MIDDLE HIGH GERMAN SERIES · VOLUME 34

# The Rolandslied

Pfaffe Konrad

# Das Rolandslied

*Part Two: The Death of Roland*

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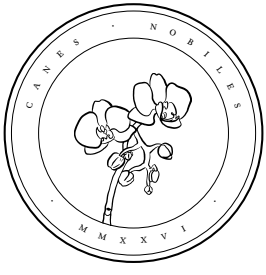
with a word-for-word interlinear English translation

preserving the original word order

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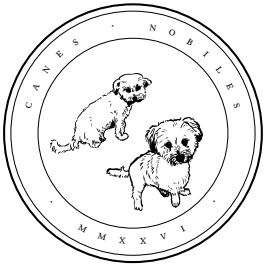


Volume 34 of the Canes Nobiles Middle High German interlinear texts

The Middle High German text follows Das Rolandslied,
herausgegeben von Karl Bartsch, Deutsche Dichtungen des Mittelalters 3
(Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1874), verses 4589 to 9094

Translated and composed with AI, edited by Christopher Hench
Artwork by Esther Steves

The verses are numbered as Bartsch numbers them, every fifth
verse in the outer margin; a verse he marks as lost prints as asterisks
and keeps the number he gives it. The paragraphs are his; the reading sections
and their English heads are this press's, numbered on from Part One,
and his chapters VII to XI, whose titles are not reproduced,
fall at the openings of sections XXI, XXIV, XXVIII, XXXI, and XXXVI.

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*Amarezur rides out with twelve thousand and asks who leads the Christians; Samson answers him and kills him, and the Christians cut down his troop, losing a hundred and eight. Targis of Tortulose brings twelve thousand and seven hundred bowmen, and his men pray to Apollo, whose image they carry; Anseis rallies his own, meets Targis, and when Targis's sword shatters on his shield he kills him. The heathens are destroyed in turn, the Christians losing three hundred and eight. Eschermunt of Valeterne boasts of his twelve thousand to Engelier, who kills him with Clarmine; Ludwig, Pandolt, and Martian break the troop, and every heathen falls, Engelier losing a hundred and eighteen.*

Amarezur huof sih thare.
*Amarezur raised himself there.*

er fuorte eine hêrlîche scare, 4590
*he led a lordly troop,*

zwelef tûsent heithenen.
*twelve thousand heathens.*

thaz ethele gesteine
*the noble gems*

lûhte ûz in verre.
*shone out-of them far.*

izne wart ûf there erthe
*there was upon the earth*

nie nehein kuninc sô hêr geboren, 4595
*never any king so noble born,*

wâren sie thurh thaz reht ûz komen,
*(if)-were they for the right out come,*

erne scolte ire wole trôst haven.
*he unless-should of-them well comfort have.*

ire scilte wâren mit golde beslagen,
*their shields were with gold mounted,*

gezieret ire helme.
*adorned their helms.*

sie wâren kuone helethe.
*they were bold heroes.*

gesteine uber gesteine,
*gems over gems,*

thoh sie wâren heithenen,
*though they were heathens,*

haveten sie mêre thenne genuoh.
*had they more than enough.*

sie verleite ire grôz ubermuot,
*them misled their great arrogance,*

thiu Luciferen then alten
*which Lucifer the old*

hie bevore valte.
*here before felled.*

alle thie sih ire unterwindent,
*all who themselves of-it undertake,*

thie werthent hie gescendet.
*they become here disgraced.*

thie sint sîne genôze:
*they are his peers:*

thie werthent zuo ime verstôzen.
*they become to him cast-out.*

mit ubermuote kômen sie thare.
*with arrogance came they thither.*

Amarezur spranhte ûz vone sîner scare:
*Amarezur spurred out from his troop:*

er fuort einen goltgarewen spiez.
*he bore a gold-adorned spear.*

under thie kristenen er rief:
*among the Christians he called:*

«ir havet ein lutzel volk.
*«you have a little folk.*

iuwer vehten ne douh.
*your fighting not avails.*

wer ist iuwer leitâre?
*who is your leader?*

wie gerne ih in gesâge!
*how gladly I him should-see!*

wolte er sih nennen!
*would he himself name!*

ih wolte in gerne erkennen,
*I would him gladly know,*

of ih in ersluoge,
*if I him should-slay,*

wes mahte ih mih thenne ruomen,
*of-what might I me then boast,*

of er sîn wole wert sî.»
*if he of-it well worthy be.»*

«ih bin hie genuoh nâhe bî»,
*«I am here enough near by»,*

sprah ther helet Samsôn:
*spoke the hero Samson:*

«thu muost thes dôthes bekoren.»
*«thou must of-the death taste.»*

mit nîthe sie spranhten,
*with spite they spurred,*

ein ander si ane ranten.
*one another they on rode.*

ther heithene vermiste.
*the heathen missed.*

Samsôn mit listen
*Samson with cunning*

gegen theme herzenabele er in erkôs.
*toward the heart-navel he him chose.*

thâ viel verhlôs
*there fell lifeless*

ther mortgîre man.
*the murder-greedy man.*

iz was vermezenlîche erhaven.
*it was boldly begun.*

Thô vâhten wole thie cristenen
*Then fought well the Christians*

alsô sie got wolde fristen.
*as them God would preserve.*

thie wâren gotes strangen,
*they were God's strong-ones,*

thie lieven nôtgestallen,
*the dear comrades-in-need,*

thie tiuren volkthegene
*the precious folk-thanes*

thie hieven in ingegene
*they raised-(themselves) to-them against*

mit spiezen unt mit swerten.
*with spears and with swords.*

manegen helm herten
*many-a helm hard*

frumeten sie verhouwen.
*made they hewn.*

jane mahte mit then ougen
*indeed might with the eyes*

niemen then anderen erkennen.
*no-one the other recognize.*

ther stâl muose thâ prinnen
*the steel must there burn*

sam er holz wâre.
*as-if it wood were.*

there heithenen werk spâhe
*of-the heathens work skillful*

pelah in there lachen
*lay in the pools*

mit pluote betochen.
*with blood covered.*

got gaf in sîn heil:
*God gave to-them his salvation:*

thaz minnere teil
*the lesser part*

wart lovelîche sigehaft.
*became praiseworthily victorious.*

thie vile michele heithenen craft
*the very great heathen might*

frumeten sie zuo there helle.
*sent they to the hell.*

thâr gelâgen there gesellen
*there lay of-the comrades*

ahte unde hundert man,
*eight and hundred men,*

thie zuo theme paradîse sint gevaren.
*who to the paradise are fared.*

Thaz buoh kundet uns gewis,
*The book tells to-us surely,*

vone Tortulôse Targîs
*of Tortulose Targis*

ther fuorte eine egeslîche scare,
*he led a terrible troop,*

thie hâten guote wîhgare,
*who had good battle-gear,*

zwelef tûsent helethe.
*twelve thousand heroes.*

ire brunige wâren thrilihe.
*their byrnies were triple-meshed.*

mit in wâren thare komen
*with them were thither come*

siven hundert hornbogen:
*seven hundred horn-bows:*

thie vermâzen sih starke,
*they pledged themselves hard,*

si erlethegeten ime sîne marke;
*they would-free for-him his march;*

wande Targîs ther marcgrâve was.
*for Targis the margrave was.*

thô er ze Tortulôse saz,
*when he at Tortulose sat,*

thô diu purh wart gewunnen,
*when the castle was won,*

thô was er thâ vone untrunnen
*then was he there from escaped*

zuo sîneme herren Marsilien.
*to his lord Marsile.*

thô hugete er aver withere
*then hoped he again back*

mit sînen goltwinen.
*with his gold-friends.*

vile willih wâren sie ime,
*very willing were they to-him,*

wande er miltihlîchen gaf
*for he generously gave*

thie wîle er there marke plah.
*the while he of-the march took-care.*

inoh hâten sie behalten
*yet had they kept*

einen got alten,
*a god old,*

then sie vone Tortulôse ernereten
*whom they from Tortulose saved*

unt ane in vlîzehlîchen peteten:
*and to him diligently prayed:*

Apollo hiez sîn name.
*Apollo was his name.*

then fuorten sie unter vanen.
*him bore they under banner.*

si genigen ime alle vile tiefe.
*they bowed to-him all very deep.*

vile lûte sie in ane riefen,
*very loud they him on called,*

thaz er in hulfe zuo ire willen.
*that he them should-help to their will.*

sie swîhten sam thie stummen.
*they were-silent like the dumb.*

Thô Anseîs thaz gesah,
*When Anseis that saw,*

zuo sîneme sinde er sprah:
*to his retinue he spoke:*

«thie sint alle veige.
*«they are all doomed.*

nu sehet wie thie heithenen
*now see how the heathens*

petent ane thes tiuveles getroh.
*pray to the devil's deceit.*

nu tuot iz thurh then êwigen got,
*now do it for the eternal God,*

havet vaste iuweren gelouven.
*hold firmly your faith.*

sie wellent uns sîn berouben.
*they will us of-it rob.*

gethenket there swerte an there hant,
*think of-the swords in the hand,*

ervehtet hiute iuwer erbelant.
*win-by-fighting today your heritage.*

hevet iuh vrôlîchen thare,
*raise you joyfully thither,*

ne ruochet umbe ire breite scare:
*not care about their broad troop:*

sine mugen uns niet gewerren.
*they may us not harm.*

wir thienen eineme herren,
*we serve one lord,*

ther unsih niemer ne verlât.
*who us never — abandons.*

sie vellet ire hôhvart
*them fells their pride*

mit lîbe unt mit sêle.
*with body and with soul.*

thurh thes heiligen Kristes êre
*for the holy Christ's honor*

sô wil ih ther êreste sîn:
*so will I the first be:*

er ist selve ther scolâre mîn.»
*he is self the debtor mine.»*

then scilt er fure ruhte,
*the shield he forward pulled,*

then spiez er ûf zuhte:
*the spear he up drew:*

mit grimme hiew er then volen.
*with fury hewed he the foal.*

er vortherôte sînen scolen.
*he summoned his debtor.*

Targîs thar ingegene,
*Targis there against,*

gelîh eineme thietthegene,
*like a people's-thane,*

unt verstâchen thie spieze,
*and they-shattered the spears,*

thaz sie sie beithe verliezen.
*that they them both lost.*

sie griffen nâh then swerten:
*they seized after the swords:*

ther kamph wart herte.
*the combat became hard.*

Targîs vaht umbe êre,
*Targis fought for honor,*

Anseîs umbe thie sêle,
*Anseis for the soul,*

Targîs umbe ertrîche,
*Targis for earthly-realm,*

Anseîs umbe thaz himelrîche.
*Anseis for the heaven-realm.*

ire slege wâren freissam:
*their blows were terrible:*

thaz viur ûz theme helme pran.
*the fire out-of the helm burned.*

Targîs ther wîgant
*Targis the fighter*

sluoh in ûf thes sciltes rant:
*struck him upon the shield's rim:*

er zarte in unze ane thie bukkelen.
*he tore it until to the boss.*

thaz swert prast ime ze stukken.
*the sword burst to-him into pieces.*

«ist», sprah er, «thaz ih gemah,
*«(if)-is», spoke he, «that I may,*

ih vergelte thir then slah.»
*I repay thee the blow.»*

er zersluoh ime thie hirnreben.
*he smashed to-him the skull.*

er sprah: «sô weme got thaz heil wile geven,
*he spoke: «so whom God the luck will give,*

ther mah nu vore thir samfte pûwen.»
*he may now before thee gently dwell.»*

er viel tôt unter eine stûden.
*he fell dead under a bush.*

Heithenen thie grimmen
*Heathens the grim*

thie wolten gerne unterthringen
*they would gladly press-under*

there cristenen scare.
*of-the Christians troop.*

sie wâren alle einvare:
*they were all of-one-kind:*

sie wâren eines muotes.
*they were of-one spirit.*

sine vorhten lîves noh guotes,
*they feared-not for-life nor goods,*

sie wâren rehte nôtgestallen.
*they were true comrades-in-need.*

thurh nôt muose vallen
*of necessity must fall*

there heithenen grôz ubermuot.
*of-the heathens great arrogance.*

tha gelah maneh helet guot,
*there lay many-a hero good,*

thie theme rîche wole gezâmen,
*who to-the realm well befitted,*

of sie kristenen wâren.
*if they Christians were.*

thâ werte unlange
*there lasted not-long*

thehein pogestrange,
*any bow-strong-one,*

sie wâren alle sciere verloren:
*they were all quickly lost:*

vone gote thaz kom.
*from God that came.*

thie kristenen sih versluogen
*the Christians themselves fought-out*

thaz in ire lîf begonde muothen.
*that them their life began to-weary.*

sâ gewunnen sie wither ire kraft.
*at-once won they back their strength.*

thie heithenen wurthen scathehaft:
*the heathens became damaged:*

thie vâhten zwîvelîke
*they fought doubtfully*

unde nemahten ithoh niht untwîken.
*and could yet not withdraw.*

si bekorten alle thes tôthes.
*they tasted all of-the death.*

in there scare Herôdes
*in the troop of-Herod*

sint sie iemer mêre.
*are they ever more.*

ther tiuvel nam thie sêle.
*the devil took the souls.*

there cristenen lah tôt thar under
*of-the Christians lay dead there among*

ahte unde thriu hundert.
*eight and three hundred.*

Thar kom Eschermunt,
*There came Eschermunt,*

ther leite zwelef tûsunt,
*who led twelve thousand,*

ther herzoge vone Valeterne;
*the duke of Valeterne;*

thie vâhten alle gerne:
*they fought all gladly:*

Engelirs ime ingegene,
*Engelier him against,*

ther hâte einlif hundert helethe.
*who had eleven hundred heroes.*

Eschermunt ther wîgant
*Eschermunt the fighter*

rief uber sciltes rant:
*called over shield's rim:*

«wer leitet thise scare?
*«who leads this troop?*

siu ist hêrlîche wole gare:
*it is lordly well ready:*

siu gezâme wole eineme rîchen man.
*it would-befit well a rich man.*

iuwer scilte sint lussam,
*your shields are lovely,*

thie helme alsô wolken lieht.
*the helms as clouds bright.*

there rîtere ne havet ir nieht
*of-the knights — have you nothing*

wither sus getâner krehte.
*against so made strength.*

jâ fuore ih guoter knehte
*yea lead I of-good knights*

zwelef tûsent man,
*twelve thousand men,*

thie ih mir erwelet hân
*whom I for-me chosen have*

ûz allem mîneme rîche.»
*out-of all my realm.»*

er antwirt ime vermezzenlîche:
*he answered to-him boldly:*

«wiltu wizzen mînen namen
*«(if)-wilt-thou know my name*

(wirne furhten neheinen thînen michelen magen),
*(we fear no thy great might),*

ih sage thir vile gewis:
*I tell thee very certainly:*

thaz liut heizet mih Engelirs.
*the people calls me Engelier.*

mir thienet Wasconia.
*me serves Gascony.*

Marsilien theme kuninge
*to-Marsile the king*

hân ih vile ze leithe getân:
*have I very-much to sorrow done:*

nu gescît thir hiute lîhte sam;
*now happens to-thee today easily likewise;*

thes hân ih guoten willen.
*of-that have I good will.*

thune kumest niemer hinnen.»
*thou comest never hence.»*

tho erspranhte er ane there stunt.
*then spurred he at the hour.*

jâ stah ime Eschermunt
*yea stabbed to-him Eschermunt*

then spiez thurh thie porte.
*the spear through the gate.*

thaz werh witherstuont them orte:
*the work withstood the point:*

got in wole bewarete,
*God him well guarded,*

thaz er ime an theme lîbe niene scathete.
*that he to-him in the body not-at-all harmed.*

Engelirs kom ime ze nâhen,
*Engelier came to-him too near,*

mit theme spieze nemaht er sîn niht gerâmen.
*with the spear could he him not aim-at.*

Clarmînen er umbegreif:
*Clarmine he grasped:*

thaz swert neheinen stâl vermeit.
*the sword no steel avoided.*

nal mitten er in erriet,
*in-all midst he him hit,*

then helm er verscriet
*the helm he cut*

zetale thurh sîn houvet.
*down through his head.*

er sprah: «ih hân thir erloubet.»
*he spoke: «I have thee allowed.»*

er geneih Clarmînen:
*he bowed to-Clarmine:*

«thu scolt in thiseme volcwîge
*«thou shalt in this folk-battle*

thîne tugent hiute erzeigen.»
*thy virtue today show.»*

thô kêrter ane thie heithenen;
*then turned-he against the heathens;*

er sluoh sie zallen stunten
*he struck them at-all hours*

thaz thie fiures funken
*that the fire's sparks*

ûz then helmen sprungen
*out-of the helms sprang*

thô sie zesamene thrungen.
*when they together pressed.*

there heithenen scare was alsô thikke,
*of-the heathens troop was so thick,*

mit vanen ûf gerihten
*with banners up raised*

hâten sie sie bestanten.
*had they them attacked.*

thie cristenen ein ander wole manten:
*the Christians one another well exhorted:*

thoh sie wâren umbevangen
*though they were surrounded*

mit angesten vile manigen,
*with anxieties very many,*

ire grôziu tugent gaf in thie craft
*their great virtue gave to-them the strength*

thaz sie nie wurthen zwîvelhaft.
*that they never became doubtful.*

thie scefte sie nither liezen.
*the shafts they down let.*

jane mahte vore then guoten spiezen
*indeed might before the good spears*

ire scilte neheine wîle erweren.
*their shields no while defend.*

Luthewîh ther thegen
*Ludwig the thane*

sluoh thâ vore Nêren.
*struck there before Nere.*

thô wâren in thie herren
*then were to-them the lords*

peithe samt enphallen.
*both together fallen-away.*

inoh was iz unergangen:
*yet was it unfinished:*

Pandolt unt Martîân
*Pandolt and Martian*

kêrten gegen there heithenen vanen.
*turned toward the heathens' banner.*

Nerpâ in thâ werte:
*Nerpa to-them there defended:*

thâ wart ther wîh herte.
*there became the battle hard.*

thie swert hêrlîchen clungen,
*the swords lordly rang,*

thie heithenen wê sungen.
*the heathens woe sang.*

sie grinen sam thie hunde.
*they whined like the dogs.*

sie vielen alle stunde
*they fell every hour*

mit pluote berunnen.
*with blood drenched.*

ire scare begunde harte thunnen.
*their troop began hard to-thin.*

Engelirs kêrte gegen there herte:
*Engelier turned toward the thick:*

thâ frumete er mit theme swerte
*there made he with the sword*

manigen heithenen tôten,
*many-a heathen dead,*

manigen helm verscrôten,
*many-a helm hewn,*

manige tiefe wunden.
*many-a deep wound.*

got behielt in wole gesunden,
*God kept him well sound,*

thaz ime an theme lîbe niene war.
*that to-him in the body not-at-all ailed.*

ime geviel ûz there scare
*to-him fell out-of the troop*

ahtzeh unde hunderet man.
*eighteen and hundred men.*

thie heithenen wurthen alle thâ erslagen. 4850
*the heathens became all there slain.*

## XX · HATTE, BERENGAR, AND THE TWELVE

*Hatte, one of the twelve, leads eleven hundred against twelve thousand under Estorgant and beheads him. Regenfrit, Hillunc, and Vastmar fight on, and four hundred and ten Christians die; Alrich of Normandy's two thousand relieve Hatte. Berengar's fifteen hundred meet Stalmariz, who pierces Berengar's shield and is thrown from his horse by him, and the poet likens them to Gideon's three hundred. Roland kills Zernubel; Margariz strikes at Oliver and is cut down but escapes. Samson strikes the Irish king Scarpulon, Otto and Ivo hold their ground, and Turpin and Roland drive the heathens to flight in the mountains.*

Nu hôren wir thiu buoh jên,
*Now hear we the books say,*

Hatte ein wârer gotes thegen,
*Hatte a true God's thane,*

ther was unter then zweleven
*who was among the twelve*

ze einem diuren volcthegcne
*as a precious folk-thane*

hêrlîchen ze vorevehten erkoren: 4855
*lordly as champion chosen:*

wir sculen in vone rehte loben.
*we shall him by right praise.*

er leitte unter sînem vanen
*he led under his banner*

einlif hunderet man
*eleven hundred men*

there rehten nôtgestallen.
*of-the true comrades-in-need.*

an then newas nehein mangel.
*in them was no lack.*

sie wâren ûzen unt innen
*they were outside and inside*

beslozen mit vesten ringen:
*enclosed with firm rings:*

ther stâl scirmete theme vleisce,
*the steel shielded the flesh,*

thiu heilige minne theme geiste.
*the holy love the spirit.*

thiu ire sterke thes lîves
*the their strength of-the body*

gerete in thes wîges,
*desired for-them of-the battle,*

thaz ther geist gesigete.
*that the spirit should-conquer.*

hine ze himele sie digeten:
*thither to heaven they prayed:*

sie maneten ire scephâre,
*they besought their creator,*

thaz er there sêle frithe wâre
*that he for-the soul peace were*

wither thes tiuveles nît.
*against the devil's spite.*

sine beteten nie umbe then lîf:
*they prayed never for the life:*

thaz sie thâ wole erzeihten,
*that they there well showed,*

thô si ire spieze neihten
*when they their spears lowered*

gegen zwelef tûsent mannen;
*against twelve thousand men;*

there ne kom nie nehein thannen.
*of-whom — came never any thence.*

thie leite ther kuninc Estorgant.
*them led the king Estorgant.*

einen vanen fuorter ane there hant,
*a banner bore-he in the hand,*

thar ane stuont ein eversvîn
*there on stood a boar*

alrôtguldîn.
*all-red-golden.*

perelen unde gesteine
*pearls and gems*

lûhte vone then heithenen
*shone from the heathens*

sam thiu prinnenten olevaz.
*like the burning oil-vessels.*

lutzel half sie thaz:
*little helped them that:*

untriuwe ne mah niht gesigen,
*faithlessness — may not conquer,*

thie hôhmuot muoz ie unter geligen.
*the pride must ever under lie.*

Ther kuninc lie then vanen weiben,
*The king let the banner wave,*

al hine unde here sweiben.
*all thither and hither sway.*

thaz ersah ther helet Hatte.
*that saw the hero Hatte.*

ôwie wole er ime gestatte!
*oh-how well he to-him allowed!*

zesamene sie stâchen,
*together they stabbed,*

thie scilte si in zeprâchen:
*the shields they each-other broke:*

there vesten stâlringe
*the firm steel-rings*

ne mahten sie niht gewinnen.
*— might they not win.*

helethe wunterenkuonen
*heroes wondrous-bold*

mit swerten sie sih untersluogen.
*with swords they each-other struck.*

thâ vaht ther kuninc rîche
*there fought the king mighty*

vile harte rîterlîchen.
*very hard knightly.*

mit ellene er thare wah
*with valor he there dealt*

manegen vermezzenlîchen slah.
*many-a bold blow.*

Hatte sih wole gerah:
*Hatte himself well avenged:*

unter theme scilte er in stah.
*under the shield he him stabbed.*

er verhwunte in vile sêre.
*he wounded him very sorely.*

thô gezwîvelôte ther herre.
*then despaired the lord.*

thô er there wunden untphant,
*when he the wound felt,*

thô wolte ther kuninc Estorgant
*then would the king Estorgant*

gerne vone ime withere.
*gladly from him back.*

Hatte ther bitherbe
*Hatte the worthy*

erreihte ime thie halsveste.
*reached to-him the neck-guard.*

er zehiew ime thie nestel,
*he hewed to-him the lacing,*

er sluoh ime ave thaz halspein.
*he struck to-him off the neck-bone.*

thaz houbet viel einhalf ûf then stein,
*the head fell on-one-side upon the stone,*

ther potih viel anderhalf zetale.
*the body fell on-the-other-side down.*

thiu cristenen scare uber al
*the Christian troop over all*

mit michelere frowethe huoben sie
*with great joy raised they*

Monsoy Monsoy.
*Montjoie Montjoie.*

Thic heithenen ire zeichen
*The heathens their war-cry*

pegunden thar ingegene ruofen.
*began there against to-call.*

mit micheleme scalle
*with great clamor*

stâchen sie zesamene.
*stabbed they together.*

thâ wuohs there helle ire gewin.
*there grew of-the hell her gain.*

vile michel nôt wart thâ unter in.
*very great distress became there among them.*

ein helet vile guot,
*a hero very good,*

Regenfrit vone Tagespurh,
*Regenfrit of Tagespurh,*

thaz swert er umbegreif:
*the sword he grasped:*

manegen heithenen er versneit.
*many-a heathen he cut-down.*

sie zesluogen manegen guoten jâchant,
*they smashed many-a good jacinth,*

manegen scilt von there hant.
*many-a shield from the hand.*

Hillunc unde Vastmâr
*Hillunc and Vastmar*

zehiewen in thie goltmâl.
*hewed to-them the gold-ornaments.*

thâ vielen genuoge.
*there fell enough.*

sie smitheten ungevuoge:
*they forged roughly:*

sie sluogen jaspis unt smaragede
*they struck jasper and emeralds*

alle vone ein ander.
*all from one another.*

thâ wart michel nôt unde wuoft.
*there became great distress and wailing.*

then cristenen wâre helve thurft.
*to-the Christians would-be help need.*

Thie heithenen sih erhalten:
*The heathens themselves recovered:*

mit micheleme gewalte
*with great power*

sluogen sie withere.
*struck they back.*

there kristenen gelah thâ nithere
*of-the Christians lay there down*

vier hundert unde zehene
*four hundred and ten*

in theme vrône segene
*in the holy blessing*

thâ thiu kindelîn inne fuoren,
*where the little-children in fared,*

thie thurh got gemarterôt wurthen.
*who for God martyred became.*

sie wurthen wole untphangen
*they became well received*

mit engele sange.
*with angels' song.*

thieneten sie wole ire herren.
*served they well their lord.*

nu lônet er in mit grôzen êren.
*now rewards he them with great honors.*

Alrîh vone Normandîe
*Alrich of Normandy*

unt andere gesellen sîne,
*and other comrades his,*

Witram unt Ôtnant,
*Witram and Otnant,*

Pillunc unde Sigebant
*Pillunc and Sigebant*

unt ander maneh helet guoter
*and other many-a hero good*

wâren gescaffet ze huote,
*were appointed to guard,*

sô welher scare sîn thurft gescâhe,
*so which troop of-it need should-happen,*

thaz sie then frume wâren.
*that they to-them help were.*

sie hâten zwei tûsent man.
*they had two thousand men.*

alsô sie hôrten sagen
*as they heard tell*

thaz Hatte wâre in nôten,
*that Hatte were in distresses,*

4960 ûf thie scare sie kêrten.
*upon the troop they turned.*

sperhalf sie in zuo stâchen,
*spear-side they to-them to stabbed,*

mit willen sie sih râchen.
*with will they themselves avenged.*

sie tâten thâ veigen
*they made there doomed*

manegen rîter heithenen,
*many-a knight heathen,*

4965 manege prehende wunden.
*many-a burning wound.*

sie vunden Hatten gesunden.
*they found Hatte sound.*

vile grôzen scathen sie gewunnen:
*very great harm they won:*

fluhte sie sie thwungen.
*to-flight they them constrained.*

sie fluhen uber furhe.
*they fled over furrow.*

4970 ire gelah sô vile thâ nithere
*of-them lay so many there down*

thaz sie sîn niemer mêre gezam.
*that they of-it never more were-fit.*

si erstahten sih selven in theme graben.
*they smothered themselves self in the ditch.*

Inoh kom Beringêr:
*Yet came Berengar:*

anderhalf tûsent fuorte er
*one-and-a-half thousand led he*

there wole ûz erweleten,
*of-the well out chosen,*

thie al thaz wole erherten
*who all that well maintained*

thaz sie gote gehiezen:
*which they to-God promised:*

wie wâr sie thaz liezen!
*how true they that left!*

thaz heilige criuze si êrten,
*the holy cross they honored,*

wande sie thaz zeichen ane in fuorten.
*for they the sign on them bore.*

thes wart in wole gelônet sît.
*for-that was to-them well rewarded afterward.*

von in wîssagete ther herre Dâvîd:
*of them prophesied the lord David:*

«got hât sie gehôhet,
*«God has them exalted,*

er hât sie gekrônet;
*he has them crowned;*

ire angest hât er gewitheret,
*their fear has he repelled,*

ire vîante genitheret.»
*their enemies brought-low.»*

ire bluot rief hine ze himele vone there erthe.
*their blood cried thither to heaven from the earth.*

thaz hôrte unser herre:
*that heard our Lord:*

er hiez iz palde rechen:
*he bade it quickly avenge:*

in theme prinnenden peche
*in the burning pitch*

havent sie thie tiuvele versâzet,
*have them the devils set,*

thie sie niemer vone in verlâzent.
*who them never from them let.*

There heithenen vanen
*Of-the heathens banner*

volgôten zwelef tûsent man:
*followed twelve thousand men:*

thie leite Stâlmarîz.
*them led Stalmariz.*

rîterlîchen stah er sînen spiez
*knightly stabbed he his spear*

thurh Beringêres sciltes rant.
*through Berengar's shield's rim.*

thaz vergalt ime ther wîgant:
*that repaid to-him the fighter:*

mit eineme spieze wahsen
*with a spear sharp*

warf er in vone theme rosse.
*threw he him from the horse.*

thâ trôrete er thaz walpluot.
*there dripped he the battle-blood.*

thâ huop sih manih helet guot
*there raised itself many-a hero good*

mit nîthe zesamene.
*with spite together.*

thaz sô grôzeme magene
*that so great might*

anderhalf tûsent man
*one-and-a-half thousand men*

ie getorsten bestân,
*ever dared withstand,*

sô wâ iz nu gescâhe,
*so where it now should-happen,*

man scrive iz wole ze mâre.
*one would-write it well as tale.*

iuhne tharf is nehein wunder nemen.
*you need of-it no wonder take.*

sô wer sih gote wile geven,
*so who himself to-God will give,*

theme nelât er ane nihte missegân:
*to-him lets he in nothing go-amiss:*

thes wir guot urkunde hân.
*of-that we good witness have.*

Gedeôn hâte thriu hunderet man,
*Gideon had three hundred men,*

thie er zuo theme wazzere ûz nam,
*whom he at the water out took,*

âne aller slahte wîcwere.
*without all kinds-of war-gear.*

er verswante ein vile michel here
*he destroyed a very great host*

âne stih unt âne slah.
*without stab and without blow.*

jâ jagete er si allen einen tah
*yea hunted he them all one day*

mit prinnenten olevazzen.
*with burning oil-vessels.*

si ertranhten sih selven in theme wazzere.
*they drowned themselves self in the water.*

sam wolte er thisen herren
*likewise would he to-these lords*

ire vrowethe gemêren.
*their joy increase.*

sie hâten there prinnenten olevazze gesmekket,
*they had of-the burning oil-vessel tasted,*

mit theme heiligen gelouben stuonten sie ûf gerekket.
*with the holy faith stood they up stretched.*

helethe vile kuone,
*heroes very bold,*

sie macheten wise gruone
*they made meadows green*

mit pluote gare perunnen,
*with blood wholly drenched,*

mit swerten vaste thurh thrungen.
*with swords firmly through pressed.*

sô welher in then scilt engegen bôt,
*so which them the shield against offered,*

then was gereite ther dôt.
*to-him was ready the death.*

in ne scirmeten noh thie ringe noh ther huot:
*them — shielded neither the rings nor the helmet:*

thaz wâfen ie thurh wuot
*the weapon ever through waded*

vaste thurh then verhpan.
*firmly through the life-cage.*

thâne was nehein man,
*there was no man,*

ther theme lîve ihtes wolde getrûwen,
*who the life anything would trust,*

wane sô er mit then sporen mahte gehouwen.
*except as he with the spurs might hew.*

