me besetteth."

Still they sought to soothe her:      first to the      [1037]  
court they sent  
Young Ortrun, Hartmut's sister,      whose looks all  
kindness meant;  
'Twas hoped that she and her maidens,      now by  
friendly dealing,  
Would bring Gu-drun, poor lone one,      to bear  
towards them all a better feeling.

Then to his sister Ortrun      Hartmut freely      [1038]

spake:

“Wealth I will give you, sister,      if kindly, for my  
sake,

To me you will be helpful,      and bring Gu-drun, fair  
lady,

Soon to forget her sorrows;      nor o’er her woes to  
brood be ever ready.”

Then spake the youthful Ortrun,      the      [1039]

Norman maiden fair:

“To help both her and her maidens      shall ever be  
my care,

Till they forget their sorrows:      I bow my head  
before her,

And I and mine will hold her      even as our kin, and  
watchful love spread o’er her.”

Gu-drun now said to Ortrun:      “My hearty      [1040]

thanks you win,

That you, with kindly wishes,      would see me sit as  
queen,

By the side of Hartmut,      while with pride I’m  
gladdened:

For this my trust I give you,      but homeless, none the  
less, my days are saddened.”



*Tale the Twenty-First.*

**HOW GUDRUN MUST WASH CLOTHES ON THE  
BEACH.**

Then to Gu-drun they offered castles strong [1041]  
and lands:

Of these would she have nothing. So, upon the  
sands,

She must wash their clothing, from early morn till  
even.

Great ill this wrought for Ludwig, when he with  
Herwic in the fight had striven.

First, Gu-drun was bidden to leave her [1042]  
seat, that soon

She, the high-born maiden, should go with fair  
Ortrun;

They bade that she be merry, and wine with her be  
drinking.

The homeless wanderer answered: "To make me  
queen you never need be thinking.

"Well you wot, Lord Hartmut, whate'er [1043]  
your wish may be,

Betrothed am I to another, and am no longer free.

That I one day shall wed him has with an oath  
been plighted;

Until by death he's taken I will not wed with any  
man e'er knighted."

Then spake the lordly Hartmut: "You only [1044]

waste your breath;  
By nought shall we be sundered unless it shall be  
death.

In friendship with my sister you should now be  
living;  
Your hardships she will lighten, and will, I know,  
her love to you be giving.”

Fain to think was Hartmut that her [1045]  
unyielding mood  
Might now by this be softened; he hoped,  
whatever good  
Should e'er befall his sister, the maiden would be  
sharing:  
Thus for both he trusted, that a happy life erelong  
would them be cheering.

Gu-drun soon greeted kindly many a friend [1046]  
and maid.  
Ortrun sat beside her; her hue grew rosy-red  
With eating and with drinking, ere many days  
were ended.  
Enough was always ready: still the poor girl her  
mood ne'er wisely mended.

If Hartmut thought to greet her, and spoke [1047]  
in friendly mood,  
How little did it cheer her! She o'er her woes did  
brood,  
That she and all her maidens in a far-off land  
were bearing.  
Soon, against young Hartmut, of harsh and angry

words she was not sparing.

So long a time this lasted,      the king at length      [1048]  
was wroth;

He said: "Gu-drun, fair lady,      as good am I in birth  
As is the young King Herwic,      who now you think  
is fitter

Than I to be your lover:      too much you jeer at me,  
with words most bitter.

"If you would leave your sorrow,      for both      [1049]  
of us 'twere gain.

It wounds me out of measure      when any gives you  
pain,

Or seeks your heart to burden,      or in your wish to  
cross you:

Though now you are unfriendly,      to be my queen I  
yet would gladly choose you."

Then young Hartmut left her,      and straight      [1050]  
his men he sought.

He bade them to be watchful      of ills that threatened  
aught,

And well to guard his kingdom;      for he the while  
bethought him,

So sorely was he hated,      'twas much to fear some  
harm would yet be wrought him.

The cross and wicked Gerlind      for her hard      [1051]  
tasks did set;

She on a seat but seldom      any rest did get.

Erst 'mong princes' daughters      men were wont to



greet her,  
As for her was rightful; now with the scorned and  
lowly they must meet her.

To her, in mood unfriendly, the old she- [1052]  
wolf then spake:  
“Now Queen Hilda’s daughter I a drudge will  
make;  
Although her evil feelings seem so strong and  
steady,  
We yet shall see her toiling as ne’er before to do  
has she been ready.”

Then said the high-born maiden: “To work [1053]  
with all my might,  
With hand and heart, I’m willing; in this, both day  
and night,  
Will I be always busy, and every hour be striving;  
Since ill-luck begrudges that I among my friends  
should now be living.”

The wicked Gerlind answered: “Now [1054]  
daily to the beach  
You my clothes must carry, there on the sands to  
bleach.  
You must for me and my maidens be washing and  
be drying;  
And that no one find you idle, your work with care  
you ever must be plying.”

Then spake the high-born maiden: “Wife of [1055]  
a mighty king,

If they will only teach me the way to wash and  
wring,  
And how to cleanse your clothing, to do it I am  
willing.  
Bliss no more I look for; still greater woe my  
heart must yet be filling.

“Bid them now to teach me, and I will [1056]  
gladly learn;  
So high I do not hold me that I the task should  
spurn.  
Thus shall I be earning the food I here am eating;  
Nought I say against it.” The poor Gu-drun her lot  
was wisely meeting.

Then by a washerwoman clothes to the [1057]  
sands were brought,  
And how to wash and dry them the maiden now  
was taught.  
Much at first she sorrowed, and by the work was  
flurried,  
Yet was she spared by no one. So was the fair  
Gu-drun by Gerlind worried.

Before King Ludwig's castle, she gained a [1058]  
skilful hand;  
For knights who there were dwelling within the  
Norman land,  
None could be more helpful, their clothing better  
washing.  
Loudly mourned her maidens to see her toiling  
where the waves were dashing.

One there was among them      who was also a      [1059]  
    great king's child;  
The wailing of the others      was to hers a whisper  
    mild.  
This work so mean and lowly      went to their hearts  
    too nearly,  
As they saw the high-born lady      drudging on the  
    shore, both late and early.

Then with love true-hearted      Hildeburg      [1060]  
    made moan:  
“Well we all must rue it—      to God may this be  
    known—  
Who in this Norman kingdom      erst with Gu-drun  
    were landing;  
No rest ought we to hope for      while on the sea-  
    beach washing she is standing.”

This was heard by Gerlind,      who in anger      [1061]  
    spoke:  
“If on the toils of your lady      with such ill-will you  
    look,  
The work shall you be doing,      and her place be  
    filling.”  
“That would I do right gladly,”      said Hildeburg, “if  
    only you were willing.

“For the love of God Almighty,      Gerlind,      [1062]  
    my lady queen,  
Let not this great king's daughter      toiling alone be  
    seen:  
A crown, too, wore my father,      yet work would I

be doing;  
Let me with her stand washing,      whatever good or  
ill we may be knowing.

“It fills my heart with sorrow,      I feel her      [1063]  
woes my own.

Once the greatest honor      to her by God was shown:  
Her forefathers and kindred      were kings, and none  
were higher;

Though now her work is lowly,      to toil with the  
maiden I shall never tire.”

Then said the wicked Gerlind:      “This oft      [1064]  
will bring you pain;

However hard the winter,      still in snow and rain  
My clothes must you be washing,      altho’ cold  
winds are blowing;

So will you be wishing      that you the warmth of  
heated rooms were knowing.”

Unwillingly she waited      until the night      [1065]  
drew near;

From this Gu-drun the high-born      gained at last  
some cheer.

Then into her bedroom      went Hildeburg in sorrow;  
There they wept together      for the work that they  
must do upon the morrow.

Then the Lady Hildeburg      said to her in      [1066]  
tears:

“The woes that you are bearing      my heart with you  
now shares;

I begged the old she-devil      no more alone to leave  
you  
Upon the sea-sands washing;      with you I'll bear the  
burden, and my help will give you."

The homeless maiden answered:      "May      [1067]  
Christ your love reward,  
That you with so much sorrow      of all my woes  
have heard.  
If we may wash together,      the days will be the  
brighter,  
And time will seem far shorter,      and on our hearts  
the shame will weigh the lighter."

Soon as her wish was granted,      down to the      [1068]  
sandy shore  
The clothing then she carried,      gladness to know no  
more.  
There must they wash in sorrow,      whatever was  
the weather;  
Whate'er was done by others,      yet still these two  
must wash and toil together.

When her throng of handmaidens      had time      [1069]  
from work to spare,  
Bitter was their weeping,      to see her standing there  
Upon the sea-sands washing.      Loud were their  
moans and many,  
Nor did their sorrow lessen;      greater woe was  
never known by any.

Long the toiling lasted,—      that is true      [1070]

enough;  
There must they be working full five years and a  
half.  
Clothes for Hartmut's followers they must wash  
and whiten:  
Ne'er were maidens sadder; their toils before the  
castle nought could lighten.



*Tale the Twenty-Second.*

**HOW HILDA MADE WAR TO BRING BACK HER  
DAUGHTER.**

We now will speak no longer      of the toil      [1071]  
    the maidens bore  
For knights as well as ladies.      Queen Hilda  
    evermore  
Her thoughts to this had given      how to win back  
    her daughter,  
Out of the Norman kingdom,      whither from home  
    the daring Hartmut brought her.

First were workmen bidden,      near to the      [1072]  
    deep sea-flood,  
Of ships to build her seven,      strong, well made,  
    and good;  
With two-and-twenty barges,      broad, with both  
    ends rounded.  
Whate'er for them was needed      was quickly  
    brought, and everything abounded.

Forty galleys also      lay upon the sea;      [1073]  
On these her eyes were feeding.      Longing great had  
    she  
To see the throng of fighters      who should soon be  
    sailing.  
She their food made ready;      for this the knights her  
    praise were loudly telling.

The time was drawing nearer,      when now      [1074]

to cross the sea  
No more should they be waiting,      who wished the  
    maids to free,  
That in a far-off kingdom      in hardest toil were  
    living.  
Now Hilda sent for her liegemen;      to those who  
    called them clothes she first was giving.

The day that she had chosen      was at the      [1075]  
    Christmas-tide,  
When they must seek the foemen      by whom King  
    Hettel died.  
Forthwith to friends and kinsmen      Hilda gave her  
    bidding,  
That they to bring her daughter      back from the  
    Norman land must then be speeding.

Trusty men were bidden      by Hilda first to      [1076]  
    go  
To Herwic and his followers,      that one and all  
    should know  
Of the inroad on the Normans      that she had sworn  
    and plotted.  
To many Hegeling children      this erelong an  
    orphan's life allotted.

The men sent out by Hilda      to Herwic rode      [1077]  
    in haste:  
For what they then were coming      the king full  
    quickly guessed;  
Then went he forth to meet them,      soon as he saw  
    them nearing;



Gladly them he greeted, and soon from them  
Queen Hilda's wish was hearing.

“Well you know, Lord Herwic, our woe [1078]  
and plight forlorn,  
And how the Hegeling warriors to help the queen  
have sworn.  
Yourself Queen Hilda trusteth more than any  
other;  
To none Gu-drun is dearer,— the homeless maid,  
long sundered from her mother.”

The well-born knight thus answered: “I [1079]  
know in truth too well  
How Hartmut had the boldness my fair betrothed  
to steal,  
Because his love she slighted, and hearkened to  
my wooing;  
For this Gu-drun, my lady, her father lost, and still  
her lot is ruing.

“My pledge and hearty greeting bear to [1080]  
your lady good;  
No more the Norman Hartmut by me shall be  
allowed  
To hold so long in bondage my own betrothed  
maiden:  
For me, of all, 'tis fittest to bring the lady home,  
our lives to gladden.

“To Hilda and her kinsmen this answer [1081]  
you may say:



child to Hartmut should be wedded.

Then sent the knight this answer:      “Unto                   [1085]  
    Queen Hilda say,—  
Though yet ’twill cost to women      many a bitter  
    day,  
I still, with all my followers,      will help be gladly  
    giving;  
For this will be heard the weeping      of many a  
    mother’s child, in the land now living.

“I bid you now, moreover,      to say unto the           [1086]  
    queen,—  
Ere many days are ended,      in her land will I be  
    seen;  
Tell her that my wishes      all to war are bending,  
And soon ten thousand warriors      from out the  
    Danish land will I be sending.”

The men sent there by Hilda      of Horant took           [1087]  
    their leave:  
They sped to the Waalisch marches,      and found  
    Morunc the brave  
With all his men about him,      a margrave rich and  
    daring.  
He gladly saw them coming,      and of a loving  
    welcome was not sparing.

Then spake the knightly Irold:      “Since now           [1088]  
    by me ’tis known  
That into the Hegeling kingdom,      before seven  
    weeks are gone,

I with all my followers      am bidden to be riding,  
For this will I be ready,      whatever luck be there  
   for us betiding.”

The news was spread by Morunc,      within      [1089]  
   the Holstein land,  
That Hilda now was sending      for all her friends at  
   hand;  
He said that all good warriors      must the field be  
   taking.  
To the Danish knight, brave Fru-te,      they also gave  
   the word, his help bespeaking.

The worthy knight, then answering,      his      [1090]  
   ready will did show:  
“Back to her home will we bring her.      Thirteen  
   years ago,  
We swore the land of the Normans      should with  
   war be wasted;  
'Twas then the friends of Hartmut      stole the maid  
   Gu-drun, and homeward hasted.”

Wâ-te, the knight from Sturm-land,      to this at      [1091]  
   once gave thought,  
How he might also help her.      Altho' he yet knew  
   nought  
Of the word that Hilda sent him,      yet he at once  
   bestirred him;  
Of his knights a goodly number      then in haste he  
   called, who gladly heard him.

All of them were busy      with care for the      [1092]

coming war;  
Wâ-te the old from Sturmland      brought from near  
and far  
Full a thousand kinsmen,      for the fight well fitted;  
With these he hoped that Hartmut      would soon be  
overcome and be outwitted.

The sad and homeless women      in toil and      [1093]  
pain were kept  
By the cross and evil Gerlind:      but fewer wrongs  
were heaped  
Upon the Lady Hergart;      (this name to her was  
given:)  
She loved the king's high cup-bearer,      and greatly  
hoped to be a princess even.

For this fair Hilda's daughter      often sorely      [1094]  
wept;  
And Hergart, too, yet later      woe and sorrow  
reaped,  
Because she ne'er with others      would their toils be  
sharing.  
Whate'er to her might happen,      Gu-drun for all her  
ills was little caring.

Of the Hegelings none were idle,      as you      [1095]  
before have heard:  
Tho' many for all their toiling      would find but  
scant reward,  
Yet all within the kingdom their      ready help were  
lending.  
Now the knights were thinking      for the brother of

Gu-drun 'twere best they should be sending.

Riders then went swiftly into the land of [1096]  
the North,  
And found in an open meadow the youth of kingly  
birth,  
Where by the edge of a river many birds were  
flocking:  
There with his trusty falconer he showed his skill,  
and spent his time in hawking.

As soon as, riding quickly, these by him [1097]  
were seen,  
He said: "Those men now coming are sent to us  
by the queen;  
They come to give her bidding, proudly hither  
hasting;  
My mother thinketh wrongly that we the war  
forget, and time are wasting."

He set his hawk a-flying, and thence at [1098]  
once he rode.  
Very soon thereafter darkened was his mood;  
For when the men he greeted, and they their tale  
were telling,  
He learned that the queen, his mother, ever in  
tears her loss was aye bewailing.

She to the youthful warrior sent her [1099]  
greeting kind:  
In her wretched lot, she asked him what might be  
his mind;

And asked how many followers he could to the  
war be leading;  
For from the Hegeling kingdom they all to the  
Norman land must soon be speeding.

Then Ortwin sent this answer: “Me dost [1100]  
thou rightly bid;  
I from hence will hasten, and bring from far and  
wide  
Twenty thousand fighters,— men both brave and  
daring;  
These my steps will follow even to death, their  
lives and homes forswearing.”

Now from every border many warriors [1101]  
went  
Riding to Hilda’s kingdom, for whom the queen  
had sent;  
They vied with one another, to win her praises  
striving.  
Not less than sixty thousand together came, their  
help for Hilda giving.

On the river Waal Sir Morunc had upon [1102]  
the wave  
Of broad-built ships full sixty, strong to bear the  
brave  
Who with the Hegelings sailing would o’er the  
sea be carried,  
To free Gu-drun, the maiden, who sadly now  
among the Normans tarried.

From out the Northland also      finest ships      [1103]  
    were brought,  
With horses and with clothing,      as good as could  
    be sought:  
Decked were all the helmets,      the weapons  
    glittered brightly,  
Ready for the onset      bravely they came, in armor  
    fair and knightly.

Now by their shields men reckoned      how      [1104]  
    many there might be  
Who to the Norman kingdom      would go the maid to  
    free,  
And to the great Queen Hilda      their help to give  
    were ready;  
They numbered seventy thousand;      gifts to all were  
    given by the queenly lady.

On all who there were gathered,      or to      [1105]  
    court who later came,  
The queen, though ever mournful,      yet let her  
    kindness beam:  
She gave them hearty welcome,      and every one she  
    greeted;  
Wondrous was the clothing      that to the chosen  
    knights Queen Hilda meted.

The many ships of Hilda      were stored with      [1106]  
    all things well,  
And early on the morrow      were ready thence to  
    sail;  
Seemly was the outfit      for her worthy guests who



waited:

They chose not to be going, while aught they  
lacked to meet the foeman hated.

They put on board the weapons, as was the [1107]  
queen's behest,  
And with them many helmets of beaten steel the  
best.

Hauberks white were given, besides the ones in  
wearing,  
For warriors full five hundred; these she bade  
them take, to war now faring.

Their anchor-ropes well twisted of [1108]  
strongest silk were made:  
Their sails both rich and showy to the winds were  
spread;  
These to the shores of the Norman the Hegelings  
would carry,  
Who back to Lady Hilda would gladly bring Gu-  
drun, of waiting weary.

The anchors for the sailors were not of [1109]  
iron made,  
But of bell-metal moulded; (so have we heard it  
said:)  
They with Spanish brasses all were bound and  
strengthened,  
That loadstones should not hold them, and so the  
sailors' way by this be lengthened.

To Wâ-te and his followers the Lady Hilda [1110]

gave  
Many clasps and arm-bands.      This roused the  
strong and brave  
To meet their death from foemen,      for the  
Hegelings fighting,  
When they from Hartmut's castle      strove to wrest  
the maid, in bondage sitting.

Freely then and earnestly      Queen Hilda      [1111]  
spoke her thought  
Unto the men from Daneland:      "When you have  
bravely fought  
On the stormy field of warfare,      I will reward you  
fitly.  
Still my banner follow;      that will show the way,  
and lead you rightly."

They asked of her, who held it;      to this then      [1112]  
answered she:  
"He bears the name of Horant;      a Danish lord is he.  
His mother, Hettel's sister,      she it was who bore  
him;  
Let him by you be trusted;      forsake him not in fight  
with foes before him.

"Never, my hardy warriors,      must you      [1113]  
forget my son,  
Young Ortwin, dear-belovéd,      to manhood nearly  
grown.  
Of life the youth has numbered      twenty years  
already;  
If any risk should threaten,      to guard him well then

let your help be speedy.”

To this they pledged them gladly,      and all      [1114]  
together said,  
So long as they were with him      nought had he to  
dread;  
If he their lead would follow,      those from whom he  
parted  
Again unharmed would see him.      At this young  
Ortwin showed himself light-hearted.

Soon the ships were laden      with goods of      [1115]  
every kind,  
And now to tell his wonder      none fit words could  
find.  
They asked good Hilda’s blessing      on the work  
now undertaken;  
The queen then begged of Heaven      that they by  
Christ should never be forsaken.

Many youths went with them      whose fathers      [1116]  
erst were slain;  
Now bereft, these brave ones      to right their wrongs  
were fain.  
The women of the Hegelings      were mourning all  
and weeping,  
Beseeching God in Heaven      to bring them back  
their sons in his holy keeping.

But all this pain and sorrow      the warriors      [1117]  
might not bear;  
They sternly bade the women      their bitter wails to

spare;  
Then on their way they started in gladness,  
shouting loudly,  
And as they went on shipboard all were heard to  
sing, and set forth proudly.

After these daring sailors had cast off from [1118]  
the land,  
Many sorrowing women did at the windows  
stand:  
From Matelan's lofty castle, never the watch  
forsaking,  
Their eyes the sea-path followed, as from the land  
the men their way were taking.

A friendly wind was blowing, and loudly [1119]  
cracked the mast;  
They the sails stretched tightly, and left the land at  
last.  
The son of many a mother went, for honor seeking;  
Though this awaited many, yet to gain it they must  
toil be taking.

I cannot tell you fully of all that them [1120]  
befell,  
Save that the lord of Karadie, who in that land did  
dwell,  
With fighters came to help them, the foeman never  
fearing;  
He from home brought with him ten thousand  
knights, all men of strength and daring.

Where foes upon the Wulpensand had met [1121]  
in deadly fray,  
These knights from many a kingdom, now, at this  
later day,  
Chose the spot for meeting; and here they came  
together:  
A church had here been builded, and old and  
young alike had their gifts brought hither.