Thie heithenen wâren thô gelegen.
*The heathens were then laid-low.*

thie thes heres scolten phlegen,
*who of-the host should take-care,*

thie thie aller vortherôsten wâren,
*who the of-all foremost were,*

mit pluote sie bethekket lâgen.
*with blood they covered lay.*

inoh leveten ire zwêne:
*yet lived of-them two:*

thie wâren sô waltih unt sô hêre
*they were so mighty and so proud*

thaz sine wolten rûmen thaz wal.
*that they-not would quit the battlefield.*

si erhuoben aller êrst ire scal:
*they raised of-all first their clamor:*

Margarîz unt Cornubiles
*Margariz and Zernubel*

thie vertriweten sih thes,
*they trusted themselves of-it,*

sie wolten Ruolante ane gesigen
*they would Roland on conquer*

other tôt vore ime geligen;
*or dead before him lie;*

unt uf sie thâ gelâgen,
*and if they there lay,*

wâ in sô wole gescâhe
*where to-them so well should-happen*

sô vore theme aller kuonisten,
*as before the of-all boldest,*

then sie ane there werelt wisten.
*whom they in the world knew.*

Cornubiles lethegete sîne triuwe
*Zernubel freed his pledge*

ime ze vile michelere riuwe.
*to-him to very great rue.*

er huop sih vaste ane then man.
*he raised himself firmly at the man.*

wole verstah er then vanen:
*well pierced he the banner:*

mit theme swerte hiew er ûf then lewen.
*with the sword hewed he upon the lion.*

thô erbalh sih ther thegen
*then grew-angry himself the thane*

Ruolant mit zorne:
*Roland with anger:*

er râmete sîn thâ vorne.
*he aimed-at him there in-front.*

thô gevie Durendart
*then caught Durendart*

eine egeslîche thurhvart
*a terrible passage*

vone theme helme unze ane thie erthe.
*from the helm until to the earth.*

er sprah: «hiute wâre thu ein herre:
*he spoke: «today wert thou a lord:*

nu bistu ze âse worthen;
*now art-thou to carrion become;*

ther tiuvel hât thîne sêle erworven.»
*the devil has thy soul won.»*

mit nîthe gespranhte Margarîz:
*with spite spurred Margariz:*

er stah einen goltgewundenen spiez
*he stabbed a gold-wound spear*

nâh theme helethe Oliviere.
*at the hero Oliver.*

er zarte ime vone theme thiehe
*he tore to-him from the thigh*

ein vah there halsberge.
*a fold of-the hauberk.*

sie wânden alle er scolte ersterben:
*they believed all he should die:*

inoh behielt in got gesunden
*yet kept him God sound*

âne aller slahte wunden.
*without all kinds-of wounds.*

er sluoh in mit theme swerte
*he struck him with the sword*

ûf einen helm herten.
*upon a helm hard.*

erne mahte sîn niht gewinnen:
*he could him not win:*

thaz viur enzunte sih thar inne.
*the fire kindled itself there in.*

«thaz hât Margarîz getân:
*«that has Margariz done:*

thaz scol man vone mir ze mâre sagen.»
*that shall one of me as tale tell.»*

Thô sprah ther helet Olivier:
*Then spoke the hero Oliver:*

«vile wole vergelten ih iz thir.
*«very well repay I it thee.*

thîniu niumâre
*thy tidings*

ne sint niht hovebâre.»
*— are not courtly.»*

er plies sîn horn.
*he blew his horn.*

«mîn scilt ist ganzer komen
*«my shield is whole come*

vone theme aller kuonisten eineme.»
*from the of-all boldest one.»*

thô rief er unter thie heithenen:
*then called he among the heathens:*

«ih pin ein vile ganzer man.
*«I am a very whole man.*

thu scolt vone mir etewaz sagen.»
*thou shalt of me something tell.»*

then scilt sluoh er ze stukken.
*the shield struck he to pieces.*

er zarte ime thie bukkelen:
*he tore to-him the boss:*

mit micheleme gewalte
*with great power*

then helm er ime erscalte.
*the helm he to-him split.*

thaz houvet sih thar unter clouf.
*the head itself there under cleaved.*

er sprah: «nu mahtu haven urlouf;
*he spoke: «now mayst-thou have leave;*

man gelouvet thir nu baz.»
*one believes thee now better.»*

eines sturzes er genas:
*of-a fall he survived:*

thie heithenen in thâ ernereten
*the heathens him there saved*

mit spiezen unt mit swerten.
*with spears and with swords.*

Thô kom ther helet Samsôn.
*Then came the hero Samson.*

er sluoh Scarpulôn,
*he struck Scarpulon,*

then kuninc vone then Îren,
*the king of the Irish,*

vile nâhen sîneme lîve,
*very near his life,*

thaz ime thaz pluot ûz then ougen spranc.
*that to-him the blood out-of the eyes sprang.*

thaz swert ime erclanc
*the sword to-him rang*

vile suoze ane there hant.
*very sweetly in the hand.*

thô kêrte ther wâre wîgant
*then turned the true fighter*

vaste in thie helmthikke.
*firmly into the helm-thicket.*

sîne ortpicke
*his point-thrusts*

wâren harte vreissam.
*were hard terrible.*

sô waz er erreihte ane theme man,
*so what he reached on the man,*

iz wâre stâl other horn,
*it were steel or horn,*

thaz was allez verloren.
*that was all lost.*

er frumete manegen heithenen bleih.
*he made many-a heathen pale.*

ther stâl vore ime weih,
*the steel before him gave-way,*

sam er plî wâre.
*as-if it lead were.*

er wart then heithenen vile swâre.
*he became to-the heathens very heavy.*

Otto unt Îve
*Otto and Ivo*

thie woneten in theme wîge
*they dwelt in the battle*

alsô mînes drehtînes knehte,
*as my Lord's knights,*

wante sie theme rehte
*for they from-the right*

nie einen fuoz entwichen.
*never a foot withdrew.*

sô waz sie mit swerten begriffen,
*so what they with swords seized,*

thie ne irten mêre niemen.
*they — troubled more no-one.*

guote knehte vore in vielen.
*good knights before them fell.*

thaz wâren gotes rekken,
*that were God's warriors,*

thie mit ire scarphen ekken
*who with their sharp edges*

then sige wole errungen.
*the victory well won.*

thâ mite havent sie gewunnen
*there with have they won*

thaz sie gotes antlutze sehent
*that they God's countenance see*

unt iemer frôlîche levent:
*and ever joyfully live:*

thaz worhte in ther guote wille.
*that wrought for-them the good will.*

then heiligen geist hâten sie thar inne,
*the holy ghost had they there within,*

ire herze geliuteret unde gereinet:
*their heart purified and cleansed:*

vone thiu sint sie gezieret unde geheilet.
*from that are they adorned and healed.*

Hatte unt Anseîs
*Hatte and Anseis*

thie fuoren al there selven wîs:
*they fared all of-the same manner:*

sie vâhten nâh ire gesazteme zile.
*they fought after their set goal.*

sie sluogen there heithenen alsô vile,
*they slew of-the heathens so many,*

thaz sie thaz velt strouten.
*that they the field strewed.*

wâ freiscetet ir ie vone liuten
*where heard you ever of people*

alsô unmâzen kraft,
*so measureless strength,*

thaz sie then langen heizen tah
*that they the long hot day*

in ire gewâfene wâren,
*in their armor were,*

unde thie geruoweten vore in lâgen
*and the rested-ones before them lay*

in ire eigen pluote erworthen!
*in their own blood choked!*

sie lâgen erstikket unde verdorben.
*they lay stifled and destroyed.*

wer mahte thaz getuon
*who might that do*

mer thie wâre gotes sune,
*except the true God's son,*

ther sie von ime niene verliez
*who them from him not-at-all abandoned*

unde in selve gehiez,
*and to-them self promised,*

sô welhes tôthes sô sie ersturven,
*so which death so they should-die,*

thaz ein hâr vone ire houvete iht verloren wurthe.
*that a hair from their head not lost should-become.*

Thâ vaht ther biscop Turpîn:
*There fought the bishop Turpin:*

thie heithenen allenhalben sîn
*the heathens round-about him*

vielen ane thaz wal
*fell on the battlefield*

sam thie hunde zetale.
*like the dogs down.*

thaz was ther rehte kemphe,
*that was the true champion,*

thes heiligen Kristes scenke.
*the holy Christ's cupbearer.*

sô waz er mit munde lêrte,
*so what he with mouth taught,*

mit werken er iz bewârte.
*with works he it proved.*

er verliez alle wereltwunne,
*he left all world-delight,*

peithiu erbe unde kunne:
*both inheritance and kin:*

ein wârer gotes urkunde,
*a true God's witness,*

gotes lof truoh er in sîneme munde.
*God's praise bore he in his mouth.*

there martere gerete er in alle zît:
*of-the martyrdom desired he at all times:*

ze jungest opherôte er then lîf.
*at last offered he the life.*

zehen phunt wuocherôte er sîneme herren:
*ten pounds increased he for-his lord:*

nu lônet er ime mit êren.
*now rewards he to-him with honors.*

Alsame tete sîn geselle Ruolant.
*Likewise did his comrade Roland.*

thaz here in allenthalven vore ime swant
*the host in on-all-sides before him vanished*

sam ther sunne tuot then snê.
*as the sun does the snow.*

in ne tete niemen sô wê.
*to-him — did no-one so woe.*

er was ein rehter ekkestein,
*he was a true cornerstone,*

wande in wâfen nehein
*for him weapon none*

in there werelte nie ne sêret:
*in the world never — wounded:*

sô hâte in got geêret.
*so had him God honored.*

sîn swert Durendart
*his sword Durendart*

erkôs ime iemer eine vart
*chose for-itself ever a way*

in almitten thurh thie scare.
*in all-midst through the troop.*

thie heithenen wurthen sîn geware:
*the heathens became of-him aware:*

sie huoben thie fluht.
*they began the flight.*

thâ wart pôsiu manzuht.
*there became bad discipline.*

sie bevielen thaz gevilde
*they fell-on the field*

unde fluhen ane thie perge.
*and fled to the mountains.*

si erstihten unde ertwâlen:
*they choked and perished:*

thie aver genâren,
*who however survived,*

thie riefen nâh ire herren.
*they cried after their lord.*

thie kristenen fuoren mit êren.
*the Christians fared with honors.*

## XXI · MARSILE RIDES OUT

*A maimed survivor tells Marsile that his men are dying and urges vengeance. Marsile curses Ganelon, gives his banner to Grandon, and resolves to stake his own life, judging that Charles is nothing without the twelve. Roland confesses his sins and rallies the Franks, and Turpin promises them the joys of heaven that day. Valdebrun kills Samson, and Roland kills Valdebrun; Alfric kills Anseis, and Turpin kills Alfric. Grandon of Cappadocia slays Gernis, Ekkerich, Berengar, Antoir, and Gwimuot before Roland splits his helm. Oliver kills Kartan, Turpin fights on like a laborer earning his penny, and the beaten heathens cry to Marsile for help.*

Vone theme wale was einer entrunnen;
*From the battlefield was one escaped;*

thoh was ime misselungen,
*yet was to-him ill-gone,*

ther fuoz was ime ave geslagen:
*the foot was to-him off struck:*

ther kom ane then kuninc gevaren.
*he came to the king faring.*

er sprah: «herre kuninc ûz Yspanie,
*he spoke: «lord king out-of Spain,*

thiu krône gezimet thir niht mêre ze tragene,
*the crown befits thee not more to wear,*

thune rechest thîne tôten.
*unless-thou avengest thy dead.*

lethige sie vone then nôten,
*free them from the distresses,*

thie noh thâ leven.
*who yet there live.*

jâ mahtu hiute selve sehen,
*yea mayst-thou today self see,*

sît thisiu erthe geleget wart,
*since this earth laid was,*

thaz sô manih menneske niene erstarf,
*that so many-a human not-at-all died,*

noh ne gescît ouh niemer mêre.
*nor — happens also never more.*

nune sûme thih niht, herre,
*now delay thee not, lord,*

thaz sie genozen iht entrinnen
*that they unpunished not should-escape*

wither zuo then Karlingen.»
*back to the Carolingians.»*

Marsilie erzurnete harte.
*Marsile raged hard.*

er sprah: «Karl mit sîneme grâwen parte
*he spoke: «Charles with his gray beard*

hât menegiu rîke pethwungen,
*has many realms subdued,*

thie alswarzen Ungeren,
*the all-black Hungarians,*

Pulle unde Latrân.
*Apulia and Lateran.*

thô ih frithe von ime gewan,
*when I peace from him won,*

vile ubele mir gescah,
*very ill to-me happened,*

thaz ih thaz ie zeprah;
*that I that ever broke;*

wande er thie kuonen Sahsen bethwanc.
*for he the bold Saxons subdued.*

Genelûn have unthanc
*Ganelon have no-thanks*

thaz ih in ie gesah:
*that I him ever saw:*

allez thiz ungemah
*all this discomfort*

ist vone ime einen komen.
*is from him alone come.*

jâ thu herzoge Grandôn,
*yea thou duke Grandon,*

ih wile thih an mînes sunes stete haven.
*I will thee in my son's stead have.*

nim thu, helet, mînen vanen,
*take thou, hero, my banner,*

thaz here lâ thir bevolhen sîn.
*the host let to-thee entrusted be.*

ih wile selve then lîf mîn
*I will self the life mine*

wâgen unde urteilen.
*stake and judge.*

sine sculen sô hine niht sceithen,
*they shall so thence not part,*

ê sie hine fuoren thie êre.
*before they thence carry the honor.*

Karl ne rîhsenet hie niht mêre,
*Charles — reigns here not more,*

wande ther wîstuom unt al sîn rât
*for the wisdom and all his counsel*

ane thisen zweleven stât.
*on these twelve stands.*

sô wie wir thie von ime gesciethen,
*so how we them from him should-separate,*

sône irrete uns niemen,
*so hindered us no-one,*

Karl nekôme niemer ane unser erbe.
*Charles would-come never upon our inheritance.*

mir ist liever thaz ih ersterbe
*to-me is dearer that I should-die*

thenne mih thie Karlinge
*than me the Carolingians*

sô gewaltihlîchen thwingen.»
*so mightily constrain.»*

Heithenen thie vermezzen
*Heathens the bold*

îlten zuo then ire rossen.
*hastened to the their horses.*

thâ îlte man vure man.
*there hastened man before man.*

Ruolant sah sie zuo varen.
*Roland saw them to fare.*

er sprah: «ire gelph ist inoh sô grôz.
*he spoke: «their boast is yet so great.*

Genelûn hât uns in Sarraguz
*Ganelon has us in Saragossa*

alle verrâten.
*all betrayed.*

helethe, nu pereitet iuh thrâte
*heroes, now prepare you quickly*

unde gemache wir sie zagen.
*and make we them cowards.*

unde gewinnent sie then êristen scathen,
*and (if)-win they the first harm,*

sô muozen sie uns then rukke kêren.
*so must they to-us the back turn.*

ersihe ih then ire herren,
*(if)-see I the their lord,*

ih gethringe ime sô nâhen:
*I press to-him so near:*

sîn scol hiute râmen
*him shall today aim-at*

ther vile guote Durendart.
*the very good Durendart.*

ther aller overiste êwart
*the of-all highest priest*

sî selve mîn urkunde:
*be self my witness:*

mih riuwent mîne sunde,
*me rue my sins,*

thie ih wither sînen hulden hân getân.
*which I against his favor have done.*

nune scol sih niemen sparen;
*now shall himself no-one spare;*

hie wirthet iz gare verendet:
*here becomes it wholly ended:*

ther tiuvel wirthet ane uns gescendet.»
*the devil becomes on us disgraced.»*

Thô sprah ther biscof Turpîn:
*Then spoke the bishop Turpin:*

«nu vlêhet alle mînen drehtîn,
*«now implore all my Lord,*

wande er thurh uns tholete then dôt,
*for he for us suffered the death,*

thaz er bethenke unser aller nôt,
*that he consider of-us all distress,*

thaz wir reine vure in komen.
*that we pure before him come.*

wir werthen hiute geboren
*we become today born*

zuo there êwigen wunne.
*to the eternal delight.*

hiute werthe wir there engele kunne.
*today become we the angels' kin.*

hiute scule wir vrôlîche varen.
*today shall we joyfully fare.*

hiute werthe wir lûtere westeparn.
*today become we pure baptized-children.*

hiute ist unser frowethe tah,
*today is our joy's day,*

wande sih vrowen mah
*for itself rejoice may*

elliu thiu heilige cristenheit.
*all the holy Christendom.*

hiute vergiltet man uns thie arebeit.
*today repays one us the labor.*

wir werthen hiute entphangen
*we become today received*

mit theme engele sange
*with the angels' song*

zuo then himeliscen êren.
*to the heavenly honors.*

hiute gesehe wir unseren herren:
*today see we our Lord:*

thâ piren wir iemer mêre vrô.»
*there are we ever more glad.»*

sie sungen gloria in excelsis deo.
*they sang glory in the-highest to-God.*

Thie heithenen pliesen ire horn.
*The heathens blew their horns.*

michel grisgrammen unde zorn
*great gnashing and anger*

was unter in erpluot:
*was among them blossomed:*

gesêriget was in ther muot.
*wounded was to-them the spirit.*

sie ranten thie kristenen ane:
*they rode the Christians at:*

sie tâten in same.
*they did to-them likewise.*

Valdeprûn kom ane there stunt;
*Valdebrun came at the hour;*

sîn ros hiez Gratamunt:
*his horse was-called Gratamunt:*

er sluoh then tiweren herzogen,
*he slew the precious duke,*

thaz was ther mâre Sampsôn.
*that was the famous Samson.*

then clageten alle Karlinge.
*him lamented all Carolingians.*

Ruolant rah in mit grimme:
*Roland avenged him with fury:*

er sluoh in almitten zetale.
*he struck him in-all-midst down.*

thie heithenen vielen âne zale.
*the heathens fell without count.*

thie heithenen erkômen harte,
*the heathens were-frightened hard,*

thô sie vone Durendarte
*when they from Durendart*

thie grôzen tugent erkanten:
*the great virtue recognized:*

sie vermiten gerne Ruolanten.
*they avoided gladly Roland.*

Alfric vone Affricâ,
*Alfric of Africa,*

mit grimme stah er sâ
*with fury stabbed he at-once*

Anseîs thurh then helm,
*Anseis through the helm,*

thaz ther tiwerlîche thegen
*that the precious thane*

vone theme marhe viel nither tôt.
*from the steed fell down dead.*

unter then kristenen wart michel nôt
*among the Christians was great distress*

vone theme herten valle.
*from the hard fall.*

thie heithenen riefen alle:
*the heathens cried all:*

«ir geltet uns genôte
*«you repay us closely*

thie unseren lieven tôte.
*the our dear dead.*

wir haven thie êre:
*we have the honor:*

Karl ne rîhsenet hie niht mêre.»
*Charles — reigns here not more.»*

Thô sprah Turpîn ther biscof:
*Then spoke Turpin the bishop:*

«iz ist thâ vore ienoh.
*«it is there before yet.*

ther tôt nâhet iu vile palde zuo:
*the death nears to-you very quickly to:*

ir ruomet iuh thes siges ze vruo.
*you boast you of-the victory too early.*

sô wer genozen hine vare,
*so who unpunished thither fares,*

ther have thie êre gare.
*he have the honor wholly.*

sô wer morgene leve zuo thirre zît,
*so who tomorrow live at this time,*

ther have thie marke âne strît.
*he have the march without strife.*

iwer nehein ne kumet niemer hinnen:
*of-you any — comes never hence:*

iwer armiu sêle muoz iemer thâ ze helle prinnen.»
*your poor soul must ever there in hell burn.»*

er sluoh Alfrikken
*he struck Alfric*

thurh einen helm thikken,
*through a helm thick,*

thaz er tôt nither viel.
*that he dead down fell.*

thie kristenen riefen Monsoy Monsoy.
*the Christians cried Montjoie Montjoie.*

ther tah was heiz unde lanc:
*the day was hot and long:*

thâ wart ein vreislîh kamph
*there became a terrible combat*

inzwisken then heithenen unde then kristenen.
*between the heathens and the Christians.*

wer mahte sih thar unter gevristen
*who might himself there among preserve*

wan then got wolde bewaren?
*except whom God would guard?*

thie heithenen lâgen alle erslagen
*the heathens lay all slain*

unze ane then kuninc vone Kapadociâ.
*until to the king of Cappadocia.*

sîn marh kêrte er sâ
*his steed turned he at-once*

ane Gernîses vanen.
*at Gernis's banner.*

ûf Murmur rante er in ane.
*upon Murmur rode he him at.*

jâ stah in ther kuninc Grandôn
*yea stabbed him the king Grandon*

thaz Gernîs tôter nither kom.
*that Gernis dead down came.*

er sluoh Ekkerîken,
*he slew Ekkerich,*

einen helet hêrlîken.
*a hero lordly.*

er sluoh Peringêren
*he slew Berengar*

unt ienoh antere zwêne:
*and yet other two:*

thaz was vone Valtiâ Antoîr,
*that was of Valtia Antoir,*

(sîne swester hâte Olivier),
*(his sister had Oliver),*

althaz ther Rodanus beslôz;
*all-that the Rhone enclosed;*

er sluoh Gwimuoten sînen genôz.
*he slew Gwimuot his peer.*

Ruolant erbalh sih:
*Roland grew-angry himself:*

thô hiew er Velentih.
*then hewed he Velentih.*

er sprah: «jâ thu vâlantes man,
*he spoke: «yea thou devil's man,*

waz thu morthes hâst getân!»
*what thou of-murder hast done!»*

thoh er in nie ne sah,
*though he him never — saw,*

pî theme worte thaz er sprah
*by the word that he spoke*

thô gezwîvelôte ther kuninc Grandôn,
*then despaired the king Grandon,*

thaz er mit nihte ne mahte vone ime komen.
*that he by no-means — might from him come.*

wie wole er in erkante,
*how well he him recognized,*

then helet Ruolanten!
*the hero Roland!*

Durendarte er ûf huof,
*Durendart he up raised,*

thurh then helm er in sluoh
*through the helm he him struck*

thaz ime thie ougen ûz sprungen.
*that to-him the eyes out sprang.*

er sprah: «sô waz thu hie hâst gewunnen,
*he spoke: «so what thou here hast won,*

thaz hâstu harte gekoufet.
*that hast-thou hard bought.*

thu bist sêre bestroufet,
*thou art sorely punished,*

thune beruomest thih sîn niemer mêre.»
*thou boastest thee of-it never more.»*

thie Karlinge gâven ime lof unt êre.
*the Carolingians gave to-him praise and honor.*

sie sprâchen alle bî eineme munde:
*they spoke all with one mouth:*

«sô wole there wîle unde stunde,
*«so well the while and hour,*

thaz Ruolant ie wurthe geboren!
*that Roland ever was born!*

er ist uns ze trôste here komen.
*he is to-us for comfort hither come.*

er ist unser guote voget:
*he is our good guardian:*

er sî iemer geêret unde gelovet.»
*he be ever honored and praised.»*

Olivier thô kêrte
*Oliver then turned*

alsô in sîn ellen lêrte,
*as him his valor taught,*

mit theme guoten Alteclêren.
*with the good Hauteclere.*

thâ getete er sêren
*there made he sore*

manegen heitheniscen man.
*many-a heathen man.*

thô witherreit ime Kartân:
*then rode-against to-him Kartan:*

ther was michel unt egeslîh.
*he was great and terrible.*

mit swerten hiewen sie sih.
*with swords hewed they each-other.*

then scilt er ime ave sluoh:
*the shield he to-him off struck:*

ther stâl was sô guot,
*the steel was so good,*

thesne mahte er niht gewinnen.
*this could he not win.*

«veres thu sô ganz hinnen,
*«(if)-farest thou so whole hence,*

thes was ih ungewone,
*of-that was I unaccustomed,*

sô waz mir ie thar zuo kom»,
*so what to-me ever there to came»,*

sprah ther helet Olivier:
*spoke the hero Oliver:*

«zewâre sagen ih iz thir,
*«truly tell I it to-thee,*

sone getrûwe ih niemer mêre
*so trust I never more*

theme guoten Alteclêren.»
*the good Hauteclere.»*

er stah in thurh then gêren:
*he stabbed him through the gore:*

er warf then verhsêren
*he threw the life-wounded*

tôten vone them orte.
*dead from the point.*

thô kom ein michel vorhte
*then came a great fear*

unter alle thie heithenen:
*among all the heathens:*

thaz velt begonde in leithen.
*the field began to-them to-grow-hateful.*

Turpîn ernante:
*Turpin ventured:*

thie scare er ane rante.
*the troop he on rode.*

wole hulven ime sîne nôtstreben.
*well helped to-him his comrades.*

thâ bewârete ther thegen
*there proved the thane*

al thaz er mit theme munde lêrte.
*all that he with the mouth taught.*

ther tiwerlîche thegen kêrte
*the precious thane turned*

tha thiu nôt aller meiste was.
*where the distress of-all most was.*

thaz tete ther herre umbe thaz,
*that did the lord for that,*

er wolte gerne wâgen then lîf.
*he would gladly risk the life.*

in thûhte es wâre zît,
*to-him seemed it were time,*

thaz in ther wirt periete
*that him the host should-provide*

ther in in then wîngarten miete,
*who him into the vineyard hired,*

thaz er ime sînen phenninc gâve:
*that he to-him his penny should-give:*

thar nâh vaht ther helet mâre.
*there after fought the hero famous.*

manegen wunten unde veigen
*many wounded and doomed*

getete er unter then heithenen.
*made he among the heathens.*

er vaht zuo iewether hant:
*he fought to either hand:*

thane was nehein îsernîn gewant
*there was no iron clothing*

noh nehein stâlhuot
*nor no steel-hat*

nie sô veste noh sô guot,
*never so firm nor so good,*

kom er ime ze slage,
*(if)-came it to-him to blow,*

thaz in vone theme tage
*that it from that day*

iemer gebuozte thehein smit
*ever mended any smith*

other thar unter thaz lit
*or there under the limb*

ther arzâte iemer thorfte gesalben.
*the physician ever needed to-salve.*

er fulte allenthalven
*he filled on-all-sides*

thie furhe mit then tôten.
*the furrows with the dead.*

fluhte sie sie nôten
*to-flight they them forced*

mit ire scarphen swerten,
*with their sharp swords,*

thaz sie sih ze jungist niene werten:
*that they themselves at last not-at-all defended:*

sie vielen sam thaz vihe zetale.
*they fell like the cattle down.*

sie sluogen sie von theme wale
*they struck them from the battlefield*

rehte sam thie hunte.
*right like the dogs.*

sie riefen alle mit eineme munte:
*they cried all with one mouth:*

«hilf uns, kuninc Marsilie, herre,
*«help us, king Marsile, lord,*

thurh thîne kuninclîche êre!
*for thy kingly honor!*

thie cristenen sint starc unt vreissam:
*the Christians are strong and terrible:*

thie thîne ligent alle erslagen,
*the thine lie all slain,*

verwundet unt vervallen.
*wounded and fallen.*

sie hevent ire wânsangen
*they raise their hope-songs*

sam in niht ne werre.
*as-if to-them nothing — troubled.*

nu rih thih, herre!
*now avenge thee, lord!*

varent sie alsô genozen hinnen,
*(if)-fare they so unpunished hence,*

thazne mahtu niemer uberwinden.»
*that mayst-thou never get-over.»*

## XXII · THE ROUT OF ABYSSE

*Marsile swears death to any who flee and vows to die rather than lose. His men praise the Christians' valor and curse Ganelon, and seven hundred horns sound as they charge. Turpin unhorses Abysse, the banner-bearer, and leads the last twelve troops to Roland and Oliver, and the heathens are cut down. Oliver kills Malsaron, Torke, and Estorke and, at Roland's bidding, draws Hauteclere and splits Justin; Turpin kills Sigelot, and Engelier kills Spemvalriz. A wind from heaven refreshes the weary Franks. The wounded Margariz flees to Marsile with news of the slaughter and an ambush, and Marsile vows to destroy Paris.*

Marsilie hiez plâsen sîniu horn,
*Marsile bade blow his horns,*

thie heithenen alle vure sih komen.
*the heathens all before himself come.*

er swuor einen eit
*he swore an oath*

(thes kom er in grôze arebeit),
*(of-that came he into great hardship),*

sô wer thie fluht huobe,
*so who the flight began,*

thaz man in ze tôthe sluoge.
*that one him to death should-strike.*

er sprah: «scol Ruolant gesigen,
*he spoke: «(if)-shall Roland conquer,*

sô wil ih selve thâ beligen.
*so will I self there lie.*

behavent thie kristenen thie êre,
*(if)-keep the Christians the honor,*

sône ruoke ih mêre
*so care I more*

niuweht ze levene
*nothing to live*

noh krône ze tragene.
*nor crown to wear.*

ê suoche ih then lîf ze verliesen
*rather seek I the life to lose*

ê thaz lof ze verkiesen.
*than the praise to renounce.*

nune wil ih niht vliehen.
*now will I not flee.*

ist hie iemen,
*(if)-is here anyone,*

ther mir zuo there nôte gestât,
*who to-me in the distress stands,*

wie wole iz ime ergât!
*how well it to-him goes!*

er mah selve gebieten
*he may self command*

unde sih iemer nieten
*and himself ever enjoy*

aller wereltwunne:
*of-all world-delight:*

ih geêre al sîn kunne.»
*I honor all his kin.»*

wole gehiezen ime sîne man:
*well promised to-him his men:*

sie sprâchen, er hâte in sô lieve getân;
*they spoke, he had to-them so dear done;*

sie wolten then grimmegen tôt tholen,
*they would the grim death suffer,*

ê sie heim wolten komen
*before they home would come*

âne sige unt âne êre:
*without victory and without honor:*

waz sie thenne mêre
*what they then more*

tohten ze mannen;
*were-fit as men;*

sie wurthen ubele untphangen
*they would-become ill received*

vone kinden unde vone wîben.
*by children and by women.*

thaz here begonde sîgen
*the host began to-sink*

vaste ane thaz wal.
*firmly onto the battlefield.*

thie heithenen retheten uber al,
*the heathens spoke over all,*

thaz thie kristenen wâren
*that the Christians were*

helethe vile mâre,
*heroes very famous,*

ein liut harte unervorhten;
*a people hard unafraid;*

thaz sie mit ire lîve worhten
*that they with their body wrought*

sô getâniu wunder ûf there erthe,
*so made wonders upon the earth,*

ire kuoner ne thorfte nie geboren werthen:
*of-them bolder — needed never born become:*

in gezâme wole ze lebene;
*to-them would-befit well to live;*

ire tugent unt ire ethele
*their virtue and their nobility*

hâten sie wole erzeiget:
*had they well shown:*

Genelûn scolte iemer sîn vermeinet
*Ganelon should ever be cursed*

ther mit sînen eithen
*who with his oaths*

verriet thie kristenen unt thie heithenen.
*betrayed the Christians and the heathens.*

Marsilie kom mit zorne.
*Marsile came with anger.*

siven hunderet horne
*seven hundred horns*

vore ime clungen.
*before him rang.*

ûf thie kristenen sie thrungen:
*upon the Christians they pressed:*

sie wânten sie nither tretten.
*they believed them down to-tread.*

ô wie wole sie in gestateten
*oh how well they to-them allowed*

mit ire wahsen spiezen,
*with their sharp spears,*

thie thie heithenen ane theme wale liezen!
*whom the heathens on the battlefield left!*

sie wâren ire gewisse.
*they were of-them certain.*

ther herzoge Abysse
*the duke Abysse*

fuorte Marsilien vanen.
*bore Marsile's banner.*

ther was ein sô ubel man,
*he was a so evil man,*

thaz in niemen lachen ne vant.
*that him no-one laughing — found.*

sîn sterke was erkant
*his strength was known*

uber alle thie erthe.
*over all the earth.*

er untphie ouh thaz lêhen,
*he received also the fief,*

thaz er Ruolanten sluoge,
*that he Roland should-slay,*

thaz houbet vure Mahmeten truoge:
*the head before Mahomet should-carry:*

thaz wolte got verwandelen.
*that would God change.*

er huof sih ûz then anderen:
*he raised himself out-of the others:*

mit grôzer sîner kraft
*with great his strength*

stah er einen escînen scaht
*stabbed he an ashen shaft*

theme biscof thurh then scilt.
*to-the bishop through the shield.*

got in thar unter wole behielt.
*God him there under well kept.*

thie heithenen riefen alle gewisse:
*the heathens cried all surely:*

«wole thu herzoge Abysse,
*«well thou duke Abysse,*

thu hâst iz vermezzenlîchen erhaven.»
*thou hast it boldly begun.»*

sie wânten alle er hâte in erslagen.
*they believed all he had him slain.*

thâ wither rief ther biscof:
*there against cried the bishop:*

«vile unnâh ist iz noh!
*«very un-near is it yet!*

ih vergelte thir then stih.»
*I repay thee the stab.»*

mit zorne huof er sih:
*with anger raised he himself:*

er stah in thurh thie halsperge.
*he stabbed him through the hauberk.*

er warf in unwerthe
*he threw him contemptuously*

theme rosse uber thie goffen.
*from-the horse over the croup.*

er sprah: «nu hâstu gare verstochen.»
*he spoke: «now hast-thou wholly stabbed-thy-last.»*

Turpîn wart innen
*Turpin became aware*

there heithenen grimme,
*the heathens' fury,*

thaz sie mit Ruolante striten.
*that they with Roland strove.*

er begonde unsiten.
*he began to-rage.*

er sprah: «ih gesehe Ruolant
*he spoke: «I see Roland*

unt Olivier then wîgant
*and Oliver the fighter*

mit nakketen swerten.
*with naked swords.*

thie heithenen wellent ienoh herten;
*the heathens will yet hold-out;*

helve wir then lieben gesellen:
*help we the dear comrades:*

vile grôz ist ire ellen.»
*very great is their courage.»*

thie helethe gâheten thare:
*the heroes hastened thither:*

ienoh hâten sie zwelef scare.
*yet had they twelve troops.*

thie vîente sie umbehaveten:
*the enemies they surrounded:*

iethoh sie niht erzageten.
*yet they not despaired.*

thie wîle sie leveten,
*the while they lived,*

vile grôzlîchen sie sih wereten.
*very greatly they themselves defended.*

si ersluogen manegen heithenen man.
*they slew many-a heathen man.*

ouh was iz ire pane:
*also was it their bane:*

sie riefen selve nâh theme tôthe.
*they cried self after the death.*

thie ire karfunkel scône
*the their carbuncles fair*

verluren gare ire scîm.
*lost wholly their gleam.*

thesne mahte ander rât sîn.
*of-this-not might other help be.*

thie mâren herestrangen
*the famous army-strong-ones*

hâten si umbevangen:
*had them surrounded:*

sine mahten niet vone in komen.
*they might not from them come.*

sie muosen alle samet tholen
*they must all together suffer*

thaz in thâ vore was geheizen.
*what to-them there before was promised.*

sie kolten sie mit then spiezen;
*they killed them with the spears;*

ire gewâfen si in zesluogen.
*their armor they to-them smashed.*

thie heithenen begonden muothen.
*the heathens began to-weary.*

ther stâl gluote thar inne.
*the steel glowed there within.*

iz wart ein nôtlîh gethinge.
*it became a dire bargain.*

sie suohten selve then dôt.
*they sought self the death.*

vile manih then hals thare bôt.
*very many-a-one the neck there offered.*

vone then rossen sie vielen.
*from the horses they fell.*

sih ne erbarmete thâ niemen.
*itself — pitied there no-one.*

Thô sprah ther biscof Turpîn:
*Then spoke the bishop Turpin:*

«got scol is iemer geêret sîn,
*«God shall of-it ever honored be,*

thaz wir gestriten haven hiute
*that we striven have today*

mit unzalhafteme liute
*with countless people*

âne ummâzen scathen.
*without measureless harm.*

sie sint erstikket unde erslagen,
*they are stifled and slain,*

unt wir noh gesunt leven.
*and we yet sound live.*

wer mahte thaz haven gegeven,
*who might that have given,*

wan ther thurh thie werelt wart geboren?»
*except he-who for the world was born?»*

unter thiu flôh Malsarôn:
*during that fled Malsaron:*

sporen sazt er ze sîten.
*spurs set he to sides.*

er kêrte an eine lîten.
*he turned to a slope.*

Olivier jagete ime nâh.
*Oliver hunted him after.*

«war ist thir», sprah er, «sô gâh?
*«where is to-thee», spoke he, «so hasty?*

wer hât thir noh erlouvet?»
*who has thee yet allowed?»*

er sluoh in uber thaz houbet;
*he struck him over the head;*

thie ougen ime ûz sprungen.
*the eyes to-him out sprang.*

«thu wâre nâh ze fruo entrunnen.»
*«thou wert nearly too early escaped.»*

thô sluoh er Torken
*then struck he Torke*

unt sînen pruother Estorken.
*and his brother Estorke.*

ther spiez ime thô enzwei prah.
*the spear to-him then in-two broke.*

Ruolant zuo zime sprah:
*Roland to him spoke:*

«wâ ist Alteclêre?
*«where is Hauteclere?*

Olivier, nune tuot thes niht mêre.
*Oliver, now do it not more.*

thaz swert ist ein rîterlîch want;
*the sword is a knightly garment;*

iz zimet wole in iwer hant.»
*it befits well in your hand.»*

Olivier zôh Alteclêren:
*Oliver drew Hauteclere:*

vane Valle-Pecêde
*of Valle-Pecede*

sluog er Justînen
*struck he Justin*

thurh then helm sînen.
*through the helm his.*

er teilte in in zwei stukke.
*he split him into two pieces.*

thaz swert er ûf zuhte:
*the sword he up drew:*

er warf iz umbe in there hant.
*he turned it about in the hand.*

thô sprah ther helet Ruolant:
*then spoke the hero Roland:*

«nu friste thir got thîn leven!
*«now preserve thee God thy life!*

then slah scolte got selve haven gesehen.»
*the blow should God self have seen.»*

Pluot flôz uber wal.
*Blood flowed over battlefield.*

there heithenen wart ein michel val.
*of-the heathens became a great fall.*

Turpîn sluoh Sigelot;
*Turpin slew Sigelot;*

then ane peteten thie heithenen vur einen got.
*him on prayed the heathens as a god.*

Engelirs sluoh Spemvalrîz.
*Engelier slew Spemvalriz.*

thâ prast ime sîn guot spiez.
*there broke to-him his good spear.*

Ruolant wonete ûf Velentih:
*Roland dwelt upon Velentih:*

niht leventiges ime ne untlief.
*nothing living from-him — escaped.*

iz wart guotes heiles.
*it became of-good luck.*

izne levete niht vierpeines,
*it lived nothing four-legged,*

thaz ime mahte genâhen.
*that to-him might approach.*

sô wes er wolte vâren,
*so what he would pursue,*

thaz muose thâ pelîven.
*that must there remain.*

Durendart tete zwîvelen.
*Durendart caused doubting.*

thie tiweren siges helethe
*the precious victory heroes*

jageten ave theme velde
*hunted off the field*

mit nakketen swerten
*with naked swords*

thie heithenen ne mahten thâ niht mêre herten.
*the heathens — might there not more hold-out.*

lîhte wâren sie verjaget;
*easily were they chased;*

sie wâren selve verzaget.
*they were self dismayed.*

thiu ire ros tâten sam sie wâren gespannen:
*the their horses did as-if they were hobbled:*

sie hulven in ubele thannen.
*they helped them ill thence.*

Thie kristenen riten withere ane thaz wal.
*The Christians rode back onto the battlefield.*

ther wuoft wart uber al:
*the wailing became over all:*

sie vunden lieve tôten.
*they found dear dead.*

sie pâten got then guoten,
*they prayed God the good,*

thurh sîner muoter êre,
*for his mother's honor,*

er rebarmôte sih uber thie sêle,
*he should-pity himself over the souls,*

wande sie thurh in gemarteret wâren,
*for they for him martyred were,*

thaz er in sîn himelrîche gâbe
*that he to-them his heaven-realm should-give*

thurh aller sîner trûte willen.
*for all his beloved-ones' sake.*

sie weineten vile grimme:
*they wept very grimly:*

ze himele begonden sie ruofen.
*to heaven began they to-cry.*

sie scutten sih ûz theme gewâfen:
*they shook themselves out-of the armor:*

nâh grôzer muothe
*after great weariness*

wolten sie gerne ruowen.
*would they gladly rest.*

wole trôste got sîniu kint.
*well comforted God his children.*

vone himele kom ein wint:
*from heaven came a wind:*

sih erjungete aller ire lîf,
*itself rejuvenated all their body,*

sam sie wâren ane there êresten tagezît.
*as they were at the first day-hour.*

thô verstuonden sie sih genâthen.
*then understood they themselves graces.*

sie sprâchen alle âmen.
*they spoke all amen.*

Vone theme wale untran ein man,
*From the battlefield escaped a man,*

alsô ih iu gesaget hân.
*as I to-you told have.*

er was ein furste mâre,
*he was a prince famous,*

alzoges ein hovescâre:
*wholly a courtly-one:*

geheizen was er Margarîz.
*called was he Margariz.*

in them rukke truoh er einen spiez.
*in the back bore he a spear.*

harte was er verhouwen;
*hard was he hewn;*

mit vlîze clageten in thie vrouwen:
*with diligence lamented him the ladies:*

thaz houvet was ime gecloven.
*the head was to-him cleft.*

vliende er ane then kuninc kom.
*fleeing he to the king came.*

er rief: «kuninc Marsilie,
*he cried: «king Marsile,*

thie thîne ligent alle thâ nithere!
*the thine lie all there down!*

thîn pruother ist erslagen,
*thy brother is slain,*

thînen sune ne muge wir niemer verclagen.
*thy son — may we never lament-enough.*

ih sah in in then gebâren
*I saw him in the bearing*

thaz ih wolte wânen,
*that I would believe,*

er scolte Ruolanten erslahen.
*he should Roland slay.*

thazne was niht there zagen,
*that was not of-the cowards,*

thaz er in thurh then helm sluoh.
*that he him through the helm struck.*

ja gevrumete ther helet guot
*yea made the hero good*

manige wunden freissam.
*many-a wound terrible.*

tha pestuont er aller êrest then man,
*there attacked he of-all first the man,*

ther thaz lof hât gewunnen
*who the praise has won*

under allem erthiskeme kunne:
*among all earthly kin:*

vore theme ist er tôt gelegen.
*before him is he dead lain.*

wie mahte ime iemer baz gescên?
*how might to-him ever better happen?*

herre, thu maht wole thînen willen haven:
*lord, thou mayst well thy will have:*

thie kristenen ligent aller meiste thâr erslagen;
*the Christians lie of-all most there slain;*

thie aver noh thâ levent,
*who however yet there live,*

unlange sie sih werent.
*not-long they themselves defend.*

thie ire spieze sint gare zeprochen,
*the their spears are wholly broken,*

thie scilte sint ab in gestochen,
*the shields are off them stabbed,*

ire helme sint gare zehouwen.
*their helms are wholly hewn.*

ihne mah niht getrûwen,
*I may not trust,*

thaz si ane theme wale gebeiten. 5665
*that they on the battlefield should-wait.*

heiz in nâh rîten:
*bid them after ride:*

sine mugen niht verre.
*they may not far.*

thîn kraft scol uns rechen, herre.»
*thy strength shall us avenge, lord.»*

Thô sprah ther kuninc Marsilie:
*Then spoke the king Marsile:*

«kumet uns iemen mêre withere 5670
*«comes to-us anyone more back*

wane thu eine,
*except thou alone,*

other levet there sellen theheiner?
*or lives of-the comrades any?*

ist thâ wither theheiner hie bestanten?
*is there against any here stayed?*

wie stêt iz umbe Ruolanten
*how stands it about Roland*

unt sîne gesellen alle? 5675
*and his comrades all?*

ist ire theheiner gevallen?»
*is of-them any fallen?»*

«thaz scoltu mir, herre, gelouven,
*«that shalt-thou me, lord, believe,*

sie sint erslagen unde verhouwen.
*they are slain and hewn.*

ih sluoh then aller besten
*I struck the of-all best*

thurh einen helm vesten,
*through a helm firm,*

then herzogen Urtannen,
*the duke Urtanne,*

unter allen sînen mannen,
*among all his men,*

thaz ih in tôten liez.
*that I him dead left.*

ouh gefrumete ih mînen spiez
*also used I my spear*

wole nâh mînem willen.
*well after my will.*

thâ sluoh ih einen helet snellen,
*there struck I a hero bold,*

then kuonen Olivieren.
*the bold Oliver.*

ê wir unsih thâ sciethen,
*before we us there parted,*

thâ wart there kristenen ein michel val.
*there became of-the Christians a great fall.*

thô kômen sie ûf thaz wal
*then came they onto the battlefield*

mit einere hâlscare:
*with an ambush-troop:*

thie untworhten unsih gare,
*they destroyed us wholly,*

thie uns then scathen allen tâten.
*who to-us the harm all did.*

Genelûn hât uns verrâten.»
*Ganelon has us betrayed.»*

Ther kuninc sîn selves hâr ûz prah,
*The king his self's hair out tore,*

thaz wort er grimmehlîchen sprah:
*the word he grimly spoke:*

«wâ nu vriunt unde man,
*«where now friends and men,*

then ih iht ze lieve hân getân?
*to-whom I anything to love have done?*

wâ nu thie mir helven wellen,
*where now who me help will,*

thaz wir thie gesellen
*that we the comrades*

ire gelphes wither prengen?
*their boast back bring?*

ih gesuoke sie ze Karlingen;
*I seek them in Kerlingen;*

ih zestôre Pârîs,
*I destroy Paris,*

thes sîn in alle vile gewis,
*of-that be to-them all very certain,*

other ih werthe alsô wither geslagen,
*or I become so back struck,*

thaz iz alle heithenen iemer wole muozen clagen.»
*that it all heathens ever well must lament.»*

*Marsile sends twenty troops, ten thousand ahead, regretting that he trusted Ganelon. Turpin sees them from a height and tells Roland that the devil has sent his swarm; the Christians arm, take absolution and the kiss of peace, and fall in prayer, and Roland bids them fear nothing, since whoever dies for Christ has taken the cross. Marsile gives Grandon a hundred thousand men. Thibors of Saragossa kills Engelier; Oliver avenges him and kills Alfabin and seven lords, and Roland praises him. Gerier hews a ring about himself until Berengar relieves him, and Roland and Oliver fight on until the steel burns like the fire of Judgment.*

Thie heithenen wole garewe
*The heathens well ready*

îlten zuo ire marhen.
*hastened to their steeds.*

ja pereiten thie genôze
*yea made-ready the fellows*

zweinzeh scare grôze.
*twenty troops great.*

thô hiez er zehen tûsent vure varen.
*then bade he ten thousand ahead fare.*

er sprah: «ersuoket holz unde graven;
*he spoke: «search wood and ditch;*

rechet mîne grimme,
*avenge my fury,*

thaz thie selven getelinge
*that the same fellows*

sih niemer ne geruomen
*themselves never — boast*

thaz sie then sige fuoren
*that they the victory carried*

heim zuo ire kinden.
*home to their children.*

irne sculet niemer erwinden
*you shall never desist*

unze ane thes kuninc Karles vanen.
*until to the king Charles's banner.*

hâte wir iz in zît getân,
*had we it in time done,*

sô wâre Karl hie bestanten
*so were Charles here stayed*

mit samet Ruolante,
*with together Roland,*

unde hâte wir thie êre.
*and would-have we the honor.*

mih riuwet vile sêre
*me rues very sorely*

thaz ih Genelûne sô verre gevolget hân:
*that I Ganelon so far followed have:*

thes muoz thaz rîke iemer scathen hân.»
*of-that must the realm ever harm have.»*

Thie kristenen wurthen gewarnôt,
*The Christians became warned,*

alsô iz got selve gebôt.
*as it God self commanded.*

Turpîn was ein listeger man:
*Turpin was a cunning man:*

ûz then sînen er sih nam,
*out-of the his he himself took,*

er gâhete an eine warte.
*he hastened to a watch-height.*

tho gesah er gâhen harte
*then saw he hasten hard*

manegen heithenen wole garewen,
*many-a heathen well ready,*

manegen scilt goltvarewen,
*many-a shield gold-colored,*

manegen helm scînen.
*many-a helm shine.*

thô rante er wither zuo then sînen.
*then ran he back to the his.*

er sprah: «wole ûf, helet Ruolant,
*he spoke: «well up, hero Roland,*

ther tiuvel hât ûz gesant
*the devil has out sent*

sîn geswarme unt sîn here.
*his swarm and his host.*

Marsilie rîtet thâ here.
*Marsile rides there hither.*

waz mah ih iu sagen?
*what may I to-you tell?*

sô getân magen
*so made might*

ne gesamenete sih nie ûf there erthe.
*— gathered itself never upon the earth.*

ther vluoh muoze uber sie werthen,
*the curse must over them become,*

thâ got mit sîneme walte
*where God with his power*

Pharaônem nither valte.
*Pharaoh down felled.*

then verswalh thaz mere
*him swallowed the sea*

unt al sîn wuotigez here.
*and all his raging host.*

then sînen half er ûz there nôt:
*to-the his helped he out-of the distress:*

in there wuoste gaf er in thaz himelprôt.
*in the desert gave he them the heaven-bread.*

ther ruoche ouh uns gewîsen.
*he deign also us to-guide.*

entphâhet iwer wegewîse
*receive your viaticum*

zuo unser heimverte.
*to our home-journey.*

hie wirthet ein sturm herte.»
*here becomes a storm hard.»*

Thie helethe ûf sprungen.
*The heroes up sprang.*

thaz gotes lof sie sungen.
*the God's praise they sang.*

sie sluffen in wîges gewâte,
*they slipped into battle's gear,*

alsô sie thes state hâten.
*as they of-it time had.*

sie suohten thie stôle.
*they sought the seats.*

sie îlten zuo theme trône
*they hastened to the throne*

thâ in got mite wolte gelten,
*where them God with would repay,*

theme vone anegenge there werlte
*which from beginning of-the world*

then heiligen marterâren geheizen was.
*to-the holy martyrs promised was.*

sie heizent thiu prinnenten liehtvaz.
*they are-called the burning light-vessels.*

sô waz sie gote in there toufe gehiezen,
*so what they to-God in the baptism promised,*

wie wâr sie thaz liezen!
*how true they that left!*

sie wâren lûter unde reine,
*they were pure and clean,*

âne rost unt âne meilen,
*without rust and without stains,*

sam thiu heiligen kindelîn,
*like the holy little-children,*

thie thurh selben mînen drehtîn
*whom for self my Lord*

Herôdes hiez erslahen.
*Herod bade slay.*

then kôr sculen sie mit rehter urteile haven,
*the choir shall they with right judgment have,*

wande sie theme heiligen gelouven niht ne untwichen.
*for they from-the holy faith not — gave-way.*

aller slahte lastere wâren sie sicher.
*of-all kinds-of vices were they secure.*

Thie hêren gotes êwarte
*The noble God's priests*

mit vlîze sie sih pewareten.
*with diligence they themselves guarded.*

sie sprâchen in then antlâz:
*they spoke to-them the absolution:*

thaz wuoker ther heilige geist was.
*that increase the holy ghost was.*

zesamene sie giengen,
*together they went,*

ein ander si umbe viengen,
*one another they about seized,*

si peswiefen zuo then brusten
*they clasped to the breasts*

ein ander sie kusten:
*one another they kissed:*

thaz pâce si undergâven.
*the peace they gave-each-other.*

sie wunsketen in genâthen.
*they wished to-them graces.*

ther biscof Turpîn
*the bishop Turpin*

havete in mitten unter in.
*held in midst among them.*

er sagete in vone theme gotes rîche.
*he told them of the God's realm.*

vile harte gethultihlîchen
*very hard patiently*

rahten si ûf ire hente.
*reached they up their hands.*

in allen vier ente
*in all four ends*

vielen si ire venie.
*fell they their prostrations.*

sih vrowete elliu himelisce menige,
*itself rejoiced all heavenly host,*

thaz sô manih heilih marterâre
*that so many-a holy martyr*

gevolgôte sînem scephâre,
*followed his creator,*

ther in thie suoze lêre vore truoh.
*who to-them the sweet teaching before bore.*

thes erbat in sîn heilige theumuot,
*that won for-them his holy humility,*

thaz er lôste wîp unde man,
*that he freed woman and man,*

tho er sih ane thaz criuce liez slân.
*when he himself on the cross let strike.*

Thô thie wâren gotes thegene
*When the true God's thanes*

mit gebete unt mit segene
*with prayer and with blessing*

pegiengen ire hôrsame,
*performed their obedience,*

ire aller gelîh gâhete zuo sîneme vanen
*of-them all each hastened to his banner*

nâh ire gewoneheite.
*after their custom.*

thie engele wâren ire geleite.
*the angels were their escort.*

sie suohten eine walstat.
*they sought a battlefield.*

Ruolant in then satel trat.
*Roland into the saddle stepped.*

er sprah: «wole ir suozen Karlinge,
*he spoke: «well you sweet Carolingians,*

ih pitte iuh in there wâren gotes minne,
*I beg you in the true God's love,*

ne furhtet nehein ire grôzen magen.
*— fear no their great might.*

sie sint thie aller bôsisten zagen.
*they are the of-all worst cowards.*

havent sie grôzer rîterscaft,
*(if)-have they great knighthood,*

got gibet uns urmâre kraft:
*God gives us exceeding strength:*

sie werthent hiute unser vuozscâmel:
*they become today our footstool:*

sie geligent vile jâmer,
*they lie very wretched,*

wir zetreten sie in ire pluote.
*we trample them in their blood.*

ôwole ir helethe guote,
*oh-well you heroes good,*

gethenket waz iu thar umbe geheizen sî.
*think what to-you there for promised be.*

mache wir thie sêle frî.
*make we the soul free.*

sô weme got thie genâthe givet
*so to-whom God the grace gives*

thaz er thurh sînen herren hie beliget
*that he for his lord here lies*

(thaz ist der heilige Krist,
*(that is the holy Christ,*

ther thurh unsih gemarteret ist),
*who for us martyred is),*

ther hât thaz criuze an sih genomen;
*he has the cross on himself taken;*

er ist volleclîchen komen
*he is fully come*

ze kuninclîchen êren:
*to kingly honors:*

ther sihet sînen herren
*he sees his lord*

in sîner gotheite.
*in his godhead.*

thare muget ir gerne arebeiten.»
*there may you gladly labor.»*

Marsilie sprah zuo then sînen:
*Marsile spoke to the his:*

«irne scult in niht entlîben.
*«you shall to-them not spare.*

nemet zehenzeh tûsent man.
*take hundred thousand men.*

Grandôn fuore then vanen:
*Grandon lead the banner:*

ther fuoret sie wole thare.
*he leads them well thither.*

vile sciere pereitet funfzehen scare.
*very quickly prepare fifteen troops.*

havet manlîh gemuote.
*have manly spirit.*

then veigen ne mah nieman behuoten,
*the doomed-one — can no-one guard,*

thiu erthe ne mah in niht ûf gehaven:
*the earth — can him not up hold:*

scol er thâ werthen erslagen,
*(if)-shall he there become slain,*

er sturve thoh thâ heime,
*he would-die yet there at-home,*

unde entrinnet ire theheine.
*and escapes of-them any,*

ane theme lîbe unt ane then êren
*in the body and in the honors*

ne uberwindet er iz niemer mêre.
*— overcomes he it never more.*

waz mugen sie uns gescathen?
*what may they us harm?*

ire spieze havent sie zeslagen,
*their spears have they broken,*

ire scilte sint zeprochen,
*their shields are broken,*

ther stâl ab in zestochen,
*the steel off them stabbed,*

ire helme garwe zehouwen.
*their helms wholly hewn.*

weret iuh alsô ih iu getrûwe.
*defend you as I to-you trust.*

rechet Aldarôten.
*avenge Aldarot.*

huotet vile genôte,
*guard very closely,*

thaz ire theheiner entrinne.
*that of-them any escape.*

al iwer kunne havet mîne minne.»
*all your kin has my love.»*

Thie heithenen huoven michelen scal:
*The heathens raised great clamor:*

sie thraveten ane thaz wal.
*they trotted onto the battlefield.*

ire wîhliet sie sungen,
*their battle-song they sang,*

ire herehorn clungen.
*their war-horns rang.*

vile michel wart ire thuz.
*very great became their din.*

Thibors vone Sarraguz,
*Thibors of Saragossa,*

ein wirt in there helle,
*a host in the hell,*

Genelûnes geselle,
*Ganelon's comrade,*

ein grunt aller ubele,
*a ground of-all evil,*

Engelirsen vone Wasconie
*Engelier of Gascony*

stah er thurh thie halsperge.
*stabbed he through the hauberk.*

thô muoser zuo there erthe.
*then must-he to the earth.*

er warf in nither tôten.
*he threw him down dead.*

er sprah: «ih hân Aldarôten
*he spoke: «I have Aldarot*

mit michelen êren gerochen.
*with great honors avenged.*

thiu einunge ist zeprochen:
*the union is broken:*

there zweleve ist there tiuristen einer gelegen;
*of-the twelve is of-the most-precious one laid-low;*

sie muozen hiute uns then zins geben.»
*they must today us the tribute give.»*

thie heithenen huoven ire ruofen,
*the heathens raised their crying,*

ze tovende unt ze wuofen.
*to raving and to wailing.*

thes siges hâten sie sih ze vruo geruomet.
*of-the victory had they themselves too early boasted.*

thie kristenen wâren thâ harte getruovet.
*the Christians were there hard troubled.*