Now within its harbor, to seek their [1122]  
fathers' graves,  
Out of the ships here gathered went many of  
Hilda's braves.  
Bitter was their sorrow, and anger keen did  
waken;  
Hard would it be for any who erst in fight the  
lives of their friends had taken.

Unto the lord of Moorland they hearty [1123]  
welcome gave.  
Four and twenty broad-boats he brought with  
warriors brave;  
Food therein was laden that might for all have  
lasted  
Till twenty years were ended: to war with the  
Normans now they gladly hasted.

When they to sail were ready, they left the [1124]  
sheltering shore  
To make their way o'er the waters; but heavy toil  
they bore  
Upon the wild sea-billows before their sail was

ended.

What helped it that their leaders, Fru-te the Dane  
and Wâ-te, them befriended?

A wind from the south was blowing, and [1125]  
drove them out to sea.

The crew of warlike shipmates from fear no more  
were free;

They could not find the bottom, altho' they should  
be casting

Lengths of rope a thousand; many sailors wept,  
their lot foretasting.

Before the mount at Givers soon lay Queen [1126]  
Hilda's host;

However good their anchors, upon that gloomy  
coast,

Drawn by loadstones thither, they a long time  
rested.

Their masts so tough and hardy soon before their  
eyes were bent and twisted.

When now the hopeless sailors were [1127]  
weeping o'er their lot,

Thus spoke the aged Wâ-te: "Anchors again throw  
out,

The strongest and the heaviest, into the sea  
unsounded.

I've heard of many wonders I would rather see,  
than here on the rocks be grounded.

"Since, astray long sailing, our lady's [1128]

ships here lie,  
And we so far are driven across the darkling sea,  
I now will tell a sea-tale, that stirred my childish  
wonder,  
Of how, near the mount at Givers, a kingdom erst  
was built by a mighty founder.

“Men there in wealth are living; so rich is [1129]  
all their land  
That under the flowing rivers silver is the sand;  
With this they make their castles, and the stones  
are golden  
With which their walls are builded. In all the  
kingdom none in want are holden.

“’Twas told to me, moreover, (by God are [1130]  
wonders wrought,)  
If one who by the loadstone unto this mount is  
brought,  
Here will only tarry till the wind from the land is  
blowing,  
He with all his kindred may be forever rich when  
homeward going.

“Let us our food be eating until our luck [1131]  
shall turn,”  
Said then the aged Wâ-te; “before we hence are  
borne,  
Our ships that here are lying shall with ore be  
loaded:  
When this we home shall carry, wealth shall we  
have that no one e’er foreboded.”

Then spake the Danish Fru-te:      “A still,                   [1132]  
    unruffled sea  
Shall never keep in idleness      the men now here  
    with me:  
A thousand times I swear to you,      no gold would I  
    be seeking,  
But rather away from this mountain,      with friendly  
    winds, would I my way be taking.”

The Christian men among them      raised to                   [1133]  
    Heaven a prayer;  
But yet the ships ne’er yielded,      strongly fastened  
    there:  
For four long days or over      all their hopes were  
    thwarted;  
Sorely feared the Hegelings      that they from thence  
    could nevermore be started.

The clouds now lifted higher,      as the mighty           [1134]  
    God had willed;  
Then no more they sorrowed,      for soon the waves  
    were stilled,  
And from out the darkness      the sun was shining  
    brightly.  
A wind from the west was blowing,      and now the  
    woes were o’er of the wanderers knightly.

For miles full six and twenty,      past Givers’           [1135]  
    craggy shore,  
The ships at last were wafted.      By this they saw  
    yet more  
The work of God and his goodness,      in all the help



then given.

Wâ-te with his followers had been too near the  
rocks of loadstone driven.

To smoothly flowing waters they now [1136]

were come at last:

Their sins were not rewarded, and all their woes  
were past,

While fear from them was taken, since God was  
not unwilling.

The ships that bore the warriors straight to the  
Norman land at length were sailing.

But soon among the sailors arose again a [1137]  
wail;

For now the ships were groaning, and soon began  
to reel,

Tossed among the breakers that overwhelmed  
them nearly:

Then said the brave knight Ortwin: “We now  
indeed must buy our honors dearly.”

Outspake then one of the sailors: “Alas! [1138]  
and well-a-day!

I would we were at Givers, and dead near its  
mountain lay!

If one is by God forgotten, by whom is he  
befriended?

My brave and hardy warriors, the roar of the  
blustering sea is not yet ended.”

Then cried the knight, Sir Horant, he of the [1139]

Danish land:

“Be of good heart, brave fellows;      I well can  
understand

This wind no harm will do us;      from out the west  
'tis blowing.”

This cheered the lord of Karadie,      on him and on  
his men fresh hope bestowing.

Horant, the daring warrior,      up to the      [1140]  
topmast climbed,

And the widely stretching billows      swept, with  
eyes undimmed,

Keeping for land an outlook.      They soon his call  
were hearing:

“Wait you now, unfearing;      I see that we the  
Norman land are nearing!”

The word to all was given,      that they should      [1141]  
lower sail:

Searching the waters over,      they saw far off a hill,  
Lofty, and thickly wooded,      with groves and  
leafage shaded;

Then old Wâ-te bade them      thither to bend their  
way, and this they heeded.



*Tale the Twenty-Third.*

**HOW HILDA'S WARRIORS LANDED IN SIGHT OF  
HARTMUT'S KINGDOM.**

Before the hill they landed,      in sight of the      [1142]  
leafy grove;

Wary to be, and daring,      them did it now behoove.  
First they dropped their anchors,      deep the waters  
under;

In a lonely spot were they hidden,      where none  
could see, nor at their coming wonder.

Then from the ships, to rest them,      they      [1143]  
stepped upon the beach.

Hey! what they had longed for      was now within  
their reach!

A stream of pure, cold water,      through the fir-trees  
flowing,

Ran down the wooded hillside,      upon the wave-  
worn knights new life bestowing.

While the weary warriors      were resting and      [1144]  
asleep,

Irold soon had clambered,      there his watch to keep,  
Into a tree high-branching.      He then began to  
ponder

Which way they should be taking;      and, lo! the  
Norman land he saw with wonder.

“Now, my youths, be merry!”      thus cried      [1145]  
the youthful knight.

“My cares indeed are lightened, for now I have in  
sight  
Seven lofty palaces, with roomy halls wide-  
spreading;  
Before to-morrow’s midday, the land of  
Normandy shall we be treading.”

Then said the wise old Wâ-te: “Up to the [1146]  
sands now bear  
All your shields and weapons, whate’er in fight  
you wear.  
Let every one be busy, and let the youths be  
hastened;  
At once lead out the horses; helmets and  
breastplates must with straps be fastened.

“And now, if any outfits are not good to [1147]  
wear,  
Nor meet for you in fighting, to that I’ll give my  
care.  
The queen, my lady Hilda, has sent with us  
already  
Full five hundred breastplates; these will we give  
to any who are needy.”

Quickly were the horses forth on the sea- [1148]  
beach led;  
And all the showy horse-cloths, that should on  
them be spread,  
Were by the men unfolded, and laid on steeds in  
waiting,  
To see which best beseemed them; and each then

took the one he deemed most fitting.

In leaping, and in galloping up and down [1149]  
the shore,

They rode, and watched the horses; many, strong  
before,

Now were dull and sluggish, nor longer quick at  
running;

Too long had they been standing, and Wâ-te had  
them killed, as not worth owning.

Fires by the men were lighted; and good [1150]  
and hearty food,

The best that could be met with so near the shore  
and flood,

By the tired and hungry wanderers soon was  
cooked and eaten.

They had not hoped beforehand that rest like this  
their toilsome life would sweeten.

Throughout the night they rested, till dawn [1151]  
of the coming day.

To Ortwin Wâ-te and Fru-te each his mind did  
say;

Talking aside on the seashore, many a threat was  
spoken

Against their Norman foemen, who into the  
Hegeling castle erst had broken.

“Men must we now be sending,” to them [1152]  
young Ortwin said,

“Who shall tidings bring us, if they be not yet

dead,  
About my long-lost sister and many a homeless  
maiden;  
For when on them I'm thinking, my heart is heavy,  
oft with sorrow laden."

Together they bethought them, whom they [1153]  
hence should send,  
By whom the news they wished for might with  
truth be gained,  
And who could tell them rightly where to find the  
maiden;  
By them, too, must the errand on which they came,  
from foes be wisely hidden.

Then spake the youthful Ortwin, who from [1154]  
Ortland came,  
A faithful knight as any: "Myself for the search I  
name;  
The maid, Gu-drun, is my sister, child of my father  
and mother;  
Of all, however worthy, am I more fit to go than  
any other."

Then spake the kingly Herwic: "I too will [1155]  
go with thee;  
To live or die I am ready, seeking the maid to  
free.  
To you she is a sister, but to me for a wife they  
gave her;  
To her am I ever faithful, nor for a day uncared-  
for will I leave her."

Then quoth Wâ-te angrily:      “’Tis childish      [1156]  
    thus to speak,  
Brave and chosen warriors:      such risks you should  
    not seek,  
And this for truth I tell you.      Spurn you not my  
    warning;  
Should you be found by Hartmut,      you’ll on his  
    gallows hang, your rashness mourning.”

To him King Herwic answered:      “Though      [1157]  
    good or ill betide,  
Friends should aye be friendly,      standing side by  
    side.  
I and my friend, young Ortwin,      will ne’er the task  
    give over,  
Whatever shall befall us,      and search will make till  
    we Gu-drun recover.”

When now upon this errand      both were bent      [1158]  
    to go,  
They sent for friends and kinsfolk,      and did their  
    wishes show.  
They bade them to be faithful,      and said the oaths  
    then taken  
Must never be forgotten,      and they who went must  
    never be forsaken.

“Of your pledges I remind you,”      the      [1159]  
    youthful Ortwin said:  
“If we, by foemen taken,      should be in bondage  
    led,  
You with gold must free us,      and so our bonds must



loosen;  
Lands must you sell and castles, nor ever sorrow  
feel that thus you've chosen.

“And, warriors brave, now hearken to [1160]  
what we more will say;  
If foes our life begrudge us, and us in fight shall  
slay,  
Be not our death forgotten, let it on them be  
wroken:  
Your swords in Hartmut's kingdom must make  
your daring there be loudly spoken.

“This we further bid you, my good and [1161]  
well-born knights:  
E'en though, with toil the hardest, every warrior  
fights,  
Let not those homeless maidens be by you  
forsaken;  
Until the strife is settled, let not their hope and  
trust in you be shaken.”

Their faith then freely pledging, each gave [1162]  
to the king his hand;  
And all the best among them swore that home and  
land  
They nevermore would look on, but still afar  
would tarry,  
Until again to their homesteads they from the  
Norman land the maids should carry.

All of them were faithful, but yet were [1163]

weeping sore;  
They feared the hate of Ludwig,      and ills for them  
    in store.  
That they could send no others      they were deeply  
    mourning;  
And all were sadly thinking,      “No one now can  
    death from them be turning.”

All day they talked together;      it now was      [1164]  
    near its end:  
The sun, that low was sinking,      thro' clouds its  
    beams did send:  
Erelong it sank o'er Gulstred,      and there at last  
    was hidden.  
Ortwin and Herwic tarried,      that night to go, by the  
    waning light forbidden.



*Tale the Twenty-fourth.*

**HOW THEIR COMING WAS MADE KNOWN TO  
GUDRUN.**

Of them we speak no longer;      we now will      [1165]  
    let you hear

Yet more about the maidens:      how hope their lot  
    did cheer

Who on a far-off seashore      must wearily toil at  
    washing:

Gu-drun and Hildeburg      must wash all day on the  
    sands where waves were dashing.

'Twas the time of spring-tide fasting,      and      [1166]  
    at the noon of day.

To them a swan came floating;      thereat Gu-drun  
    'gan say:

“O bird so fair and lovely,      such pain for me thou  
    art feeling,

That now thou hither speedest      from a far-off land,  
    across the water sailing.”

Then to her in answer      spake the friendly      [1167]  
    swan,

Although a God-sent angel,      in speech most like a  
    man:

“Words from God I bring you;      if you for this be  
    seeking,

Tidings I give of your kindred;      of these, most  
    high-born maid, would I be speaking.”

When the lovely maiden      his speech so      [1168]  
    wondrous heard,  
Scarce could she believe it,      that thus an untamed  
    bird,  
Now, within her hearing,      in tones like these had  
    spoken.  
While to him she listened,      it seemed that his  
    words from the mouth of a man had broken.

Then said the bird-like angel:      “Hopeful      [1169]  
    you now may be,  
Homeless, sorrowing maiden;      gladness shall  
    come to thee.  
If you would hear of your birth-land,      listen while I  
    tell you;  
From there I bring you tidings,      for God hath sent  
    me, of your woes to heal you.”

At this, Gu-drun, the fair one,      upon the      [1170]  
    sands down fell;  
Crossing her arms, the maiden      her lowly prayers  
    did tell.  
Then she said to Hildeburg:      “God hath us in his  
    keeping,  
And help to us has granted;      we now no more shall  
    sorrow know, nor weeping.”

To the bird then said the maiden:      “Christ      [1171]  
    has sent thee here  
To us, poor homeless maidens,      our heavy hearts to  
    cheer;  
Good and trusted harbinger,      tidings tell yet other:



Whether Morunc and Irold are now upon the sea,  
And hither come to seek me; the truth I fain would  
gather.

Gladly I would see them, for they are kin to  
Hettel, who was my father.”

To her the bird thus answered: “That can I [1176]  
tell you, too;

Morunc, and with him Irold, I saw, in search of  
you.

They to this land are coming; their help will soon  
be given

To fight for you, fair lady, and many a helmet will  
by them be riven.”

Then spake the winged angel: “I bid you [1177]  
now farewell,

And leave you in God’s keeping, for work awaits  
me still.

I overstay my errand to linger here, yet speaking.”

Then from their sight he faded, and left the  
maidens’ hearts well-nigh to breaking.

Then said Hilda’s daughter: “My sorrows [1178]  
none can know;

Much that I wished to ask thee, now must I forego.  
For the sake of Christ, I beg thee, ere thou alone  
dost leave me,

Poor and wretched maiden, that freedom from my  
woes thou yet wilt give me.”

Before her eyes he floated, and once again [1179]

he spake:

“Ere yet we two are parted,      and hence my way I  
take,  
If I in aught can help you,      of that I will not weary,  
And, since through Christ you ask it,      to tell you of  
your kin will longer tarry.”

She said: “I fain were hearing,      if thou the      [1180]  
truth hast learned,  
If Horant, lord of Denmark,      his way has hither  
turned,  
And with him leads his kinsmen?      They leave me  
here forsaken.  
Knowing him brave and daring,      I would my lonely  
lot his care might waken.”

“From Denmark sailing hither,      Horant,      [1181]  
your kinsman, comes;  
He to war is leading      his followers from their  
homes.  
The banner of Queen Hilda      aloft in his hand he is  
bearing;  
'Tis thus the Hegeling warriors      now the Norman  
Hartmut's land are nearing.”

Gu-drun then asked him further:      “This      [1182]  
would I also hear:  
Lives Wâ-te still of Sturmland?      If so, no more I  
fear.  
We all might then be happy,      if thou could'st this  
be telling,—  
That under the flag of my mother      he and the aged

Fru-te are hither sailing.”

To her the angel answered:      “Hither comes      [1183]  
in haste

Wâ-te the old from Sturmland.      He in his hand  
holds fast

The strong and guiding rudder,      and Fru-te’s ship  
is steering.

Truer friends or better      you ne’er need wish their  
swords for you were bearing.”

Once more the bird was ready      upon his      [1184]  
way to go;

Then said the wretched maiden:      “I still am full of  
woe;

And now to know am longing—      if life such bliss  
can lend me—

When I, poor homeless maiden,      shall see my  
mother’s knights, whom she doth send me.”

The angel answered quickly:      “Your      [1185]  
happiness is near;

To-morrow morning early,      will two brave knights  
be here.

Both are true and upright,      and falsehood ne’er  
will tell you;

Whatever news they bring you      you well may trust,  
and never will it fail you.”

At last the heavenly angel      hence in truth      [1186]  
must go:

From him the homeless maidens      sought no more to



know.

In mind they ever wavered, 'twixt hope and fear  
still tossing;  
Where their helpers lingered they could not know,  
yet trust were never losing.

Lazily and slowly they washed the [1187]  
livelong day;  
Of knights sent there by Hilda, who now were on  
their way  
From over the Hegeling border, busily they  
chatted:  
Gu-drun's good, faithful kinsmen were by the  
long-lost maids uneasily awaited.

Each day must have its ending; to the castle [1188]  
now must go  
The weary, homesick maidens. They there must  
harshness know  
From evil-minded Gerlind, who their lives still  
harrowed;  
A day went by but seldom that she scolded them  
not, nor still their bondage narrowed.

Thus she spoke to the maidens: "Who gave [1189]  
the word to you  
That you might wash so slowly my clothes and  
linen, too?  
All the things I gave you must be quickly  
whitened;  
'Twere best that you be careful, you else shall  
weep, and for your lives be frightened."

Then answered her young Hildeburg:      “Our      [1190]  
    work we ever mind;  
Truly you ought, fair lady,      to be to us more kind.  
We oft are almost freezing,      with water o’er us  
    splashing;  
If only the winds were warmer,      we might for you  
    far better then be washing.”

Grimly answered Gerlind,      and roughly      [1191]  
    them did twit:  
“Whatever be the weather,      my work you may not  
    slight.  
Early must you be washing,      nor rest till night be  
    knowing;  
To-morrow morn, at daybreak,      you from my room  
    must down to the beach be going.

“I ween you know already      that Holytide is      [1192]  
    near;  
Palm-Sunday soon is coming,      and guests will then  
    be here:  
If to ill-washed clothing      my knights shall then be  
    treated,  
Never in kingly castle      to those who washed have  
    woes like yours been meted.”

Then the maidens left her;      they laid aside,      [1193]  
    all wet,  
The clothing they were wearing—      they better care  
    should get.  
All they had known of kindness      for them no longer  
    lasted,

And soon for this they sorrowed, for bread and  
water now was all they tasted.

Now the downcast maidens for sleep had [1194]  
sought their bed;

But this was not the softest, and each one, in her  
need,

A dirty shirt was wearing. Thus was Gerlind  
showing

Her care and kindness for them, on benches hard a  
pillow ne'er bestowing.

Never Gu-drun, poor maiden, on a harder [1195]  
bed had lain;

All were tired with watching till day should dawn  
again.

They had but broken slumber; I ween, they oft  
bethought them

How soon the knights were coming, of whom the  
angel-bird the news had brought them.

Soon as the morning lightened, Hildeburg [1196]  
the good,

Erst from Galicia stolen, at the window gazing  
stood;

All night she slept but little, but on her bed lay  
tossing.

She saw that snow had fallen, and hope the heart-  
sick maid was wellnigh losing.

Then spake the hapless maiden: "To wash [1197]  
we now must go.

Should God not change the weather, and we, in  
storm and snow,  
To-day must stand a-washing, before the evening  
cometh  
We, all chilled and barefoot, shall dead be found,  
while us the cold benumbeth.”

By hope they yet were gladdened, e'en as [1198]  
they well might be,  
That those sent out by Hilda they ere night should  
see.  
When the lovely maidens upon this thought were  
dwelling,  
It made them now more happy, and lighter was the  
pain their hearts were feeling.

Then said Hilda's daughter: “My friend, [1199]  
you should beseech  
The stern, ill-minded Gerlind, that on the pebbly  
beach  
Shoes she will allow us; she may herself be  
learning  
That if we go there barefoot we soon shall freeze,  
and there our death be earning.”

The maidens then went seeking King [1200]  
Ludwig and his queen.  
He, in sleep held fondly, in Gerlind's arms was  
seen;  
Both were sunk in slumber, and the maids, their  
anger fearing,  
Dared not them to waken: erelong Gu-drun yet

greater woe was bearing.

The weeping of the maidens by the [1201]  
sleeping queen was heard,

Who quick began to chide them with many a surly  
word:

“Why, you heedless maidens, are you not to the  
seashore going,

There to wash my clothing, and rinse them with  
clean water o’er them flowing?”

Then said Gu-drun, in sorrow: “I know not [1202]  
where to go,

For in the night has fallen a deep and heavy snow.  
That we by death be stricken unless you now are  
willing,

Do not send us washing; to stand without our  
shoes will us be killing.”

To her the she-wolf answered; “That I do [1203]  
not fear;

Now to the shore betake you, or weal or woe to  
bear.

If you be slow in washing, my wrath may you be  
dreading;

E’en if you die, what care I?” At this the hopeless  
maids more tears were shedding.

Taking then the clothing, they went to the [1204]  
water’s brink:

“Of this,” said Gu-drun, “God willing, I will  
make you think.”

Then, in the cold, barefooted, through the snow  
they waded;  
The very high-born maidens, forsaken in their  
woe, were worn and faded.

Down to the beach they plodded, as was [1205]  
their wont before,  
Bearing the clothing with them to the bleak and  
sandy shore.  
They once more were standing, over the washing  
stooping;  
Ever they were thinking of their sorry plight, and  
sadly were they hoping.

Often now, and earnestly, over the watery [1206]  
waste,  
While they toiled and sorrowed, longing looks  
they cast;  
Still of those now dreaming sent by the queen to  
free them,  
Who o'er the sea were sailing. The high-born  
maidens hoped erelong to see them.





## *Tale the Twenty-Fifth.*

### HOW HERWIC AND ORTWIN FOUND GUDRUN.

After they long had waited, now saw these [1207]  
washers lone

Two in a boat fast nearing; others were there  
none.

Then said the maiden, Hildeburg, unto Gu-drun,  
the lady:

“These two are sailing hither; perhaps the friends  
sent here are come already.”

She, full of sorrow, answered: “Ah, woe [1208]  
is me, poor maid!

Although, in truth I'm happy, I yet am also sad.  
If at the seaside washing Queen Hilda's men shall  
see us,

Standing thus barefooted, we from the shame of  
this can never free us.

“A poor, unhappy woman, I know not what [1209]  
to do:

Hildeburg, my dearest, your mind now let me  
know;

To hide me were it better, or shall I stay to shame  
me

When they shall find me toiling? Rather would I  
that they a drudge should name me.”

Then said the maiden Hildeburg: “E'en [1210]  
how it stands you see;



A thing that is so weighty      you should not leave to  
me,  
Whate'er you think the better,      your choice will I  
be sharing;  
With you I'll stay forever,      both good, and ill  
together with you bearing."

Then from the water turning,      both fled      [1211]  
away in haste;  
But now the boat of the sailors      had neared the  
land so fast,  
They saw the lovely washers,      away from the  
seashore hieing,  
And at once bethought them      that they for shame  
away from the clothes were flying.

They called unto the maidens,      as they      [1212]  
sprang upon the beach:  
"Whither so fast are you fleeing,      fair washers, we  
beseech?  
We are far-off wanderers,      as well our looks are  
showing;  
Your linen may be stolen,      if you leave it here, and  
from us in haste are going."

They kept their way still swiftly,      as if they      [1213]  
heard it not:  
But yet the boisterous shouting      had reached their  
ears, I wot.  
The bold and knightly Herwic      too roughly bade  
them hear him,  
For he not yet mistrusted      'twas his betrothed that

now he saw so near him.

Cried Herwic, lord of Sealand:      “Maidens      [1214]  
    fair and young,  
Tell us now, we pray you,      to whom these clothes  
    belong.  
We ask you in all honor,      by the faith to maidens  
    owing,  
Most fair and lovely ladies,      that back to the shore  
    you will again be going.”

Gu-drun, the maid, then answered:      “It      [1215]  
    were a shame, forsooth,  
Since to the trust of woman      you give your pledge  
    in truth,  
Were I of this unworthy,      nor faith in you were  
    showing:  
To the shore we back will hasten,      although my  
    eyes with tears are overflowing.”

They, in their smocks, came nearer;      both      [1216]  
    with the sea were wet.  
Before that time, the maidens      were always clean  
    and neat;  
Now the wretched drudges      with cold and frost  
    were quaking;  
Little of late had they eaten,      and with the March-  
    like winds were chilled and shaking.

The time had come already      for snows to      [1217]  
    melt away,  
And, with each other vying,      the little birds, each

day,  
Again their songs would warble, as soon as  
March was ended;  
But in the snow, and ice-cold, the maids were  
found forlorn, and unbefriended.

Stiff were their locks and frosted, when [1218]  
they now drew near;  
However well and carefully they had smoothed  
their hair,  
It now was tossed and tumbled by the wind so  
wildly blowing:  
Hard bestead were the maidens, toiling there,  
whether it rained or was snowing.

The ice was loose and broken, floating [1219]  
everywhere  
Upon the sea before them. The maids were filled  
with care;  
Pale were now their bodies, e'en as the snow  
around them,  
By their scanty clothes scarce hidden. Sad was the  
lot in which the knights had found them.

Then the high-born Herwic a kind "Good- [1220]  
morning" bade  
To the sad and homeless maidens; of this sore  
need they had,  
For oft their keeper, Gerlind, had them with  
harshness taunted.  
To hear "Good-morning," "Good-evening," was  
now to the maids but very seldom granted.

Then said the youthful Ortwin:      “I beg you           [1221]  
    say to me  
To whom belongs this clothing,      that on the sands I  
    see?  
For whom are you here washing?      You both are so  
    comely showing,  
Who can this shame have done you?      May God  
    bring low the man such outrage doing!

“So fair are you and lovely,      you well           [1222]  
    might wear the crown;  
If all that is your birthright      you now could call  
    your own,  
You would, in truth, be worthy      to be with ladies  
    seated.  
Has he for whom you are toiling      more such  
    washers fair so foully treated?”

To him the lovely maiden      in greatest           [1223]  
    sorrow spoke:  
“Many he hath beside us      who fairer still do look.  
All that you list now ask us;      yet, with eye  
    unsleeping,  
One from the leads doth watch us,      who ne’er will  
    forgive the talk with you we’re keeping.”

“Be not at this uneasy,      but deign our gold           [1224]  
    to take,  
And with it these four arm-bands.      These your  
    reward we make,  
If you, most lovely ladies,      of speech will not be  
    wary;

To you we give them gladly, if of the truth we  
seek you be not chary.”

“God leave to you your arm-bands, albeit [1225]  
you we thank;

Nought for hire may you give us,” quoth the lady  
high in rank.

“Ask what you will, but quickly, for we must  
hence be going;

If we were seen here with you, nothing but sorrow  
should we then be knowing.”

“We beg you first to tell us who this land [1226]  
doth own?

Whose are the castles also? By what name is he  
known

Who leaves you without clothing, low tasks upon  
you laying?

He may of his worth be boastful; that he doeth  
well no man may now be saying.”

To him Gu-drun thus answered: “Hartmut [1227]  
is one of the lords

To whom these lands owe fealty. His castles well  
he guards,

With Ludwig, king of the Normans, who is  
Hartmut’s father:

And many knightly vassals, to keep their lands  
from foes, they round them gather.”

“Gladly would we see them,” said Ortwin, [1228]  
the friendly knight;

“Happy were I, fair lady, if we could learn aright  
Where, within their kingdom, we might those  
kings be meeting,  
We bring to them an errand; as henchmen of a  
king, we bear his greeting.”

Gu-drun, the high-born lady, thus to the [1229]  
warrior spake:

“This very morning early, ere yet they were  
awake,

I left them in their castle; in their beds they  
slumbered.

I know not if thence they have ridden: their men, I  
think, full forty hundred numbered.”

Again King Herwic asked her: “To us yet [1230]  
further tell,

Why is it such brave princes in fear like this  
should dwell,

That they so many warriors always should be  
needing?

Had I that band of fighters, to gain a kingdom I  
would them be leading.”

To him Gu-drun thus answered: “Of that [1231]  
we nothing know;

And where their lands are lying, that neither can  
we show:

But from the Hegeling kingdom, although it is not  
near them,

They fear that harm awaits them from foes who  
soon may come, who hatred bear them.”

Trembling, cold, and shivering,      the maids      [1232]  
    before them stood;  
Then the knightly Herwic      spake, in kindly mood:  
“I would, most lovely ladies,      if we might be so  
    daring,  
And if no shame it gave you,      that on the shore our  
    cloaks you would be wearing.”

Hilda’s daughter answered:      “May God      [1233]  
    your kindness bless;  
We cannot take your mantles,      but we thank you  
    none the less.  
No eye shall ever see me      manly clothing  
    wearing.”  
If only the maidens knew it,      much greater ills  
    would they yet be often bearing.

Oft the eyes of Herwic      did on the maiden      [1234]  
    rest;  
To him she seemed most comely,      and her bearing  
    was the best.  
For all her heavy sorrows      sighs in his heart were  
    wakened;  
And to one erst thought of kindly,      from him long  
    taken, he the maiden likened.

Then spake again young Ortwin,      who was      [1235]  
    of Ortland king:  
“Can either of you ladies      tidings whatever bring  
Of a band of homeless maidens      who to this land  
    were carried?  
Gu-drun was one among them,      and gladly would

we learn where she has tarried.”

To him the maiden answered:      “To me is                   [1236]  
    that well known;  
A maiden throng came hither      in days now long  
    bygone:  
They to this far-off kingdom      by fighters bold were  
    taken;  
And full of heavy sorrow      came these maids  
    forlorn, of hope forsaken.

“The maid whom you are seeking      I know,”           [1237]  
    she said, “full well;  
I here have seen her toiling,      this for a truth I tell.”  
She was herself the maiden      who was by Hartmut  
    stolen,  
Gu-drun, Queen Hilda’s daughter,      and all she told  
    had erst herself befallen.

Then spake the knightly Herwic:      “Ortwin,           [1238]  
    list to me:  
If fair Gu-drun, your sister,      yet alive may be,  
In any land whatever,      for us on earth still  
    watching,  
This must be that lady;      ne’er have I seen two  
    maids so nearly matching.”

To him then said young Ortwin:      “The maid           [1239]  
    in truth is fair,  
But to my long-lost sister      no likeness doth she  
    bear.  
The days are not forgotten      when we were young



together;  
Should I rove the whole world over,      so fair as she  
I ne'er could find another."

When now Gu-drun, who listened,      heard      [1240]  
the name of the man,  
That his friend did call him Ortwin,      she looked at  
him again:  
For she indeed were happy      if she were thus  
befriended,  
And found in him a brother,      for then her cares  
were o'er and her sorrows ended.

"However they may call you,      a worthy      [1241]  
knight are you:  
A man in all things like you      in days of yore I  
knew;  
The name of Herwic bore he,      in Sealand was his  
dwelling.  
If that brave knight were living,      to loose us from  
our bonds he were not failing.

"I am one of the maidens      whom Hartmut's      [1242]  
warriors stole,  
And bore across the waters,      in thraldom  
sorrowful.  
Gu-drun you here are seeking,      but need not thus  
have hasted;  
The queenly Hegeling maiden      at last is dead, with  
toil and hardship wasted."

The eyes of Ortwin glistened,      filling fast      [1243]

with tears;  
Nor was it without weeping      that now King  
    Herwic hears  
The tidings to them given,—      that fair Gu-drun,  
    their lady,  
From them by death was taken;      at this their heavy  
    hearts to break were ready.

When both, before her weeping,      were seen      [1244]  
    by the homeless maid,  
With eyes upon them fastened,      thus to them she  
    said:  
“It seems to me most likely,      by the mood that you  
    are wearing,  
That to Gu-drun, the maiden,      you worthy knights  
    are love and kinship bearing.”

To her young Herwic answered:      “Yes, for      [1245]  
    the maid, forsooth,  
I shall pine till life be ended;      to me she gave her  
    troth,  
And to me, in wedlock plighted,      with faithful  
    oaths was given:  
Since then, by the craft of Ludwig,      her have I lost,  
    by him from her birthland riven.”

Then said the sorrowing maiden:      “Your      [1246]  
    words would me mislead,  
For men have often told me      that Herwic long is  
    dead.  
No bliss on earth were greater,      that God to me  
    were granting,

Could I learn that he is living;     a friend to lead me  
hence were then not wanting.”

Then said the knightly Herwic:     “Upon my     [1247]  
hand now look;

Know you this ring I am wearing?     Mine is the  
name you spoke;

With this were we betrothed:     to Gu-drun I am  
faithful ever,

And if you were my loved one,     I would lead you  
hence, and would forsake you never.”

Upon his hand then looking,     a ring there     [1248]  
met her sight,

Set with a stone from Abalie,     in gold that glittered  
bright;

Never her eyes had rested     on one more rich or  
fairer.

Gu-drun, the queenly maiden,     of this same ring  
had whilom been the wearer.

The happy maiden, smiling,     with words     [1249]  
her bliss did show:

“Of this I once was owner,     and well the ring I  
know.

Look upon this I am wearing;     ’twas the gift of my  
early lover,

While I, a gladsome maiden,     still dwelt at home,  
nor stepped its borders over.”

He, on her hand now gazing,     upon the ring     [1250]  
did look;

Then unto the maiden the knightly Herwic spoke:  
“That a queenly mother bore thee, I see by many a  
token;  
After my heavy sorrows, a blessed sight upon my  
eyes has broken.”

Then in his arms he folded the fair and [1251]  
high-born maid:  
For all they told each other they were both glad  
and sad.  
He kissed the maiden fondly, how oft I cannot  
reckon;  
So, too, he greeted Hildeburg, showing his love to  
both the maids forsaken.

Then the youthful Ortwin begged the maid [1252]  
to say  
Whether to do her task-work there was no other  
way  
Than, standing by the seaside, all day to wash the  
clothing?  
At this she greatly sorrowed, and felt for her work  
the deepest shame and loathing.

“Tell me now, fair sister, where may your [1253]  
children be  
Whom you have borne to Hartmut, in his land  
across the sea,  
That all alone on the seashore to wash they thus  
allow you?  
If here a queen they call you, the name you bear  
but little good can do you.”

Shedding tears, she answered:       “How                   [1254]  
    should I have a child?  
No love could Hartmut kindle,       that I to him should  
    yield;  
And well do all men know it       who near him here  
    are dwelling.  
Because I would not love him       I now must toil, and  
    woe my heart is swelling.”

Then spake the knightly Herwic:     “We now           [1255]  
    can truly say  
That we good luck have met with,     on our errand  
    far away;  
And nought could have befallen     that for us were  
    better.  
It behooves us now to hasten     to free the maid from  
    the ills that here beset her.”

Then said the knight, young Ortwin:   “That           [1256]  
    may never be.  
Had I a hundred sisters,     I would sooner let them  
    die  
Than here, in another’s kingdom,     to hide a deed of  
    plunder;  
Stealing those from our foemen     whom they by  
    stormy fight from us did sunder.”

Then spake the lord of Sealand:     “This do I       [1257]  
    greatly fear,  
Should our search be known to any,     or if they find  
    us here,  
They then may take the maiden,     and her far hence

may carry,  
And never shall we see her: 'twere best to hide  
the deed, nor longer tarry."

Him did Ortwin answer: "How can we [1258]  
leave in need  
Her faithful band of maidens? So long a stay  
they've made  
Here in this land of foemen that well may they be  
weary:  
Gu-drun, my worthy sister, should ne'er forsake  
her maids, in bondage dreary."

To him then spake brave Herwic: "Is this [1259]  
in truth your mind?  
Ne'er shall my well-belovéd be left by me  
behind;  
To take the ladies with us, e'en as we can, 'tis  
better."  
Him did Ortwin answer: "Here to be hacked with  
the sword for me were fitter."

Then said the downcast maiden: "What [1260]  
have I done to thee,  
My dearest brother Ortwin? Never as yet in me  
Was seen such ill-behavior that I for that was  
chidden.  
For what great sin I know not am I, my lord, to  
make atonement bidden?"

"I do not thus, dear sister, for want of love [1261]  
to thee;

Thereby your band of maidens      I shall the better  
free.

Only as fits my honor,      hence will I ever take you;  
Herwic for your lover      you yet shall have, and  
ne'er will he forsake you."

Gu-drun was heavy-hearted      as they went      [1262]  
on board the boat;

She said: "Woe worth my wanderings!      my sorrow  
endeth not.

He whom once I trusted,      must hope in him be  
shaken

That he will break my bondage?      My bliss is yet  
far off, and my faith mistaken."

In haste the daring warriors      turned from      [1263]  
the shore away.

Gu-drun, the maid, heart-broken,      to Herwic called  
to stay:

"Of me you once thought highly,      but now you hold  
me lightly:

To whom, in my woe, do you leave me?      Bereft of  
kin, to whom can I trust me rightly?"

"I do not hold you lightly;      you are of maids      [1264]  
the best.

My coming, queenly lady,      hide within your breast;  
Again, ere morning lightens,      these shores will I be  
treading,—

For this my troth I pledge you,—      eighty thousand  
followers with me leading."

As fast as they were able      they hastened      [1265]  
    then away;  
Never friends were sundered      more sadly than that  
    day  
Were these from one another;      (the truth to you I'm  
    telling.)  
As far as their eyes could follow,      the maidens  
    watched the boat away fast sailing.

Gu-drun, the queenly maiden,      her washing      [1266]  
    now forgot;  
Betwixt her bliss and sorrow,      her toil she heeded  
    not.  
The harsh and wicked Gerlind,      the idle women  
    spying  
Standing by the seashore,      in anger stormed, that  
    her clothes unwashed were lying.

Then said the maiden Hildeburg,      from      [1267]  
    Ireland, o'er the sea:  
"Why do you let the clothing      here uncared for be?  
The clothes of Ludwig's followers      still unwashed  
    are waiting.  
If this be known to Gerlind,      yet harder blows from  
    her shall we be getting."

Queen Hilda's daughter answered:      "Too      [1268]  
    proud I am, I ween,  
That for the wicked Gerlind      I e'er should wash  
    again.  
Henceforth a toil so lowly      in scorn shall I be  
    holding,



For two young kings have kissed me, they in  
kindness me in their arms enfolding.”

Then Hildeburg made answer: “Scorn not [1269]  
that I should teach

Or that I now would show you how best the  
clothes to bleach:

We must not leave them yellow, but carefully must  
whiten;

Else do I greatly fear me our backs with blows  
and stripes will well be beaten.”

Then said old Hagen’s grandchild: “At last [1270]  
my lot is bright,

With hope and gladness beaming. If they my back  
shall smite

With rods, from now till morning, I trow it will  
not kill me;

But soon shall those who wronged us know  
themselves the ill they chose to deal me.

“These clothes I should be washing down [1271]  
to the tide I’ll bear,

And fling them into the water,” said the maiden  
fair;

“Their freedom I will give them, even as ’tis  
fitting

That I, a queen, should do it; hence they may float  
away, no hindrance meeting.”

Whate’er was said by Hildeburg, Gu-drun [1272]  
the clothes then took,

That Gerlind her had given; her task she would not  
brook,  
But far into the billows she threw them, strongly  
hurling:  
I know not if ever she found them; they soon were  
lost to sight, in the waters swirling.

The night was drawing nearer, and the [1273]  
light began to wane;  
To the castle, heavy-laden, went Hildeburg again.  
Seven robes of finest linen she bore, with other  
clothing;  
Gu-drun, young Ortwin's sister, with Hildeburg  
went also, bearing nothing.

When they had reached the castle, the time [1274]  
was very late.  
Before King Ludwig's palace, standing at the gate,  
They saw the wicked Gerlind, watching there to  
meet them:  
Soon as she saw the washers, with words of bitter  
scorn she 'gan to greet them.

Thus she spake in anger: "What does this [1275]  
gadding mean?  
Stripes upon your bodies you both have earned, I  
ween,  
Thus upon the seashore, in the evening light, to  
wander;  
For me it were unseemly into my room to take  
you, after loitering yonder."

She said: "Now tell me quickly, think you [1276]  
this is meet?  
You spurn the greatest princes, and show them  
nought but hate,  
But linger yet, at nightfall, with low-born varlets  
flirting.  
Would you be thought of highly, know you that this  
your own good name is hurting."

The well-born maiden answered: "Why [1277]  
speak of me so ill?  
Never have I, poor maiden, had the thought or will  
With any man to tattle, however dear I held him,  
Unless it were a kinsman; a talk with him I  
rightfully might yield him."

"Say you I chide you wrongly? Hush, you [1278]  
idle jade!  
For this, to-night, I tell you, a reckoning shall be  
made.  
To be so bold and shameless you then will dare  
no longer;  
Before with you I've ended, your back shall feel  
that I than you am stronger."

"In that will I gainsay you," said then the [1279]  
maiden proud;  
"Again with rods to beat me you ne'er shall be  
allowed.  
You and all your kindred in birth are far below  
me;  
You may yet for this be sorry, if treatment so

unseemly you shall show me.”

Then spake the wolfish Gerlind:      “Where is      [1280]  
    my clothing left,  
That, folded in your apron,      you thus your hands  
    have wrapt;  
Bearing yourself so idly,      now from toil thus  
    turning?  
If I live a little longer,      another kind of work shall  
    you be learning.”

King Hagen’s grandchild answered:      [1281]  
    “Down by the deep sea-flood  
I left your clothing lying.      It was too great a load;  
I found the weight too heavy,      alone to the house to  
    carry.  
If never again you see them,      but little I care, the  
    while with you I tarry.”

Then quoth the old she-devil:      “All this      [1282]  
    shall help you not;  
Before I sleep this evening,      bitter shall be your  
    lot!”  
Then were tied, at her bidding,      rods from hedges  
    broken;  
Gerlind would not give over      the training hard  
    ’gainst which the maid had spoken.

Then strongly to a bedstead      she bade them      [1283]  
    bind the maid,  
And alone in a room to leave her,      where not a  
    friend she had:

There should she be beaten, till skin from bone  
was falling.

When this was known to her women, they all  
began to weep, and loud were wailing.

Then spake Gu-drun, with cunning: “Now [1284]  
list to what I say:

If I with rods am beaten thus shamefully to-day,  
Should e'er an eye behold me with kings and  
princes seated,  
And I a crown be wearing, to you a fit reward  
shall then be meted.

“Henceforth for me such teaching 'twere [1285]  
best you let alone;

Sooner the king I've slighted shall have me for his  
own:

Then as queen of Normandy here will I be  
dwelling;

And when I here am mighty, what I will do may no  
one now be telling.”