Olivier ther ethele man
*Oliver the noble man*

ûz then sînen er sih nam.
*out-of the his he himself took.*

vore there scare er in erreit,
*before the troop he him overtook,*

vile sêre er in versneit
*very sorely he him cut*

vone theme helme unze ane thie swertes sceithen.
*from the helm until to the sword's sheath.*

tôt viel ther heithene.
*dead fell the heathen.*

thô sprah ther helet Olivier:
*then spoke the hero Oliver:*

«wole vergolten hân ih thir
*«well repaid have I thee*

mit theme guoten Alteclêre.
*with the good Hauteclere.*

thune tharft thih ther êren
*thou needest thee of-the honors*

niemer geruomen,
*never boast,*

thie thu vone uns maht gefuoren.»
*which thou from us mayst carry.»*

er sluoh Alfabînen
*he struck Alfabin*

thurh then helm sînen
*through the helm his*

unze ane sîn sculterplat.
*until to his shoulder-plate.*

unter then anderen er tôt lah.
*among the others he dead lay.*

thar nâh sluoh er siven herren.
*there after slew he seven lords.*

«thine mahten unser neheineme werren.
*«they might of-us to-none harm.*

wir biren vore in gewis.
*we are before them certain.*

gerochen ist Engelirs.
*avenged is Engelier.*

iwer sint niwene gevallen.
*of-you are nine fallen.*

iz ist ienoh unergangen:
*it is yet unfinished:*

ir werthet unterthrungen.»
*you become pressed-under.»*

thaz swert was mit pluote berunnen
*the sword was with blood drenched*

vaste unze ane thie hant.
*firmly until to the hand.*

thô sprah ther helet Ruolant:
*then spoke the hero Roland:*

«thîn muoter truoh eine sâlige purthe.
*«thy mother bore a blessed burden.*

guot wîle thaz thu geboren wurthe!
*good while that thou born wert!*

thu hâst thaz rîche hiute wole gêret.
*thou hast the realm today well honored.*

Alteclêren sint sie gelêret:
*Hauteclere are they taught:*

ther sige ist wither gewunnen.
*the victory is back won.*

sie hâten ze fruo gesungen.
*they had too early sung.*

Engelirs tôt
*Engelier's death*

pringet sie hiute in grôze nôt.
*brings them today into great distress.*

ih gelêre sie Durendarten:
*I teach them Durendart:*

ih gemache helm scarten,
*I make helms notched,*

ih slahe sie vone theme velde.»
*I strike them from the field.»*

thô huoben sih thie helethe
*then raised themselves the heroes*

ane ire witherwinnen.
*against their adversaries.*

thâ wart michel grisgrimmen.
*there became great gnashing.*

Egeries thâ vore was:
*Gerier there before was:*

weme gescah ie baz?
*to-whom happened ever better?*

thaz swert er umbegreif.
*the sword he grasped.*

manih heithene ime entweih.
*many-a heathen from-him gave-way.*

sîne blikke wâren freislîh.
*his glances were terrible.*

ein gevelle hiew er umbe sih,
*a fall hewed he about himself,*

thaz er selbe kûme ûz gebrah.
*that he self scarcely out broke.*

Peringêr thaz ersah:
*Berengar that saw:*

sîn herce ime spilete.
*his heart to-him played.*

then helm sazt er ze scilte,
*the helm set he to shield,*

thaz ros hiew er mit then sporen.
*the horse hewed he with the spurs.*

harte rah er sînen zorn:
*hard avenged he his anger:*

er sluoh allenthalben
*he struck on-all-sides*

thie heithenen vone then marhen.
*the heathens from the steeds.*

er vant then helet gesunden
*he found the hero sound*

âne aller slahte wunden:
*without all kinds-of wounds:*

er half ime thâ withere.
*he helped him there back.*

there heithenen gelah vore ime nithere
*of-the heathens lay before him down*

siben hundert unde mêre.
*seven hundred and more.*

thaz ist ein rehter herre,
*that is a true lord,*

ther thurh sîn liut
*who for his people*

alsô grôz wunder tuot.
*so great wonder does.*

ienoh hât er then selben site:
*yet has he the same custom:*

sô wer ime mit triuwen ist mite,
*so who him with faith is with,*

wil er zuo ime ruofen,
*(if)-will he to him call,*

er kan ime wole gehelven.
*he can to-him well help.*

Olivier unt Ruolant
*Oliver and Roland*

thie huoben sih entsamt.
*they raised themselves together.*

thie vile lieben heregesellen
*the very dear war-comrades*

uobten ire grôz ellen.
*practiced their great courage.*

wole hulven in thie Karlinge.
*well helped them the Carolingians.*

thâ mahte man sehen prinnen
*there might one see burn*

then stâl flinsherten.
*the steel flint-hard.*

sie hiewen sih mit then swerten,
*they hewed each-other with the swords,*

thaz sie selben wolten wânen
*that they self would believe*

thaz thaz himelfiur wâre
*that the heaven-fire were*

komen uber alle thie erthe,
*come over all the earth,*

ther suontah scolte werthen.
*the judgment-day should become.*

thaz fiur gegen then luften pran.
*the fire toward the airs burned.*

thâ viel manih heitheniscer man,
*there fell many-a heathen man,*

maneh furste ethele.
*many-a prince noble.*

thie Turpînes helethe
*the Turpin's heroes*

thrungen nâh ire herren.
*pressed after their lord.*

tôte unde sêre
*dead and wounded*

frumeten sie willihlîchen.
*made they willingly.*

sie vâhten nâh theme gotes rîche,
*they fought after the God's realm,*

thaz in thar umbe geheizen was.
*which to-them there for promised was.*

wa gescah iemen ze thirre werlt ie baz?
*where happened to-anyone in this world ever better?*

want sie elliu laster ane in ersluogen
*for they all vices in them slew*

unde Cristes joh ûf in truogen
*and Christ's yoke upon them bore*

unze ane ire ende.
*until to their end.*

thes enphie zuo sîner hende
*of-that received into his hand*

ther alwaltente herre
*the all-ruling lord*

ire vile reine sêle.
*their very pure souls.*

*The Christians fall and call on Roland, who kills more than four hundred. He would blow his horn, but Oliver says it is too late and swears that his sister Alde shall never lie in his arms; Turpin answers that Charles will avenge and bury them. Roland blows Olifant until his skull splits, and the sound reaches Charles. Ganelon scoffs that Roland is hunting a hare; Charles charges him with the murder, Naimes calls him worse than Judas, and he is bound, stripped, his hair torn out, and led off under guard. Charles rides back praying to Mary, and Roland, Oliver, Turpin, and the rest fight on, Roland seeking Marsile.*

Thie cristenen ane theme wale
*The Christians on the battlefield*

vielen ummâzen zetale.
*fell beyond-measure downward.*

lutzel thie heithenen thes genuzzen:
*little the heathens of-it enjoyed:*

in ire pluote sie hine fluzzen
*in their blood they thither floated*

erstikket unt ertrunken,
*stifled and drowned,*

in then hellegrunt versunken.
*into the hell-ground sunk.*

thie cristenen riefen alle samt:
*the Christians cried all together:*

«ôwole thu herre Ruolant,
*«oh-well thou lord Roland,*

voget there Karlinge,
*guardian of-the Carolingians,*

thurhsoteniu gimme,
*refined gem,*

aller rîter êre,
*of-all knights' honor,*

ne spare sie niht mêre.»
*— spare them not more.»*

alsô Ruolant ersah
*as Roland saw*

there cristenen grôz ungemah,
*of-the Christians great discomfort,*

er muose vore jâmere weinen.
*he must for lamentation weep.*

thô kêrter ûf thie heithenen:
*then turned-he upon the heathens:*

wole hanhte ime Velentih.
*well galloped for-him Velentih.*

er gefrumete umbe sih
*he made about himself*

thaz man wole vone ime scrîben mah
*what one well of him write may*

unze ane then jungisten tah.
*until to the last day.*

sô welhen er thâ erreit,
*so which he there overtook,*

alsô sêre er in versneit
*so sorely he him cut*

thaz er mêre niemen irte.
*that he more no-one troubled.*

er sluoh in ane there verte
*he slew them on the course*

mêre thenne vier hundert man.
*more than four hundred men.*

thô kêrter aver vone in than.
*then turned-he again from them away.*

er sprah zuo Oliviere:
*he spoke to Oliver:*

«ôwî heregeselle liebe,
*«alas war-comrade dear,*

wie gerne pliese ih mîn horn,
*how gladly would-blow I my horn,*

ob uns helve mahte noh komen.
*if to-us help might yet come.*

thaz liut ist in grôzen freisen.
*the people is in great dangers.*

wer saget theme keisere,
*who tells the emperor,*

wiez got hiute verendet?
*how-it God today ends?*

hâten wir etewen wither gesendet,
*had we someone back sent,*

ther theme keiser kunde gesagen
*who to-the emperor could tell*

thie grôzen nôt thie wir unter handen haben!»
*the great distress which we in hands have!»*

Thô sprah ther helet Olivier:
*Then spoke the hero Oliver:*

«niemer gerâte ih iz thir
*«never counsel I it to-thee*

noh ist iz mîn wille.
*nor is it my will.*

lieber heregeselle,
*dear war-comrade,*

hâtestuz in zît getân,
*hadst-thou-it in time done,*

sô hâtestu manegen hêrlîchen man
*so hadst-thou many-a lordly man*

theme rîche behalten.
*for-the realm kept.*

mîn swester Alte
*my sister Alde*

enscol an thînem arme
*shall in thy arm*

niemer erwarmen.
*never grow-warm.*

wer scolte nu gerne leben? 6015
*who should now gladly live?*

ih hân sô vile leithes gesehen.
*I have so much sorrow seen.*

niemer mêre geplâs thîn horn.
*never more blow thy horn.*

ther keiser ne mah uns niht ze helve komen.
*the emperor — can us not to help come.*

mahte ih tûsent houbet getragen,
*might I thousand heads carry,*

ih lieze sie elliu abe slahen, 6020
*I would-let them all off strike,*

ê ih in mînen rukke kêre,
*before I to-them my back turn,*

wan nâh thes rîches êren.
*except after the realm's honors.*

wir sculen then sige ze hove pringen
*we shall the victory to court bring*

other unser thehein kumet niemer hinnen.
*or of-us any comes never hence.*

thaz hâstu allez eine getân. 6025
*that hast-thou all alone done.*

Karl muoz uns iemer mêre clagen.
*Charles must us ever more lament.*

ôwî suoze Karlinge,
*alas sweet Kerlingen,*

thisen tah ne mah sie niht uberwinden.
*this day — may they not get-over.*

al ire rât unt wîstuom,
*all their counsel and wisdom,*

peithiu êre unde ruom
*both honor and fame*

was ane thie komen
*was on them come*

thie wir hiute hân verloren.»
*whom we today have lost.»*

Thô sprah ther biscof Turpîn:
*Then spoke the bishop Turpin:*

«nu tuot ir iz thurh mînen drehtîn,
*«now do you it for my Lord,*

ne zurnet niht mêre.
*— rage not more.*

weget there armen sêle,
*help the poor soul,*

thaz thiu genâthe gewinne.
*that it grace should-win.*

wirne komen niemer hinnen:
*we come never hence:*

iz ist unser jungister tah.
*it is our last day.*

nu ther keiser ne mah
*now the emperor not can*

uns gehelven en zît,
*us help in time,*

er richet unseren lîp.
*he avenges our life.*

sine mugen sih ûf there erthe
*they may themselves upon the earth*

vore ime niht verpergen.
*before him not hide.*

sie nement unsere lîchenâmen,
*they take our bodies,*

sie fuorent sie zewâre
*they carry them truly*

in gesegenôte kirihhove:
*into blessed churchyards:*

sô wunscent uns heilige biscove
*so wish to-us holy bishops*

umbe got genâthen
*for God graces*

mit anderen unseren mâgen
*with other our kinsmen*

unt pevelhent uns there erthe.
*and commend us to-the earth.*

wirne sculen then vogelen niht ze teile werthen.»
*we shall to-the birds not for share become.»*

Ruolant vie mit peithen hanten
*Roland took with both hands*

then guoten Olivanten
*the good Olifant*

sazter ze munde:
*set-he to mouth:*

plâsen er begunde.
*to-blow he began.*

ther scal wart sô grôz,
*the sound became so great,*

ther tumel unter thie heithenen thôz,
*the din among the heathens roared,*

thaz niemen then anderen mahte gehôren.
*that no-one the other might hear.*

sie verscuben selbe ire ôren.
*they stopped self their ears.*

thie hirnrebe sih ime entrante,
*the skull itself to-him parted,*

theme kuonen wîgante:
*to-the bold fighter:*

sih verwandelôte allez thaz an ime was.
*itself changed all that on him was.*

vile kûme er gesaz.
*very scarcely he sat.*

sîn herce crachete innen.
*his heart cracked within.*

thie sîne kunden stimme
*the his known voice*

vernâmen sie alle samt.
*heard they all together.*

ther scal flouh in thie lant.
*the sound flew into the lands.*

Vile sciere kom ze hove mâre,
*Very quickly came to court tidings,*

thaz thes keiseres plâsâre
*that the emperor's trumpeters*

pliesen al gelîche.
*blew all alike.*

thô wessen sie wârlîche,
*then knew they truly,*

thaz thie helethe in nôten wâren.
*that the heroes in distresses were.*

thâ wart ein michel âmeren.
*there became a great lamenting.*

ther keiser begunde vore angesten swizen:
*the emperor began for anxieties to-sweat:*

er kom ein teil ûz sînen wizen.
*he came a part out-of his wits.*

er unthulte harte:
*he grew-impatient hard:*

thaz hâr prah er ûz there swarte.
*the hair tore he out-of the scalp.*

thô rafste in harte
*then rebuked him hard*

Genelûn ther verrâtâre.
*Ganelon the traitor.*

er sprah: «thise ungebâre
*he spoke: «this ill-behavior*

gezimet niht theme rîche:
*befits not the realm:*

thu gebârest ungezogenlîche.
*thou bearest-thyself rudely.*

waz hâstu thir selben gewizzen?
*what hast-thou thee self known?*

Ruolanten hât lîhte ein preme gepizzen,
*Roland has easily a gadfly bitten,*

thâ er slief ane theme grase,
*when he slept on the grass,*

other jaget lîhte einen hasen.
*or hunts easily a hare.*

thaz thu thurh einen hornplâst
*that thou for a horn-blast*

aller thîner wizze vergezzen hâst!»
*of-all thy wits forgotten hast!»*

Ther keiser zuo ime sprah:
*The emperor to him spoke:*

«ôwê thaz ih thih ie gesah
*«alas that I thee ever saw*

other ie theheine kunde thîn gewan!
*or ever any acquaintance of-thee won!*

thaz wil ih iemer gote clagen.
*that will I ever to-God lament.*

vone thir eineme
*from thee alone*

muoz Karlingen iemer weinen.
*must Kerlingen ever weep.*

thurh then urmâren hort
*for the exceeding hoard*

sô hâstu gefrumet thisen mort,
*so hast-thou committed this murder,*

then thir Marsilie gaf.
*which to-thee Marsile gave.*

ih geriche iz ob ih mah.
*I avenge it if I may.*

waz bethorftestu thes?»
*what neededst-thou of-it?»*

thar zuo spranc ther herzoge Naimes.
*there to sprang the duke Naimes.*

er sprah: «jâ thu vâlantes man,
*he spoke: «yea thou devil's man,*

nu hâstu wirs thenne Jûdas getân,
*now hast-thou worse than Judas done,*

ther unseren herren verriet unt hine gaf.
*who our Lord betrayed and away gave.*

thune verwindest niemer thisen tah.
*thou get-over never this day.*

thizze hâstu gepriuwen:
*this hast-thou brewed:*

thu trinkest iz intriuwen.»
*thou drinkest it in-faith.»*

er wolte in gerne haben erslagen:
*he would him gladly have slain:*

ther keiser hiez in enthaben.
*the emperor bade him hold-back.*

er sprah: «wir sculen in anderes zuhtigen.
*he spoke: «we shall him otherwise chastise.*

ih wil her nâh uber in rihten.
*I will here after over him judge.*

alsô uber in erteilet wirthet,
*as over him judged becomes,*

ih wân er wirs erstirbet.»
*I believe he worse dies.»*

Ther keiser hiez in scenden,
*The emperor bade him disgrace,*

pinten sîne hende
*bind his hands*

mit ketenen unt mit snuoren
*with chains and with cords*

hiez er in mit ime fuoren.
*bade he him with him lead.*

thaz gewant sie ime ûz slouften,
*the clothing they from-him out stripped,*

thaz hâr sie ime zerouften:
*the hair they to-him plucked:*

sie halslageten in genuoh.
*they struck-on-the-neck him enough.*

verfluochet ist thiu muoter thie in truoh
*cursed is the mother who him bore*

unt thâ van er ie geborn wart.
*and there from he ever born was.*

er fuor eine egeslîche vart.
*he fared a terrible journey.*

sie bunten in ûf einen soumâre,
*they bound him upon a sumpter-horse,*

sie fuorten then verrâtâre
*they led the traitor*

wither uber thaz gepirge
*back over the mountains*

gegen sînem herren Marsilien
*toward his lord Marsile*

sînen untriuwen ze scame.
*to-his faithlessness for shame.*

sîn huoten zehenzeh man.
*him guarded hundred men.*

Ther keiser manete thô verre
*The emperor exhorted then greatly*

fursten thie hêren,
*princes the noble,*

thaz sie Ruolanten sînen neven
*that they Roland his nephew*

niene liezen unter wegen
*not-at-all should-leave on way*

unt ander ire kunne.
*and other their kin.*

sie sprâchen alle samt mit einem munde,
*they spoke all together with one mouth,*

thaz in nie sô leithe gescâhe
*that to-them never so sorrowful happened*

unt thaz sie gerner tôt pî ime lâgen
*and that they rather dead by him would-lie*

thenne sie sie thâ verliezen.
*than they them there should-abandon.*

thâ wart ein michel weinen unde riezen.
*there became a great weeping and wailing.*

thie hêren biscoffe
*the noble bishops*

riefen nâh then rossen,
*called for the horses,*

herzogen unde grâven.
*dukes and counts.*

thâ wart michel âmeren.
*there became great lamenting.*

vile sciere sie sih pereiten:
*very quickly they themselves made-ready:*

niemen thes anderen erbeite.
*no-one for-the other waited.*

ire herce was gesêret,
*their heart was wounded,*

ire leit harte gemêret
*their sorrow hard increased*

ane theme aller tiuristen kunne.
*for the of-all most-precious kin.*

ire frowethe unt ire wunne
*their joy and their delight*

was unsanfte geletzet.
*was ungently marred.*

sie wâren harte ergetzet
*they were hard made-to-forget*

ire frôlîchen heimverte.
*of-their joyful home-journey.*

ire herce wurthen sô herte
*their hearts became so hard*

thaz ther grôze sin vone in flôh.
*that the great sense from them fled.*

iegelîh fure then anderen zôh:
*each before the other drew:*

sporen sazten sie zen sîten,
*spurs set they to-the sides,*

sô sie hartest mahten rîten,
*as they hardest might ride,*

unze then stunden
*until the hours*

thaz sie thaz wal funden.
*that they the battlefield found.*

ther keiser rief ze aller wîle:
*the emperor cried at all while:*

«nu hilf mir, frouwe sente Marîe,
*«now help me, lady saint Mary,*

unt alle thie ane then lebentigen buochen gescriben sîn,
*and all who in the living books written are,*

thaz ih then geist mîn
*that I the spirit mine*

muoze geben withere,
*may give back,*

ê ther heithene Marsilie
*before the heathen Marsile*

uber thie cristenen rîhsente werthe:
*over the Christians ruling become:*

mîn lîchenâme werthe ê begraben in there erthe.»
*my body become before buried in the earth.»*

Ruolant sprah zuo sînen gesellen:
*Roland spoke to his comrades:*

«gedenket, helethe, an iuwer grôz ellen.
*«think, heroes, on your great courage.*

heve wir uns thar nâhen,
*raise we us there near,*

ê sie pat gevâhen.
*before they better catch.*

râtet, wîsen, thare zuo,
*counsel, wise-ones, there to,*

wâ wir in then meisten scathen getuon.
*where we to-them the most harm do.*

wirne thurfen unsih niht sûmen.
*we need us not delay.*

waz hilfet langez riuwen?
*what helps long rueing?*

mîn herce geret Marsilien:
*my heart desires Marsile:*

gelît er eine thâ nithere,
*(if)-lies he alone there down,*

sô hât mih got wole geweret.
*so has me God well granted.*

in gruozet hiute mîn swert:
*him greets today my sword:*

ih pringe in in nôt
*I bring him into distress*

other iz ist ther mîn tôt;
*or it is the my death;*

thaz wil ih iu zewâre sagen.
*that will I to-you truly tell.*

sine sculen uns niht sô vore haben.»
*they shall us not so before have.»*

Thô sprah ther biscof Turpîn:
*Then spoke the bishop Turpin:*

«nu lône thir selbe mîn drehtîn.
*«now reward thee self my Lord.*

thu sterkest uns wole in there gotes ê.
*thou strengthenest us well in the God's law.*

vore gote bistu wîzer thenne ther snê.
*before God art-thou whiter than the snow.*

thîn wille ist alsô grôz,
*thy will is so great,*

hiute wirthestu sente Laurentien genôz,
*today becomest-thou saint Lawrence's peer,*

then thie heithenen ûf them rôste pranten.»
*whom the heathens upon the grill burned.»*

ze stete sie sie wither ane ranten
*at spot they them back on rode*

mit wole geinetem muote.
*with well united spirit.*

schilte unt ire huote
*shields and their helmets*

hiewen sie sam then swam.
*hewed they like the sponge.*

thâ viel man uber man.
*there fell man over man.*

thâ vaht ther helet Olivier
*there fought the hero Oliver*

rehte sam ther wilte stier,
*right like the wild bull,*

thes niemen erbeiten tharf.
*whom no-one await needs.*

sô waz er allenthalben sîn traf
*so what he round-about of-it struck*

mit theme guoten Alteclêren,
*with the good Hauteclere,*

thazne irte thâ niemen mêre.
*that troubled there no-one more.*

wole vaht Turpîn
*well fought Turpin*

unt Gêrhart vone Rosselîn.
*and Gerhart of Rosselin.*

Îve unde Pêgôn
*Ivo and Pegon*

vâhten umbe then êwigen lôn.
*fought for the eternal reward.*

wole vâhten thie kuonen Karlinge.
*well fought the bold Carolingians.*

man sah thâ fiur prinnen
*one saw there fire burn*

sam ther walt aller prunne.
*as-if the forest all burned.*

wole vaht thes keiseres kunne,
*well fought the emperor's kin,*

ther mâre helet Ruolant.
*the famous hero Roland.*

er sluoh selbe mit sîner hant
*he slew self with his hand*

then herren Falbînen
*the lord Falbin*

unt sînen pruother Ebelînen.
*and his brother Ebelin.*

er sluoh in vier unt zweinzeh grâven,
*he slew to-them four and twenty counts,*

thie thie aller vortheristen wâren.
*who the of-all foremost were.*

icnoh sluog er in vile breite scare.
*yet hewed he to-them very broad troop.*

thaz ouge was ime vile geware,
*the eye was to-him very watchful,*

ob er then kuninc ersâhe.
*whether he the king should-see.*

tha geviel maneh helet mâre
*there fell many-a hero famous*

unter then cristenen tôt.
*among the Christians dead.*

wer freiscete ie sô getâne nôt?
*who heard-of ever so made distress?*

*The Carolingians cry "Montjoie" and Roland cuts through the heathens, who have sworn not to flee. Marsile kills Gerhart of Rosselin, Ivo, and Pegon; Roland kills his son Jorfalier, reaches Marsile, and cuts off his right arm, and the king flees home to die. Two kings, of Carthage and Ethiopia, come with fifty thousand black warriors against the sixty-two Christians left. Algarih runs Oliver through, and Oliver kills him and, dying, fights on; his sight fails, Roland mourns him, and then Roland turns back into the fight and kills four hundred more.*

Thie kuonen Karlinge,
*The bold Carolingians,*

thaz heilige ingesinde,
*the holy household,*

mînes drehtînes helethe,
*my Lord's heroes,*

thoh sie hâten lutzele menige,
*though they had little host,*

sie riefen Monsoy Monsoy.
*they cried Montjoie Montjoie.*

sie thrungen inmitten unter sie
*they pressed in-the-midst among them*

mit ire scarphen ekken.
*with their sharp edges.*

thâ hiewen in thie rekken
*there hewed to-them the warriors*

eine wîte hine unde here.
*a width thither and hither.*

thâ viel maneh heithene verhsêr.
*there fell many-a heathen life-wounded.*

thâ nam sih Ruolant ûz in allen:
*there took himself Roland out-of them all:*

thâ muosen vore ime vallen
*there must before him fall*

sô waz er there heithenen erreihte
*so what he of-the heathens reached*

ane sînem umbesweifte:
*in his sweep:*

thie fûlten thâ zestunde.
*they rotted there at-once.*

thiu sîniu manigiu wunder
*the his many wonders*

scriben sît thie heithenen.
*wrote afterward the heathens.*

sie vorhten in einen
*they feared him alone*

mêre thenne zehen tûsent man.
*more than ten thousand men.*

sîn gebâre thûhte sie harte sorcsam.
*his bearing seemed to-them hard dreadful.*

Thie heithenen wâren enein komen,
*The heathens were to-one-mind come,*

sie hâten ire herren Marsilie gesworen,
*they had their lord Marsile sworn,*

sô wer fluhe vone theme wale,
*so who fled from the battlefield,*

theme wâre ze stete ther tôt gare.
*to-him were at spot the death ready.*

vone thiu sturben sie alsam gerne thâ
*from that died they as gladly there*

same andereswâ,
*as elsewhere,*

bî ire herren.
*by their lord.*

nâhen unde verren
*near and far*
vielen thie veigen.
*fell the doomed.*
ther kuninc sah ime genuoh leithe.
*the king saw to-himself enough sorrow.*
there eithe muose sie âmeren.
*of-the oaths must them grieve.*
thie cristenen begunden nâhen
*the Christians began to-near*
thâ sie ûf in thrungen.
*when they upon them pressed.*
thie heithenen vergâzen ire einunge
*the heathens forgot their union*
thie sie thâ vore swuoren:
*which they there before swore:*
vile unstatelîchen sie fuoren.
*very unsteadily they fared.*
wie ther guote Durendart erklanc
*how the good Durendart rang*
thâ Ruolant ane then kuninc thranc!
*when Roland at the king pressed!*
ther kuninc vaht alsô kuoner wîgant.
*the king fought as bold fighter.*
er sluoh mit sînere hant
*he slew with his hand*
Gêrharten vone Rosselîne
*Gerhart of Rosselin*
unde then erwelten Îven.
*and the chosen Ivo.*
er resluoh Pêgônen,
*he slew Pegon,*
vone Pelme Degiônem.
*of Pelme Degion.*