“Be this your will,” said Gerlind, “angry [1286]  
no more I'll be:

E'en if a thousand garments you thus had lost for  
me,

I would, in truth, forgive it; well you will have  
thriven

If to my son, young Hartmut, the Norman prince,  
your love at last be given.”

Then said the lovely maiden: “I now [1287]

would take some rest;  
This care and heavy sorrow      my strength doth  
sorely waste.  
Send for the young King Hartmut,      bid him be  
hither speeding,  
And say, whate'er he wishes,      that I henceforth  
will always do his bidding."

Those who heard them talking,      straightway      [1288]  
to Hartmut ran,  
And to the youthful warrior      told the tale again.  
Some of his father's liegemen      there with him were  
seated,  
When word to him was given      in haste to seek Gu-  
drun, who for him waited.

Then said the one who told him:      "Give me      [1289]  
now my fee;  
Queen Hilda's lovely daughter      will grant her love  
to thee.  
She bids you now to hasten      at once to her in her  
bower;  
No longer are you hated,      for better thoughts she  
harbors than of yore."

The high-born knight then answered:      "To      [1290]  
lie you have no need.  
If true indeed were your tidings,      well should you  
be feed;  
By me would three great castles      and a hide of land  
be given,  
With sixty golden arm-bands;      while bliss

thenceforth my days should long enliven.”

Then said to him another: “This tale, I [1291]  
know, is true;  
The fee should I be sharing. At court they wish for  
you;  
Gu-drun, the maid, has said it. To love you she is  
ready;  
And if in truth you wish it, she in your land will  
be your queen and lady.”

To those who told the tidings his thanks [1292]  
young Hartmut gave;  
From off his seat, o’er-gladdened, upsprang the  
warrior brave.  
He thought that, in His kindness, God this boon  
had done him,  
And, with a heart now happy, he sought the  
maiden’s bower who love had shown him.

In garments wet there standing, was seen [1293]  
the high-born maid;  
With eyes still dim with weeping, greeting to him  
she said.  
Forward she came to meet him; and now so near  
was standing  
That he, in fondness turning, her in his arms would  
clasp, towards her bending.

She said: “Not so, King Hartmut, this you [1294]  
may not do;  
For men in truth would wonder if they should look

on you.  
Nought am I but a washer; in scorn would they be  
holding  
You, a king so mighty, if in your arms Gu-drun you  
should be folding.”

“This will I, Sir Hartmut, freely to you [1295]  
allow,  
When, by my crown, your kinsmen me as a queen  
shall know.  
No longer shall I scorn you, when I that name am  
bearing:  
For both will this be fitting; me in your arms to  
take you may then be daring.”

Then, with all good-breeding, he farther [1296]  
off withdrew,  
And thus Gu-drun he answered: “Maiden fair and  
true,  
Since now you deign to love me, richly will I  
reward you;  
Myself and all my kinsmen, whate’er you bid, will  
kindness show toward you.”

Then said to him the maiden: “Such bliss I [1297]  
never knew.  
If, after my weary toiling, I aught may ask of you,  
This first of all I wish for, that I, poor wretched  
lady,  
This night, before I slumber, may have for me a  
restful bath made ready.



“And list to me yet further:      another boon I      [1298]  
    crave;  
'Tis that my friendly maidens      I now with me may  
    have.  
Among Queen Gerlind's women      you will find  
    them, sad and weary;  
But in their room no longer      those toiling ones  
    away from me must tarry.”

“Your wish I grant you freely,”      the young      [1299]  
    King Hartmut said.  
Then from the room of the women      the many maids  
    were led;  
With hair unkempt and streaming,      and scanty  
    clothing wearing,  
They to court betook them:      for them the wicked  
    Gerlind nought was caring.

Of these came three and sixty;      on them did      [1300]  
    Hartmut look.  
Then Gu-drun, the high-born,      with lofty breeding  
    spoke:  
“Behold, my lord, these maidens!      Is it your worth  
    befitting  
That they are thus uncared for?”      He said: “No  
    more shall they the like be meeting.”

Then spake the high-born lady:      “Hartmut,      [1301]  
    for love of me,  
I beg that these my maidens,      whom here in shame  
    you see,  
May have a bath made ready.      Let now my word be

heeded;  
You ought yourself to see them      decked in the  
comely clothes they long have needed.”

To her then answered Hartmut,      of knights a      [1302]  
worthy one:

“Gu-drun, belovéd lady,      if clothes the maids have  
none

Erst by them brought hither,      when they their home  
were leaving,

To them yet other clothing,      the best in all the  
world, will I be giving.

“Gladly would I see them,      with you, more      [1303]  
fitly clad.”

Then by those in waiting      baths were ready made.  
Among the kin of Hartmut      chamberlains many  
were there;

To help Gu-drun they hastened,      thinking that later  
she their hopes would further.

Gu-drun and all her maidens      were by the      [1304]  
bath made glad;

Then the best of clothing      that any ever had  
To all the homeless women      alike was freely  
given.

The lowliest one among them      might gain the love  
of a king, if she had striven.

When they their bath had taken,      wine to      [1305]  
them was brought;

In all the land of Normandy      none better need be

sought;  
And soon the weary maidens      the best of mead  
    were drinking.  
To Hartmut thanks were given;      to gain such  
    praises how could he e'er be thinking!

Soon the lovely maiden      was seated in the      [1306]  
    hall.  
Gerlind bade her daughter      then, with her maidens  
    all,  
To don their clothing quickly,      the finest and most  
    fitting,  
If they Queen Hilda's daughter      wished to see,  
    among her maidens sitting.

At once the well-born Ortrun      clothed her      [1307]  
    in her best;  
To seek Gu-drun then straightway      gladly did she  
    haste.  
The grandchild of wild Hagen      quickly went to  
    meet her;  
When they saw each other,      the happiness of both  
    was never greater.

Each one kissed the other,      'neath a band of      [1308]  
    gold on her head;  
The hue of both was brighter      for the golden light  
    they shed.  
Each in her way was happy;      Ortrun's eyes were  
    beaming,  
To see the high-born washer      in finest clothes now  
    clad, so comely seeming.

The poor Gu-drun was blithesome, as we [1309]  
have said before,  
That soon her friendly kinsmen she would see  
once more.  
The maidens sat together, with playful talk now  
gladdened;  
Whoever looked upon them might gain a happy  
heart, however saddened.

“’Tis well for me,” said Ortrun, “that I [1310]  
have lived till now,  
When as the wife of Hartmut you here yourself  
will show.  
To one who loves my brother gladly will I give  
her  
The crown of my mother, Gerlind, that I of right  
should wear did I outlive her.”

“Ortrun, may God reward you,” thus the [1311]  
maiden spake;  
“Whatever you shall bid me, that will I do for  
your sake.  
You have bewept so often the sorrows I was  
bearing,  
From you will I ne’er be sundered, and every day  
shall you my love be sharing.”

Then with maiden wiliness spake the fair [1312]  
Gu-drun:  
“Now you ought, Sir Hartmut, to send out runners  
soon,  
Through all the Norman kingdom, to give to

friends your bidding,  
As many as will hear it, to come to your palace  
now, to see our wedding.

“When peace is in your borders, this to [1313]  
you I say,  
Before your host of warriors I will wear the  
crown one day.  
How many he has who woos me thus shall I be  
knowing;  
Then before your liegemen myself and all my kin  
will I be showing.”

The maid in truth was crafty; from the [1314]  
castle on that day  
A hundred men or over did Hartmut send away.  
So, when the Hegeling fighters should for him be  
seeking,  
Fewer foes should meet them: for this was Gu-  
drun their going thence bespeaking.

Then spake the old Queen Gerlind: “Now, [1315]  
fair daughter mine,  
You two must leave each other; when another  
morn shall shine,  
Then may you be together, with none your bliss  
forbidding.”  
She left Gu-drun, low bowing, and begged that  
God would her in his ways be leading.

Then did Hartmut leave her. All hearkened [1316]  
to her word;

They gave to the maiden cup-bearers, and carvers  
at the board:

The high-born lady's wishes they bade should  
well be heeded;

Nor food nor drink she wanted: busy were they to  
bring her all she needed.

Then spake one lovely maiden among the [1317]  
Hegeling band:

“When we on this are thinking, how from our  
fatherland

Our foes have brought us hither, to live unblest  
forever,

We still are bowed with sorrow; when in our  
homes, such woe we thought of never.”

She then began a-weeping, where sat her [1318]  
lady fair.

When this was seen by others who stood beside  
her there,

They felt yet greater sorrow their heavy hearts  
now filling.

All then wept together; but they saw their  
mistress, fair Gu-drun, was smiling.

They thought that now forever they far [1319]  
from home must stay:

But their lady ne'er was thinking to bide so long  
away;

They would, ere four days later, their freedom all  
be knowing.

The time had come already to whisper to Gerlind

that they would soon be going.

Beyond her went a little      to laugh had the      [1320]  
    maid begun;

For fourteen years now bygone      she never bliss  
    had known.

Of her glee the bad she-devil      quickly now was  
    hearing;

She gave the hint to Ludwig,      for care she felt, and  
    anger past all bearing.

She went at once to Hartmut,      and said:      [1321]  
    “Oh, son of mine,

List to the truth I tell you!      throughout this land of  
    thine,

All within it dwelling      shall see both strife and  
    toiling.

Why it is I know not,      the fair young queen, Gu-  
    drun, is now so smiling.

“I know not how it happened,      or how the      [1322]  
    news she heard,

But men sent out by her kinsmen      hither to come  
    have dared.

Therefore, knightly Hartmut,      some way must you  
    be choosing,

Lest, thro' the friends she looks for,      your worthy  
    name and life you may be losing.”

He said: “Be not so fearful.      I grudge it not      [1323]  
    to the maid

That she, with all her women,      should for a time be

glad.

All her nearest kinsmen far from me are dwelling;  
What harm can they be doing? I need not guard  
'gainst ills they may be dealing."

Gu-drun, now over-wearied, some of her [1324]  
maidens sent  
To see if her bed were ready, for she on sleep  
was bent;  
For a night at least her sorrow she could now be  
leaving.  
Then went with them most kindly King Hartmut's  
chamberlain, his service giving.

Youths of the Norman palace before her [1325]  
bore the light;  
On her they ne'er had waited until that very night.  
Thirty beds or over now were found made ready;  
Nice were they and cleanly, meet for Gu-drun and  
many a well-born lady.

On them were pillows lying from far [1326]  
Arabia brought,  
With green, like leaves of clover, and other hues,  
inwrought.  
Bedspreads on them hanging were sewed in strips  
most fairly;  
And red as fire was shining the gold mixed in with  
silken threads not sparely.

Beneath the silken bedspreads fishes' [1327]  
skins were laid,



To make them thicker and warmer.      The fair and  
lovely maid,  
Thither come from the Hegelings,      Hartmut would  
be wooing,  
For he as yet knew nothing      of the harm to him that  
her friends would soon be doing.

Then said the high-born maiden:      “To sleep      [1328]  
you now may go,  
All you that wait on Hartmut;      we, too, the same  
will do.  
I, and my ladies with me,      one night at least will  
rest us;  
For, since our coming hither,      freedom from  
hardest toil hath never blest us.”

All who there were gathered      of Hartmut’s      [1329]  
knights and men,  
The wise as well as youthful,      thence to go were  
seen;  
They to rest then hasted,      the ladies’ bower now  
leaving.  
Wine and mead unstinted      to the homeless maids  
were others freely giving.

Then said Hilda’s daughter:      “Now shut for      [1330]  
me the door.”  
They barred the ladies’ bedroom      with heavy bolts  
full four:  
The room was shut so tightly      that what therein was  
doing,  
However much one listened,      outside he nought

could hear, nor might be knowing.

Awhile they all were seated,      merrily      [1331]  
    drinking wine;

Then said Gu-drun, the queenly:      “Dearest maidens  
    mine,

You well may now be happy,      after your heavy  
    sorrow:

Your friends I soon will show you;      on gladsome  
    sights your eyes shall feed to-morrow.

“Herwic, my betrothed,      did I this morning      [1332]  
    kiss,

And Ortwin, too, my brother;      you now may think  
    on this.

She shall soon be richer,      and care from her be  
    taken,

Who shall well be mindful,      when night is over, me  
    in the morn to waken.

“You well shall be rewarded.      To us glad      [1333]  
    days are nigh:

And freely will I give you      castles strong and high,  
And with them many acres;      for these shall I be  
    gaining,

If I the day shall witness      when, as a queen, I o’er  
    my lands am reigning.”

They now lay down to slumber,      with      [1334]  
    hearts all free from care.

They knew to them were speeding      knights full  
    brave to dare,

Who ere long would help them,      and their woes  
would lighten.

To see them they were hoping,      soon as to-  
morrow's sun the day should brighten.



*Tale the Twenty-Sixth.*

**HOW THE HEGELINGS LANDED NEAR LUDWIG'S  
CASTLE.**

We ask you now to listen      to a tale as yet      [1335]  
untold:

Ortwin still and Herwic      their way did onward  
hold

Until they found their followers      on the seashore  
standing.

Then ran these Hegeling liegemen      to meet them on  
the sands where they were landing.

Them they gladly welcomed,      and bade that      [1336]  
they make known

The news that they were bringing,      and freely all to  
own.

First they asked of Ortwin,      if he could them be  
telling,

If still Gu-drun were living,      and if in Ludwig's  
land she now was dwelling?

The knightly Ortwin answered:      "Of this I      [1337]  
may not speak

To each and all that ask it;      the truth I will not  
break

Till all are met together;      then shall you be hearing  
All that our eyes there greeted,      when we to come  
near Hartmut's walls were daring."

The word was told to others,      and soon a      [1338]

mighty band  
Of warriors brave and knightly      around the two did  
stand.

Then to them said Ortwin:      “Sad is the news I give  
you,

And, were my wishes granted,      gladly I’d spare the  
tale, for much ’twill grieve you.

“List to what has happened,      for wonders      [1339]  
now begin;

Gu-drun, my long-lost sister,      I, in truth, have seen,  
And with her also Hildeburg,      erst in Ireland  
living.”

When he the tidings gave them,      they thought the  
tale he told not worth believing.

All then said together:      “It is not well to      [1340]  
jest;

For her we long have waited,      and now our time  
you waste.

We hoped from Ludwig’s kingdom      you would  
bring her sooner;

To Ortwin and his followers      belong the shame  
and blame for wrongs still done her.”

“Ask you, then, King Herwic:      he, too, has      [1341]  
seen the maid;

And he can also tell you      what wrongs on us are  
laid.

Could you, my friends, bethink you      of any shame  
that’s greater?

We found Gu-drun and Hildeburg      upon the

seashore standing, washing in the water.”

Soon were his kindred weeping, all who [1342]  
there were seen.

At this the aged Wâ-te right scornful was, I ween:  
“Truly for women only is such behavior fitting;  
Why you weep you know not. This, in a knight,  
one never should be meeting.

“But if you are in earnest, to help Gu-drun [1343]  
in her need,  
The clothes that she has whitened must you in war  
make red.  
Erst white hands did wash them for men who must  
be bleeding;  
So you now may help her, and soon the maid  
forlorn be homeward leading.”

Then said the Danish Fru-te: “How can [1344]  
this be done?  
How can we reach their kingdom before our plan  
is known,  
Before the men of Ludwig, and Hartmut’s knights,  
are learning  
That Hilda’s friends are gathered, and toward the  
Norman land at length are turning?”

Then said the aged Wâ-te: “Hear what ’tis [1345]  
best to do;  
I trust before his castle fitly to meet the foe,  
If I may live to see him there before me standing.  
Brave knights, your rest now leaving, soon on the

Norman shore must you be landing.

“The air is fresh and gladsome,      the sky is      [1346]  
    broad and bright,  
And, well for us it happens,      the moon will shine  
    to-night.  
From the sandy shore now hasten,      my warriors  
    bold and daring:  
Before it dawns to-morrow,      we King Ludwig’s  
    stronghold must be nearing.”

Then they all were busy,      when thus old      [1347]  
    Wâ-te spoke;  
Soon their clothes and horses      on board the ships  
    they took.  
All the night still sailing,      towards the land they  
    hasted;  
And ere the morrow’s daylight,      before the castle,  
    on the sands they rested.

Hushed were all by Wâ-te,      throughout the      [1348]  
    warlike band,  
As soon as they to rest them      lay down upon the  
    sand.  
To his water-weary followers      leave for this was  
    granted;  
Their shields about them spreading,      on them they  
    laid their heads, for sleep they wanted.

“Whoe’er to-morrow morning      hopes to      [1349]  
    gain the fight  
Must not,” said the aged Wâ-te,      “oversleep to-

night.

For the struggle now before us      we hardly can be  
waiting;

As soon as morning lightens,      then, good knights,  
the foe must we be meeting.”

“Further I give you warning:      whoe’er my      [1350]  
horn shall hear

Along the seashore sounded,      soon as it meets his  
ear,

Let him at once make ready      the foeman to be  
meeting.

When I shall blow at daybreak,      no longer then  
may any there be waiting.

“When I again shall blow it,      let each to      [1351]  
this give heed;

Quickly let his saddle      be laid upon his steed.

Let him then be waiting,      till I see ’tis daylight  
fully,

And the time has come for the onset;      let none hang  
back, but meet the struggle truly.”

To do as Wâ-te bade them      their word they      [1352]  
gladly gave.

How many a lovely woman      did he of bliss  
bereave!

For soon their dearest kindred      unto death were  
wounded,

Who now were only waiting      until the horn in the  
early morning sounded.



“When you, my friends and kinsmen,      thrice      [1353]  
    my horn shall hear,  
Then, seated on your horses,      must you your  
    weapons wear;  
Thus must you, brave warriors,      wait, your steeds  
    bestriding,  
Till me you see, well-weaponed,      under the fair  
    Queen Hilda’s banner riding.”

Now on the seashore weary      lay they, one      [1354]  
    and all;  
Very near were they resting      to old King Ludwig’s  
    hall.  
Altho’ the night had fallen,      its towers they saw  
    while waking;  
The brave and fearless warriors      in stillness lay,  
    no sound or outcry making.

The early star of morning      now had risen      [1355]  
    high;  
Then came a lovely maiden      unto the window nigh.  
She there was gazing skyward,      to see when day  
    was breaking,  
That she might bring the tidings,      and rich reward  
    from fair Gu-drun be seeking.

Ere she long had waited,      there dawned on      [1356]  
    the maiden’s sight,  
With its wonted gleam on the waters,      the early  
    morning light;  
Then the sheen of helmets      and many shields there  
    flittered:

Foes had besieged the castle, and all the sands  
below with weapons glittered.

Back then went the maiden to where Gu- [1357]  
drun she found:

“Arouse, my queenly lady, wake from your  
slumber sound!

The land is held by foemen, who will these walls  
be storming;

We have not been forgotten by those at home; our  
friends come hither swarming.”

Gu-drun, the high-born lady, quickly [1358]  
sprang from her bed,

And, hasting to the window, to the maid her thanks  
she said.

“For this good news you give me, wealth shall  
you be earning.”

After her heavy sorrow, now for her friends Gu-  
drun was sorely yearning.

Rich sails were seen to flutter near by [1359]  
upon the sea;

Then said the high-born maiden: “Ah, wellaway!  
Woe’s me!

Would that I ne’er were living!” the wretched one  
was sighing:

“Many a doughty warrior this day for me shall  
here in death be lying.”

While thus she was bewailing, nearly all [1360]  
still slept;

But soon was one heard shouting,      who guard for  
Ludwig kept:  
“Be up, you careless warriors!      your arms, your  
arms be taking!  
And you, my king of Normandy!      I fear that all too  
late you will be waking.”

This the wicked Gerlind      heard, as the      [1361]  
warder cried;  
Then, while fast he slumbered,      she left the old  
king’s side.  
Up to the roof of the castle      then at once she  
hastened;  
She thence saw many foemen,      and on her devilish  
heart great sorrow fastened.

Back again she speeded      to where she      [1362]  
found the king:  
“Awake, my lord, make ready      for guests who  
followers bring!  
Now hem they in your castle,      and well may they  
be dreaded:  
That smile of young Gu-drun      will cost your  
knights a strife as yet unheeded.”

“Hush!” then answered Ludwig,      “I will go      [1363]  
myself to see;  
We must all be bravely waiting      for whatsoe’er  
may be.”  
Then looked he from his castle,      to see the foemen  
thronging;  
His eyes by guests were greeted,      on whom to look

he never might be longing.

Before his palace waving,      he saw their      [1364]  
banners spread;

Then said the old King Ludwig:      “Let some one go  
with speed

And bear this news to Hartmut.      I for pilgrims take  
them,

To sell their wares come hither;      before my hall a  
market would they make them.”

Then they wakened Hartmut,      that he the      [1365]  
tale might hear.

Outspoke that daring warrior:      “Let none be sad or  
fear.

I see full twenty princes      their blazoned banners  
bearing;

I ween these foes are coming      to wreak the hate  
they long ’gainst us are wearing.”





*Tale the Twenty-Seventh.*  
**HOW LUDWIG AND HARTMUT MET THE  
HEGELINGS.**

Asleep still left he lying      all his faithful      [1366]  
    men.

He and his father Ludwig,      the twain, to go were  
    seen,

And, gazing from the window,      they saw the  
    thongs below them.

Quickly then said Hartmut:      “Too near our castle-  
    walls methinks they show them.

“I ween they are not pilgrims,      in truth, my      [1367]  
    father dear;

More like it is that Wâ-te      and all his men draw  
    near.

He from Sturmland cometh,      the lord of Ortland  
    bringing;

The men I see are like them,      as I know from the  
    flag that they to the breeze are flinging.

“I see a brown silk pennon,      that comes      [1368]  
    from Karadé;

Before that flag is lowered,      many will rue the day.  
On it a head is blazoned,—      as red as gold it  
    glitters:

Guests so bold and warlike      we well can spare;  
    their sight the day embitters.

“The Moorland king is bringing      full twenty      [1369]

thousand men,  
Knights as strong and daring as any I have seen;  
To win from us great honor methinks they now are  
craving.

There comes another banner, that o'er yet other  
knights its folds is waving.

“It is the flag of Horant, the knight from the [1370]  
Danish land;

I see with him Lord Fru-te, I know both him and  
his band.

And hither, too, from Waleis, many foemen  
leading,

Morunc now comes riding; he, for the morning's  
fight, o'er the sands is speeding.

“I see another banner, on it a chevron red, [1371]  
With sharpened spears within it; for this shall  
many bleed.

Ortwin it is who bears it, from Ortland hither  
faring:

Erewhile we slew his father; no kindly thought to  
us he now is bearing.

“There floats another banner, whiter than [1372]  
any swan;

Blazons bright and golden you well may see  
thereon.

It is our mother Hilda who sends it o'er the water;  
The hatred of the Hegelings will soon be known  
by me who stole her daughter.

“There I see uplifted a flag outspreading [1373]  
wide;  
Of sky-blue silk ’tis woven. The truth I will not  
hide;  
Herwic bears this banner, he in the Sealands  
dwelling.  
Sea-leaves are shown upon it; he soon on us his  
wrath will here be telling.

“There Irold, too, is coming,— this that I [1374]  
say is true,—  
From Friesland leading many, as well indeed I  
know,  
With fighting men from Holstein, warriors brave  
and daring.  
A stormy fight is nearing; now in our castle all  
must arms be wearing.”

Then cried Hartmut loudly: “Up, my [1375]  
faithful men!  
If to these guests so warlike, who ’neath our walls  
are seen,  
It may not now be granted to ride so boldly near  
us,  
Then, before the gateway, with sword-blows we  
must greet them, and bravely bear us.”

Then from their beds upsprang they all [1376]  
who yet did lie;  
At once, to bring their war-gear, loudly did they  
cry.  
The call to guard their master gladly they were



hearing;  
Forty hundred warriors showed themselves, their  
shining armor wearing.

Ludwig and Hartmut with him armed [1377]  
themselves for fight:  
To the sad and homeless maidens this was a sorry  
sight;  
These within the castle uneasy hearts were  
keeping;  
They said to one another: “Let him who smiled  
before this day be weeping!”

Quickly came Queen Gerlind, old King [1378]  
Ludwig’s wife;  
She said: “What will you, Hartmut? Would you  
lose your life,  
With that of all your kinsmen who here our lot are  
sharing?  
The foe will surely slay you, if to leave the castle-  
walls you now be daring.”

The well-born knight then answered: [1379]  
“Mother, stay within;  
You may not give your teaching to me or to my  
men.  
Spare your words for women; they mayhap will  
listen,  
While they sit at sewing, making their silks with  
gold and gems to glisten.

“Now, mother, let us see you send Gu-drun [1380]

to wash,  
As you did before, with her maidens,      where the  
billows dash.  
You weened they all were friendless,      and had no  
kindred living;  
You yet may see, ere nightfall,      what thanks to us  
our guests will yet be giving.”

Then spake his devilish mother:      “I did it      [1381]  
for your sake,  
Thinking her will to bridle.      My bidding kindly  
take;  
Strongly built is the castle,      let now the gates be  
fastened;  
They then will gain but little      who on their  
toilsome way have hither hastened.

“Full well you know it, Hartmut,      you bear      [1382]  
the maiden’s hate,  
For you have slain her kinsmen:      your watch you  
must not bate.  
It is not friends or kinsfolk      who at our gates are  
knocking;  
The proud and warlike Hegelings,      twenty to one  
of us, come hither flocking.

“Of this bethink you further,      my well-      [1383]  
belovéd son:  
Bread we have in the castle      and wine for every  
one;  
Food will not be lacking      if here for a year we are  
staying;

But if on the field you are taken, our foes will you  
from bondage ne'er be freeing."

Then to him spake further old King [1384]

Ludwig's wife:

"Ever guard your honor, but do not lose your life.

Bid men to shoot with longbows at the loop-holes  
standing;

So shall wounds be given, for which their friends  
at home will tears be spending.

"Let slings with ropes be fitted; we then [1385]  
will meet the foe

By hurling rocks upon them: knights we have  
enow.

Before with these new-comers you your swords  
are crossing,

Stones will I and my maidens bring in aprons  
white, on them to be tossing."

Angrily spake Hartmut: "Lady, get you [1386]  
gone!

Why do you seek to lead me? Is not my mind my  
own?

Before my foes shall find me within my castle  
hiding,

Outside I would die far sooner, in fight with  
Hilda's men, against me riding."

Then to him said, weeping, old King [1387]

Ludwig's wife:

"I gave to you this warning that you might spare

your life,  
And guard yourself the better.      Whoe'er is seen  
    this morning  
Beneath your banner fighting,      rich gifts from us  
    shall he be fairly earning.

“Now arm ourselves,” cried Gerlind,      [1388]  
    “stand by my son in fight;  
Strike from your foemen's helmets      a glowing,  
    fiery light.  
Be always near your master,      to help him ever  
    striving;  
Fitly these guests to welcome,      deep be the wounds  
    that you to them are giving.”

Then to his men said Hartmut:      “My      [1389]  
    mother's words are true;  
If you to me are faithful,      and strive your best to  
    do,  
And this day, in the struggle,      to give your help are  
    ready,  
When fathers shall have fallen,      a friend I'll be to  
    sons bereft and needy.”

A thousand and a hundred      within King      [1390]  
    Ludwig's halls  
Now were all well-weaponed.      Before from out  
    the walls  
Went any thro' the gateways,      they left the  
    stronghold guarded;  
Still within it posted,      five hundred warriors brave  
    the castle warded.

On four gates of the castle      the bolts were      [1391]  
backward thrown:  
Ne'er had they been opened      to a single spur alone.  
Then with the youthful Hartmut,      outgoing at his  
bidding,  
All with helmets fastened,      went thirty hundred  
followers boldly riding.

The hour of strife drew nearer.      He of the      [1392]  
Sturmisch land,  
Wâ-te, his horn was blowing;      and loud across the  
sand,  
For thirty miles or over,      men the blast were  
hearing;  
The fighters of the Hegelings,      to flock to Hilda's  
flag, their arms were wearing.

Once again he blew it:      at this should all      [1393]  
take heed,  
That every knight among them      then should mount  
his steed,  
And each his men should gather      to ride as they  
were bidden.  
A knight so old as Wâ-te,      and yet so brave, to the  
fight had never ridden.

The third time that he blew it,      he such a      [1394]  
blast did make  
That all the land was shaken,      and the sea a sound  
gave back;  
Almost from Ludwig's castle      the corner-stones  
were falling:

To raise Queen Hilda's banner      Wâ-te to Horant  
then was loudly calling.

They feared old Wâ-te sorely,      none dared      [1395]  
to speak aloud;

A horse was e'en heard neighing.      Upon the roof  
now stood

Herwic's well-belovéd,      and saw the warriors  
daring,

Onward proudly riding,      to wage the fight with  
Hartmut, nothing fearing.

Hartmut rode to meet them;      he and all his      [1396]  
men,

Bearing well their weapons,      to leave the gates  
were seen.

Those from the windows gazing      saw the helmets  
glisten

Of friends as well as foemen.      Hartmut not alone to  
the fight did hasten.

To all four sides of the castle      the foes their      [1397]  
banners bore;

Bright in hue like silver      was the armor that they  
wore;

The bosses of their bucklers      were seen to glitter  
brightly.

Much was Wâ-te dreaded;      no lion grim and wild  
were feared more rightly.

The fighters from the Moorland      were seen      [1398]  
apart to ride,

And heavy shafts were hurling; splinters were  
scattered wide.

When with the Norman foemen soon the fight did  
thicken,

Sharply from their weapons and from their  
breastplates fiery sparks were stricken.

The warriors from Denmark near to the [1399]  
castle rode.

There the mighty Irold six thousand fighters good  
Up to the walls was leading, an onslaught to be  
making:

Brave and daring were they; sore ill from them  
erelong was Ludwig taking.

Elsewhere, riding boldly, Ortwin his [1400]  
followers led,

No less than eighty hundred; sorrow and woe they  
made

For many of the Normans, and all the land they  
harried.

Gerlind and Ortrun weeping, watching the fight  
from the roof, together tarried.

Then came Herwic also, betrothed to fair [1401]  
Gu-drun;

Through him full many a woman must come to  
sorrow soon,

When, for his heart's belovéd, he to the fight was  
springing.

Beneath the heavy weapons were heard the  
clattering helmets loudly ringing.

Now came the aged Wâ-te,      with warriors      [1402]  
    not a few;  
Grim was he and fearless,      as soon they all well  
    knew.  
His spear not yet he lowered      as he to the walls  
    came riding:  
Sad was the sight to Gerlind,      but other were the  
    thoughts Gu-drun was hiding.

Then came the Norman Hartmut,      riding      [1403]  
    before his men.  
E'en had he been Kaiser,      never would he be seen  
To bear himself more proudly.      In the sun was seen  
    to glisten  
All his shining armor.      His boldness on the field  
    not yet did lessen.

When he was seen by Ortwin,      the lord of      [1404]  
    Ortland's throne,  
He said: "Will any tell us,      to whom this knight is  
    known,  
Who is the daring fighter      now against us turning?  
He shows as bold a bearing      as if to win a  
    kingdom he were yearning."

Then said one among them:      "'Tis Hartmut      [1405]  
    whom you see;  
There indeed is a warrior!      a daring knight is he.  
The selfsame foeman is he      who erstwhile slew  
    your father.  
Where'er the strife is raging,      a bolder man than he  
    there's not another."



Angrily spake Ortwin:      “Me for his wrongs      [1406]  
    he owes,  
And must atone full dearly      before from here he  
    goes.  
The ills that he has done us      must he be soon  
    undoing;  
Gerlind cannot help him      that he from hence may  
    e’er alive be going.”

Down upon young Ortwin      Hartmut riding      [1407]  
    bore.  
Altho’ he did not know him,      deep he plunged his  
    spur;  
His horse sprang forward widely,      against brave  
    Ortwin driven.  
Both their spears were lowered;      fire on their  
    armor flashed from spear-strokes given.

No thrust against the other      did either leave      [1408]  
    undone:  
The war-horse then of Ortwin      was on his  
    haunches thrown;  
Soon, too, the steed did stagger      whereon was  
    Hartmut seated;  
They could not bear the onset      of kings who rushed  
    together, to madness heated.

High upreared the horses;      a mighty clang      [1409]  
    arose  
From clash of kingly sword-blades.      Thanks were  
    due to those  
Who the fight thus opened,      as knights beseemeth

ever.

Brave were both and fearless; to shrink from one  
another thought they never.

On both sides came their followers, [1410]  
lowering their spears,  
And bringing death to many; each his foeman  
nears,  
And in the shock of the onset heavy wounds was  
giving.  
All of them were faithful, and well for a worthy  
name they now were striving.

A thousand 'gainst a thousand, now the [1411]  
strife began  
Of Hartnut's men with Wâ-te's, each man against  
his man.  
Soon by the lord of Sturmland were they so badly  
treated  
That whoso now came near him never a second  
time with him was mated.

Now were thickly mingled of foes ten [1412]  
thousand men,  
Among King Herwic's warriors; they came in  
anger keen.  
Their mood it was so stubborn that rather than be  
flying  
Far from the field of fighting, they on the ground  
would first in death be lying.

A knight indeed was Herwic; what daring [1413]

deeds he did!

Earnest was he in fighting, that so the lovely maid  
Might be to him the kinder. But how could he be  
dreaming

The boon could e'er befall him, that the eyes of  
fair Gu-drun on him were beaming?

Ludwig, king of the Normans, and they of [1414]  
the Danish land,

Now had met together. Ludwig bore in hand  
His strong and heavy weapon; lordly was his  
bearing,

Yet he with all his followers to come too far  
without the walls was daring.

There, with his men from Holstein, Fru-te, [1415]  
brave and bold,

Slew full many a foeman; of this could much be  
told.

Now, too, from the land of Waleis, Morunc, many  
slaying,

Before King Ludwig's castle made rich the earth  
with the dead he low was laying.

Irold, the youthful champion, a knight both [1416]  
true and good,

Slashed thro' foemen's armor, shedding their hot  
life-blood.

Under Hilda's banner was Wâ-te's kinsman  
fighting;

Many in death grew paler as Horant thinned the  
crowd he fast was smiting.

Now the young King Hartmut and Ortwin [1417]  
met again.

Thicker than snow-flakes blown by the wind  
are seen,

The sword-strokes of the warriors upon each  
other lighted:

Thus it was that Hartmut once more by Ortwin on  
the field was greeted.

Gu-drun's young brother, Ortwin, was [1418]  
bold and brave enow,

But Hartmut through his helmet smote him a heavy  
blow;

Over his shining breastplate soon the blood was  
streaming:

The followers of Ortwin sadly saw the flow, its  
brightness dimming.

Great was the crush and uproar; hand to [1419]  
hand they fought;

Many wounds were gaping thro' rings of steel  
well-wrought;

Many a head had fallen beneath the sword-strokes  
given:

Death was like a robber, that from their kin the  
dearest friends had riven.

Now saw the Danish Horant that Ortwin [1420]  
from his foe

A bloody wound had taken; then Horant bade them  
show

Who 'twas that thus had wounded his master

loved so dearly.

Hartmut at this was laughing,      for both upon the  
field had met too nearly.

Ortwin himself then answered:      “’Tis      [1421]  
Hartmut this has done.”

Then Hilda’s banner was given      by Horant to one  
of his own;

Thinking thus the foeman      he could harm the better,  
And gain himself much honor:      now he sought his  
foe with boldness greater.

Hartmut heard around him      a loud and      [1422]  
stormy din.

On many of his warriors      streams of blood were  
seen

Fast from wounds out-welling;      down to their feet  
’twas flowing.

Then cried Hartmut boldly:      “For this shall you  
atone, and this be ruing.”

Now he turned him quickly      where Horant      [1423]  
met his sight;

Then might one be seeing,      so brave were both in  
fight,

How from their ringed armor      sparks of fire were  
flying;

Blunted were the sword-blades      which they on  
each other’s helmets fast were plying.

Hartmut wounded Horant,      even as he had      [1424]  
done

Not long before to Ortwin;      a ruddy stream full  
soon  
Ran from out his armor,      at Hartmut's hand forth  
welling.  
Strong indeed was his foeman;      who now to win  
his lands could hope be feeling?

Then in bitter struggle      many, on either      [1425]  
side,  
Saw their bucklers shattered,      tho' strong and often  
tried;  
Beaten were they and broken      by sword-strokes  
quickly given  
By each upon the other.      Well to guard himself had  
Hartmut striven.

Now the friends of Ortwin,      and those of      [1426]  
Horant, too,  
Away from the field did lead them;      and care did  
they bestow  
To bind their wounds wide-gaping;      no time for  
this they wasted.  
Then again to the war-field      the knights both rode;  
once more to the strife they hasted.

We now must leave them fighting      as      [1427]  
bravely as they will.  
Who the day was winning,      or whom his foe did  
kill,  
Before King Ludwig's castle,      none could yet be  
saying.  
Grimly strove the Normans;      their foes, not less,

for fame were strength outlaying.

Of all that there befell them      none may ever      [1428]  
tell;

But 'tis not yet forgotten      that many a knight there  
fell.

On every side were sword-blades      heard together  
ringing;

Foemen all were mingled,      the slow with those  
who quick in fight were springing.

Wâ-te stood not idle,      that can I well      [1429]  
believe.

He bade farewell to many,      nor longer let them  
live;

Cut down by him in the struggle,      were they before  
him lying.

Fain were Hartmut's kinsmen      to wreak their wrath  
for friends who there were dying.

Now came Herwic nearer,      so the tale is      [1430]  
told,

And led against King Ludwig      many a champion  
bold.

He saw that aged warrior      his weapons bravely  
bearing,

Where he with all his liegemen,      a wondrous host  
of foes beat down, unsparing.

Herwic called out loudly:      "Can any one      [1431]  
now tell

Who is that fighting graybeard,      who all his foes

doth fell?  
Deepest wounds for many      there his hand is  
    hewing,  
With bravery so fearless:      women in tears will this  
    erelong be ruing.”

When this was heard by Ludwig,      outspoke      [1432]  
    that Norman foe:  
“Who in the midst of battle      seeks my name to  
    know?  
I bear the name of Ludwig:      for Normandy I’m  
    fighting;  
Could I but meet my foemen,      them indeed would I  
    be sorely smiting.”

Then spake to him King Herwic:      “This      [1433]  
    thou well dost earn:  
Seeing thou art Ludwig,      with hate for thee I burn.  
For us, upon the sand-drifts,      many knights thou  
    wast slaying:  
Thou slewest Hettel also;      a warrior brave was he,  
    beyond all saying.

“Still further thou hast wronged us,      before      [1434]  
    thy day was done:  
For this we still are mourning.      I for my loss have  
    known  
Heart-heaviness and sorrow:      thou hast my lady  
    stolen  
From me upon the Wulpensand;      and many knights  
    for her in death have fallen.



“I bear the name of Herwic:      thou hast      [1435]  
    taken my hoped-for wife,  
And again to me must give her;      else to give his  
    life,  
With that of many a liegeman,      must one of us be  
    willing.”  
Then King Ludwig answered:      “Too boldly thou in  
    my land in threats art dealing.

“Thy name, and this thy warning,      thou hast      [1436]  
    no need to tell;  
There yet are many others      from whom I took, as  
    well,  
Their goods and eke their kinsmen.      To trust my  
    word be ready,  
In this I will not falter;      thou nevermore may’st  
    hope to kiss thy lady.”

When they thus had spoken,      the kings no      [1437]  
    more did rest,  
But sprang upon each other.      If either got the best,  
To hold it was not easy;      youths were forward  
    pushing  
Under both the standards,      and daring knights to  
    help their lords were rushing.

A fearless king was Herwic,      and long and      [1438]  
    bravely fought;  
But quickly Hartmut’s father      the youthful Herwic  
    smote,  
Till he began to stagger      ’neath blows by Ludwig  
    given,

Who gladly would have slain him,      or would from  
out his lands his foe have driven.

If Herwic's faithful followers      so near him      [1439]  
had not been,  
And given help so quickly,      never could he, I  
ween,  
Have freed himself from Ludwig,      or left the field  
yet living;  
So well that aged warrior      to make young Herwic  
dread him now was striving.

But help to him was granted,      his life he did      [1440]  
not lose;  
And, neither stunned nor wounded,      he from his  
fall arose.  
Then to the roof quick turning,      his eyes he now  
was raising,  
To see if, 'mongst the ladies,      his heart's beloved  
had on his fall been gazing.





*Tale the Twenty-Eighth.*  
**HOW HERWIC SLEW LUDWIG.**

Now said Herwic sadly:      “Ah, welaway!      [1441]

Woe’s me!

If fair Gu-drun, my lady,      my fall did lately see.  
Should e’er the hour be coming      when I shall clasp  
the maiden,

And as a wife shall own her,      with blame and  
scorn shall I by her be laden.

“Sorely doth it shame me,      that now the      [1442]  
gray old man

Thus has overthrown me.”      Forthwith he bade  
again

His men to raise his banner,      and ’gainst King  
Ludwig bear it;

Then rushed they on the foemen,      who might not  
flee the fight, but all must share it.

Ludwig heard behind him      an uproar loud      [1443]  
and din;

Then he turned him quickly,      and Herwic sought  
again.

Soon he heard on helmets      many sword-blows  
stricken.

Those who stood near Ludwig      well might dread  
the wrath that both did quicken.

They sprang upon each other,      and fast and      [1444]  
well they smote;

Blows on blows loud sounded      the stormy field  
throughout.

Who can tell how many      now in death were lying?  
The day was lost to Ludwig,      who there his  
strength with Herwic would be trying.

Soon Gu-drun's betrothed      reached over      [1445]  
Ludwig's shield,  
And smote him 'neath his helmet;      well his sword  
did he wield.  
Him he sorely wounded,      and strength no more did  
leave him;  
Grim death he there awaited      until King Herwic  
should of life bereave him.

Then Herwic with his broadsword      smote      [1446]  
the king anew;  
At once the head of Ludwig      from off his shoulders  
flew.  
Well repaid was Herwic      for his shameful  
overthrowing;  
The king lay dead before him.      For this fair eyes  
must soon be overflowing.

Ludwig's faithful followers,      after their      [1447]  
king was slain,  
His banner to the castle      thought to bear again;  
But all too far from the gateway      they had now  
been straying:  
From them the flag was taken,      and death must them  
erelong with their lord be laying.