Ruolant sluoh thâ withere
*Roland struck there again*

then sune Marsilien,
*the son of-Marsile,*

ther hiez Jorfalier.
*who was-called Jorfalier.*

Turpîn unt Olivier
*Turpin and Oliver*

râchen mit ellen
*avenged with valor*

ire vile liebe gesellen.
*their very dear comrades.*

si ervalten manigen helet guoten.
*they felled many-a hero good.*

alle thie thes vanen huoten,
*all who the banner guarded,*

thie vielen alle tôte.
*they fell all dead.*

thâ nâheten sie genôte
*there neared they closely*

theme kuninge Marsilie.
*to-the king Marsile.*

thie heithenen sluogen sie thikke withere:
*the heathens struck them often back:*

sie wereten vaste ire herren.
*they defended firmly their lord.*

sie gewunnen manigen sêren.
*they won many-a wounded-one.*

Ther tiure thegen Ruolant
*The precious thane Roland*

rief uber sciltes rant:
*called over shield's rim:*

«bistu hie, Marsilie?
*«art-thou here, Marsile?*

âne wâge gilte ih thir withere
*without weighing repay I thee back*

thaz golt thaz thu gâbe
*the gold that thou gavest*

Genelûne theme verrâtâre.
*to-Ganelon the traitor.*

ih versnîthe thih vile harte:
*I cut thee very hard:*

vone theme guoten Durendarte
*from the good Durendart*

wil ih thih einen niuwen site lêren.
*will I thee a new custom teach.*

thune girrest Karlen mînen herren
*thou troublest Charles my lord*

niemer in sîneme rîche.»
*never in his realm.»*

vile harte zornlîche
*very hard wrathfully*

Ruolant ane then kuninc thranc.
*Roland at the king pressed.*

thâ wart ein michel clanc
*there became a great clang*

vone spiezen unt vone swerten.
*from spears and from swords.*

thie heithenen then kuninc wereten.
*the heathens defended the king.*

thô rief ther biscof Turpîn:
*then cried the bishop Turpin:*

«er scol vone rehte iemer munih sîn
*«he shall by right ever monk be*

sô wer hie niht slât thaz swert:
*so who here not strikes the sword:*

therne wart nie mannes wert.»
*he was never of-man worthy.»*

mit ellenthafter hant
*with valorous hand*

râmte ther helet Ruolant
*aimed-at the hero Roland*

thes kuninges Marsilien.
*the king Marsile.*

thaz houbet wanhte withere.
*the head swerved back.*

er erreit ime thie ahselen
*he reached to-him the shoulder*

mit einem scarphen sahse:
*with a sharp knife:*

then arm er ime abe swanc.
*the arm he from-him off swung.*

unter thiu wart ein michel gethranc:
*during that became a great throng:*

theme kuninge sie hine hulfen,
*to-the king they thither helped,*

ire spieze sie hine wurfen.
*their spears they thither threw.*

âne zale sie sie sluogen.
*without number they them slew.*

ze fluhte sie sih huoben.
*to flight they themselves raised.*

thie heithenen riefen alle ze stete:
*the heathens cried all at spot:*

«nu rih unsih, herre Mahmet.»
*«now avenge us, lord Mahomet.»*

sie fluhen ze then stunden
*they fled in the hours*

sam ther hirz vore then hunden.
*like the hart before the hounds.*

ther kuninc verhal sih mit listen.
*the king hid himself with cunning.*

thô sîn ther helet vermiste,
*when him the hero missed,*

vile harte erbalh er sih.
*very hard angered he himself.*

thô hiew er Velentih:
*then hewed he Velentih:*

er suoht in alsô wîten.
*he sought him so widely.*

sô waz er there heithenen mahte berîten,
*so what he of-the heathens might overtake,*

there ne genas nie nehein barn.
*of-them — escaped never any child.*

ther kuninc verlôs sînen zesewen arm.
*the king lost his right arm.*

er flôh vile scantlîche
*he fled very shamefully*

in sîneme eigen rîche
*into his own realm*

mit vile ummanigeme manne.
*with very few men.*

iethoh lebete er unlange.
*yet lived he not-long.*

Thô thie siges helethe
*When the victory's heroes*

ersuohten after velde
*searched over field*

mit pluotigen swerten,
*with bloody swords,*

thie helethe thô kêrten
*the heroes then turned*

wither ane thaz wal.
*back onto the battlefield.*

tho gehôrten sie michelen scal.
*then heard they great clamor.*

zwêne rîche kuninge,
*two rich kings,*

then gelanc thâ vile ubele.
*to-them succeeded there very ill.*

there was ther eine
*of-them was the one*

vone Kartâgeine,
*from Carthage,*

ther ander ûz Ethiopiâ.
*the other out-of Ethiopia.*

thie kômen aller êrest thâ
*they came of-all first there*

mit funfzeh tûsent mannen.
*with fifty thousand men.*

there heithenen was sô vile gevallen,
*of-the heathens was so many fallen,*

thaz sie ûf in habeten.
*that they upon them halted.*

ane sie vaste thraveten
*at them firmly trotted*

thie gote leithen geste,
*the to-God hateful guests,*

there sie thâ vore niene westen.
*of-whom they there before not-at-all knew.*

sie wâren swarz unt ubele getân.
*they were black and evilly made.*

thie cristenen hâten ienoh zwêne unt sehzeh man.
*the Christians had yet two and sixty men.*

thô sprah ther biscof Turpîn:
*then spoke the bishop Turpin:*

«waz liutes mah thizze sîn?
*«what people may this be?*

ob ther walt lebete
*if the forest lived*

unt wâren thiu pleter elliu perente,
*and were the leaves all burning,*

sô wâre iz grôz wunter.
*so were it great wonder.*

wâ wuohs thize tiuveles kunter?
*where grew this devil's monster?*

ob ih ire stimme vernâme,
*if I their voice should-hear,*

ih wesse gerne wer sie wâren.»
*I would-know gladly who they were.»*

«lieber gotes friunt Turpîn,
*«dear God's friend Turpin,*

nune ruoche wir wer sie sîn.
*now-not care we who they be.*

sie wellent gemarteret werthen.
*they want martyred become.*

ouh scule wir ersterben;
*also shall we die;*

there sêle phlege mîn drehtîn:
*of-the soul care my Lord:*

enruochet wer thie wîzenâre sîn.
*not-care who the tormentors be.*

sine kument ouh niemer hinnen.
*they come also never hence.*

uns rechent thie Karlinge.
*us avenge the Carolingians.*

Karl mîn herre
*Charles my lord*

ther weget unser sêle»,
*he helps our soul»,*

sprah ther helet Ruolant.
*spoke the hero Roland.*

«sie scol mîn zesewiu hant
*«them shall my right hand*

zuo there helle senten.
*to the hell send.*

sie vile ellente,
*them very wretched,*

ther tiuvel lônet in mit flîze
*the devil rewards them with diligence*

in theme hellewîze.»
*in the hell-punishment.»*

Ther kuninc Algarih,
*The king Algarih,*

mit grimme huob er sih:
*with fury raised he himself:*

er stah Olivieren,
*he stabbed Oliver,*

einen helet vile zieren,
*a hero very splendid,*

in almitten thurh then lîp.
*in all-midst through the body.*

«thu hâst gelebet thîne zît.
*«thou hast lived thy time.*

pit thir thînen herren Karlen helven.
*bid thee thy lord Charles help.*

thu hâst ein tôtlîh zeichen:
*thou hast a deadly sign:*

thune perihtest thih sîn niemer mêre.»
*thou recoverest thee of-it never more.»*

mit theme guoten Alteclêre
*with the good Hauteclere*

erreit er in mitten ûf then helm.
*reached he him midst upon the helm.*

jâ sluoh in ther thegen snel
*yea struck him the thane swift*

zetale thurh then satelpogen.
*down through the saddle-bow.*

thaz ros ûf in tôten kom:
*the horse upon him dead came:*

«vergolten hân ih thir»,
*«repaid have I thee»,*

sprah ther helet Olivier.
*spoke the hero Oliver.*

«thane welle vile guot heil zuo slahen,
*«then-not will very good luck to strike,*

thîne krône muoz ein ander tragen.
*thy crown must an other wear.*

sine kumet niemer ûf thîn houbet,
*it comes never upon thy head,*

unz sie thir mîn herre Karl erloubet.»
*until it to-thee my lord Charles allows.»*

alsô touwente kêrte Olivier thare.
*so dying turned Oliver thither.*

er gefrumete in there scare
*he made in the troop*

manigen heithenen wole gare
*many-a heathen well wholly*

pleih unt ubele gevare.
*pale and evilly colored.*

er vergalt sih genôte:
*he repaid himself closely:*

thâ vielen tôte uber tôte.
*there fell dead over dead.*

izne wart nie kuoner wîgant
*it was never bolder fighter*

thenne Olivier unt Ruolant
*than Oliver and Roland*

unt ther erzebiscof Turpîn:
*and the archbishop Turpin:*

thaz tâten sie thes tages vile wole anescîn.
*that did they of-the day very well make-seen.*

mit ire guoten swerten sie worhten
*with their good swords they wrought*

thaz sie alle thie ervorhten
*that they all them frightened*

thie pî in wâren
*who by them were*

(thie heithenen vore in gelâgen),
*(the heathens before them lay),*

thaz sie thaz wal wolten rûmen.
*that they the battlefield would leave.*

thurh then heiligen gelouben
*for the holy faith*

jane vorhten thie cristenen then tôt
*indeed-not feared the Christians the death*

noh neheine wereltlîche nôt.
*nor any worldly distress.*

sie riefen vaste ane sie
*they cried firmly at them*

Monsoy Monsoy.
*Montjoie Montjoie.*

thie heithenen pegunden wuofen,
*the heathens began to-wail,*

unter in ze ruofen:
*among themselves to cry:*

«thaz ist freissam thiet:
*«that is terrible people:*

sine rûment thitze velt niet,
*they leave this field not,*

then tôt sie suochent.
*the death they seek.*

ih wâne unser thie gote niene ruochent.»
*I believe of-us the gods not-at-all care.»*

There heithenen wart ein michel val
*Of-the heathens became a great fall*

(sie wâren gerne vone theme wal,
*(they were gladly from the battlefield,*

vone theme grôzen gevelle),
*from the great slaughter),*

unze theme thritten gesellen
*until to-the third comrade*

sîn ellen gesweih.
*his valor failed.*

er wart varlôs unde pleih:
*he became colorless and pale:*

thie ougen ime vergiengen.
*the eyes to-him failed.*

thone erkant er leither niemen:
*then recognized he sadly no-one:*

sîn tugent ime thô erlasc,
*his strength to-him then went-out,*

ze theme gesihene ime thô gebrast.
*at the sight to-him then failed.*

Ruolant ime thannen half,
*Roland to-him thence helped,*

then zugel er ime umbe warf.
*the rein he to-him about threw.*

er sprah: «jâ thu aller cristenen êre,
*he spoke: «yea thou of-all Christians' honor,*

nune mahtu leben mêre.
*now-not mayst-thou live more.*

jâ thu aller tugente vater,
*yea thou of-all virtues' father,*

wer mahte thih erstaten?»
*who might thee replace?»*

er pegunde bitterlîche weinen.
*he began bitterly to-weep.*

«scol ih nu sceithen
*«shall I now part*

vone theme aller liebisten gesellen?
*from the of-all dearest comrade?*

thîn grôz ellen
*thy great valor*

muoz ih iemer mêre clagen.
*must I ever more lament.*

ze weme scol ih nu trôst haben?
*in whom shall I now comfort have?*

thiu suoze Karlinge
*the sweet Kerlingen*

nemah thih niemer uberwinden.»
*can thee never get-over.»*

vone theme leithe unt vone theme grimme
*from the sorrow and from the grief*

so erkrachete Ruolant inne,
*so cracked Roland within,*

thaz er sih geneihte ûf then satelpogen.
*that he himself bowed upon the saddle-bow.*

er was nâh zuo there erthe komen:
*he was near to the earth come:*

vile kûme er sih gehabete.
*very scarcely he himself held.*

âne mâze er clagete:
*without measure he lamented:*

thie hente thie want er.
*the hands them wrung he.*

thô sah er hine unde here:
*then looked he thither and hither:*

er vorhte Turpînes
*he feared for-Turpin*

unt thes heiligen ingesîdes.
*and for-the holy household.*

er kêrte wither sciere
*he turned back quickly*

vone theme guoten Oliviere.
*from the good Oliver.*

sîn herce was harte ergremet.
*his heart was hard enraged.*

thes wart thô beweget
*by-that became then moved*

maneh heitheniscer man.
*many-a heathen man.*

er sluoh sie vone theme vanen,
*he struck them from the banner,*

thaz sîn niemen ne getorste enbîten.
*that him no-one — dared await.*

in vile kurzen zîten
*in very short times*

sluog er vier hundert man:
*slew he four hundred men:*

wâ hôrtet ir ie solih wunder gesagen?
*where heard you ever such wonder told?*

*Blinded, Oliver strikes Roland's helm, and the two forgive each other and part. Oliver prays for Charles, Roland, and the Franks and dies, a gleam like a flame going from him. The wounded Walter tells Roland that his thousand are dead, and Roland, Walter, and Turpin charge the heathens; Walter falls, and Turpin is struck down and left for dead. Roland mourns him, but Turpin rises, dying, and they kill more than four hundred. Roland blows Olifant again, sixty thousand horns answer, and Charles urges his men on; the heathens shoot Roland's horse Velentih, but cannot win.*

Thes nemahte thô rât sîn,
*Of-that not-might then remedy be,*

Ruolant unde Turpîn
*Roland and Turpin*

wolten sih niht sceithen.
*would themselves not part.*

thes engulten thie heithenen.
*for-that paid the heathens.*

Olivier ther mâre,
*Oliver the famous,*

iethoh er niemen gesâhe,
*though he no-one saw,*

so erzunte ime sîn ellen.
*so kindled to-him his valor.*

thô wolter sînen gesellen
*then would-he to-his comrade*

gerne ze helve sîn komen.
*gladly to help be come.*

er heu thaz ros mit then sporen:
*he hewed the horse with the spurs:*

niemen er rekante.
*no-one he recognized.*

er sluoh Ruolanten
*he struck Roland*

mitten ûf then helm.
*midst upon the helm.*

er sprah: «jâ thu tiwerlîcher thegen,
*he spoke: «yea thou precious thane,*

hâstuz gerne getân?
*hast-thou-it gladly done?*

war umbe woltestu mih erslân?»
*what for wouldst-thou me slay?»*

«nu wil ih iz iemer gote clagen,
*«now will I it ever to-God lament,*

nu hân ih harte missevaren»,
*now have I hard gone-amiss»,*

sprah ther helet Olivier.
*spoke the hero Oliver.*

«helet, nu antlâze thu mir,
*«hero, now forgive thou me,*

thaz mîn sêle iht prinne.
*that my soul not burn.*

ih hôre thîne stimme:
*I hear thy voice:*

anders ih niemen erkenne.»
*otherwise I no-one recognize.»*

er sprah: «ther aller liebiste geselle,
*he spoke: «the of-all dearest comrade,*

then ih ie ze thirre werelt gewan,
*whom I ever in this world won,*

jane hâst thu mir niht getân.»
*indeed hast thou to-me nothing done.»*

mit then houbeten sie ein ander genigen.
*with the heads they to-one another bowed.*

niht langer sie entsamt beliben:
*not longer they together remained:*

thurh nôt muosen sie sih sceithen,
*through need must they themselves part,*

Ruolant ingegen then heithenen,
*Roland toward the heathens,*

Olivier vone theme wale.
*Oliver from the battlefield.*

thô viel er in criucestal.
*then fell he in cross-form.*

er sprah: «wole thu genâthiger herre,
*he spoke: «well thou gracious lord,*

ih pite thih thurh thîner marter êre,
*I beg thee for thy passion's honor,*

sente mir thîn geleite
*send me thy escort*

unt nim mih vone thiseme arebeite.
*and take me from this toil.*

vernim genâthihlîchen mîn gebet.
*hear graciously my prayer.*

sô waz ih ie wither thînen hulden getete,
*so what I ever against thy favor did,*

thaz riuwet mih vile sêre.
*that rues me very sorely.*

Karlen mînen herren
*Charles my lord*

then enphâh in thîne gewalt.
*him receive into thy power.*

nu gêre thu thînen scalc,
*now honor thou thy servant,*

thînen untertânen.
*thy subject.*

thu setze ime ze eineme fuozscâmel
*thou set for-him as a footstool*

alle sîne vîante.
*all his foes.*

herre, ih pevilhe thir Ruolanten.
*lord, I commend to-thee Roland.*

thu scolt sîn genâthihlîchen gethenken:
*thou shalt of-him graciously think:*

er was ie thîn vorekemphe
*he was ever thy champion*

thes heiligen gelouben.
*of-the holy faith.*

genâthe ouh thînen getriuwen,
*have-mercy also on-thy faithful,*

there suozen Karlinge.
*of-the sweet Carolingians.*

ih wil ienoh ane thih gethingen,
*I will yet on thee hope,*

alle thie hie ze then heithenen sint beliben,
*all who here at the heathens are remained,*

thaz ire name werthe gescriben
*that their name become written*

ane thes êwigen lîbes buoche.
*in the eternal life's book.*

Ruolanten thu peruoche
*Roland thou care-for*

ane theme lîbe unt ane there sêle.»
*in the body and in the soul.»*

thone maht er niht mêre:
*then could he not more:*

thaz herce in ime prast.
*the heart in him burst.*

vone ime fuor ein glast
*from him went a gleam*

sam ein prinnenter louh.
*like a burning flame.*

thâ fure ne touh
*there for — avails*

ze sagene niemêre.
*to tell no-more.*

thie tougen sîner êren
*the secrets of-his honors*

wolte got niemen verlâzen.
*would God no-one reveal.*

vone thiu sculen wir unsih thâ mâzen.
*from that shall we ourselves there restrain.*

Unter thiu kom Walthêre.
*During that came Walter.*

verwundet was er sêre,
*wounded was he sorely,*

than ih iu ê gesaget hân.
*as I to-you before told have.*

er was ther Ruolantes man.
*he was the Roland's man.*

er sprah: «jâ mîn lieber herre,
*he spoke: «yea my dear lord,*

ih gesihe thih vile gerne,
*I see thee very gladly,*

ê ih sô ersterbe.
*before I so die.*

mahtu uns iht gehelven?
*mayst-thou us at-all help?*

heithenen thie gelfen
*heathens the yelping-ones*

habent uns scathen getân.»
*have to-us harm done.»*

«wâ sint nu mîne man,
*«where are now my men,*

thie ih bevalh ze thîner hant»,
*whom I entrusted to thy hand»,*

sprah ther helet Ruolant,
*spoke the hero Roland,*

«tûsent mîner helethe?
*«thousand of-my heroes?*

nu gip sie mir withere:
*now give them to-me back:*

ih betharf ire wole ze mîner nôt.
*I need them well for my distress.*

thise ligent alle hie tôt.»
*these lie all here dead.»*

«semmir thîne hulde», sprah Walthêre,
*«so-help-me thy favor», spoke Walter,*

ire nelebet neheiner mêre
*of-them lives none more*

wane ih aleine.
*except I alone.*

thie wuotigen heithenen
*the raging heathens*

ranten unsih allenthalben ane:
*rode us on-all-sides at:*

sie hâten mêre thenne sehzeh tûsent man.
*they had more than sixty thousand men.*

vile wole wir ire erbiten.
*very well we them awaited.*

wir erkanten wole thîne site,
*we knew well thy custom,*

wâre wir entrunnen,
*were we escaped,*

thaz wir niemer thîne hulde gewunnen.
*that we never thy favor should-win.*

jâ vâhten, herre, thîne man
*yea fought, lord, thy men*

soz guoten knehten wole gezam.
*as-it good knights well befitted.*

thie thîne ligent tôt thâ nithere:
*the thine lie dead there down:*

ouh sluogen wir sie thâ withere,
*also struck we them there back,*

thaz ire neheiner genas.
*that of-them none survived.*

niene zurne thu thaz,
*not-at-all be-angry thou at-that,*

thaz ih thannen sî komen.
*that I thence be come.*

nu ih thîne stimme hân vernomen,
*now I thy voice have heard,*

nune mah mir niht gewerren.
*now can me nothing trouble.*

zwiscen Manbrât then pergen
*between Manbrat the mountains*

unt then hôhen Jogeîn,
*and the high Jogein,*

thâ lie ih, herre, then scathen thîn.
*there left I, lord, the harm thine.*

ih sage thir ze wunder:
*I tell thee for wonder:*

unser kom nie theheiner vone ein ander.
*of-us came never any from one another.*

ih thurhreit thaz wal,
*I rode-through the battlefield,*

thaz ih uber al
*that I over all*

neheinen lebentigen vant.»
*no living-one found.»*

«nu lône thir got», sprah Ruolant,
*«now reward thee God», spoke Roland,*

«thîner nôte was vile.
*«of-thy distress was much.*

iethoh was thaz kindes spil.
*yet was that child's play.*

nu ist iz ane theme zît:
*now is it at the time:*

hie ze stete sculen wir opheren then lîp
*here at spot shall we offer the life*

mit anderen unseren genôzen,
*with other our comrades,*

thaz wir iht werthen verstôzen
*that we not become thrust-out*

vone theme engele sange.
*from the angels' song.*

thu sûmest uns ze lange.»
*thou delayest us too long.»*

Thar huoben sih thô thie thrî
*There raised themselves then the three*

(ih wân iz alsô gescriben sî)
*(I believe it so written be)*

in then thrin namen unseres herren:
*in the three names of-our Lord:*

thô hâten sie helve niht mêre.
*then had they help not more.*

thie einmuotigen thegene
*the single-minded thanes*

sluogen thie urmâren menige,
*struck the exceeding host,*

thaz sie vore in muosen erbeizen.
*that they before them must dismount.*

sie umbestuonten sie mit spiezen,
*they surrounded them with spears,*

mit scozzen unt mit gêren.
*with shots and with javelins.*

tha ersluogen sie Walthêren.
*there slew they Walter.*

harte rah in thô Ruolant.
*hard avenged him then Roland.*

sô waz er ire ûfrehter vant,
*so what he of-them upright found,*

thie muosen Walthêren gelten.
*they must for-Walter pay.*

si versuohten thâ zime vile selten
*they tried there to-him very seldom*

then guoten Durendarten:
*the good Durendart:*

then vorhten sie harte,
*it feared they hard,*

thaz sîn thâ niemen ne beite.
*that him there no-one — awaited.*

waz er ire ouh erreihte,
*what he of-them also reached,*

ther gotes urkunte!
*the God's witness!*

ôwî waz er frumete
*alas what he made*

there tôten alumbe sih!
*of-the dead all-around himself!*

manih scuz unde stih
*many-a shot and stab*

wart ûf in getân.
*was upon him done.*

thurh then helm wart er geslagen:
*through the helm was he struck:*

vone theme rosse viel er zetale.
*from the horse fell he down.*

thie heithenen îleten thare:
*the heathens hastened thither:*

sie wurfen in mit spiezen,
*they threw him with spears,*

fure tôten sie in liezen.
*for dead they him left.*

Ruolant thar zuo spranhte:
*Roland there to galloped:*

thie heithenen wither wanhten.
*the heathens back turned.*

«lebestu noh?
*«livest-thou yet?*

ôwî ther aller tiuriste biscof,
*alas the of-all most-precious bishop,*

scolt ih nu then mînen lîp fure thih geben!
*should I now the my life for thee give!*

jane wart nie tiurere thegen
*indeed was never more-precious thane*

ane thisere erthe geboren.
*on this earth born.*

ôwê thaz ih thih hân verloren!»
*alas that I thee have lost!»*

er begunde heize weinen.
*he began hotly to-weep.*

«zwiu scol ih nu leben al eine?
*«why shall I now live all alone?*

ih pin verfluochet:
*I am cursed:*

ih wâne mîn got niene ruochet.
*I believe my God not-at-all cares.*

suoze Karlinge,
*sweet Kerlingen,*

zuo weme scol ih nu thingen?
*to whom shall I now hope?*

nu muostu iemer weinen.»
*now must-thou ever weep.»*

«thaz trôstet wole thie heithenen»,
*«that comforts well the heathens»,*

sprah ther biscof Turpîn.
*spoke the bishop Turpin.*

«tuoz thurh mînen drehtîn,
*«do-it for my Lord,*

sage theme himeliscen herren
*say to-the heavenly lord*

(so gewegestu wole mîner sêle)
*(so helpest-thou well my soul)*

lop unt genâthe.
*praise and thanks.*

guoteme vassâle
*to-good vassal*

ne mah niht gewerren.
*— can nothing harm.*

ih pevilhe thih theme himeliscen herren,
*I commend thee to-the heavenly lord,*

Karlen unt alle thie sîne
*Charles and all the his*

mîner frouwen sente Marîen
*to-my lady saint Mary*

unt aller himeliscer hêrscefte,
*and to-all heavenly hosts,*

thaz in got kreftege
*that them God strengthen*

ze bescirmen thie heiligen cristenheit.»
*to protect the holy Christendom.»*

thie heithenen tâten ime sô grôziu leit
*the heathens did to-him so great hurts*

thaz er thâ niht langer ne mahte gehaben.
*that he there not longer — might hold.*

wir hôren ane theme buoche sagen,
*we hear in the book say,*

Turpîn ther thegen,
*Turpin the thane,*

ienoh ûf huob er Almicem.
*yet up raised he Almice.*

alsô touwente sprang er thare.
*so dying sprang he thither.*

maneh heithene wole gare
*many-a heathen well wholly*

muose thô vor ime belîben.
*must then before him remain.*

thaz hiez sente Egidie scrîben
*that bade saint Giles write*

ze Lêûne in there stat,
*at Laon in the city,*

alsô in ther keiser gebat.
*as him the emperor bade.*

sie sluogen ire in lutzelere stunt
*they slew of-them in little hour*

mêre thenne vier hunt.
*more than four hundred.*

Ruolant wart sîn geware:
*Roland became of-him aware:*

mit nôten kom er thare.
*with difficulty came he thither.*

er sprah: «wole thu helet mâre,
*he spoke: «well thou hero famous,*

guot lêrâre,
*good teacher,*

thu wâre ein trôst there sêle.
*thou wert a comfort of-the soul.*

mînes drehtînes lêre
*my Lord's teaching*

thiu was thir ie liep.
*it was to-thee ever dear.*

nune mah ih ane theme lîbe mêre niet:
*now can I in the body more not:*

thîner tugent muoze ih geniezen.»
*of-thy virtue may I enjoy.»*

thâ muoser in lâzen.
*there must-he him leave.*

Ruolant was thô eine:
*Roland was then alone:*

thô wânten thie heithenen,
*then believed the heathens,*

sie scolten in erslahen.
*they should him slay.*

ane theme lîbe ne mahte ime thô niemen gescathen.
*in the body — might to-him then no-one harm.*

Ruolant sah in allenthalben sîn,
*Roland saw them on-all-sides his,*

wie Olivier unt Turpîn
*how Oliver and Turpin*

unt ander sîne gesellen
*and other his comrades*

in pluote lâgen bewollen.
*in blood lay soiled.*

tho erhalete sih ther biscof.
*then recovered himself the bishop.*

ûf sprang er ienoh
*up sprang he yet*

ze helve sîme gesellen.
*to help to-his comrade.*

thes dwanc in sîn ellen.
*to-that forced him his valor.*

Ruolant blies aber Olivanten:
*Roland blew again Olifant:*

thie heithenen er ane rante,
*the heathens he at rode,*

er sluoh sie zetale.
*he struck them down.*

er thurhreit thaz wal:
*he rode-through the battlefield:*

sîne gesellen rah er harte
*his comrades avenged he hard*

mit theme guoten Durendarte.
*with the good Durendart.*

unter thiu wart ein michel scal,
*during that became a great sound,*

thaz thie berge uber al
*that the mountains over all*

erklungen unt erbibeten,
*resounded and trembled,*

sam sie alle lebeten.
*as-if they all lived.*

sehzeh tûsent horne
*sixty thousand horns*

pliesen sie thâ vorne.
*blew they there in-front.*

ther keiser manete thie sîne.
*the emperor exhorted the his.*

er sprah: «nu wizet âne zwîvel,
*he spoke: «now know without doubt,*

Ruolant ist in nôten.
*Roland is in distresses.*

nu îlet, helethe guote,
*now hasten, heroes good,*

ob wir in lebentigen finden.»
*whether we him living find.»*

thô huop sih thaz gesinde,
*then raised itself the household,*

maneh helet êrlîh.
*many-a hero honorable.*

mit flîze strebeten sie fure sih,
*with diligence strove they before themselves,*

sô waz sie mit then sporen mahten erhouwen.
*so what they with the spurs might hew.*

thâ was weinen unde rouwen,
*there was weeping and rueing,*

wuofen unde jâmeren.
*wailing and lamenting.*

tho begunden sie nâhen.
*then began they to-near.*

thie heithenen hôrten then scal;
*the heathens heard the sound;*

sie riefen uber al:
*they cried over all:*

«thâ kumet ther keiser!
*«there comes the emperor!*

sô wê there reise,
*so woe of-the journey,*

thaz wir ie here kômen.
*that we ever here came.*

iz nâhet uns ze theme tôthe.
*it nears us to the death.*

ê wir sie lebente liezen,
*before we them living left,*

wir berunnen sie mit then spiezen.
*we drench them with the spears.*

al thaz wir scathen haben gewunnen,
*all that we harm have won,*

thaz ist vone Ruolante errunnen.
*that is from Roland come.*

mahten wir in einen gewinnen,
*might we him alone win,*

sô huoben wir unsih hinnen.»
*so would-raise we ourselves hence.»*

Ruolant unde Turpîn
*Roland and Turpin*

thie getâten unter in
*they made among them*

manigen tôten unde sieh.
*many-a dead and sick.*

thie heithenen erscuzen Velentih.
*the heathens shot Velentih.*

sie versuohten iz angestlîchen.
*they tried it anxiously.*

sie wolten ire rîche,
*they would their realm,*

then sige haben errungen.
*the victory have won.*

thesne wolt in got niht gunnen.
*that would to-them God not grant.*

*The heathens flee, and with Turpin's leave Roland gathers the bodies of the twelve and mourns Oliver. Turpin, going for water in Olifant, dies, and the angels bear his soul to heaven. Roland sits under a tree among four marble stones; a heathen who had feigned death creeps up to take Durendart, and Roland kills him with the horn, splitting it. Ten times he strikes the sword on the stone, recalls the lands it won and the relics sealed in it, offers his glove to heaven, and prays for Charles and the Franks. He dies, and storm, earthquake, and darkness fall on Kerlingen and Spain.*

Ruolant unde Turpîn
*Roland and Turpin*

gestuonten in almitten unter in.
*stood in all-midst among them.*

mit ire tiuwerlîchen swerten
*with their precious swords*

then sige sie wole erherten. 6720
*the victory they well hardened.*

thie heithenen fluhen vone in:
*the heathens fled from them:*

michel nôt wart unter in.
*great distress became among them.*

sie riefen zallen stunden:
*they cried at-all hours:*

«Ruolant hât uns uberwunden.
*«Roland has us overcome.*

ôwî kuninc admirâte, 6725
*alas king emir,*

kômestu nu thrâte
*camest-thou now quickly*

ze scirmen thîniu rîche,
*to protect thy realms,*

sô tâtestu hêrlîche.»
*so didst-thou lordly.»*

Turpîn scutte sih ûz there halsperge:
*Turpin shook himself out-of the hauberk:*

thikke viel er zuo there erthe.
*thickly fell he to the earth.*

Ruolant urloubes bat
*Roland leave begged*

(Turpîn ime thaz gaf),
*(Turpin to-him that gave),*

thaz er thie zweleve zesamene truoge
*that he the twelve together should-carry*

unt sie in there erthe begruobe.
*and them in the earth should-bury.*

thô gie ther helet Ruolant:
*then went the hero Roland:*

alle zweleve er sie vant.
*all twelve he them found.*

mit manigeme zahere
*with many-a tear*

brâht er sie zesamene.
*brought he them together.*

er sprah zuo Oliviere:
*he spoke to Oliver:*

«jâ thu geselle liebe,
*«yea thou comrade dear,*

thes guoten Regenhêres barn,
*the good Renier's child,*

thisiu werelt muoz zergân,
*this world must pass-away,*

thaz sie thir niht gelîches gewinnet.
*that it to-thee nothing like wins.*

alsô ther keiser thih nu vindet,
*when the emperor thee now finds,*

sô klaget er thih grimme.
*so laments he thee grimly.*

sô weinet Karlinge
*so weeps Kerlingen*

ire liebe geborenen.
*their dear born-ones.*

ih gehôre ane then hornen,
*I hear in the horns,*

uns nâhet mîn herre.
*us nears my lord.*

nune mah ih leben mêre.» 6750
*now-not can I live more.»*

thô erlasc ime sîn craft:
*then went-out to-him his strength:*

ther helet viel in ummaht.
*the hero fell in swoon.*

Turpîn begunde ruofen,
*Turpin began to-call,*

er wolde ime gerne helfen.
*he would to-him gladly help.*

er klagete Ruolanten. 6755
*he lamented Roland.*

tho pegreif er Olivanten:
*then grasped he Olifant:*

ein wazer wolt er ime bringen.
*a water would he to-him bring.*

erne mahtes niht gewinnen:
*he could-it not win:*

thiu ougen ime vergiengen.
*the eyes to-him failed.*

thie getherme ûz ime vielen, 6760
*the guts out-of him fell,*

al thaz in ime was.
*all that in him was.*

vure tôter gesaz er ane thaz gras.
*for dead sat he on the grass.*

thone mahtes langer rât sîn:
*then-not could-of-it longer remedy be:*

tôt viel ther biscof Turpîn.
*dead fell the bishop Turpin.*

thie engele thie sêle hine sciethen:
*the angels the soul thither parted:*

sie fuorten then ire lieben
*they led the their dear-one*

zuo there marterâre kôre,
*to the martyrs' choir,*

zuo theme oberisten trône.
*to the highest throne.*

unser herre enphienc in wole thâ;
*our Lord received him well there;*

er sprah: «procede et regna.»
*he spoke: «proceed and reign.»*

Ruolant kêrte gegen Yspanie
*Roland turned toward Spain*

verre vone then erslagenen.
*far from the slain.*

er gesaz zuo eineme boume:
*he sat at a tree:*

thâ beite er vile kûme.
*there waited he very scarcely.*

in einer sînere hant
*in one his hand*

truog er thaz horn Olivant,
*bore he the horn Olifant,*

in there anderen Durendarten.
*in the other Durendart.*

ein heithene ime gewarete:
*a heathen to-him watched:*

mit bluote er sih allen bestreih,
*with blood he himself all smeared,*

vile tougenlîchen er ime nâh sleih.
*very secretly he him after crept.*

thô gethâhte ther heithene:
*then thought the heathen:*

«unter thisen vier steinen
*«among these four stones*

thâ erstirbet Ruolant.
*there dies Roland.*

Durendarten nime ih ze mîner hant
*Durendart take I into my hand*

unt Olivantem:
*and Olifant:*

sô sage ih in theme lante,
*so tell I in the land,*

thaz wir gesiget haben
*that we conquered have*

unt ih habe Ruolanten erslagen.
*and I have Roland slain.*

thes frowet sih iemer mêre
*of-that rejoices itself ever more*

elliu arâbiskiu erthe.»
*all Arabian earth.»*

Ruolant was vone then sînen komen,
*Roland was from the his come,*

sô man gesciezen mahte einen bogen,
*as one shoot might a bow,*

unter then marmelsteinen.
*among the marble-stones.*

thô wânte ther heithene
*then believed the heathen*

thaz er tôt wâre.
*that he dead were.*

tho enthielt sih ther helet mâre
*then held-back himself the hero famous*

unz ime ther heithene sô nâhen kom.
*until to-him the heathen so near came.*

ûf zuhter thaz horn,
*up drew-he the horn,*

uber then helm er in sluoh,
*over the helm he him struck,*

thaz ime thaz verhbluot
*that to-him the life-blood*

ûz sînen ougen spranc.
*out-of his eyes sprang.*

er sprah: «thaz thu habes unthanc,
*he spoke: «that thou have no-thanks,*

thaz thu mir ie sô nâhen torstest komen:
*that thou to-me ever so near durst come:*

Olivant ist zekloben.»
*Olifant is split.»*

er rezurnte vile harte.
*he grew-angry very hard.*

sus retheter ze Durendarte:
*thus spoke-he to Durendart:*

«nu ih thîn niht scol tragen,
*«now I thee not shall bear,*

thune wirthest niemer mennisken ze scathen.»
*thou becomest never to-man for harm.»*

thaz swert er ûf huop,
*the sword he up raised,*

in then stein er iz sluoh.
*into the stone he it struck.*

izne tete sîn neheine ware.
*it took of-it no heed.*

er sluoh iz aver thare
*he struck it again thither*

mit peithen sînen hanten.
*with both his hands.*

thaz swert er umbe wante.
*the sword he about turned.*

er versuoht iz zehenstunt.
*he tried it ten-times.*

er sprah: «lâgestu in thes meres grunt,
*he spoke: «shouldst-lie-thou in the sea's ground,*

thaz thu theheineme cristenen man
*that thou to-any Christian man*

niemer mêre wurthest ze banen.
*never more shouldst-become for bane.*

scol thih thehein heithene tragen,
*(if)-shall thee any heathen bear,*

thaz wil ih iemer gote klagen.»
*that will I ever to-God lament.»*

mit grimme er aver sluoh.
*with fury he again struck.*

thô thaz swert vor ime gestuont
*when the sword before him stood*

âne mâl unt âne scarte,
*without mark and without notch,*

thô rethet er ave ze Durendarte:
*then spoke he again to Durendart:*

«ih bekenne wole thînen site,
*«I know well thy custom,*

thaz thu niht thes vermite,
*that thou not of-it avoided,*

sô wâ ih thih hine gebôt,
*so where I thee thither bade,*

then was gereite ther tôt
*to-them was ready the death*

thie wîle ih tohte.
*the while I was-fit.*

ih hân mit thir ervohten
*I have with thee won-by-fighting*

thaz lant ze Ajûne,
*the land of Anjou,*

thie mâren Pêtûwe:
*the famous Poitou:*

ih thwanc mit thir Provinciam
*I subdued with thee Provence*

unt thie starken Progetaneam.
*and the strong Brittany.*

Lancparten ih mit thir revaht;
*Lombardy I with thee won;*

Pulle machete ih cinshaft,
*Apulia made I tributary,*

Malve unt Palerne:
*Malve and Palermo:*

thie bethwanc ih mîneme herren.
*them subdued I for-my lord.*

thie grimmigen Sorbîten,
*the grim Sorbs,*

unt Beire thie strîtegen
*and Bavarians the warlike*

mit ire scarphen swerten,
*with their sharp swords,*

Sahsen thie thikke volherten
*Saxons who often persevered*

in manigeme grôzen volcwîge,
*in many-a great battle,*

sie muosen ime alle nîgen.
*they must to-him all bow.*

Alemanniam ih ervaht.
*Alemannia I won-by-fighting.*

Ungeren nam ih ire kraft.
*from-the-Hungarians took I their strength.*

Pritaniâ nemahte mir niht witherstân,
*Britain could me not withstand,*

Beheim unde Pôlân.
*Bohemia and Poland.*

Franken thie kuonen
*Franks the bold*

neliez ih nie geruowen,
*let I never rest,*

unze sie kômen ane ire rehten stam.
*until they came to their right stock.*

Friesen ih mit thir gewan,
*Frisians I with thee won,*

Scotten unt Îrlant
*Scots and Ireland*

ervaht ih mit mîner zesewen hant.
*won I with my right hand.*

Engellant ze einer kamere
*England for a chamber*

ervaht ih theme kuninc Karle
*won I for-the king Charles*

unt anderiu vile manigiu rîche.
*and other very many realms.*

jane wart thîn gelîche
*indeed was thy like*

nie gesmithet ûf thirre erthe
*never forged upon this earth*

noh newirthet ouh hinne fure niemer mêre:
*nor becomes also hence forth never more:*

thaz bewârtestu wole ane thiseme wale.
*that provedst-thou well on this battlefield.*

ze Moriânâ in theme tale
*at Moriana in the valley*

ther engel thih mîneme herren brâhte.
*the angel thee to-my lord brought.*

genâthihlîchen er mîn gethâhte,
*graciously he of-me thought,*

benamen er mih nante.
*by-name he me named.*

er hiez mir Ruolante
*he bade for-me Roland*

Karlen then keiser,
*Charles the emperor,*

ze bescirmen witewen unde weisen,
*to protect widows and orphans,*

thih Durendarten umbe binten.
*thee Durendart about bind.*

thaz ih iesâ erplinte!
*that I at-once should-go-blind!*

thaz riuwet mih vile sêre.
*that rues me very sorely.*

nu vergip thu mir, himeliscer herre,
*now forgive thou me, heavenly lord,*

thaz ih iz ungezogenlîchen sluoh.
*that I it rudely struck.*

mînes herren sente Pêtres bluot,
*my lord saint Peter's blood,*

thiu hêrscaft sente Plasien,
*the relic of-saint Blaise,*

thes hâres mînes herren sente Dionisien,
*of-the hair of-my lord saint Denis,*

thes gewâtes mîner frouwen sente Marîen,
*of-the garment of-my lady saint Mary,*

ther keiser newolte nie belîben,
*the emperor would never remain,*

unze in thir versigelet wart
*until in thee sealed was*

thiu vile grôze hêrscaft.
*the very great relic.*

nune wil ih neheinen erben zuo thir mêre
*now will I no heir to thee more*

wan then athelherren,
*except the noble-lord,*

ther thurh suntâre geboren wart:
*who for sinners born was:*

ther gebôt mir thise herevart.
*he commanded me this war-journey.*

ih scol verwandelen thaz leben,
*I shall change the life,*

in sîne genâthe wil ih ergeben
*into his grace will I give-up*

sô waz ih vone ime hân,
*so what I from him have,*

want ih sîn niemen sô wole gan.»
*for I it no-one so well grant.»*

then hantscuoh er abe zôh,
*the glove he off drew,*

ingegen theme himele er in bôt.
*toward the heaven he it offered.*

then nam ther vrône bote vone sîner hant.
*it took the lordly messenger from his hand.*

thes ist ther helet Ruolant
*of-that is the hero Roland*

von aller there cristenheit gêret,
*by all the Christendom honored,*

alsô uns thaz puoh lêret.
*as us the book teaches.*

Ruolant viel in criucestal.
*Roland fell in cross-form.*

er sprah: «herre, nu weistu vile wale
*he spoke: «lord, now knowest-thou very well*

thaz thih mîn herce meinet.
*that thee my heart loves.*

thîne tugent hâstu ane mir erzeiget
*thy virtue hast-thou on me shown*

ane mînem ende.
*at my end.*

herre, thînen boten ruoche mir ze senden.
*lord, thy messenger deign to-me to send.*

nu genâthe mîner armen sêle,
*now have-mercy-on my poor soul,*

thaz ire thehein bôser geist niene werre.
*that it any evil spirit not-at-all trouble.*

ih mane thih umbe mînen herren
*I exhort thee for my lord*

(gestâtige in ane theme rehten;
*(make-firm him in the right;*

verthrukke sîne withervehten,
*crush his adversaries,*

thaz sîne vîante alle geligen
*that his foes all lie-low*

unde er ane in gesige
*and he over them conquer*

in thînes namen minne)
*in thy name's love)*

unt umbe thie suozen Karlinge
*and for the sweet Carolingians*

unt ander sîne untertâne,
*and other his subjects,*

thie bevilhe ih zuo thînen genâthen.
*them commend I to thy graces.*

alle thie in mit triuwen meinen,
*all who them with faith love,*

lebentige other versceithen,
*living or departed,*

bestâtige sie in then Abrahâmes barm.»
*establish them in the Abraham's bosom.»*

er leite sih ane sînen zesewen arm:
*he laid himself on his right arm:*

thaz houbet er nither neihte,
*the head he down bowed,*

thie hende er ûf spreite.
*the hands he up spread.*

theme alwaltigen herren
*to-the all-ruling lord*

theme bevalh er sîne sêle.
*to-him commended he his soul.*

mit sente Michahêle,
*with saint Michael,*

sente Gabriêle,
*saint Gabriel,*

sente Raphahêle
*saint Raphael*

frowet er sih iemer mêre.
*rejoices he himself ever more.*

Thô Ruolant vone there werelt versciet,
*When Roland from the world departed,*

vone himele wart ein michel lieht.
*from heaven came a great light.*

sâ nâh there wîle
*soon after the while*

kom ein michel ertpîbe,
*came a great earthquake,*

thoner unt himelzeichen
*thunder and heaven-signs*

in then zwein rîchen
*in the two realms*

ze Karlingen unt ze Yspaniâ.
*in Kerlingen and in Spain.*

thie winte huoben sih thâ:
*the winds raised themselves there:*

si zevalten thie urmâren stalboume.
*they felled the exceeding steel-trees.*

thaz liut ernerete sih kûme.
*the people saved itself scarcely.*

sie sâhen vile thikke
*they saw very often*

thie vorhtlîchen himelblikke.
*the fearful heaven-lightnings.*

ther liehte sunne ther relasc.
*the bright sun it went-out.*

then heithenen gebrast:
*to-the heathens failed:*

thiu sceph in versunken,
*the ships to-them sank,*

in theme wazer sie ertrunken.
*in the water they drowned.*

ther vile liehte tah
*the very bright day*

wart vinster sam thiu naht.
*became dark as the night.*

thie turne zevielen,
*the towers fell-apart,*

thiu scône palas zegiengen.
*the beautiful palaces went-to-pieces.*

thie sternen offeneten sih.
*the stars opened themselves.*

thaz weter wart mislîh: 6945
*the weather became various:*

sie wolten alle wânen,
*they would all believe,*

thaz thie wîle wâre,
*that the while were,*

thaz thiu werelt verenden scolte
*that the world end should*

unt got sîn gerihte haben wolte.
*and God his judgment have would.*

## XXVIII · THE EBRO AND THE DREAM

*Charles finds the field and laments his dead, and an angel strengthens him; the sun stands still for him as for Joshua. Leaving Otto and Gebewin to guard the bodies, he drives the heathens into the flooded Ebro, where they drown. That night he dreams of fire, storms, lions, leopards, serpents, griffins, and bears, and of a beast killed by a hound. Marsile reaches Saragossa, where Bramimonde weeps and the heathens throw down their idols. Baligant, king of Persia, has come over the sea with forty-two kings; his son Malprimes urges war on France, and Baligant sends Clarions and Clariens to Marsile with his glove.*

Ther keiser unt sîne helethe 6950
*The emperor and his heroes*

gâheten vone perge ze velde.
*hastened from mountain to field.*

thô kômen sie ze Runseval.
*then came they to Roncevaux.*

sie vunden ane theme wale
*they found on the battlefield*

sô vile there tôten,
*so many of-the dead,*

thaz fuoz niemen nemahte gebieten
*that foot no-one could set*

ane thie baren erthe.
*on the bare earth.*

ih wâne ouh iemer mêre werthe
*I believe also ever more become*

klage alsô freissam.
*lament so terrible.*

wer mahte sih thes enthaben?
*who might himself of-it restrain?*

vone then rossen sie vielen,
*from the horses they fell,*

ûf then tôten sie giengen:
*upon the dead they walked:*

ire iegelîh suohte then sînen.
*of-them each sought the his.*

thie nôt nemahte niemen gescrîben,
*the distress could no-one write,*

thiu unter in wart.
*which among them became.*

ther keiser brah ûz sînen bart.
*the emperor tore out his beard.*

er viel zuo there erthe.
*he fell to the earth.*

er sprah: «waz scol mîn nu werthen?»
*he spoke: «what shall of-me now become?»*

thie brust blouw er mit then hanten.
*the breast beat he with the hands.*

vile kûme er rekante
*very scarcely he recognized*

Ruolanten unt Olivieren
*Roland and Oliver*

unt Turpîn then mâren.
*and Turpin the famous.*

vile grôz wart thie klage sîn.
*very great became the lament his.*

«scolte ih nu then lîp mîn
*«should I now the life mine*

hie zestunde fure iuh geben!
*here at-once for you give!*

jâ scoltet ir vone grôzeme rehte leben,
*yea should you by great right live,*

kint thes rîches.
*children of-the realm.*

iuwer gelîchen
*your likes*

newurthen nie ûf there erthe geboren.
*were never upon the earth born.*

scult ir iwer jugent hân verloren,
*shall you your youth have lost,*

vorderistez kunne!
*foremost kin!*

thaz mir iwer got niene gunde,
*that me of-you God not-at-all granted,*

harte jâmeret mih thes.»
*hard grieves me of-it.»*

thô sprah ther herzoge Naimes:
*then spoke the duke Naimes:*

«herre, ih sihe ienoh thie molten stieben.
*«lord, I see yet the dust fly.*

sine mugen uns niht enphliehen:
*they may us not escape:*

wir sculen in nâh îlen.»
*we shall them after hasten.»*

thô was iz ane there wîle
*then was it at the while*

same vespercîte.
*like vesper-time.*

ther keiser hiez sie vaste nâh rîten.
*the emperor bade them firmly after ride.*

Ther keiser viel zuo there erthe.
*The emperor fell to the earth.*

er sprah: «wole thu himeliscer herre,
*he spoke: «well thou heavenly lord,*

ther tah therne geweret uns niht.
*the day it lasts for-us not.*

nu sende uns, herre, ein lieht,
*now send us, lord, a light,*

thaz wir thie râche thâ genemen.
*that we the vengeance there take.*

thu scolt uns sigenunft geben.
*thou shalt us victory give.*

sent uber sie thînen zorn,
*send over them thy anger,*

thaz sie genozzen iht sô hine komen.
*that they unpunished not so thither come.*

thaz thiene ih naht unde tah,
*that serve I night and day,*

alsô lange ih nu leben mah.»
*as long I now live may.»*

Ther engel vone himele gestarhte in thô.
*The angel from heaven strengthened him then.*

er sprah: «niene klage thu sô:
*he spoke: «not-at-all lament thou so:*

iz ist wither thîneme scephâre.
*it is against thy creator.*

tho thu in thîner muoter beslozen wâre,
*when thou in thy mother enclosed wert,*

tho erwelete er thih ime ze eineme knehte.
*then chose he thee for-himself as a servant.*

thîn beitent alle rehte 7005
*for-thee wait all righteous-ones*

thâ ze theme oberisten trône
*there at the highest throne*

(thiene thu nâh thîneme lône)
*(serve thou after thy reward)*

unt alle thie hie belegen sint:
*and all who here lain-dead are:*

thine heizent niht there werelte kint,
*they are-called not of-the world children,*

sunter sune thes oberisten herren. 7010
*but sons of-the highest lord.*

thir nemah niht gewerren:
*to-thee can nothing harm:*

volrîte thu thîne reise.
*ride-out thou thy journey.*

nefurhte nicheine freise,
*fear no danger,*

nim thu vollehlîchen gerih.
*take thou full vengeance.*

thîne vîente wirfe ih unter thih 7015
*thy foes throw I under thee*

thir ze eineme fuozscâmel.»
*for-thee as a footstool.»*

ouh tete ime got eine michele genâthe:
*also did to-him God a great grace:*

ther sunne scein ime wither ane then mitten tah
*the sun shone for-him back at the midst day*

alse er thâ vore gaf
*as he there before gave*

theme herzogen Josûê. 7020
*to-the duke Joshua.*

thaz liset man in there alten ê,
*that reads one in the old law,*

ther sunne thienete ime thrittehalben tah.
*the sun served to-him two-and-a-half days.*

er sante sînen slah
*he sent his stroke*

uber sîne vîante.
*over his foes.*

mit theme selben gewalte
*with the same power*

wolt er Karl theme herren
*would he to-Charles the lord*

sîne frowethe gemêren.
*his joy increase.*

Ther keiser bezerte sih thô.
*The emperor bettered himself then.*

er sprah gloria in excelsis deo.
*he spoke glory in the-highest to-God.*

er vortherôte Otten unde Gebewînen;
*he summoned Otto and Gebewin;*

er sprah: «liebe friunte mîne,
*he spoke: «dear friends mine,*

nemet tûsent mîner helethe
*take thousand of-my heroes*

unde huotet ane thiseme velde
*and keep-watch on this field*

unz ih wither here zuo iu kome:
*until I back here to you come:*

got lônet iu sîn vile wole.
*God rewards to-you of-it very well.*

thie heiligen lîchenâmen
*the holy bodies*

bevilhe ih ze iuweren genâthen.
*commend I to your graces.*

thienet in mit êren:
*serve them with honors:*

sie mugen unser heil ze gote wole gemêren.»
*they may our salvation with God well increase.»*

Thaz here huop sih ze wege.
*The host raised itself to way.*

sie erriten sie ze nôtstreben
*they overtook them at need-straits*

in eineme vinsteren valle:
*in a dark valley:*

thar trôsten sih thie heithenen alle.
*there comforted themselves the heathens all.*

thaz wazer heizet Saibre:
*the water is-called Ebro:*

thane mahten sie niht ubere.
*there could they not over.*

iz was ûz gethozzen,
*it was out swollen,*

thie scef wâren hine geflozzen.
*the ships were thither floated.*

thie heithenen riefen alle samt:
*the heathens cried all together:*

«herre got Tervagant,
*«lord god Tervagant,*

nu hilf uns hinnen:
*now help us hence:*

wirne mugen gevehten noh entrinnen.
*we-not may fight nor escape.*

ensûme thih niht ze lange.
*delay thee not too long.*

mit lobe unt mit sange
*with praise and with song*

wellen wirz iemer thienen.
*will we-it ever serve.*

leither nune lethiget unsih anders niemen.»
*alas now frees us otherwise no-one.»*

Thô nâhete in ther keiser.
*Then neared to-them the emperor.*

thie heithenen wâren in vreisen;
*the heathens were in dangers;*

kristenen mit zorne
*Christians with anger*

bestuonten sie thâ vorne.
*attacked them there in-front.*

thaz was thes tiuveles rât:
*that was the devil's counsel:*

sie fluhen alle in then wâh.
*they fled all into the current.*

si besoufte thes wazzeres strâm.
*them drowned the water's stream.*

thane genas nie thehein barn:
*there escaped never any child:*

si ertranhten sih selbe.
*they drowned themselves self.*

thô riefen thes keiseres helethe:
*then cried the emperor's heroes:*

«ir habet Ruolanten unheiles gesehen.
*«you have Roland to-misfortune seen.*

theme tiuvel habet ir iuh ergeben:
*to-the devil have you yourselves given:*

thie iwere botiche sint in theme wazzere verflozzen
*the your bodies are in the water floated-away*

unt in thes tiuveles throzzen.»
*and in the devil's throat.»*

Alsô thie heithenen, thie thâ entsamt wâren,
*When the heathens, who there together were,*

alle ertrunken unt ertwâlen,
*all drowned and perished,*

thô nâhete iz there nahte.
*then neared it to-the night.*

ther keiser gebôt sîne wahte:
*the emperor ordered his watch:*

ire iegelîh scuof sîn gemah.
*of-them each made his comfort.*

ther keiser sîn gebet sprah:
*the emperor his prayer spoke:*

in sîner halsperge
*in his hauberk*

viel er thikke zuo there erthe.
*fell he often to the earth.*

alsô ime thie muothe entweih,
*when to-him the weariness gave-way,*

ther slâf in begreif.
*the sleep him seized.*

thie engele sîn huoten:
*the angels him guarded:*

thie wahtâre in umbestuonten.
*the watchmen him surrounded.*

tho eroffenôte ime mîn drehtîn
*then revealed to-him my Lord*

waz ime kunftih scolde sîn.
*what to-him to-come should be.*

er resah in theme troume
*he saw in the dream*

wunterlîche gotes tougen.
*wondrous God's secrets.*

in thûhte thaz ther himel stuont ûf getân
*to-him seemed that the heaven stood up opened*

unt fiur thar ûz scolte varen,
*and fire there out should fare,*

allen vier ende in thie werelt sih scolte teilen.
*all four ends into the world itself should divide.*

thaz liut begunde wuofen unde weinen.
*the people began to-wail and weep.*

thar nâh kômen thonerslege unde winte:
*there after came thunderclaps and winds:*

sie zezarten in thie scilte.
*they tore to-them the shields.*

nâh thiu kômen lewen unde beren,
*after that came lions and bears,*

thaz sie sih niht entrûweten erweren:
*that they themselves not trusted to-defend:*

thaz gewâfen sie in abe zarten.
*the weapons they from-them off tore.*

thar nâh kômen lêbarten:
*there after came leopards:*

thie muoten sie vile lange.
*they troubled them very long.*

thar nâh kômen slangen
*there after came serpents*

harte egeslîchen.
*hard terrible.*

thar nâh kômen grîfen:
*there after came griffins:*

thie muoten sie vile sêre.
*they troubled them very sorely.*

in thûhte er scolte wither kêren.
*to-him seemed he should back turn.*

ein starker lewe kom thô thare:
*a strong lion came then thither:*

er streih vaste thurh thie scare,
*he roamed firmly through the troop,*

theme keisere wolte er gerne scathen.
*to-the emperor would he gladly harm.*

ûf huob er then arm:
*up raised he the arm:*

er sluoh ime einen slah
*he struck to-him a stroke*

thaz er tôt vore sînen fuozen gelah.
*that he dead before his feet lay.*

thar nâh kômen freislîche beren:
*there after came terrible bears:*

si begunden mennisclîchen rethen.
*they began humanly to-speak.*

then keiser sie vortherôten,
*the emperor they summoned,*

er gâbe in withere ire tôten:
*he should-give them back their dead:*

sie scolten si ire jungen wither bringen.
*they should them their young back bring.*

in thûhte er wâre ze Karlingen:
*to-him seemed he were in Kerlingen:*

ûf then hof kom ein tier gevaren,
*upon the court came a beast faring,*

michel unde freissam.
*great and terrible.*

sine mahtenz ime alle niht erweren:
*they might-it from-him all not ward-off:*

ane then keiser begunde iz geren.
*at the emperor began it to-desire.*

ther keiser entsaz thaz.
*the emperor feared that.*

ein ruthe fuor abe theme palas,
*a hound fared from the palace,*

ther was starh unt êrlîh:
*who was strong and noble:*

thaz tier warf er unter sih,
*the beast threw he under himself,*

ze tôde er iz erbeiz.
*to death he it bit.*

ther heilige engel gotweiz
*the holy angel God-knows*

then keiser wole bewarete,
*the emperor well guarded,*

thaz ime niht nescathete
*that to-him nothing harmed*

newether gote noh goukelâre.
*neither god nor juggler.*

thie troume wâren seltsâne.
*the dreams were strange.*

Ther kuninc Marsilie
*The king Marsile*

kom fliehende withere
*came fleeing back*

ze Sarraguz fure thie stat.
*to Saragossa before the city.*

ôwî welih ther jâmer thô wart!
*alas what the lament then became!*

er viel ûf thaz gras.
*he fell upon the grass.*

harte weinôte thaz
*hard wept that*

Brechmundâ.
*Bramimonde.*

sie îleten sâ
*they hastened at-once*

thiu apgothûs nither brechen.
*the idol-houses down to-break.*

thie gote hiezen sie werven
*the gods bade they throw*

under thie hunde,
*under the dogs,*

etelîche in thes wâges grunde,
*some into the wave's ground,*

Appollon unde Mahmeten:
*Apollo and Mahomet:*

mit then fuozen hiezen sie thar ûf treten.
*with the feet bade they there upon tread.*

sie sprâchen: «ôwî Tervagant,
*they spoke: «alas Tervagant,*

wâ ist mînes herren hant?
*where is my lord's hand?*

thaz wir unsih an iuh verliezen,
*that we ourselves on you relied,*

tho ir uns sigenunft gehiezet!
*when you us victory promised!*

ir birt alle trugenâre,
*you are all deceivers,*

iwer geverte ist mir iemer ummâre.»
*your company is to-me ever worthless.»*

Marsilie wart ze kemenâten getragen.
*Marsile was to chamber carried.*

vile sciere hôrter sagen,
*very quickly heard-he say,*

thaz Paligân sîn herre
*that Baligant his lord*

âre komen ubere
*were come over*

mit zwein unt vierzih kuningen.
*with two and forty kings.*

thaz was ther kuninc von Persîâ:
*that was the king of Persia:*

there heithenen houbetstat ist thâ.
*the heathens' capital is there.*

ther kuninc was vermezen unde bitherbe:
*the king was bold and doughty:*

theme hâte Marsilie
*to-him had Marsile*

thâ vore sîne brieve gesant,
*there before his letters sent,*

tho ther keiser vuor in sîn lant.
*when the emperor fared into his land.*

er hiez ime sagen,
*he bade to-him tell,*

er wurthe Karles man,
*he would-become Charles's man,*

sine hulfen ime mit here.
*unless-they helped to-him with host.*

thô wâren sie ouh komen uber mere.
*then were they also come over sea.*

sie statheten ze Alexandrîâ:
*they landed at Alexandria:*

thiu ire scef wâren thâ
*the their ships were there*

elliu komen zesamene,
*all come together,*

zwên unde vierzih kuninge,
*two and forty kings,*

thie ime wâren untertân.
*who to-him were subject.*

thie herevart meisterôte alle Paligân.
*the war-journey commanded all Baligant.*

Thô lah ther kuninc Paligân
*Then lay the king Baligant*

unt andere thie mit ime wâren gevaren,
*and others who with him were fared,*

ûf bî there Saibre,
*up by the Ebro,*

manih man veiger.
*many-a man doomed.*

thâ sah man glîzen
*there saw one gleam*

manigen phellel wîzen,
*many-a silk-cloth white,*

manigen rôten unde gruonen.
*many-a red and green.*

vone thes kuninges gestuole
*from the king's throne*

scînen thie guoten karfunkel.
*shone the good carbuncles.*

thâ was michel wunter
*there was great wonder*

topazien unt smaragede.
*topazes and emeralds.*

lanc wâre iu ze sagene
*long were to-you to tell*

ire zierde alsô manihvalt.
*their adornment so manifold.*

ther kuninc gebôt mit sîner gewalt
*the king summoned with his power*

then anderen kuningen zesamene,
*the other kings together,*

herzogen alsô manigen
*dukes so many*

thaz sie niemen nemahte gebrieven gare.
*that them no-one could write-down wholly.*

there grâven netete thâ niemen neheine ware.
*of-the counts took there no-one any heed.*

thar brâhten thie rekken
*there brought the warriors*

buzen unde snekken,
*busses and cutters,*

iegelîh ûz sîner marke.
*each out-of his march.*

galîne unde barken
*galleys and barks*

hâten thie Saibere behabet.
*had the Ebro occupied.*

thaz buoh uns vure wâr saget,
*the book us for truth says,*

thâ wâre unzalhaft menige.
*there were countless host.*

ther kuninc begunde ze rethene
*the king began to speak*

harte zornlîchen:
*hard wrathfully:*

«Karl hât mir in mîneme rîche
*«Charles has to-me in my realm*

gemachet einen michelen werren:
*made a great trouble:*

thaz klage ih allen thisen herren.
*that lament I to-all these lords.*

ih hân iuh gezogen,
*I have you raised,*

ûf mîner erthe birt ir geboren:
*upon my earth are you born:*

nu betharf ih iwer helve,
*now need I your help,*

thaz ih beherte mîne rîche.
*that I make-firm my realm.*

ih sage iu fure wâr,
*I tell to-you for truth,*

is ist mêre thenne sehs jâr,
*it is more than six years,*

thaz mir Marsilie sînen boten sante,
*that to-me Marsile his messenger sent,*

thô man ime sîne marke brante.
*when one to-him his march burned.*

thô enbôt er mir thaz,
*then sent-word he to-me that,*

alsô ih selbe ane sîneme brieve las,
*as I self in his letter read,*

sîne burge wâren ime ane gewunnen:
*his castles were to-him off won:*

Karl hâte in harte bethwungen.
*Charles had him hard subdued.*

helve gerete er ane mih.
*help desired he of me.*

thô thûhte iz mih billîh
*then seemed it to-me fitting*

thaz ih ime hulfe thar zuo.
*that I to-him helped there to.*

nu râtet alle wie wir tuon
*now counsel all how we do*

unt helfet mir willihlîchen
*and help me willingly*

thaz ih bescirme mîne rîche
*that I protect my realm*

nâh mînes namen êre.»
*after my name's honor.»*

fursten thie hêren
*princes the noble*

swuoren ime algelîche,
*swore to-him all-alike,*

sine wolten ime niemer geswîchen
*they would to-him never fail*

ze neheiner slahte nôt:
*in no kind-of distress:*

sie wâren ime gereite unz ane then tôt.
*they were for-him ready until to the death.*