The watchman saw from the castle how [1448]  
Ludwig lost his life;  
Then was heard the mourning of knights and many  
a wife:  
Their king, so old and mighty, they knew in death  
was lying;  
Gu-drun and all her maidens stood in the hall in  
fear, and loud were crying.

As yet the Norman Hartmut, knew nothing [1449]  
of the tale,  
How that the king, his father, and kinsmen young  
as well,  
With many bravest warriors, now in death were  
sleeping,  
Then he heard from the castle the shrieks and  
wails of those who there were weeping.

Now the knightly Hartmut unto his [1450]  
followers said:  
“’Tis best we hence withdraw us; how many here  
lie dead  
Who in stormy fighting thought our men to be  
slaying!  
Now will we seek the castle, and there until a  
better time be staying.”

To him they listened gladly, and followed [1451]  
where he rode.  
Great was the work of slaughter the field around  
them showed,  
Where with grimmest foemen they were closely

warring;  
Freely had blood been flowing      beneath the hand  
of Hartmut and his followers daring.

“So well,” he said, “have you helped me,      [1452]  
    who my kinsmen are,  
That all my lands and riches      gladly with you I’ll  
    share.

We now will ride to my castle,      and there to rest  
    betake us;  
Men the gates will open,      and wine for us will  
    pour, and mead will make us.”

Fallen knights full many      they left on the      [1453]  
    field behind:

Were these of the land the owners,      still with no  
    braver mind  
They then had met the onset.      Those for the gates  
    now striving,  
By Wâ-te and his thousand      were not allowed to  
    reach the castle living.

He with a host of fighters      near the gates      [1454]  
    was seen,

When Hartmut with his followers      sought to come  
    within;

They in this were baffled,      and their strength were  
    wasting.

Those who the castle guarded      heavy stones from  
    off the wall were casting.

They hurled them down so wildly      on Wâ-      [1455]

te and his men,  
Like hailstones they were falling, with not a stop  
between.

Wâ-te recked but little how many were dead or  
living,

Might he the day be gaining; to this alone his  
thoughts he now was giving.

Hartmut saw old Wâ-te before the castle- [1456]  
gate.

He said: "Tho' from our foemen our gains this day  
are great,

Before it shall be ended, for this their hate they'll  
show us:

Let now the strong be heedful; dead must many lie  
on the field below us.

"Fear and care it gives me that many here [1457]  
are seen

Whom we must now be meeting. Wâ-te with all  
his men

I see before the gateway, there with sword-strokes  
hewing.

If he of the gate be keeper, I look for little  
kindness he'll be doing.

"See for yourselves, my warriors, the [1458]  
gateways and the walls

By foes on all sides girded; knight to knight there  
calls.

The roadways all are crowded, whichever way  
we're turning:



Gu-drun's good friends and champions will spare  
no toil; to win the day they're burning.

"That you may know too truly, as I see [1459]  
already well;

Friends we must lose full many. Howe'er it so  
befell,

Before the outer gateway already see I waving  
The Moorland foeman's banner; lest they get in, a  
care must you be having.

"Near to the second gateway I see yet [1460]  
other foes:

I saw Lord Ortwin's banner, as on the breeze it  
rose.

Gu-drun's young brother is he; fair women's  
smiles he's seeking:

Ere he shall cool his anger, beneath his blows  
will helmets yet be breaking.

"Now see I, too, brave Herwic, before the [1461]  
third gate there;

With him seven thousand followers upon the field  
are near.

He comes in guise most knightly, to win his own  
heart's lady;

On him are gazing gladly the fair Gu-drun, and  
many maids already.

"To hasten back to my castle, the thought [1462]  
too late has come.

I know not where, with my warriors, now to seek

a home.

I see the stern old Wâ-te      before the fourth gate  
fighting;

My many friends in the castle,      I fear indeed must  
long for us be waiting.

“Fly from here I cannot;      no wings for this      [1463]  
have I;

Nor in the earth can hide me,      whatever else I try.  
Neither from the foeman      to the waves can we be  
turning:

Now, in our lot so wretched,      what best it is to do  
from me be learning.

“Good knights of mine, now hearken;      [1464]  
there’s nothing left to do

But, to the ground alighting,      their hot life’s-blood  
to hew

From out the ringed armor:      fear not the word I’ve  
given.”

Then, from their saddles leaping,      their horses  
back at once from them were driven.

“Now on, brave knights and warriors!”      [1465]  
Hartmut called to all;

“To the castle-gates press nearer,      whatever may  
befall.

I yet must meet old Wâ-te,      whether I live or am  
dying;

To drive him from the gateway,      and from the  
walls, I will at least be trying.”

Soon, with swords uplifted,      rushing on      [1466]  
    were seen

The brave and youthful Hartmut,      and with him all  
    his men.

He fell upon grim Wâ-te,      who met his coming  
    gladly;

Now their sword-blades clattered,      and many  
    knights lay dead, or wounded badly.

When Wâ-te saw young Hartmut      the      [1467]  
    onslaught on him make,

While Fru-te bore the banner,      in wrath old Wâ-te  
    spake:

“I hear the swords loud ringing      of many pressing  
    near us;

I beg, dear cousin Fru-te,      let none come out from  
    the gates; from that now spare us.”

Then Wâ-te, wild with anger,      did on King      [1468]  
    Hartmut run;

But he, so brave and daring,      the onset would not  
    shun.

The sun with dust was darkened,      now from the  
    struggle rising:

Their strength was unabated;      still for good name  
    they fought, that both were prizing.

What helped it that of Wâ-te      men said he      [1469]  
    was as strong

As six and twenty warriors?      Though this was on  
    each tongue,

Yet still to him young Hartmut      his knightly skill

was showing:  
Howe'er his foe was striving, the Norman lord  
and his men no less were doing.

A knight he was most truly, and well [1470]  
indeed he fought;  
Of the dead there lay a mountain whom on the  
field he smote.  
It was, forsooth, a wonder that Hartmut had not  
yielded,  
And died before old Wâ-te: grim was the wrath  
from which himself he shielded.

Soon heard he, loudly shrieking, old King [1471]  
Ludwig's wife;  
Sorely she was mourning the loss of her husband's  
life.  
She said she would reward him who felt his death  
past bearing,  
And would Gu-drun be slaying, with all the maids  
who there her lot were sharing.

Then ran a worthless fellow, to whom the [1472]  
fee was dear,  
To where the Hegeling maidens sat together near.  
Then the hearts of the women with many fears he  
loaded;  
For the sake of gold to be given, to take their lives  
he now was sharply goaded.

When that Hilda's daughter against her [1473]  
saw him bear

A sharp and naked weapon, she well indeed might  
fear,  
And mourn that, far from kindred, she was thus  
forsaken.  
Had not young Hartmut seen it, the knave her head  
from her would then have taken.

She so forgot her breeding that now she [1474]  
screamed aloud,  
As if in dread of dying; great fear made wild her  
mood.  
'Twas the same with all her maidens, there beside  
her seated,  
From out the window gazing; the ladies such  
behavior ill befitted.

At once the sound of her wailing to [1475]  
Hartmut made her known;  
And greatly did he wonder what made her scream  
and moan.  
Soon he saw a ruffian whose sword was near to  
falling,  
As if he meant to kill her. Loudly now to him 'gan  
Hartmut calling:

“Who are you, low-born dastard? For [1476]  
what reward or need  
Do you affright these maidens, and seek to strike  
them dead?  
If you shall strike one lady, I give you now this  
warning,  
Your life shall quick be ended; your kinsmen too

shall hang, this very morning.”

Back then sprang the rascal,— his anger he [1477]  
did fear;  
For now the youthful Hartmut held his life not  
dear,  
When to the homeless maidens he his help was  
giving:  
With care was he o’erladen, while from grim  
death to free them he was striving.

Quickly then came Ortrun, she of Norman [1478]  
lands,  
The fair and youthful princess; in woe she wrung  
her hands.  
She to Gu-drun came nearer, the stately, high-born  
maiden,  
And, at her feet down-falling, bewept her father’s  
death, with sorrow laden.

She said: “Most queenly lady, do not your [1479]  
tears forbear,  
For all my many kinsmen who death together  
share.  
Bethink you, if you also a father slain were  
weeping,  
How you would feel, great princess. My father  
slain I mourn, in death now sleeping.

“Behold, most high-born maiden, my woe [1480]  
and bitter need;  
How almost all my kinsmen lie, with my father,

dead:

And now the knightly Hartmut is death from Wâ-te  
fearing.

If I should lose my brother, bereft of kindred,  
nought could life be cheering.

“Reward the love I’ve shown you,” said [1481]  
the Norman maid.

“Of all that saw your sorrow, when none a tear  
did shed,

I then alone was friendly, and had you in my  
keeping;

For all the wrongs they did you, I the livelong day  
for you was weeping.”

Queen Hilda’s daughter answered: “Thou [1482]  
wast indeed my friend;

But yet this strife so deadly I know not how to  
end.

Were I indeed a warrior, and knightly weapons  
wearing,

I’d stop the fighting gladly; and none to slay your  
brother then were daring.”

Ortrun was sorely weeping; she still the [1483]  
maid besought,

Until within the window Gu-drun at length she  
brought,

Who with her hand then beckoned, and begged that  
it be told her

If from the land of her fathers knights had come  
who did in friendship hold her.

Then the knightly Herwic      answer thus did      [1484]  
    make:

“Who are you, young maiden,      who news from us  
    do seek?

We are not the Hegelings,      whom you see so near  
    you;

We hither come from the Sealands.      Tell us,  
    maiden, how we now can cheer you?”

“This do I beseech you,”      said the queenly      [1485]  
    maid:

“Sore has been the fighting;      him will I thank,  
    indeed,

Who now cuts short the struggle.      Me will he be  
    cheering

Who from the hands of Wâ-te      will Hartmut free in  
    the strife that I am fearing.”

Then asked the well-bred warrior      who      [1486]  
    from the Sealands came:

“Tell me, worthy maiden,      what may be your  
    name?”

She said: “Gu-drun they call me,      of Hagen’s  
    blood I own me;

Altho’ my birth was lofty,      of late but little love  
    has here been shown me.”

He said: “If you, fair lady,      my dear Gu-      [1487]  
    drun can be,

Then faithfully to help you      gladness will give to  
    me;

For I, in truth, am Herwic;      you for my own I have



chosen,  
And fain am I to show you how you from bonds of  
sorrow I can loosen.”

She said: “If you would help me, my good [1488]  
and worthy knight,  
I trust that you will grant me that what I ask is  
right:  
To me these lovely maidens their prayers are ever  
making,  
That from the fight with Wâ-te some friendly hand  
will Hartmut soon be taking.”

“That will I do right gladly, dearest lady [1489]  
mine.”

Then to his men young Herwic called above the  
din:

“Now against old Wâ-te let my flag be carried.”  
Herwic then pressed forward, and none of all his  
men behind him tarried.

To do the lady’s bidding hard it was for [1490]  
him;

But Herwic called out loudly to Wâ-te old and  
grim,

And said, “My dear friend Wâ-te, to grant my  
wish be ready:

Let strife be ended quickly: this is the prayer of  
many a lovely lady.”

Then spake in wrath old Wâ-te: “Sir [1491]  
Herwic, get you gone!

Did I mind the will of a woman,      how should I do  
    my own?  
If I thought to spare the foeman,      unasked I'd do it  
    even.  
I will not do your bidding:      Hartmut to pay for his  
    sins must now be driven."

Herwic, for love of his lady,      on both the      [1492]  
    fighters sprang  
Right fearlessly and boldly;      loud the sword-  
    blades rang.  
Wâ-te was wild with anger,      and bitter pain it gave  
    him  
That, ere the foeman yielded,      Herwic from his  
    hand should dare to save him.

Then he smote King Herwic      a strong and      [1493]  
    heavy blow,  
Ere he could part the fighters,      and quickly laid  
    him low;  
Now rushed the men of Herwic,      and did from Wâ-  
    te bear him.  
Hartmut was seized and taken,      though Herwic and  
    his knights had sought to spare him.



*Tale the Twenty-Ninth.*  
**HOW HARTMUT WAS TAKEN PRISONER.**

Wâ-te loud was storming;      then went he      [1494]  
    towards the hall

That stood before the gateway.      On every side did  
    fall

The din of sword-blades clashing,      of groaning and  
    of weeping.

Hartmut was in bondage;      ill luck alone his  
    liegemen, too, were reaping.

With him were also taken      eighty warriors      [1495]  
    brave;

The others all were slaughtered.      Hartmut his life  
    did save,

But to a ship was carried,      and fast and long they  
    kept him.

Not yet was sorrow ended;      greater ills must they  
    know who now bewept him.

Though often from the stronghold      Wâ-te's      [1496]  
    men they drove,

Both with slings and arrows,      yet still he grimly  
    strove,

And won from them the castle.      The heavy bolts  
    were broken

That once the gates had fastened;      at this fair  
    women wept, with fear outspoken.

Horant, the lord of Denmark,      Queen      [1497]

Hilda's flag now bore;  
Him followed many warriors, he might not wish  
for more.

Up to a palace tower that high its walls was  
rearing,  
Far above all others, the Hegeling men the banner  
soon were bearing.

As I have told already, the castle now was [1498]  
won:

To those they found within it grimmest deeds were  
done.

Great was the crowd on-pressing, for booty to  
enrich them.

Then cried the stern old Wâ-te: "Where are now  
the sacks, and youths to fetch them?"

Now was broken open many a well-filled [1499]  
room;

Loud was the din and uproar that from within did  
come:

But all were not like-minded who the halls were  
thronging;

While wounds were dealt by many, others for  
plunder searched, for riches longing.

They bore so much from the castle, as we [1500]  
have heard it told,

That such a heavy burden two ships could never  
hold:

Richest silken clothing, silver and gold, were  
taken,



Those who saw the slaughter,      how bitterly they  
cried!

Now the high-born Ortrun,      filled with care and  
sorrow,

Sought Gu-drun, kind maiden:      she feared yet  
greater wrongs before the morrow.

Then, her head low bending      before the      [1505]  
lovely maid,

She said: "Gu-drun, my lady,      have pity on my  
need,

And, in my sharpest sorrow,      leave me not  
forsaken;

I trust me to your kindness,      or else my life will by  
your friends be taken."

"Gladly will I shield you,"      she answered,      [1506]  
"if I can;

Ever to do you kindness,      and help you, I am fain.  
I will gain for you forgiveness;      no more for life be  
fearing.

Your maids and women also      must stand near me,  
my care they, too, are sharing."

"This doth make me happy,"      the youthful      [1507]  
Ortrun said.

With three and thirty maidens,      she was kindly kept  
and fed;

Warriors two and sixty      there the ladies guarded:  
If they should gain their freedom,      their keepers  
would be slain, and thus rewarded.

The old and wicked Gerlind      ran to Gu-      [1508]  
    drun in haste;  
As if she were her bondwoman,      herself at her feet  
    she cast,  
Saying: “Most high-born lady,      thou alone canst  
    save us  
From Wâ-te and his followers;      else will his  
    wrath, I ween, of life bereave us.”

To her said Hilda’s daughter:      “I hear you      [1509]  
    asking now  
That I to you be friendly;      how should I kindness  
    show?  
Nought that e’er I wished for      to grant me were you  
    willing:  
To me you showed but hatred;      and now my heart  
    with hate for you is swelling.”

That Ortrun then was near him      Wâ-te      [1510]  
    became aware:  
He his teeth was gnashing,      and straight up-stood  
    he there;  
Now his eyes were flashing;      his yard-wide beard  
    was flowing;  
And all were sorely frightened,      and feared what  
    the Sturmisch lord would next be doing.

Over him blood was streaming,      with it his      [1511]  
    clothes were wet.  
Tho’ Gu-drun was glad to see him,      she had liked  
    it better yet  
If he, in mood less wrathful,      had come for her to

greet him;  
Such fear they all were feeling,      I ween that no one  
there was glad to meet him.

To meet her friend, old Wâ-te,      went Gu-      [1512]  
drun alone;

Then said Hilda's daughter,      with sad and care-  
fraught tone:

“Welcome art thou, Wâ-te!      How glad would be  
my greeting,

If now these folk so many      no evil from thy hand  
should here be meeting.”

“I thank you, fair young maiden!      Are you      [1513]  
Queen Hilda's child?

Who are these many women,      whom here you seek  
to shield?”

“This,” said Gu-drun, in answer,      “is Ortrun, high  
in breeding;

I beg you, Wâ-te, spare her:      her women here your  
wrath are sorely dreading.

“Those there are wretched maidens,      from      [1514]  
far across the sea,

Brought from the Hegeling kingdom      by Ludwig's  
men with me.

But you are wet and bloody;      do not come so near  
us:

For all your help we thank you,      nor in our woe do  
scorn the love you bear us.”

Wâ-te went on further,      and Herwic soon he      [1515]



found,  
And with him youthful Ortwin, as king in Ortland  
owned.  
Irold was there and Morunc; Fru-te had thither  
hasted:  
None of these were idle; many they slew, nor soon  
from slaughter rested.

Quickly then came Hergart, the lady of a [1516]  
duke,  
And said: "Gu-drun, good lady, on me with  
kindness look,—  
On me, a wretched woman. Forget not that we  
ever  
Have been and are your handmaids; and let me,  
lady, lose thy friendship never."

Gu-drun in anger answered: "Stand back, [1517]  
come not so near!  
Whatever we poor maidens of wrong have had to  
fear,  
For all you wept but little, and cared for it but  
slightly.  
Not much do I care either whether for you it now  
goes ill or rightly.

"You still among my maidens may linger, [1518]  
if you choose."  
Now the stern old Wâ-te looked round among his  
foes,  
To find the wicked Gerlind, whom he in wrath  
was seeking.

That devilish crone, with her women,      the kindness  
of Gu-drun was now bespeaking.

Grimly then old Wâ-te      stood before the      [1519]  
hall,

And said: “Gu-drun, my lady,      send down, with her  
maidens all,

The old and wicked Gerlind,      who made you wash  
by the water;

And with her send her kinsmen,      who in our land  
so many knights did slaughter.”

The lovely maiden answered:      “Not one of      [1520]  
them is here.”

Then Wâ-te, in his anger,      went in and to her came  
near;

He said: “Now show me quickly      the women I am  
seeking;

Else shall they, with your maidens,      all alike in the  
grave their home be making.”

Wâ-te was sorely angry,      of this was she      [1521]  
aware.

A wink of her eye then gave him      a lovely maiden  
there,

And he knew the old she-devil,      on whom her  
glance was turning.

“Tell me,” he said, “Queen Gerlind,      for other  
maids to wash are you still yearning?”

Then by the hand he took her,      and dragged      [1522]  
her thence away;



Norman maids my help is seeking.”

Those who were forgiven she bade stand [1526]  
further back.

Then, in mood unfriendly, the angry Wâ-te spake:  
“Where shall I find young Hergart, now of a lord  
the lady,

Who here within this kingdom to take the love of  
the king’s great lord was ready?”

None of them would tell him, but he to her [1527]  
came near,

And said: “Were you the owner of all this  
kingdom here,

Who could in you be looking to see so proud a  
bearing?

Ill have you served your lady, here in the land  
where you her lot were sharing.”

Then all cried out together: “Let her now [1528]  
go free.”

But the aged Wâ-te answered: “That can never be;  
I have the care of the women; behold my  
overseeing!”

With a stroke he her beheaded, while the maids in  
fright behind Gu-drun were fleeing.

Now from the bloody struggle there was a [1529]  
rest for all.

Then the brave King Herwic came to Ludwig’s  
hall,

Leading in his warriors, with stains of blood upon

them.

Gu-drun her welcome gave him; her love for him  
was shown, and kindness done them.

Soon the knightly Herwic his sword from [1530]

his side unbound:

He then shook off his armor into his shield on the  
ground,

And stood before the ladies; iron-stained was his  
body.

That day, for love of his lady, he oft on the field  
had hewn a pathway bloody.

With him came Ortwin also, who was of [1531]

Ortland king.

When Irold came with Morunc, the clothes they  
off did fling

Worn outside their armor, for they were over-  
heated.

They wished to see the ladies, and hoped by them  
they would be kindly greeted.

When now the Danish warriors were both [1532]

with slaughter spent,

They laid aside their weapons, and before the  
ladies went.

Shields no longer bore they, their helmets were  
unfastened;

A very loving welcome to give to both the knights  
Gu-drun then hastened.

Irold and Morunc with him then most [1533]

lowly bowed  
Before the lovely maiden.      How well her bearing  
showed  
That to see these guests so lordly      she was indeed  
most willing!  
Right glad and happy truly      the child of the  
Hegeling Hilda now was feeling.

Alike they all were thinking,      both lords      [1534]  
and all their men:  
“Since now we have the castle,—      the stronghold  
Kassiane,—  
Of the land are we the masters,      and everything is  
ours.”  
Soon bade the aged Wâ-te      that men should burn  
with fire the palace with its towers.

The Danish Fru-te answered:      “That may      [1535]  
never be;  
In this my queenly lady      to live must now be free.  
Bid that from out the castle      men the dead shall  
carry;  
Then ’twill be the better      for all our knights who in  
the land shall tarry.

“Very strong is the castle,      wide it is and      [1536]  
good;  
Bid from the walls now everywhere      to wash away  
the blood,  
That for a home the maidens      may not dislike it  
wholly:  
Then the land of Hartmut      we will raid throughout,

and see it fully.”

They did as Fru-te bade them,      for wise he      [1537]  
    was, in truth;  
They bore from out the castle      many who there,  
    forsooth,  
Were sorely slashed and wounded,      and many who  
    were dying:  
Then to the waves they carried      those who before  
    the gates in death were lying.

They to the sea intrusted      four thousand of      [1538]  
    the dead;  
This to them was toilsome,      but Fru-te thus had  
    bade.  
The work that they were doing      not as yet was  
    ended;  
Then in Ludwig’s castle      the maid Ortrun was  
    held, now ill-befriended.

Two and sixty warriors      and thirty maidens      [1539]  
    fair  
With her were also taken.      Then said Gu-drun:  
    “Forebear!  
The maids are in my keeping,      my word to them I  
    plighted:  
Wâ-te may do as he wishes      with the knights he  
    seized, until my wrongs are righted.”

Siegfried, king of Moorland,      found a      [1540]  
    welcome warm,  
As should to knights be granted      after the battle-

storm.

Thanks to that worthy warrior      were by the ladies  
given,

That he from the land of Karadie      so far had come,  
and so well for them had striven.

To the care of the Danish Horant      they their      [1541]  
foes did give

Who in the castle of Kassian      still were left alive.  
To him was Gu-drun intrusted,      and all her  
maidens near her:

To her was he a kinsman;      they so might hope that  
he would kindness bear her.

Him they made the master      of forty towers      [1542]  
strong,

And six wide, roomy dwellings,      that stood the  
shore along.

Over three rich palaces      to him was lordship  
granted,

And there Gu-drun, the maiden,      with him must  
stay, and nought she ever wanted.

To guard their ships on the waters      others      [1543]  
now they bade;

Then back to castle Kassian      Hartmut, the knight,  
was led

With many of his kinsmen,      who in the fight were  
taken;

There the Norman ladies,      seized with the knights,  
were held, by hope forsaken.



They bade that care be taken      that none      [1544]  
    from them might flee;  
A thousand of their brave ones      must the women  
    oversee:  
They, with the men from Denmark,      kept guard in  
    many places.  
Wâ-te, meanwhile, with Fru-te,      sought other foes,  
    and shields to hew in pieces.

Thirty thousand warriors      with them the      [1545]  
    war-path shared.  
Fire was thrown on all sides;      flames now flashed  
    and flared.  
Throughout the land, the dwellings      everywhere  
    were burning;  
And now the brave young Hartmut,      sad at heart,  
    his first true woe was learning.

The warriors from Sturmland,      and they of      [1546]  
    the Danish land,  
Broke down the well-built castles      on every hill  
    and strand.  
They took away more plunder      than foemen ever  
    carried;  
Many lovely women      the Hegelings seized, the  
    while the land they harried.

Before the friends of Hilda      came back      [1547]  
    thro' the wasted land,  
Six and twenty castles      fell beneath their hand.  
Happy went they homeward;      proud were they of  
    their raiding;

Soon of those there taken a thousand or more to  
Hilda they were leading.

Throughout the Norman kingdom was [1548]

Hilda's banner seen,  
Waving now unhindered; back again her men  
Bore it down to the sea-sand, where they had left  
their lady.

Here would they stay no longer; to seek their  
homes they all were glad and ready.

Those who still were resting within King [1549]  
Hartmut's halls

Down to their friends came riding from out the  
castle walls.

Gladly both old and youthful now each other  
greeted;

Then asked they of Denmark: "Youths, what luck  
in the raid hath you awaited?"

To them King Ortwin answered: "We there [1550]  
have done so well

That I to those who helped me my thanks must  
ever tell.

Our foes are well rewarded, tho' sore has been  
the fighting,

For all the wrongs they did us; a thousand-fold  
have we ourselves been righting."

Then spake the aged Wâ-te: "Who best can [1551]  
tarry here

To guard for us this kingdom? Bid now Gu-drun,

the fair,  
Come down again to meet us; soon shall we be  
going  
To Hilda's land of the Hegelings; and what we  
bring we will to her be showing."

Then said they all together, both the old [1552]  
and young:  
"To Horant and to Morunc doth the warder's task  
belong;  
They, and a thousand with them, here in this land  
must tarry."  
'Twas done as they had bidden; but those who  
went did many a hostage carry.

When to go back to Hegeling they now [1553]  
made up their minds,  
Then to their ships they carried goods of many  
kinds,  
All they once brought with them, and all they had  
of plunder.  
Gladly they bore their booty; on this their friends  
at home would look with wonder.

Hartmut now was bidden to leave his [1554]  
father's hall,  
With all his bravest warriors, five hundred men in  
all;  
They now were held in bondage who had in strife  
been taken,  
And won from their foes thereafter many a weary  
day, of hope forsaken.

Ortrun took they likewise,      the fair and      [1555]  
    high-born maid;  
On her and on her maidens      a heavy woe they laid:  
As they away from fatherland      far from friends  
    were carried,  
They well might know the sorrows      felt by Gu-  
    drun and her maids, who with them tarried.

Those whom they had taken      they bore with      [1556]  
    them away.  
The castles, overmastered,      henceforth must own  
    the sway  
Of Morunc and of Horant:      when they homeward  
    started,  
They left in the Norman kingdom      a thousand of  
    their men, all fearless-hearted.

“Now do I beseech you,”      to them young      [1557]  
    Hartmut spake,  
“That in my father’s kingdom      my freedom I may  
    take;  
If this to me be granted,      I pledge my life and  
    riches.”  
The aged Wâ-te answered:      “Now in our hands to  
    keep you wisdom teaches.

“Why it is I know not,      that ’tis my      [1558]  
    nephew’s will  
To carry home young Hartmut,      who him would  
    gladly kill,  
And take from him his riches.      Even before the  
    morrow,

Were only my nephew willing, I would see that  
his foe no more in bonds should sorrow.”

Then spake the youthful Ortwin: “What [1559]  
gain to us would come

If we should slay our foemen here in their land  
and home?

Hartnut and his kindred may better things be  
hoping;

Them will I bring to my mother, as well beseems  
a knight to wrong ne'er stooping.”

All their goods and riches down to the [1560]  
ships were brought;

With gold and gems and clothing, and horses they  
were fraught.

Her whom they had sought for they were  
homeward bringing:

They who once went mourning now on their way  
were heard in gladness singing.





*Tale the Thirtieth.*

**HOW GUDRUN WAS BROUGHT HOME TO HILDA.**

Homeward the men of the Hegelings      gladly      [1561]  
took their way;

But many whom they carried      erewhile across the  
sea

Now lay dead and wounded;      these must they be  
leaving:

Three thousand men or over      were mourned by  
friends, who tears to each were giving.

Now their ships went smoothly,      the winds      [1562]  
for them were good:

Bearing home their booty      they came in happy  
mood.

How it was done I know not,      they sent on men  
before them

Unto the Hegeling ladies:      of what had them  
befallen they tidings bore them.

With all their speed they hastened,—      that I      [1563]  
well can say,—

And reached at last their kingdom,—      I cannot tell  
the day.

Never a tale so happy      had Lady Hilda gladdened  
As this that now they told her:      Ludwig was slain,  
who long her life had saddened.

She asked: “Still lives my daughter,      and      [1564]  
all her maiden band?”

They answered: "Herwic brings her, his own,  
again to her land.

Ne'er to so brave a warrior it hath befallen better.  
Ortrun, too, they are bringing, and Hartmut, her  
brother; these in bonds they fetter."

"A happy tale you bring me," said then the [1565]  
well-bred queen;

"My life with care and sadness by them hath  
cumbered been.

If e'er my eyes behold them, ill shall they be  
faring:

Through them have I much sorrow, untold and  
openly, for years been bearing.

"The news that you have brought me a rich [1566]  
reward shall gain;

For you my heart have lightened of hopeless woe  
and pain.

Gold I give you freely, and this I do most rightly."

They said: "Most noble lady, to make us rich we  
need your gold but slightly.

"Of the booty we have gotten we're [1567]  
bringing home so much,

You need not think us scornful if your gold we do  
not touch:

Indeed, our boats are heavy with shining gold  
they're bearing.

Over all our riches keepers we have, who well  
for it are caring."



Then did Lady Hilda, when she the tidings [1568]  
heard  
That guests so dear were coming, for food and  
drink give word;  
For stools and benches, also, on which they  
should be seated.  
She of all was thoughtful, that they might feel that  
they were fitly greeted.

Now at Matelan castle none were idle [1569]  
found;  
Down on the sandy beaches and on the level  
ground  
Workmen quickly gathered, who nought of toil  
abated  
That fair Gu-drun and Herwic, as them beseemed,  
should worthily be seated.

I cannot tell you truly if aught upon the sea [1570]  
Of ill had them befallen. Six long weeks it must be  
Ere Ortwin's men saw Matelan at length before  
them looming.  
They brought with them their lady, and many well-  
bred maids with her were coming.

When now they reached their homeland, [1571]  
this for truth we hear,  
Their search and strife for the lady had lasted full  
a year:  
It was upon a May-time their foes they home were  
bringing.  
Their toils were not forgotten, but, as they came,

the strand with shouts was ringing.

Soon as Matelan castle      now from the ships      [1572]  
    was seen,  
Of sackbuts and of trumpets      loud began the din,  
Of horns as well as fluting,      and drums that men  
    were beating.  
The ships of the aged Wâ-te      at last in a harbor  
    good their rest were meeting.

After these came also      Orland's warriors      [1573]  
    brave;  
Then Hilda with her ladies      to them a welcome  
    gave.  
Out from Matelan's castle      she to the shore went  
    riding;  
Gu-drun they saw was coming,      with well-bred  
    maidens wont to do her bidding.

Alighted from their horses,      and standing on      [1574]  
    the sand,  
Were Hilda and all her ladies.      Then, leading by  
    the hand  
Gu-drun, the lovely maiden,      came Irold, proud  
    and knightly.  
Though Hilda well had known her,      yet now she  
    knew her not, nor others rightly.

Hilda, among the followers      a hundred      [1575]  
    women saw;  
She said: "I know not truly      which one from me  
    should draw

A mother's loving welcome;      unknown to me is my  
daughter:

I give to all my greeting      who here with her have  
come across the water."

"This is your long-lost daughter,"      by Irold      [1576]  
she was told;

Hilda to her stepped nearer.      Could ever wealth or  
gold

Outweigh the bliss that filled them,      as each the  
other greeted,

And welcome gave with kisses?      Now from their  
hearts had all their sorrow fled.

To Irold and his kinsmen      kind greeting      [1577]  
Hilda said;

Then to the aged Wâ-te      a lowly bow she made.

"Welcome, knight of Sturmland!      bravely thou hast  
striven!

Who can e'er reward thee,      unless to thee both  
land and crown are given?"

He to the lady answered:      "To help you all      [1578]  
I may,

For that am I most willing,      e'en to my latest day."

Then, for love, she kissed him,      and Ortwin thus  
she greeted.

Now came Herwic also,      with proud and worthy  
knights, as him befitted.

Ortrun, the Norman maiden,      then by the      [1579]  
hand he led.



Gu-drun in vain besought her,      until at last,      [1583]  
    with tears,  
The maid now begged her mother;      then gave she  
    willing ears,  
And said: “I can no longer      see you sadly weeping:  
If e’er the maiden helped you,      for this shall she, in  
    my land, her life be keeping.”

Then the stately Hilda      kissed King      [1584]  
    Ludwig’s child,  
And greeted other ladies,      e’en as Gu-drun had  
    willed.  
Then came also Hildeburg,      from far-off lands  
    brought thither,  
Erst with her found washing.      Now, by the hand,  
    Sir Fru-te led her hither.

Then Gu-drun said further:      “Mother, most      [1585]  
    dear to me,  
Your greeting give to Hildeburg.      What better can  
    there be  
Than true and faithful friendship?      Gold and jewels  
    even,  
Whate’er the kingdom holdeth,      to Hildeburg most  
    rightly should be given.”

Then said to her Queen Hilda:      “To me it      [1586]  
    hath been told  
How she both weal and sorrow      hath borne with  
    you of old.  
Never shall I sit happy      beneath the crown I’m  
    wearing,

Till I indeed reward her for all the ills that she  
with you was sharing.”

At once she kissed the maiden, and others, [1587]  
too, as well.

Then Hilda said to Fru-te: “No shame for this I  
feel,—

That I have come to meet you and those whom you  
are leading.

Good knights, you all are welcome into the  
Hegeling land, now homeward speeding.”

As they with thanks were bowing, and she [1588]  
her greeting gave,

Siegfried, king of Moorland, drew nearer on the  
wave,

And with his warriors, shouting, up to the beach  
was springing:

A merry song from Araby were all, as best they  
might, together singing.

Queen Hilda him awaited till on the shore [1589]  
he stood.

Then to the lord of Karadie a greeting warm she  
showed:

“Sir Siegfried, king of Moorland, welcome to you  
is given;

It ne'er shall be forgotten how you to right my  
wrongs have ever striven.”

“Lady, if I have helped you, to do it I was [1590]  
glad.

Now must I hasten thither to where my home I've  
had  
Since early days of boyhood, ere I thence had  
ridden  
To war against King Herwic; henceforth to strive  
with him it is forbidden."

Then they their ships unloaded, and up they [1591]  
bore on the sand  
The many things brought with them into Queen  
Hilda's land.  
The night was drawing nearer, the air was colder  
growing;  
The guests no longer waited: to seek a shelter they  
in haste were going.

Then with the guests Queen Hilda rode up [1592]  
on to the plain.  
Before great Matelan castle huts and tents were  
seen  
Bedecked with gold and shining; there the guests  
were seated  
Upon rich seats made ready: within the tents were  
all most kindly treated.

Such wealth, at Hilda's bidding, was [1593]  
brought up to the land,  
That none need leave behind him his pledge or  
bond to stand.  
Never in giving freely could any host be vying  
With this most high-born widow: no guest need  
wine or other cheer be buying.

There the weary rested      until five days      [1594]  
    were gone.

The greatest care and kindness      unto the guests  
    were shown;

But Hartmut greatly sorrowed—      no happiness it  
    gave him—

Until the lovely maiden      begged Queen Hilda  
    would in freedom leave him.

Then Ortwin went with his sister      where      [1595]  
    Hilda had her seat.

She said: “My dearest mother,      never this forget,—  
We must not reward with evil      him who a wrong is  
    doing.

Of your worthy name bethink you;      you should on  
    Hartmut smile, forgiveness showing.”

She answered: “Dearest daughter,      you do      [1596]  
    not ask aright:

I at the hands of Hartmut      the greatest ills have met;  
He must atone in bondage      for all his wrongful  
    dealing.”

Then at the feet of Hilda      Gu-drun fell down, with  
    sixty maidens, kneeling.

Then spake the lady Ortrun:      “In freedom      [1597]  
    let him live;

To you will he be faithful,      for this my word I give.  
Be to my brother friendly,      nor of your love be  
    sparing;

’Twill be to you an honor      if he again the kingly  
    crown be wearing.”



His friends all wept together      that he in      [1598]  
    bondage sat,  
Wearing chains so heavy;      their eyes with tears  
    were wet:  
Much they pitied Hartmut,      no more his kingdom  
    swaying.  
On him and on his followers      fetters fast and  
    strongest now were weighing.

Then spake to them Queen Hilda:      “Leave      [1599]  
    your weeping now;  
Their chains will I unloosen;      they to my court may  
    go:  
But not to seek their freedom      they their word must  
    give me,  
And with an oath must swear it,—      not hence to  
    ride unbidden, nor to leave me.”

Now the noble bondsmen      were from      [1600]  
    chains set free.  
Gu-drun then bade these warriors      to bathe them in  
    the sea;  
Then, in finest clothing,      men to court must lead  
    them.  
Knights were they most worthy;      and so the more,  
    good luck did ever speed them.

There among the others      Hartmut now was      [1601]  
    seen;  
Never a braver warrior      or better knight had been:  
E'en now, amid his sorrows,      such a mien was he  
    wearing,

It seemed as if a pencil had drawn him there, and  
a parchment him was bearing.

Now on him with kindness did all the [1602]  
ladies look,

While he, their friendship trusting, greater  
boldness took.

Ill-will, that erst was borne him, none were longer  
feeling;

It was by all forgotten what wounds they erst had  
been to each other dealing.

Herwic now bethought him from the land [1603]  
of the Hegeling

How he might be going. He bade his men to bring  
His clothing and his weapons, and on the horses  
load them:

When this was known to Hilda, to let them go no  
ready will she showed them.

She said: "My good Lord Herwic, I beg [1604]  
you longer stay!

All your love and kindness a weight on me doth  
lay.

Not yet with my good wishes may you hence be  
riding;

Before you yet shall leave me, there shall be high  
times for the guests with me abiding."

To her Lord Herwic answered: "Lady, you [1605]  
know the way,

How those who send their kinsmen to lands which

others sway  
Again at home to see them are always greatly  
longing:  
With pain our friends are waiting until again they  
see us homeward thronging.”

Then spake again Queen Hilda: “Grudge [1606]  
not, I beg, to me  
One happiness and honor, for none can greater be;  
Herwic, king most worthy, the boon now deign to  
give me,  
That I, poor lonely woman, may see my daughter  
crowned, ere she shall leave me.”

For this was he unwilling; but still she [1607]  
begged and bade:  
Thereby those held in bondage were soon from  
sorrow freed.  
When now at last he told her that to do it he was  
willing,  
Then the Lady Hilda was glad in heart, and rest of  
mind was feeling.

Seats were made at her bidding, yet more [1608]  
and better still,  
Which many knights with honor, near Hilda, soon  
did fill,  
When came the high times merry, that now were  
widely bruted.  
To crown Gu-drun, the fair one, King Herwic  
bade, for him it now well suited.

Of those who him had followed      there went      [1609]  
    away not one  
Before at Matelan castle      the high times were  
    begun.  
Then by Lady Hilda      was clothing kindly given  
To sixty maids or over:      for praise and honor she  
    had ever striven.

To full a hundred women      clothing good      [1610]  
    she gave:  
None of those were slighted,      but all her care did  
    have,  
Who from their homes were taken;      these had  
    clothes the rarest.  
The gifts indeed were wondrous      that Hilda gave,  
    of queens the best and fairest.

Irold must guard the treasure;      to dwell in      [1611]  
    Hilda's home  
That knight erelong was bidden,      and quickly did  
    he come:  
Wâ-te, he of Sturmland,      must carve the meat at  
    table;  
They also sent for Fru-te,      to come to her as soon  
    as he was able.

Her cup-bearer she made him;      thereon thus      [1612]  
    spake the knight:  
“That will I be most gladly,      if now you think it  
    right.  
A fief you then will give me,      with banners twelve  
    to show it;

Then am I lord in Denmark.”      Queen Hilda smiled,  
but never thought to do it.

To Fru-te thus she answered:      “That gift is      [1613]  
not for thee;

For still your nephew Horant      Daneland’s lord  
must be.

You, in his stead, for friendship,      must now our  
cup be filling;

And, while he is with the Normans,      kindly to care  
for him must you be willing.”

The men and maids in waiting      all to their      [1614]  
tasks were set:

Silken clothes were called for;      a hoard both rich  
and great,

In rooms and chests long treasured,      Queen Hilda  
bade them open.

These were brought by stewards,      and all the  
guests to them were freely holpen.

Of these the very lowest      had clothing of      [1615]  
the best.

If others than the Normans      were bidden to the  
feast,

Or why they called them thither,      I have no way of  
telling:

Full thirty thousand were they      whom there they  
brought, in Norman lands once dwelling.

Clothes for all were wanted,      but where      [1616]  
could these be found?

If e'en the wealth of Araby      any there had owned,  
I ween he could no better      or finer clothes have  
    given

Than now they shared so freely: that this should be,  
    Gu-drun her best had striven.

Soon as this lovely maiden      by the guests      [1617]  
    had now her seat,

She sent for her brother Ortwin,      and did his  
    coming wait,

That she the word might give him      to be fair  
    Ortrun's lover;

She, King Ludwig's daughter,      beside Gu-drun was  
    seated then, as ever.

Ortwin, lord of Ortland,      made haste to his      [1618]  
    sister's bower:

Him welcomed many a maiden      who sat with her  
    that hour.

Then, from her seat arising,      by the hand she kindly  
    took him;

And him aside then leading,      at the further end of  
    the hall she thus bespoke him,

Saying: "Dearest brother,      hear what for      [1619]  
    you is best;

All that I shall tell you      comes from a faithful  
    breast.

If you for bliss are hoping,      so long as you are  
    living,

Then for Hartmut's sister      you must, as best you  
    may, henceforth be striving."



speaking,  
That friend would have him woo her,     “for many  
knights will she your own be making.

“Soothed should be the hatred     that we each     [1624]  
other bore;  
Of how it may be ended,     I now will tell you more;  
Then,” said the Danish Fru-te,     whose word was  
ever heeded,  
“Hildeburg, the maiden,     to young King Hartmut  
also must be wedded.”