Thô antwirte ime thes
*Then answered to-him to-that*

sîn sune Malprîmes:
*his son Malprimes:*

«râten thirz thîne man,
*«(if)-counsel thee-it thy men,*

kêre thurh Yspaniam.
*turn through Spain.*

thîn swert scol thir nu thwingen
*thy sword shall for-thee now subdue*

thie ubermuoten Karlinge.
*the overweening Carolingians.*

Parîs scoltu stôren,
*Paris shalt-thou destroy,*

Âche zefuoren.
*Aachen lay-waste.*

verteile sîne krône:
*sentence-away his crown:*

thar nâh thwinc thu Rôme,
*there after subdue thou Rome,*

thâ er ân thîn urloup ist ane gesezzen.
*where he without thy leave is on sat.*

erne scolte trinken noh ezzen
*he-not should drink nor eat*

wan alsô thu in hiezest.
*except as thou him bade.*

unt ob thu in in thîneme rîche liezest,
*and if thou him in thy realm let,*

thar umbe scolt er thienen unde nîgen.
*there for should he serve and bow.*

man scol in scenden unt thar umbe vertrîben.»
*one shall him disgrace and there for drive-out.»*

Thô vortherôte ther kuninc Paligân
*Then summoned the king Baligant*

zwêne sîne heimlîche man.
*two his confidential men.*

er sprah: «Clarions unt Clariens,
*he spoke: «Clarions and Clariens,*

iwer vater was ther kuninc Maltrens:
*your father was the king Maltrens:*

ther was kuone unt bitherbe.
*he was bold and doughty.*

thisen hantscuoh fuoret ir Marsilien,
*this glove carry you to-Marsile,*

saget ime ih bin hie bî.
*tell to-him I am here by.*

sô wâ ime sîn nu aller thurftest sî,
*so where to-him of-me now of-all most-needful be,*

thâ wile ih hine kêren
*there will I thither turn*

mit allen thisen herren.
*with all these lords.*

wîse uns in thie lant:
*guide us into the land:*

sie vergeltent in then brant
*they repay to-them the burning*

other ih gelige thâ nithere.
*or I lie there down.*

komet ir sciere here withere:
*come you quickly here back:*

iwer wil ih hie beiten.
*for-you will I here wait.*

unter thiu mugen wir uns bereiten,
*during that may we ourselves prepare,*

sô ware wir thenne kêren.»
*so whither we then turn.»*

thie rethe lobeten alle thie herren.
*the speech praised all the lords.*

## XXIX · BALIGANT COMES TO MARSILE

*The envoys find Saragossa in mourning, and Marsile tells how his gods failed him. When they boast that Baligant will hold court at Aachen and avenge his arm, Bramimonde warns that Charles never flees. They report to Baligant that Marsile is maimed, his men and Charles's champions dead, and Charles weary, and Baligant gives the host to Geneasin and rides to Marsile. Bramimonde laments her slain son; Baligant vows to avenge Marsile's arm, puts off the kingdom Marsile offers him until he returns, and leaves weeping, hunted by his day of death.*

Thie boten kômen ze Sarraguz.
*The messengers came to Saragossa.*

thiu klage was alsô grôz:
*the lament was so great:*

thes wunderôte thie heithenen.
*at-that wondered the heathens.*

sie hôrten thâ wuofen unde weinen.
*they heard there wailing and weeping.*

sie frâgeten waz thâ wâre
*they asked what there were*

nâh sô grôzer ungebâre.
*after so great ill-behavior.*

sie sprâchen, sie muosen wole klagen:
*they spoke, they must well lament:*

thie fursten wâren alle samt erslagen,
*the princes were all together slain,*

sie hâten ire lieben herren verloren,
*they had their dear lord lost,*

thie ire gote wâren gare verkoren,
*the their gods were wholly renounced,*

sie wurten unter thie hunte geworfen:
*they were under the dogs thrown:*

wer in nu mêre mahte gehelfen.
*who them now more might help.*

Thie boten wîste man ûf thaz palas
*The messengers led one onto the palace*

thâ michel unfrowethe was.
*where great unjoy was.*

sie gruozten then kuninc undâre:
*they greeted the king uncourteously:*

thaz tâten sie ime ze vâre.
*that did they to-him in malice.*

sie sprâchen: «nu gehalte thih Mahmet unt Tervagant
*they spoke: «now keep thee Mahomet and Tervagant*

unt unsere gote alle samt.
*and our gods all together.*

uns ist leit thîn ungemah.»
*to-us is sorrow thy distress.»*

mit arebeiten er ûf sah.
*with toils he up looked.*

er sprah: «waz mahten mir thie gote frume sîn?
*he spoke: «what might to-me the gods of-use be?*

ih hiez sie werfen unter thie swîn;
*I bade them throw under the swine;*

ire hûs hiez ih nither brechen.
*their house bade I down break.*

sine wolten mih niht rechen.
*they would me not avenge.*

sie gehiezen mir sige.
*they promised me victory.*

nu wartet selbe wie ih lige
*now look self how I lie*

nâh verloreneme mîneme arme.
*after lost my arm.*

sine wolten sih niht uber mih erbarmen,
*they would themselves not over me pity,*

thaz sie mih ie gerâchen
*that they me ever avenged*

other ie thehein wort thar umbe gesprâchen.
*or ever any word there for spoke.*

sie swîhten sam thie stummen.
*they kept-silent like the dumb.*

wanne wâren sie alle verbrunnen
*oh-that were they all burned*

sô waz ire in there werelte wâre!
*so what of-them in the world were!*

sie sint alle trugenâre.»
*they are all deceivers.»*

Thie boten retheten mêre.
*The messengers spoke more.*

sie sprâchen: «Paligân mîn herre
*they spoke: «Baligant my lord*

hât unsih zuo thir gesant.
*has us to thee sent.*

er ist komen in thie lant:
*he is come into the lands:*

er ist hie nâhen bî.
*he is here near by.*

sô wâ thîn wille hine sî,
*so where thy will thither be,*

thare bewîse in thrâte.
*there guide him quickly.*

Paligân admirâte
*Baligant emir*

ist alsô ûz komen,
*is so out come,*

thie kuninge habent ime gesworen,
*the kings have to-him sworn,*

er gesuoche sie ze Karlingen.
*he should-seek them in Kerlingen.*

ce Âche wil er thingen:
*at Aachen will he hold-court:*

er gewaltiget Rôme unt Laterân,
*he rules Rome and Lateran,*

er gerichet thînen arm.
*he avenges thy arm.*

zwêne unt vierzeh kuninge
*two and forty kings*

sint thâ here mit ime ubere.
*are there hither with him over.*

alle kuninge muozen ime entwîchen:
*all kings must from-him give-way:*

sie thienent ime vorhtlîchen.
*they serve to-him fearfully.*

Karl ther nist nie sô rîche,
*Charles he is never so rich,*

erne muoze ime entwîchen
*unless-he must from-him give-way*

other entrinnen.»
*or escape.»*

thô sprah Brechmundâ thie kuninginne:
*then spoke Bramimonde the queen:*

«Karl therne furhtet niemen:
*«Charles he fears no-one:*

erne spulget niet ze fliehen.
*he is-wont not to flee.*

jâ vindet er in selben
*yea finds he him self*

ane theme aller nâhisten velde.
*on the of-all nearest field.*

alle thie kuninge thie in there werelte sint,
*all the kings who in the world are,*

thie ahtet er sam ein niuborenez westerkint.
*them esteems he like a new-born chrisom-child.*

gewinnet er thâ zime thehein êre,
*wins he there of-him any honor,*

Paligân therne uberwindet iz niemer mêre.
*Baligant he overcomes it never more.*

thazne rethe ih umbe thaz niet,
*that speak I for that not,*

mînes herren êre sint mir sô liep,
*my lord's honors are to-me so dear,*

thaz ih ire niemen sô wole negan.
*that I them no-one so well grant.*

Karles site sint sô getân,
*Charles's ways are so made,*

sie suochent selbe then tôt,
*they seek self the death,*

ê er thurh theheiner slahte nôt
*before he for any kind-of distress*

einen fuoz iemer wolte entwîchen.
*one foot ever would give-way.*

thaz weiz ih wole wârlîchen.»
*that know I well truly.»*

Thie boten urloup genâmen.
*The messengers leave took.*

sie kômen ze Paligânen.
*they came to Baligant.*

sie sprâchen: «heil sîstu, kuninc hêre!
*they spoke: «hail be-thou, king noble!*

Mahmet spare thîn êre.
*Mahomet spare thy honor.*

thir thienent alle wereltkuninge.
*thee serve all world-kings.*

Marsilie gehabet sih vile ubele:
*Marsile fares himself very ill:*

verloren hât er sînen arm.
*lost has he his arm.*

sîne helethe sint alle erslagen:
*his heroes are all slain:*

Yspaniâ stât elliu lâre.
*Spain stands all empty.*

wir fuoren grôziu niumâre:
*we carry great new-tidings:*

thie thîne habent guot wort.
*the thine have good word.*

sie gefrument then mort,
*they make the murder,*

thes sih ther keiser niemer erhalt.
*of-which himself the emperor never recovers.*

there fursten ist uns sô vile gezalt,
*of-the princes is to-us so many counted,*

thie ther alle sint gelegen,
*who there all are laid-low,*

unt thie sîne râtgeben,
*and the his counselors,*

Olivier unde Ruolant
*Oliver and Roland*

unde thar nâh alle samt
*and there after all together*

thie sîne vorekemphen kuone.
*the his champions bold.*

ther keiser ther ist muothe:
*the emperor he is weary:*

er hât sih nither gelâzen.
*he has himself down let.*

thu vindest in ûf there walstrâzen.
*thou findest him upon the battle-road.*

er scol thir billîche thienen.
*he shall thee rightly serve.*

thih verrâtet thâ nu niemen.»
*thee betrays there now no-one.»*

Ûf spranc ther kuninc Paligân.
*Up sprang the king Baligant.*

er sprah: «nune scol sih niemen sparen.
*he spoke: «now shall himself no-one spare.*

sô wer nu baz mege,
*so who now better may,*

ther heve sih ze wege.
*he raise himself to way.*

mirne gescah nie sô liebe.»
*to-me happened never so dear.»*

er vortherôte fure sih sciere
*he summoned before himself quickly*

then kuninc Geneâsin:
*the king Geneasin:*

thaz here bevalh er ime.
*the host commended he to-him.*

thie kuninge kômen al zesamene;
*the kings came all together;*

thie thrôten alle Karle.
*they threatened all Charles.*

thâ was thie aller meiste hôhvart,
*there was the of-all greatest pride,*

thiu unter thiseme himele ie wart.
*which under this heaven ever was.*

thâ wâren mêiske môre,
*there were Moorish Moors,*

harte wunterlîche stôre.
*hard wondrous hordes.*

thâ was alles thes wunteres genuoh,
*there was of-all the wonder enough,*

thes got ane thise erthe ie gescuof,
*which God on this earth ever created,*

manih seltsânez spil.
*many-a strange play.*

goldes was thâr vile,
*of-gold was there much,*

thaz vile edele gesteine.
*the very noble gems.*

thie frowethe was unter then heithenen,
*the joy was among the heathens,*

thaz sie niemen nemahte gescrîben.
*that it no-one could write.*

Paligân begonde vaste îlen:
*Baligant began firmly to-hasten:*

ûz theme here er sih nam,
*out-of the host he himself took,*

unt andere viere sîne man,
*and other four his men,*

thie wâren rîche herzogen.
*who were rich dukes.*

ze theme kuninge Marsilie er kom.
*to the king Marsile he came.*

wole entfienc in thâ
*well received him there*

thie kuninginne Brechmundâ.
*the queen Bramimonde.*

zuo then fuozen sie sih ime bôt.
*to the feet she herself to-him offered.*

«herre», sprah sie, «mîn ummâzlîche nôt
*«lord», spoke she, «my measureless distress*

scol ih thir klagen.
*shall I to-thee lament.*

mîn sune ist mir erslagen:
*my son is to-me slain:*

ther kuninc hât verloren sînen arm.
*the king has lost his arm.*

ôwê thes ih gelebet hân,
*alas of-that I lived have,*

mînes herceleithes,
*of-my heart-sorrow,*

alsus grôzen unheiles.
*so great misfortune.*

uns nist niemen frumer bestanten.»
*to-us is no-one more-useful stood-by.»*

Paligân vie sie unter sînen mantel:
*Baligant took her under his mantle:*

er trôste thie frouwen.
*he comforted the lady.*

er sprah: «thu scolt mir thaz gelouben,
*he spoke: «thou shalt me that believe,*

mêre riuwet mih thîn man
*more rues me thy husband*

thenne ih iz thir kunne gesagen.
*than I it to-thee could tell.*

thes anderen wil ih gethagen.
*of-the other will I keep-silent.*

ih geriche sînen arm
*I avenge his arm*

ane sîn selbes lîbe.
*on his self's body.*

thie kristenen ih vertrîbe:
*the Christians I drive-out:*

Karl therne rîhsenet niht mêre.
*Charles he rules not more.*

iz beweinet noh vile sêre
*it bewails yet very sorely*

manigere muoter kint
*many-a mother's child*

thiu leit thie hie gescên sint.»
*the hurts which here happened are.»*

Thiu kuningin Brechmunde
*The queen Bramimonde*

wîsete in zestunde
*guided him at-once*

tha ther kuninc Marsilie lah.
*where the king Marsile lay.*

«nune gelebete ih nie nicheinen tah»,
*«now lived I never any day»,*

sprah er, «alsô gerne.
*spoke he, «so gladly.*

willekomen sîstu mir, vile lieber herre.
*welcome be-thou to-me, very dear lord.*

thaz ih thih gesehen hân,
*that I thee seen have,*

ih vergizze alles mînes scathen.
*I forget all my harm.*

aller kuninge herre,
*of-all kings lord,*

nune mag ih leben mêre.
*now-not can I live more.*

verloren hân ih mînen sune.
*lost have I my son.*

thie krône unt thaz sceptrum
*the crown and the scepter*

bestâtige wîslîche:
*establish wisely:*

thizze kunincrîche
*this kingdom*

gezimet grôzer êre.
*befits great honor.*

nu gib iz selbe eineme herren,
*now give it self to-a lord,*

ther thiseme rîche gezeme,
*who to-this realm befit,*

ther miltihlîchen gebe
*who generously give*

unt niht enspare vore then êren.»
*and not spare before the honors.»*

thô antwirt ime sîn herre:
*then answered to-him his lord:*

«liebest aller manne,
*«dearest of-all men,*

ih sûme mih ze lange.
*I delay me too long.*

nu getrôste thih, Marsilie:
*now comfort thee, Marsile:*

ih kume sciere here withere;
*I come quickly here back;*

sô wile ih thînen rât hân.
*so will I thy counsel have.*

mîn beitet maneh ethele man.
*for-me waits many-a noble man.*

sô wir nu gesên wiez ergê,
*so we now see how-it goes,*

sô ahten thar nâh wiez gestê.
*so heed-we there after how-it stands.*

ih muoz nu gâhen hinnen:
*I must now hasten hence:*

ih furhte thaz sie entrinnen.
*I fear that they escape.*

ih scol thih iemer mêre klagen:
*I shall thee ever more lament:*

jane gewan ih nie neheinen man,
*indeed won I never any man,*

ther thaz rîche ie baz gêrte.» 7435
*who the realm ever better honored.»*

vone ime er thô kêrte.
*from him he then turned.*

thie zahere vielen ime vone then ougen.
*the tears fell to-him from the eyes.*

thô kust er thie frouwen.
*then kissed he the lady.*

sîn veictage in jagete,
*his death-day him hunted,*

thaz er nie ûf gehabete 7440
*that he never up held*

unze er kom ane thie stat
*until he came to the place*

tha iz allez wole verendet wart.
*where it all well ended was.*

## XXX · THE BURIAL OF THE PEERS

*An angel wakes Charles, who fears his dreams; Ogier dismisses them, and Charles finds a cross from heaven, kept since at Aachen. At Roncevaux he finds Roland among the marble stones and laments him, praying for the souls of the dead, and the stone where his tears of blood fell is wet still. The princes raise him; the bishops bury the dead in a charnel, the bodies sewn in hides, and Roland, Oliver, and Turpin are embalmed and sent home to Kerlingen under Diepold, Milon, Gebewin, and Otto.*

Ther gotes engel wahte then keiser:
*The God's angel woke the emperor:*

jane wester niht there reise.
*indeed knew-he not of-the journey.*

harte nâheten ime thie veigen.
*hard neared to-him the doomed.*

er begonde harte weinen.
*he began hard to-weep.*

ther keiser scutete sih ûz there halsperge.
*the emperor shook himself out-of the hauberk.*

in criucestal viel er zuo there erthe:
*in cross-form fell he to the earth:*

er manete got sîner genâthen.
*he exhorted God of-his grace.*

er sprah zuo then thie bî ime wâren:
*he spoke to them who by him were:*

«iz ist ienoh unnâh
*«it is yet not-near*

unser grôz ungemah
*our great distress*

leither gelendet.
*sadly landed.*

sô wiez got noh verendet,
*so how-it God yet ends,*

thaz rechet mîne sunde.
*that avenges my sins.*

got refset mih thar umbe
*God chastises me there for*

unt andere mîne vortheren.
*and other my forefathers.*

sô wâ iz hie noh sî verborgen,
*so where it here yet be hidden,*

ih sah hînaht in mîneme troume
*I saw tonight in my dream*

wunterlîche tougen.
*wondrous secrets.*

harte entsaz ih iz mir.»
*hard feared I it for-me.»*

thô sprah ther kuninc Oigier:
*then spoke the king Ogier:*

«neruoche thu, herre, umbe thie troume.
*«care-not thou, lord, for the dreams.*

niht langer thu thih nesûme.
*not longer thou thee delay.*

zewâre sage ih thir thaz,
*truly tell I thee that,*

sô waz frumes in allen thisen rîchen was,
*so what of-worth in all these realms was,*

thie sint alle samt gelegen.
*they are all together laid-low.*

wie mahte uns an ihte missescên?
*how might to-us in aught mishap?*

uns enmah niemen witherrîten.
*us can no-one ride-against.*

iz nesî thaz thie wîp wellen strîten,
*it unless-be that the women want to-fight,*

iz nesî thaz uns sluoge unser aller herre,
*it unless-be that us struck our of-all Lord,*

anders nemah uns niht gewerren.»
*otherwise can us nothing harm.»*

Sîn wîsheit in thô lêrte
*His wisdom him then taught*

thaz er thannen kêrte.
*that he thence turned.*

ein criuce er ane ime vant
*a cross he on him found*

âne mennesken hant,
*without man's hand,*

thaz ime ther engel vone himele hâte brâht.
*which to-him the angel from heaven had brought.*

got hâte sîn wole thâ mite gethâht:
*God had of-him well there with thought:*

thes erfrowete sih ther herre.
*of-that rejoiced himself the lord.*

thaz fuorter iemer mêre
*that carried-he ever more*

alsô lange sô er lebete,
*as long as he lived,*

tha er sih tagelîchen mite segenete,
*where he himself daily with blessed,*

thaz man hiute ze Âche vindet.
*which one today at Aachen finds.*

mit ime ist grôz heilihtuom besigelet.
*with it is great relic sealed.*

Thô nâheten sie Runzevalle.
*Then neared they Roncevaux.*

ther keiser nam sih ûz in allen.
*the emperor took himself out-of them all.*

thâ vant er ligen eine
*there found he lie alone*

enzwiscen marmelsteinen
*between marble-stones*

sînen neven Ruolanten.
*his nephew Roland.*

mit sînes selbes hanten
*with his self's hands*

huob er in vone there erthe.
*raised he him from the earth.*

ih wâne iemer mêre werthe
*I believe ever more become*

sô grôz jâmer sô thâ was.
*so great lament as there was.*

sie vielen ûf thaz gras:
*they fell upon the grass:*

sie weineten alle sêre.
*they wept all sorely.*

ther man klagete sînen herren:
*the man lamented his lord:*

sô klagete ther herre sînen man.
*so lamented the lord his man.*

wer mahte sih thes enthaben,
*who might himself of-it restrain,*

erne scolte mite weinen
*unless-he should with weep*

alsô manigen heiligen reinen,
*so many holy pure-ones,*

thie sie ûf habeten.
*whom they up lifted.*

âne mâze sie klageten.
*without measure they lamented.*

wer enthielte sih thar under,
*who restrained himself there among,*

ther ie gesah thiu grôzen wunder,
*who ever saw the great wonders,*

izne muose in erbarmen,
*unless-it must him pity,*

tho ther keiser ûf sînen armen
*when the emperor upon his arms*

klagete Ruolanten.
*lamented Roland.*

er begonde in wantelen
*he began him to-turn*

al hine unde here.
*all thither and hither.*

vile innehlîchen sprah er:
*very inwardly spoke he:*

«ôwî vile lieber neve,
*«alas very dear nephew,*

wie ungerne ih nu lebe!
*how unwillingly I now live!*

want scolte ih zuo thir in thaz graf!
*oh-that should I to thee into the grave!*

thu wâre mînes alteres staf:
*thou wert of-my age's staff:*

mirne gescah nie sô leithe.
*to-me happened never so sorrowful.*

thu wâriz allez eine.
*thou wert-it all alone.*

thu wâre mîn zesewiu hant.
*thou wert my right hand.*

lesen thie buoh elliu samt,
*read the books all together,*

sine zeigent thir neheinen gelîchen,
*they show to-thee no like,*

noh nelebet in allen ertrîchen,
*nor lives in all earth-realms,*

noh newirthet niemer mêre.»
*nor becomes never more.»*

fursten thie hêren
*princes the noble*

rouften sih selben harte.
*tore themselves self hard.*

bî hâre unt bî barte
*by hair and by beard*

lithen sie grôz ungemah.
*suffered they great distress.*

thô iegelîcher sînen friunt gesah,
*when each his friend saw,*

* * *
*(lacuna)*

sô klageten sie ie mêre unde mêre.
*so lamented they ever more and more.*

sie hâten manige ungebâre:
*they had much ill-behavior:*

ih wâne nie niemen leither gescâhe.
*I believe never no-one more-sorrowful happened.*

Ther keiser klagete sîne tôten.
*The emperor lamented his dead.*

thie zahere begonden rôten,
*the tears began to-redden,*

thie ime ze tale vielen.
*which to-him to valley fell.*

er sprah: «nune lebet niemen,
*he spoke: «now lives no-one,*

then ih thir ebenmâze.
*whom I to-thee equal.*

zuo weme mahte ih mih nu verlâzen?
*on whom might I me now rely?*

getruobet ist al mîn kunne.
*saddened is all my kin.*

thiu lant thu mir elliu thwunge:
*the lands thou to-me all subdued:*

thu ervâhte thie steinherten Sahsen
*thou conquered the stone-hard Saxons*

unde thie swertwahsen,
*and the sword-sharp,*

Swâbe unde Franken.
*Swabians and Franks.*

thie habent mih nu ze unthanke:
*they have me now in disfavor:*

ih wirthe in vile smâhe.
*I become to-them very contemptible.*

ôwî leithiu niumâre,
*alas sorrowful new-tidings,*

thie nu fliegent in thie lant!»
*which now fly into the lands!»*

ûf huob er thie hant.
*up raised he the hand.*

er sprah: «genâthehlîcher herre,
*he spoke: «gracious lord,*

nu wil ih thih manen verre
*now will I thee exhort greatly*

umbe thaz ih wandel lieben tôten.
*for that I lack dear dead-ones.*

thu gethenke there nôte,
*thou think of-the distress,*

thaz thih thie juden viengen
*that thee the Jews seized*

unt thie heithenen hiengen.
*and the heathens hanged.*

thurh thîner marter êre
*for thy passion's honor*

erbarme thih umbe thie sêle.
*have-mercy thee for the souls.*

erlôse sie vone allen hellewîzzen gare.
*redeem them from all hell-torments wholly.*

beleite sie unter thie himelscare,
*lead them among the heaven-hosts,*

wîse sie zuo thînen êwigen genâthen.»
*guide them to thy eternal graces.»*

sie sprâchen alle âmen.
*they spoke all amen.*

Ther keiser betete thrîe stunde
*The emperor prayed three times*

vone tiefeme hercegrunde.
*from deep heart-ground.*

er wunscete allen then genâthen,
*he wished to-all those grace,*

thie thâ beliben wâren
*who there remained were*

in kristenlîcheme gelouben.
*in Christian faith.*

thaz bluot flôz ime vone then ougen.
*the blood flowed to-him from the eyes.*

ûf then stein er gesaz:
*upon the stone he sat:*

ienoh hiute ist er naz,
*yet today is it wet,*

thâ thaz bluot ane flôz.
*where the blood on flowed.*

ther ire wuoft was alsô grôz,
*the their wailing was so great,*

thaz manige fure tôt lâgen.
*that many for dead lay.*

thô sie thes keiseres nôt sâhen,
*when they the emperor's distress saw,*

thie hêren fursten,
*the noble princes,*

thie thâ getorsten,
*who there dared,*

vone theme steine sie in huoben.
*from the stone they him raised.*

in gote sie in beswuoren,
*by God they him adjured,*

thaz er mâzlîchen klagete,
*that he moderately lamented,*

thaz ime thaz volc thâ vone iht erzagete,
*that to-him the folk there from not lost-heart,*

ob ime sîn thurft gescâhe.
*if to-him his need happened.*

sîn herce was ime iethoh vile swâre.
*his heart was to-him yet very heavy.*

thie tôten hiez er zesamene tragen:
*the dead bade he together carry:*

ein karnâre wart thâ gegraben.
*a charnel was there dug.*

sie bliesen ire horn.
*they blew their horns.*

thie biscofe wolten zesamene komen
*the bishops would together come*

unt andere gelêrten.
*and other learned-ones.*

wie wole sie got geêrte,
*how well them God honored,*

thie thâ mite wâren,
*who there with were,*

thaz sie thie heiligen bîvilde sâhen!
*that they the holy burial saw!*

sie bestateten sie alsus
*they buried them thus*

cum mirra et aromatibus.
*with myrrh and spices.*

Ther keiser hiez ime gewinnen
*The emperor bade for-himself get*

sîne heimgesinden
*his household*

hirzîne hiute,
*hart's hides,*

thâ man în siute
*where one into sews*

thie hêren lîchenâmen.
*the noble bodies.*

ire geweide sie ûz in nâmen.
*their entrails they out-of them took.*

sie bestatetenz in thie gruobe.
*they buried-them in the pit.*

zeichen gescâhen thâ genuoge
*signs happened there enough*

unde gescênt iemer mêre.
*and happen ever more.*

nu biten wir thie heiligen herren,
*now pray we the holy lords,*

want iz in got verlâzen hât,
*for it to-them God granted has,*

thaz sie uns wegen umbe unsere missetât.
*that they for-us help for our misdeed.*

Thie herren nâmen thô sciere
*The lords took then quickly*

Ruolanten unt Oliviere
*Roland and Oliver*

unt then biscof Turpînen.
*and the bishop Turpin.*

in almariske sîden
*in Almerian silks*

sie thie herren legeten.
*they the lords laid.*

sie nâmen pigmenten,
*they took spices,*

maneh guot blaster,
*many-a good plaster,*

thaz tiure alabaster,
*the precious alabaster,*

manige guote salben
*many good salves*

(thie strichen sie in allenthalben)
*(them spread they on-them on-all-sides)*

manigen guoten phellel wîzen.
*many-a good silk-cloth white.*

sie bewunden sie mit flîze.
*they wound them with diligence.*

mit aluê unt mit mirren
*with aloe and with myrrh*

bewareten sie thie herren.
*preserved they the lords.*

er vortherôte sîne holden,
*he summoned his liegemen,*

then grâven Diepolden,
*the count Diepold,*

Milônen then neven sînen
*Milon the nephew his*

unde Gebewînen
*and Gebewin*

und Otten then marcgrâven.
*and Otto the margrave.*

er hiez sie thie herren bâren,
*he bade them the lords lay-on-biers,*

mit gewareheit hiez er bringen
*with care bade he bring*

sie heim ze Karlingen.
*them home to Kerlingen.*

*Baligant's envoys demand that Charles pay tribute or be hunted down; Charles scorns them. He exhorts his army with David's psalm against the kings of the earth, the Franks arm and take communion, and Charles mounts Entercador. Wineman and Rapoto take Roland's place with Durendart and Olifant. Charles gives troops to Gebewin, Naimes with the Bavarians, Ogier, Herman, Richard with the Normans, Nevelon with the Bretons, Reinbald, Haimon with the Flemings, and Jozeran with the Frisians, keeps the Lotharingians, Burgundians, and Otto's Rhine Franks at hand, and sends the Swabians to fight in front.*