The wise and upright Herwic     with faithful     [1625]  
words thus spake:  
“I deem it right and fitting     the maiden him should  
take;  
When in the land of Hartmut     she is queen and  
lady,  
A thousand lordly castles     to own her sway will  
there be glad and ready.”

Then to the high-born Hildeburg     Gu-drun     [1626]  
the fair thus spake,  
With words unheard by others:     “Care for your  
weal I’ll take;  
If I may well reward you,     my friend and playmate  
dearest,  
For all the love you’ve shown me,     soon in the  
Norman land a crown thou wearest.”

To her then said fair Hildeburg:     “For me it     [1627]  
were not well



To give my troth to any      who ne'er his love did  
tell,  
Nor unto me, in fondness,      e'er his heart was  
turning;  
Should we grow old together,      I fear between us  
oft there'll be heart-burning."

Her Gu-drun thus answered:      "Give not a      [1628]  
thought to that:  
I soon will send to Hartmut,      and bid him answer  
straight  
Whether he now would like it      if from his pledge I  
free him,  
As well as all his followers,      and send him home,  
that his friends again may see him.

"If he his thanks shall tell me,      I then in turn      [1629]  
will bid  
That he by deeds shall show it,      and shall my  
wishes heed.  
I then will freely ask him      if he will wed a maiden,  
That I and all my kinsmen      may him with love and  
friendship ever gladden."

To her they brought young Hartmut,      king of      [1630]  
the Norman land,  
And with him came old Fru-te.      Near her, on either  
hand,  
Proud Hildeburg and Ortrun      within her bower  
were sitting;  
If the lady's word they heeded,      their many woes  
they both would be forgetting.

Hartmut, the son of Ludwig,      went through      [1631]  
    the palace hall;  
To him a friendly greeting      was given by one and  
    all,  
Alike both high and lowly      from their seats arising.  
None than he was braver;      no worth or greatness  
    e'er in him was missing.

He by Gu-drun, fair lady,      to seat himself      [1632]  
    was told;  
And neither of the others      her greeting did  
    withhold.  
Then said Queen Hilda's daughter:      "I beg you to  
    be sitting  
Near my faithful maidens,      who washed with me  
    for your knights, as was befitting."

"This in scorn you bid me,      fair and lovely      [1633]  
    queen!  
Whatever wrong was done you      truly gives me  
    pain:  
'Twas by my mother's wishes      that this from me  
    was hidden;  
To keep it from my father,      and from his knights as  
    well, were all men bidden."

To him the maiden answered:      "My wish I      [1634]  
    may not hide:  
I now, in truth, Sir Hartmut,      must speak with you  
    aside.  
I and yourself, we only,      may hear what I am  
    saying."

Hartmut then bethought him:      “May God now grant  
she is not falsely playing.”

No one else but Fru-te      allowed she to      [1635]  
come near;

Then the high-born maiden      said in Hartmut’s ear:  
“If you to me will hearken,      and do what I shall tell  
you

With ready heart and freely,      now of all your  
sorrows I will heal you.”

“Well I know your wisdom,”      then young      [1636]  
Hartmut said;

“Of aught that is unworthy      I need not be afraid.  
My heart for nothing wishes,      unless to do your  
bidding:

Gladly, high-born lady,      to all that you shall say  
will I give heeding.”

She said: “My wish I tell you,      and now      [1637]  
your life would cheer;

I, and my kinsmen with me,      will give you a  
helpmeet fair.

To keep both land and honor      you may thus be  
seeking,

And of the hate we bore you      none shall evermore  
a word be speaking.”

“Who is it, say, fair lady,      that you for me      [1638]  
will choose?

Ere yet my love I give her,      life would I rather lose  
Than ever that my kinsmen      her with scorn were

eying;  
For me it were far better that I in death upon the  
field were lying.”

“I will give your sister Ortrun, the maid [1639]  
beloved and fair,  
To be a wife to my brother, himself to me most  
dear.

You must wed with Hildeburg, of a king the well-  
born daughter:

Never a dearer maiden you in the world could  
find, where'er you sought her.”

“If this indeed may happen,” then young [1640]  
Hartmut said,

“And now your brother Ortwin shall take that  
lovely maid,

My dear-loved sister, Ortrun, and she to him is  
wedded,

Then I will woo fair Hildeburg; thus hate will  
end, nor longer shall be dreaded.”

She said: “To this I've brought him; his [1641]  
troth to her he gave.

If now 'twould make you happy your father's  
lands to have,

And again within his castles that you should soon  
be living,

You well may wed with Hildeburg, and there the  
queenly crown to her be giving.”

He said: “That pledge I gladly, and on it [1642]

give my hand;  
As soon as the king of Ortlund shall with my sister  
stand,  
And both the crown have taken, then I, no more  
forbearing,  
Will, with lovely Hildeburg, among our men our  
lands and fiefs be sharing.”

When he his word had plighted, then said [1643]  
the high-born maid:  
“Now will I do gladly a further friendly deed;  
Unto the lord of Karadie for a wife will I be  
giving  
The sister of King Herwic, that she with him may  
evermore be living.”

I ween that never hatred was smoothed as [1644]  
now was done:  
Brave knights who long were foemen now became  
as one.  
Fru-te, the lord of Daneland, thought it right and  
fitting  
Soon to send for Ortwin; also the Moorland king  
must them be meeting.

When they to court were coming, finest [1645]  
clothes they wore.  
The news Gu-drun had told them others to Wâ-te  
bore;  
To Irold, too, they gave it, as soon as he came  
thither;  
This aside they talked of, and fitting speech long

time they held together.

Then spake the aged Wâ-te:      “Peace we can      [1646]  
    never know  
Until Ortrun and Hartmut      to Hilda, the queen, shall  
    go,  
And ask of her forgiveness,      down at her feet low  
    bending.  
Only if she allows it,      can we be friends, and  
    hatred have an ending.”

Then spake Gu-drun, the high-born:      “This I      [1647]  
    can truly say:  
To them is she not unfriendly;      Ortrun wears to-day  
Such clothes as by my mother      to me and my maids  
    were given.  
I'll gladly gain forgiveness;      in me they all may  
    trust, from home now riven.”

Within a ring of maidens      Ortrun then they      [1648]  
    set,  
And with her also Hildeburg,      of birth both high  
    and meet:  
Ortwin then and Hartmut      led them out to wed  
    them.  
“I hope,” said Lady Hilda,      “that now, forever, we  
    our friends have made them.”

When to his side young Ortwin      did the      [1649]  
    maiden Ortrun bring,  
Lovingly and kindly,      he took a golden ring,  
And this upon the finger      of her fair white hand he

fitted.

Then far off were driven      the many woes that late  
her life had greeted.

Hartmut around fair Hildeburg      then his      [1650]  
arms did throw;

Each on the hand of the other      did a golden ring  
bestow.

The lovely maid was blameless,      and sorrow gave  
him never;

Of him and of fair Hildeburg      nothing their faithful  
hearts thro' life could sever.

Then said Queen Hilda's daughter:      [1651]

“Herwic, my lord most dear,

Say, does the land of your fathers      lie to us so near  
That men could bring your sister,      if this by us  
were needed,

Here to my mother's kingdom,      that she to the lord  
of Karadie may now be wedded?”

To her King Herwic answered:      “This will      [1652]  
I say to you:

Your men, if they will hasten,      in twelve days'  
time can go;

But if any to your kingdom      the maiden would be  
leading,

Ill luck, I ween, awaits him,      unless with him my  
own good knights be speeding.”

Then answered Hilda's daughter:      “Your      [1653]  
help, I beg you, grant;

By doing this, of happiness      you nought shall ever  
    want.

To your men both food and clothing      my mother  
    will be giving;

Only bring us the maiden,      that I may thank you,  
    long as you are living.”

To her then said Lord Herwic:      “How can      [1654]  
    she be clad?

The mighty lord of Karadie      a waste of my  
    kingdom made;

There he burned my castles,      and of her clothes  
    bereft her.”

Then said the king of Moorland:      “Her would I  
    woo, if only a smock were left her.”

To bring the maid then Herwic      a hundred      [1655]  
    warriors sent;

He bade his men to hasten      when on their way they  
    went.

He begged that Wâ-te and Fru-te      would with them  
    go riding:

This was to them a burden;      but yet the worthy  
    knights both did his bidding.

With greatest speed they hastened,      both by      [1656]  
    day and night,

Until they found the maiden.      Wâ-te they feared  
    would fight,—

’Gainst this did Herwic’s liegemen      give their  
    careful heeding.

Soon from her home the lady,      with four and twenty



maids, the knights were leading.

By Wâ-te they were guided from the castle [1657]  
down to the sand:

Two ships they found, with row-boats, lying by  
the strand;

One of these they seized on, and, helped by  
breezes blowing,

They fast away were sailing: throughout twelve  
days they to their homes were going.

When to the land of the Hegelings they had [1658]  
brought the maid,

Many knights bethought them over the sand to  
speed,

To meet the lovely lady, and all with banners  
hasted.

They who had brought the maiden had kept their  
oaths, nor from the task had rested.

How could any maiden a better welcome [1659]  
find?

Gu-drun went forth to meet her, and gave her  
greeting kind;

Hilda, with many ladies, to see the maiden hasted:

Nor came King Herwic's sister all alone, though  
with fire her land was wasted.

She from home was followed by full three [1660]  
hundred men.

Now when the kingly Herwic his sister met again,  
He, to show her honor, rode forward, proudly

dashing;  
So did many others: loud were the shields of the  
knights together clashing.

Four kings both rich and mighty rode to [1661]  
meet her there;  
Thereon the knights 'gan wrangle which of the  
ladies fair  
Was loveliest and fairest. Long their time they  
wasted,  
For all alike were worthy; on this at last their  
wordy war they rested.

The fair Gu-drun then kissed her and those [1662]  
who with her came.  
They walked along the seashore, till a tent was  
seen by them,  
With richest silken hangings; while they stood  
thereunder,  
What now to her should happen gave to Herwic's  
sister greatest wonder.

Now the king of Karadie forthwith to come [1663]  
they bade;  
Then they asked the maiden: "Will you this man  
now wed?  
Kingdoms nine most mighty have for their master  
owned him."  
With him were knights full many, yellow in hue,  
now standing all around him.

His father and his mother were not of faith [1664]

the same;  
But him, so light in color,      one might a Christian  
    name.  
Like to gold, spun finely,      the hair on his head was  
    lying:  
She would choose unwisely      if she to him her love  
    were now denying.

She was slow her love to grant him,      as oft      [1665]  
    one sees a maid;  
But she to him was given.      The worthy knight then  
    said:  
“So well I like this lady,      from love I ne’er can  
    free me.  
Never will I leave her,      and as her husband men  
    erelong shall see me.”

At last this knight and maiden      each their      [1666]  
    troth did plight:  
Both of them scarce waited      till day should turn to  
    night,  
When, from others hidden,      they should their bliss  
    be owning.  
Soon, ’mid knightly warriors,      daughters of four  
    rich kings were hallowed for the crowning.



*Tale the Thirty-First.*

**HOW THE FOUR KINGS WERE WEDDED IN HILDA'S  
LAND.**

Then the kings were hallowed, as in days [1667]  
of yore;

Also there were knighted five hundred men or  
more.

Now in Hilda's kingdom the folk high times were  
having;

It was at Matelan castle, before the walls where  
the sea the sands was laving.

There the fair Queen Hilda to all fine [1668]  
clothing gave.

How, in the sight of ladies, rode Wâ-te old and  
brave!

How Irold, too, and Fru-te of Daneland, rode  
before them!

One heard the spear-shafts broken, as these they  
lowered, and in the onset bore them.

Lightly the wind was blowing, but the dust [1669]  
was dark as night;

Yet to the maidens' clothing the knights gave  
heeding slight,

Altho' 'twas soiled and covered with the dust  
thick flying.

Before the ladies seated, riders bold in many a tilt  
were vying.

Now at length the maidens were left no [1670]  
longer there;  
They, with the queenly Hilda, were led to a  
window near,  
Where the daring champions their eyes on them  
were feeding:  
Beside the four betrothed, a hundred well-clothed  
maids they were thither leading.

Many wandering players there let their [1671]  
skill be shown;  
The best that each was able, how gladly was it  
done!  
When early mass was ended, upon the next day's  
morning,  
And God by them was worshiped, knights of the  
sword again to their games were turning.

Of uproar and of gladness where could [1672]  
more be found?  
Of many tunes and singing the halls gave back the  
sound.  
Until four days were over, there the high times  
lasted:  
Well-born throngs were gathered, nor oft the  
hours in idleness they wasted.

An open-handed giver, that day was [1673]  
Herwic seen.  
He knew the wandering players, who there had  
come again,  
Were bent on growing richer, and well for this

were striving;  
Herwic meant, in kindness, that all, while there,  
should gain an easy living.

First the lord of Sealand flung his gifts [1674]  
around

With willing hand so freely that thanks from all  
did sound

Who saw his love and kindness, or heard about it  
later:

In ruddy gold King Herwic the worth of full a  
thousand pounds did scatter.

Clothing, too, was given by his friends as [1675]  
well as kin;

Horses finely saddled many there did win,  
Who before not often on such steeds had ridden.  
When this was seen by Ortwin, in giving then he  
would not be outbidden.

He, the king of Ortland finest clothes now [1676]  
gave:

Since then, if better clothing knights did ever  
have,

Forsooth we cannot tell you,— it never reached  
our hearing.

He and all his followers stood bereft, erelong, of  
much that they were wearing.

No one now could reckon what store of [1677]  
clothing good

Was given by those from Moorland. There fine

horses stood,  
Soon to be given also,— such indeed is the  
saying:  
Those who were to have them for better never  
hoped, nor e'er were praying.

All were now made richer, both the young [1678]  
and old.

Then, too, was seen King Hartmut; nought would  
he withhold,  
As though his home and kingdom had not in war  
been wasted:  
They saw him give so freely, that greater love and  
kindness none e'er tasted.

By him and his friendly kinsmen who [1679]  
thither with him came,  
And there were held in bondage, how readily by  
them  
Was given what was left them, that any from them  
wanted!  
By Hartmut and his followers all that could be  
asked was gladly granted.

Gu-drun, the lovely maiden, a friendly will [1680]  
e'er bore  
To Hildeburg of Ireland, with whom, in days of  
yore,  
To wash upon the sea-sands the clothes she oft  
was bearing.  
I ween no pains she slighted that Hartmut's love  
her friend might now be sharing.



Gu-drun then bade her steward      a hoard of      [1681]  
    goods to take  
For those who shared her kindness.      Men of this  
    would speak,  
And say in wealth to give them      she would ne'er  
    be wanting;  
Heavy gold and silver,      and clothes, could she to  
    all her friends be granting.

Before his seat upstanding,      the Sturmisch      [1682]  
    lord was seen,  
Clad so well and richly      that never king nor his  
    men  
Finer clothes or better      at any time were wearing.  
None long time were waiting      who hoped that day  
    his kindness to be sharing.

Above all others, Wâ-te      gave such clothing      [1683]  
    there  
That truly never better      a king was seen to wear;  
With gold and gems it sparkled,      o'erhung with  
    richest netting:  
Such clothes with him he carried      when on his way  
    to court he was forth setting.

In every one of the meshes      lay a costly      [1684]  
    stone,  
However one might name it;      thereby it could be  
    known  
That in the land of Abalie      the gems therein were  
    fitted.  
To Wâ-te and his followers      all gave the hand, and

them with thanks they greeted.

None of those there gathered,      who saw the      [1685]  
    clothes that day,  
Could of the brave old Wâ-te      this truth indeed  
    gainsay,—  
That beyond the gifts of princes      his were far  
    outreaching.  
Of wealth he soon was master      who for these gifts  
    his hand was now outstretching.

Willingly did Irold      let them see his mind,      [1686]  
That he to none was grudging      gifts of any kind.  
Good care of Hilda's riches      was Fru-te ever  
    taking:  
He was a faithful steward,      and long of him  
    thereafter men were speaking.

The high times now were ended,      and all      [1687]  
    their leave would take.  
Then 'twas allowed to Hartmut,      as well his worth  
    bespoke,  
His peace to gain forever;      to this Gu-drun had  
    brought him.  
Then for their home they started;      each happier  
    went than he had erst bethought him.

With friendly love, Queen Hilda      bade them      [1688]  
    all farewell;  
With her, Gu-drun and Hildeburg      went, with kind  
    goodwill,  
Far beyond the castle,      with all their maids-in-

waiting.

There took they leave of Hartmut, when he at last  
was on his way forth setting.

A guard Queen Hilda gave them across the [1689]  
land and sea;

Great was the host that Herwic and Ortwin now  
set free,

Whom, long held in bondage, they now were  
homeward sending;

Full a thousand followers Hartmut brought to his  
land when the war was ending.

Everywhere the ladies one another kissed. [1690]

Many now were sundered who long each other  
missed,

And nevermore thereafter might again be meeting.

The high-bred Ortwin and Herwic went with them  
to the boats that for them were waiting.

Irold must be their leader, while they did [1691]  
homeward fare.

Then by the king 'twas bidden that he the word  
should bear

To Horant, lord of Denmark, how they the land  
were leaving:

Soon Irold to the warriors guidance and guard  
unto their homes was giving.

The time, or late or early, in truth I cannot [1692]  
tell,

When they for their home in Kassian did at last set

sail.

The folk, now faring thither, were nought but  
gladness showing;  
After many sorrows, God on them was fullest  
bliss bestowing.

Irold said to Horant, when he reached the [1693]  
Norman land,  
That he by the king was bidden homeward to lead  
the band.  
“To leave to them their kingdom,” he answered,  
“it is fitting,  
They home have come so gladly; I, too, to see my  
land with pain am waiting.”

Then they welcomed Hartmut, and to him [1694]  
his land did leave;  
But how he swayed his kingdom I now no  
knowledge have.  
With all his friends, then Horant quickly  
homeward hasted,  
And left the land behind them; Denmark they  
reached, nor many days they wasted.

There we now will leave them, and only [1695]  
this will say:  
That never from a wedding homeward took their  
way  
Happier knights and kinsmen than now from there  
were going:  
Only the men of Karadie tarried still in the land,  
their gladness showing.



## *Tale the Thirty-Second.*

### HOW THEY ALL WENT TO THEIR HOMES.

Now with the friendly Hegelings      none      [1696]  
    would tarry more.

Soon on the way to Alzabie      they Herwic's sister  
    bore,

Shouting all for gladness      that they the maid were  
    bringing;

While, on their watery pathway,      with proud and  
    happy hearts, the knights were singing.

Queen Hilda gave, at parting,      a kind      [1697]  
    farewell to them.

Tho' rich were Herwic's followers      when first to  
    her they came,

Yet gifts she gave full many      to them, when  
    homeward faring.

When one is seen so lavish,      the name of a  
    wonder-worker is he rightly bearing.

Gu-drun then spake to her mother:      "May      [1698]  
    blessings on you be!

Mourn not for the fallen;      by both my lord and me  
Shall love to you be given:      no more you need be  
    feeling

Heaviness or sorrow;      your woes shall Herwic's  
    kindness now be healing."

To her Queen Hilda answered:      "Dearest      [1699]  
    daughter mine,

If you would make me happy,      henceforth must  
    friends of thine  
Come to the land of the Hegeling      thrice to see me  
    yearly;  
Else must I greatly sorrow,      and never can bear the  
    loss I feel so nearly.”

Then said Gu-drun, the high-born:      [1700]

    “Mother, it shall be done.”

At once, with smiles and weeping,      and glances  
    backward thrown,  
She left the castle of Matelan,      with many a  
    friendly maiden.  
Her sorrows now were ended:      nought before did  
    ever maids so gladden.

Hither men brought horses,      saddled and      [1701]

    fitly bred,

To bear her hence with her maidens;      these their  
    keepers led:

Light were all the breastplates,      and golden-red  
    each bridle.

I ween the ladies wished not      longer far from home  
    to linger idle.

Many, with hair down-flowing,      and      [1702]

    decked with gold, rode there;

Methinks from tears and sorrow      none could then  
    forbear,

Who must at last from Ortrun      and from her maids  
    be parted.

Should Ortrun be unhappy,      Gu-drun would then be

sad and heavy-hearted.

Ortrun, betrothed to Ortwin,      then her      [1703]  
    thanks did give  
To fair Gu-drun, the queenly,      that she had granted  
    leave  
To hold the Norman kingdom      to Hartmut, her  
    knightly brother:  
“Gu-drun, may God reward you!      my cares are  
    gone, I ne’er shall know another.”

To her mother Hilda, also,      Ortrun her      [1704]  
    thanks did say,  
That she in Ortland’s kingdom      the crown should  
    wear one day,  
Together with King Ortwin,      and there be called  
    his lady.  
Then said to her Queen Hilda      that she to grant her  
    this was ever ready.

Ortwin then and Herwic      each to the other      [1705]  
    swore,  
With strong and steady friendship,      that they  
    forevermore  
Would sway with right and honor      the lands to  
    them belonging,  
And ever would be earnest      to seize and slay  
    whoe’er was either wronging.





## *Transcriber's Notes*

- Retained publisher information from the printed copy (the electronic edition is in the public domain in the country of publication).
- Corrected some palpable typos.
- In the text versions only, text in italics is delimited by underscores.

[The end of *Gudrun* by Mary Pickering Nichols]