Theme keisere rieten sîne man,
*To-the emperor counseled his men,*

er hieze wenden sînen vanen.
*he should-bid turn his banner.*

zwêne boten ranten ime thô nâh.
*two messengers rode him then after.*

sie sprâchen: «war ist thir nu sô gâh,
*they spoke: «whither is to-thee now so hasty,*

thu ubermuoter keiser?
*thou overweening emperor?*

hie newirthet niht witherreise.
*here becomes no return-journey.*

thu nescolt sô genozen niht hine varen.
*thou shalt so unpunished not thither fare.*

thir enbiutet thîn herre Paligân,
*to-thee sends-word thy lord Baligant,*

thaz thu sîn beitest
*that thou for-him wait*

unt thih thar zuo bereitest
*and thee there to prepare*

thaz thu ime iht entrinnest
*that thou to-him not escape*

unt ime sînen cins bringest.
*and to-him his tribute bring.*

thu thienest ime vone rehte:
*thou servest to-him by right:*

thune tharft mit ime niht vehten.
*thou needest with him not fight.*

vile michel ist sîn hêrscaft.
*very great is his lordship.*

er fuoret sô getâne heres craft,
*he leads so made host's strength,*

thiu unter thiseme himele
*which under this heaven*

kom nie zesamene,
*came never together,*

alsô vermezen volc:
*so bold folk:*

thîn vehten thaz netouh.
*thy fighting that avails-not.*

unde fluhestu hinnen,
*and (if)-fleest-thou hence,*

er suochet thih zuo then Karlingen.
*he seeks thee among the Carolingians.*

gefluhestu ûf theheine burh,
*(if)-fleest-thou onto any castle,*

sie nist nie sô veste noh sô guot,
*it is never so firm nor so good,*

erne heize thih ermangen.
*unless-he bid thee batter.*

sô wie thir nu gevalle,
*so how to-thee now please,*

so enpiut tu mîneme herren:
*so send-word thou to-my lord:*

thar nâh scol er sih kêren.»
*there after shall he himself turn.»*

Ther keiser begonde then bart streichen.
*The emperor began the beard to-stroke.*

er sprah: «wie weiz er mih sô weichen?
*he spoke: «how knows he me so weak?*

ih heize ther voget vone Rôme:
*I am-called the lord of Rome:*

alle wereltlîche krône
*all worldly crowns*

thie sculen mir sîn untertân.
*they shall to-me be subject.*

wie getorste mih Paligân
*how dared me Baligant*

sô ungezogenlîchen gruozen?
*so rudely greet?*

er muoz mirz gebuozen.
*he must to-me-it atone.*

erne tharf an sîne mangen
*he needs on his mangonels*

niemer seil gespannen
*never rope stretch*

noh gerihten sîn hantwerc
*nor set-up his engine*

ane theheinen hôhen berc.
*on any high mountain.*

ane theme breiten velde
*on the broad field*

wellent thise helethe
*want these heroes*

enphâhen sîne rekken
*receive his warriors*

mit scarphen swertes ekken.
*with sharp sword's edges.*

ist thaz mir sîn got gan,
*(if)-is that to-me of-it God grants,*

iwer herre Paligân
*your lord Baligant*

geliget unter mîneme swerte.
*lies-low under my sword.*

ther cins wirthet vile herte.
*the tribute becomes very hard.*

alle sîne kuninge
*all his kings*

gethingent hiute vile ubele:
*hold-court today very ill:*

there nekumet niemer neheiner withere.
*of-them comes never any back.*

got selbe slehet sie thernithere,
*God self strikes them there-down,*

thaz sie niht wellent erkennen.
*that they not want acknowledge.*

thaz hellefiur scol sie iemer brennen.»
*the hell-fire shall them ever burn.»*

Ther keiser hiez blâsen sîniu horn,
*The emperor bade blow his horns,*

thie fursten alle ze hove komen.
*the princes all to court come.*

unter in er gehabete:
*among them he held:*

vile wîslîchen er sie manete.
*very wisely he them exhorted.*

«nu ir gotes helethe,
*«now you God's heroes,*

got vortherôt iuh selbe:
*God summons you self:*

er lathet iuh in sîn rîche.
*he invites you into his realm.*

gehabet iuh frumehlîche.
*bear you valiantly.*

sô wer sih ze gote wil gehaben,
*so who himself to God will hold,*

theme sint thie porten ûf getân
*to-him are the gates up done*

tha er sînen herren scol sehen:
*where he his lord shall see:*

wie mahte ime iemer baz gescên?
*how might to-him ever better happen?*

nu vernemet wie unser herre sprah,
*now hear how our Lord spoke,*

tho er thie marter ane sah:
*when he the passion on looked:*

ih wile, lieber vater mîn,
*I will, dear father mine,*

thaz alle thie mit mir sîn
*that all who with me be*

thie mînen willen hânt getân:
*who my will have done:*

thie fuore ih selbe ane then stam,
*them lead I self to the stock,*

tha si iemer mit frowethen sint.
*where they ever with joys are.*

thie heizent sîniu rehten erbekint.»
*they are-called his true heir-children.»*

Thô sprah ther keiser hêre:
*Then spoke the emperor noble:*

«nu vernemet ouh mêre.
*«now hear also more.*

vone then heithenen stêt gescriben thâ:
*of the heathens stands written there:*

mors peccatorum pessima,
*death of-sinners worst,*

there suntâre tôt ist freislîh.
*the sinners' death is terrible.*

thie tiuvel unterwindent sih
*the devils take-possession themselves*

beithiu lîbes unde sêle.
*both of-body and of-soul.*

mit freisen ist sie iemer mêre
*with terrors is it ever more*

in theme hellegrunde,
*in the hell-ground,*

thie sih niht erkennet ire sunde.
*which itself not acknowledges its sins.*

ther kuninc Dâvîd
*the king David*

vore unseres herren geburte manige zît,
*before our Lord's birth many time,*

ein vile hêrer wîssage,
*a very noble prophet,*

ther scrîbet uns hiute vone thiseme tage:
*he writes us today of this day:*

'kuninge there erthe
*'kings of-the earth*

stênt ûf wither ire herren;
*stand up against their lord;*

sih samenent manige fursten
*themselves gather many princes*

wither unseren herren Cristen.'
*against our Lord Christ.'*

got mit sîneme gewalte
*God with his power*

hât unsih thâ zuo gehalten,
*has us there to kept,*

thaz wir thaz hiute rechen.
*that we that today avenge.*

ire gethwanc scule wir zebrechen,
*their oppression shall we break,*

ire joh werfen wir zetale.
*their yoke throw we down.*

ther thes himeles waltet uber al,
*who the heaven rules over all,*

ther zeteilet sie mit sîner craft.
*he scatters them with his strength.*

er tuot unsih lobelîchen sigehaft.
*he makes us praiseworthily victorious.*

thaz heil ist vone gote komen.
*the salvation is from God come.*

ther ist sâlih geboren,
*he is blessed born,*

ther in there nôte gestât.
*who in the distress stands-firm.*

vile ist there er gelathet hât,
*many is of-them he invited has,*

lutzel ist there erweleten.
*few is of-the chosen.*

ir sculd iuh behalten.
*you shall yourselves keep.*

sô wie ther rehte wirthet hine gezukket,
*so how the righteous-one becomes thither snatched,*

ein hâr newirthet niemer ane ime verrukket.
*a hair becomes never on him displaced.*

er wonet iemer mêre
*he dwells ever more*

mit lîbe unt mit sêle
*with body and with soul*

zuo then êwigen genâthen.»
*in the eternal graces.»*

sie sprâchen alle âmen.
*they spoke all amen.*

Ther keiser wâfenôte sih.
*The emperor armed himself.*

thô gâhete mannegelîh,
*then hastened every-man,*

wie er sih bereite.
*how he himself should-prepare.*

niemen thes anderen nebeite.
*no-one for-the other waited.*

thie helethe sih bewareten,
*the heroes themselves guarded,*

want sie thes guote state habeten,
*for they of-it good time had,*

mit stâlîneme gewande.
*with steel clothing.*

thô scein in theme lande
*then shone in the land*

thie vile ethelen gesteine,
*the very noble gems,*

sam thie sterren algemeine
*as-if the stars all-together*

wâren rôtguldîn.
*were red-golden.*

ein frowethe wart thô unter in,
*a joy became then among them,*

sam sie eine brût scolten fuoren.
*as-if they a bride should lead.*

helethe thie vile kuonen
*heroes the very bold*

thie êwarte sie suohten.
*the priests they sought.*

wie wole sie sie beruohten
*how well they them provided*

mit theme gotes lîchenâmen!
*with the God's body!*

sie wunsceten in allen genâthen,
*they wished to-them all graces,*

antlâz umbe got.
*absolution for God.*

same thurhsoten golt
*like refined gold*

wurthen sie hie geliuteret unde gereinet. 7755
*became they here purified and cleansed.*

got hât michel wunder thurh sie erzeiget.
*God has great wonder through them shown.*

Ther keiser ûf thaz ros saz:
*The emperor upon the horse sat:*

sie froweten sih ie baz unde baz.
*they rejoiced themselves ever better and better.*

thaz marh hiez Entercador:
*the steed was-called Entercador:*

thaz ervaht er thâ vore 7760
*it won he there before*

thâ ze Vadûne abe theme kuninge:
*there at Vadune from the king:*

theme gelanc vile ubele.
*to-him succeeded very ill.*

zuo there helle ern sande
*to the hell he-him sent*

mit sîn selbes hande.
*with his self's hand.*

ther keiser vortherôte Winemannen: 7765
*the emperor summoned Wineman:*

Rapoto hiez ther ander.
*Rapoto was-called the other.*

er sprah: «weset in Ruolantes stat,
*he spoke: «be in Roland's stead,*

ther theme rîche thikke wole gethienet hât.
*who to-the realm often well served has.*

hiute jâmeret mih sîn harte.
*today grieves me of-him hard.*

nim thu Durendarten:
*take thou Durendart:*

thu bist ein helet ze thînen hanten.
*thou art a hero at thy hands.*

blâs thu Olivanten.
*blow thou Olifant.*

gehôrent thie heithenen sîne stimme,
*(if)-hear the heathens his voice,*

sie ist in niht aneminne.
*it is to-them not welcome.*

welet iu thrîzeh tûsent manne,
*choose for-you thirty thousand men,*

thie iu beste gevallen:
*who to-you best please:*

behuotet wole thes rîches êre.»
*guard well the realm's honor.»*

thô froweten sih thie helethe bêthe.
*then rejoiced themselves the heroes both.*

Ther keiser vortherôte Gebewînen.
*The emperor summoned Gebewin.*

er sprah: «rihtu then neven thînen.
*he spoke: «avenge-thou the nephew thine.*

nim thu thrîzeh tûsent man,
*take thou thirty thousand men,*

selbe fuore thu thînen vanen.
*self lead thou thy banner.*

thaz vergiltet thir got.
*that repays thee God.*

gethenke ane Ruolantes tôt,
*think on Roland's death,*

sô waz thir kome ze handen.
*so what to-thee come to hands.*

hiute rechen wir unseren anden.
*today avenge we our wrong.*

Naimes ther wîgant
*Naimes the fighter*

ther zieret wole Beierlant.
*he adorns well Bavaria.*

got ruohte mih ienoh ze bethenken,
*God deigned of-me yet to think,*

ther sante mir in ze eineme kemphen,
*he sent to-me him as a champion,*

vone then getriuwen Armenien geboren.
*from the faithful Armenians born.*

thie Beiere hân ih selbe erkoren
*the Bavarians have I self chosen*

ze vortherlîcher knehtheite.
*for foremost knighthood.*

zweinzeh tûsent er leite.
*twenty thousand he led.*

mit ire scarphen swerten
*with their sharp swords*

sculen sie then sige ane in erherten.
*shall they the victory on them harden.*

sie koufent in vile sêre:
*they buy it very sorely:*

kuoner volc newart niemêre.
*bolder folk was never-more.*

unt thu, helet Oigier,
*and thou, hero Ogier,*

vile wole getriuwe ih thir:
*very well trust I thee:*

thu bist thes Waten kunnes.
*thou art the Wade's kin.*

thune weist niht ubeles.
*thou knowest nothing of-evil.*

thu hâst rehte eines lewen muot,
*thou hast right a lion's spirit,*

ther niemen nichein leit netuot,
*who to-no-one any hurt does,*

erne werthe ergremet.
*unless-he become angered.*

sô wer thih mit ubele erweget,
*so who thee with evil stirs,*

ther hât harte missevaren.
*he has hard gone-amiss.*

nim thu zweinceh tûsent man,
*take thou twenty thousand men,*

vihtu hiute nâh theme rehten,
*fight-thou today after the right,*

unde gefriste thih selbe unser drehtin.
*and preserve thee self our Lord.*

vone Sutriâ Herman,
*from Sutria Herman,*

ther scare wole geleiten kan:
*who troops well lead can:*

thaz erbe ist sie vone alleme athele ane komen,
*the inheritance is to-them from all nobility on come,*

sie sint helethe ûz erkoren.
*they are heroes out chosen.*

zweinceh tûsent man
*twenty thousand men*

volgen theme vanen.
*follow the banner.*

Rîchart ther alte,
*Richard the old,*

got hât thih ime selbe behalten:
*God has thee for-himself self kept:*

er vortherôt thih ane then strît.
*he summons thee to the battle.*

geopherôstu ime then lîp,
*(if)-offerest-thou to-him the life,*

sone gescah nie niemen baz.
*so happened never anyone better.*

fure wâr sage ih thir thaz,
*for truth tell I thee that,*

thih enphâhent thie engele mit sange.
*thee receive the angels with song.*

beleite thie Normanne,
*lead the Normans,*

zweinceh tûsent in there scare.
*twenty thousand in the troop.*

sie fuorent guote wîhgare,
*they carry good battle-gear,*

helethe alsô strangc.
*heroes so strong.*

thie kuonen Almanne
*the bold Alemannians*

sîn ire geverten:
*be their companions:*

sie verhouwent helme herte.
*they hew-apart helms hard.*

thie vone Brittanne,
*those of Brittany,*

zweinceh tûsent manne,
*twenty thousand men,*

Nevelûn sie beleite:
*Nevelon them lead:*

sie sint helethe wole gereite.
*they are heroes well ready.*

Regenbalt vone Bêtouwe,
*Reinbald of Betouwe,*

theme scule wir vile wole getriuwen,
*him shall we very well trust,*

fuore zweinceh tûsent helethe.
*lead twenty thousand heroes.*

thie vone Dalvergie
*those of Auvergne*

gip ih ime ze helve:
*give I to-him for help:*

thie scare werthent lobelîche.
*the troops become praiseworthy.*

Haimunt ther grimme
*Haimon the grim*

fuore thie Flâminge,
*lead the Flemings,*

Jocerans thie Friesen.
*Jozeran the Frisians.*

thie Karlinge wil ih selbe mir erkiesen.
*the Carolingians will I self for-me choose.*

Lotringe helethe
*Lotharingian heroes*

thie vehtent ze mîner zesewen,
*they fight at my right,*

Burgunder anderhalf:
*Burgundians on-the-other-side:*

thie fuorent manigen helet balt.
*they lead many-a hero bold.*

Otto ther marcgrâve
*Otto the margrave*

ther leitet wole zewâre
*he leads well truly*

thie kuonen Rînfranken.
*the bold Rhine-Franks.*

gote sculen wir iemer thanken,
*to-God shall we ever thank,*

thaz iz thar zuo komen ist.
*that it there to come is.*

ienoh weiz ih einen list:
*yet know I a device:*

Swâben thie milten,
*Swabians the generous,*

thie fuorent zwiskele scilte,
*they carry twofold shields,*

sie sint vile guote knehte;
*they are very good knights;*

ih wil thaz sie vorevehten.
*I will that they fight-in-front.*

zehenzeh tûsent man
*hundred thousand men*

thie wil ih ze mîner scare hân,
*them will I in my troop have,*

sô ih sie weiz thie besten,
*as I them know the best,*

thie mîne nôtvesten.
*the my firm-in-need.*

Argûn unde Tirrih,
*Argun and Tirrih,*

vile wole erkenne ih
*very well know I*

ire tugentlîche site.
*their virtuous ways.*

ther thritte bruother Gotefrit
*the third brother Godfrey*

ther fuore mînen vanen.
*he lead my banner.*

Crist, reiner megede barn,'
*Christ, pure maiden's child,'*

mache unsih vore then heithenen frî,
*make us before the heathens free,*
alsô thie wârheit unter uns sî.»
*as the truth among us be.»*

## XXXII · PRECIOSA

*Charles chooses a hundred thousand for his guard, and Godfrey takes the banner, which bears Christ as he will appear at the Judgment. Charles prays, recalling Jonah, the three youths in the furnace, Nineveh, and Peter, and rides out to the sound of Olifant, the Franks with their beards drawn out. A Syrian spy tells Baligant that the Franks seek death and pray for his fall; Baligant names his sword Preciosa as his war cry. Malprimes asks to lead the van, and Baligant gives him Turlenes, Dapamorses, and twenty troops of peoples, and promises him the Roman crown.*

Ther keiser erwelete ime selbe
*The emperor chose for-himself self*
zehenzeh tûsent helethe,
*hundred thousand heroes,*
thie sîn in allen cîten huoten.
*who him at all times guarded.*
thie helethe wâren sô gemuote,
*the heroes were so minded,*
thaz sie ê suohten then tôt
*that they rather sought the death*
thenne sie thurh theheiner slahte nôt
*than they for any kind-of distress*
kômen vone ire herren,
*came from their lord,*
sine brâhten in mit êren
*unless-they brought him with honors*
vone theme volcwîge.
*from the battle.*

sie fuorten guot gesmîthe
*they carried good smithwork*

vone golde unt vone gimmen.
*of gold and of gems.*

sie lûhten ûzen unt innen
*they shone without and within*

sam thiu brinnenden olevaz.
*like the burning oil-vessels.*

unser herre sagete sînen jungeren thaz:
*our Lord said to-his disciples that:*

«so ther sâme niht erstirbet in there erthe,
*«if the seed not dies in the earth,*

sone mah thes wuocheres niht werthen.
*so may of-the fruit nothing become.*

ist thaz er erstirbet,
*(if)-is that it dies,*

michel wuocher er rewirbet.»
*great fruit it gains.»*

thie herren wurthen wuocherhaft:
*the lords became fruitful:*

ther heilige geist gab in thie craft.
*the holy ghost gave to-them the strength.*

thaz was ein angestlîcher kamp,
*that was an anxious combat,*

tha ther geist thaz vleisc uberwant.
*where the spirit the flesh overcame.*

sie volgôten there gotes lêre:
*they followed the God's teaching:*

thie bâten sie umbe thie sêle.
*it begged they for the soul.*

Gotefrit then vanen nam.
*Godfrey the banner took.*

unseres herren bilde was thar ane
*our Lord's image was there on*

(sîne flammen wâren guldîne)
*(its flames were golden)*

alser uns noh scol erscînen
*as-he to-us yet shall appear*

ze sîneme urteile,
*at his judgment,*

then rehten ze heile;
*to-the righteous for salvation;*

sente Pêter ze sînen fuozen,
*saint Peter at his feet,*

alsô er ime then gewalt hâte verlâzen.
*as he to-him the power had granted.*

ther keiser viel sîne venie
*the emperor fell his prostrations*

mit aller menige
*with all host*

in allen vier ende there werelte.
*in all four ends of-the world.*

ûf huober sîne hente.
*up raised-he his hands.*

er sprah: «wole thu himeliscer herre,
*he spoke: «well thou heavenly lord,*

thînen heiligen namen ane uns êre.
*thy holy name on us honor.*

thu erlôstest mit thîneme gewalde
*thou freedst with thy power*

ûz thes viskes wambe
*out-of the fish's belly*

Jônam then wîssagen,
*Jonah the prophet,*

tha er thrîe tage was inne begraben.
*where he three days was within buried.*

thu erlôstest ûz theme ovene thriu kindelîn:
*thou freedst out-of the oven three little-children:*

ther vierde wâre thu unter in.
*the fourth wert thou among them.*

thu erhôrtest then kuninc vone Ninivê,
*thou heardest the king of Nineveh,*

tho er erkante thîne ê,
*when he acknowledged thy law,*

sente Pêtern ûz thes meres unden:
*saint Peter out-of the sea's waves:*

er verlougenôte thîn thrîe stunde.
*he denied thee three times.*

thînes wunderes mane ih thih alles
*of-thy wonder exhort I thee all*

unt thînes erweleten sente Jôhannes,
*and of-thy chosen saint John,*

thaz thiu gift ime niene tarete
*that the poison to-him not-at-all harmed*

noh thaz ole niene brante.
*nor the oil not-at-all burned.*

thurh willen aller thîner trûte,
*for sake of-all thy beloved,*

nu erhôre thu unsih hiute.
*now hear thou us today.*

thie thîne thu geheile,
*the thine thou heal,*

unse vîante thu zeteile.
*our foes thou scatter.*

thurh thes heiligen geistes zuokumpft
*through the holy ghost's coming*

so verlîhe uns sâlde unt sigenunft,
*so grant us blessing and victory,*

want wir jehen ze thînen genâthen.»
*for we confess to thy graces.»*

sie sprâchen alle âmen.
*they spoke all amen.*

Thô ther keiser hêre
*When the emperor noble*

gemanete got verre
*exhorted God greatly*

umbe thie heiligen cristenheit,
*for the holy Christendom,*

thô saz er ûf unde reit.
*then sat he up and rode.*

ire horn bliesen sie alle.
*their horns blew they all.*

thô lûtte ûz theme scalle
*then sounded out-of the din*

thie suoze Olivantes stimme.
*the sweet Olifant's voice.*

tho erweinten thie Karlinge:
*then wept the Carolingians:*

sie klageten Ruolanten harte.
*they lamented Roland hard.*

ther keiser hiez sie ire barte
*the emperor bade them their beards*

ûz vorne ziehen.
*out in-front draw.*

thaz tete er in ze liebe,
*that did he for-them for love,*

then Karlingen ze eineme zeichen,
*to-the Carolingians as a sign,*

tho iz scein uber ire gewâfen.
*when it shone over their weapons.*

thar nâh flîzten sih iemer alle Karlinge
*there after strove themselves ever all Carolingians*

theme keisere Karle ze minnen.
*to-the emperor Charles for love.*

Unter thiu kom ein Suriân.
*During that came a Syrian.*

er sprah: «heil sîstu, kuninc Paligân.
*he spoke: «hail be-thou, king Baligant.*

alle unser gote hêre
*all our gods noble*

sparen thîne êre.
*spare thy honor.*

herre, ih was mit listen
*lord, I was with cunning*

komen ane thie kristenen.
*come to the Christians.*

thâ sah ih then grimmigen keiser.
*there saw I the grim emperor.*

er frowet sih thîner reise,
*he rejoices himself at-thy journey,*

thie wir here haben getân.
*which we here have done.*

er rethete: 'scol ih then lîf hân,
*he spoke: '(if)-shall I the life have,*

ih gereche mînen anden.'
*I avenge my wrong.'*

thikke nennet er Ruolanden
*often names he Roland*

unt andere sîne gesellen.
*and other his comrades.*

wir wellen sône wellen,
*we will or-not will,*

wir muozen mit in vehten.
*we must with them fight.*

zewâre sie sint guote knehte:
*truly they are good knights:*

si gebârent harte statelîche.
*they bear-themselves hard steadfastly.*

sine wellent thir niht entwîchen.
*they want from-thee not give-way.*

si versmâhent unse gote reine.
*they despise our gods pure.*

sie sint komen thes ze eine,
*they are come of-it to one,*

sie suochent gerne then tôt.
*they seek gladly the death.*

sine furhtent niheine nôt.
*they fear no distress.*

sie suochent ire venie:
*they seek their prostrations:*

thô viel ouh ih thar ingegene;
*then fell also I there opposite;*

thâ mite verhal ih mih.
*there with hid I myself.*

vile thikke nennent sie thih:
*very often name they thee:*

sie bitent ire herren Krist,
*they pray their lord Christ,*

thâ ire trôst aller ane ist,
*where their comfort of-all on is,*

thaz er thih hiute velle
*that he thee today fell*

unt alle thîne helethe
*and all thy heroes*

unt er gebe in sige unde ruom.
*and he give them victory and fame.*

nu sih thu, herre, waz thu thar umbe welles tuon.
*now see thou, lord, what thou there for wilt do.*

hie wirthet thaz hertiste volcwîc,
*here becomes the hardest battle,*

thaz vone anegenges zît
*that from beginning's time*

in thirre werelt ie gefrumet wart.
*in this world ever done was.*

sie rîtent ûf thie walstat:
*they ride onto the battlefield:*

sie sint alle wole gereite.
*they are all well ready.*

herre, thune tharft niht langer beiten.»
*lord, thou needest not longer wait.»*

Thô sprah ther kuninc Paligân:
*Then spoke the king Baligant:*

«lâ thîne lange rethe stân.
*«let thy long speech stand.*

iz wirthet in harte enblanten.
*it becomes to-them hard grievous.*

sô waz mirre kumet ze hanten,
*so what to-me comes to hands,*

ih gefrume sie nâh ire geverten
*I make them after their companions*

mit mîneme guoten swerte,
*with my good sword,*

thaz ist Preciôsâ genant.
*that is Preciosa named.*

thaz wizet, ir fursten alle samt,
*that know, you princes all together,*

sô wâ ir Preciôsâ hôret ruofen,
*so where you Preciosa hear call,*

thaz ist thaz mîn rehte zeichen.»
*that is the my true sign.»*

michel scal wart thar unter.
*great clamor became there among.*

sie bliesen ire trumben,
*they blew their trumpets,*

horn unde phîfen.
*horns and pipes.*

sie huoben ire ruofen;
*they raised their crying;*

thaz zeichen kunten sie sâ:
*the sign proclaimed they at-once:*

«Preciôsâ Preciôsâ.»
*«Preciosa Preciosa.»*

thes kômen sie in grôze nôt:
*by-that came they into great distress:*

sie îleten alle in then grimmigen tôt.
*they hastened all into the grim death.*

Sô hôren wir thaz buoh sagen,
*So hear we the book say,*

Paligân wâre freissam,
*Baligant were terrible,*

sîn gesiune wâre egeslîh,
*his look were fearsome,*

sîne gebârde wâren rîterlîh.
*his bearings were knightly.*

sîn marh gienc in sprungen,
*his steed went in leaps,*

sam er wâre junger.
*as-if he were younger.*

thô retheten alle sîne man,
*then said all his men,*

Yspaniam scolte er vone rehte hân.
*Spain should he by right have.*

Thô sprah ther kuninc Paligân:
*Then spoke the king Baligant:*

«hâte ih nu theheinen man,
*«had I now any man,*

ther râche mînen anten!
*who would-avenge my wrong!*

sô wer thâ blâset Olivanten,
*so who there blows Olifant,*

ther muot mih harte sêre.
*he troubles me hard sorely.*

ih hôre iz ungerne.»
*I hear it unwillingly.»*

ther sune thô then vater bat,
*the son then the father begged,*

thaz er ime thaz urlouf gaf
*that he to-him the leave gave*

thaz er vore vâhte,
*that he in-front fought,*

thie scare zesamene brâhte.
*the troops together brought.*

vile gerne gewerete er in thes.
*very gladly granted he him of-that.*

er sprah: «lieber friunt Malprîmes,
*he spoke: «dear friend Malprimes,*

lâ thirz wole bevolhen sîn.
*let to-thee-it well commended be.*

thiu êre wirthet elliu thîn.
*the honor becomes all thine.*

ih bin ein alt man:
*I am an old man:*

thiu rîche mache ih thir untertân;
*the realms make I to-thee subject;*

nâh mîneme tôthe
*after my death*

sô thienent thir alle krône.
*so serve thee all crowns.*

nu viht hiute umbe alle thîn êre.
*now fight today for all thy honor.*

ihne sage thir niht mêre.»
*I tell thee not more.»*

Thô vortherôte ther kuninc Paligân
*Then summoned the king Baligant*

zwêne vorderiste sîne man:
*two foremost his men:*

thaz was Turlenes
*that was Turlenes*

unde Dapamorses.
*and Dapamorses.*

«ih erkenne iwer ellen:
*«I know your valor:*

mînen sune habet ir ze heregesellen.
*my son have you as war-comrade.*

nemet thrîzeh tûsent man.
*take thirty thousand men.*

theme keisere sint thie sîne kuonen alle erslân:
*to-the emperor are the his bold-ones all slain:*

iuh thwinget thâ lutzel thehein nôt.
*you constrains there little any distress.*

thie vone Val Potenrot
*those of Val Potenrot*

fuoren thrîzeh tûsent thare:
*lead thirty thousand thither:*

thie helethe sint wole gare.
*the heroes are well ready.*

thrîzeh tûsent vone Mêres,
*thirty thousand of Meres,*

vile gewis sît ir thes,
*very certain be you of-that,*

thaz niht kuoners mah sîn:
*that nothing bolder may be:*

ane theme rukke tragent sie borsten same swîn.
*on the back carry they bristles like swine.*

thiu thritte vone Nobiles unde Rosse,
*the third of Nobiles and Rosse,*

thiu vierthe vone Plais unt vone Teclavosse,
*the fourth of Plais and of Teclavosse,*

thiu funfte vone Sordis unde Sorbes,
*the fifth of Sordis and Sorbes,*

thiu sehste vone Ermines unde Demples, 8050
*the sixth of Ermines and Demples,*

thiu sibende vone Joricop
*the seventh of Joricop*

(thie bringent sie in grôze nôt),
*(they bring them into great distress),*

thiu ahtethe vone Walgres,
*the eighth of Walgres,*

thiu niwenthe vone Môres,
*the ninth of Mores,*

thiu zehente vone Paligêâ. 8055
*the tenth of Paligea.*

there unterwinde thu thih sâ.
*of-them take-charge thou thee at-once.*

thar zuo gibe ih thir zehen scare
*there to give I thee ten troops*

there aller tiuristen helethe wole gare
*of-the of-all most-precious heroes well ready*

thie ih hie vinden kan»,
*whom I here find can»,*

sprah ther kuninc Paligân: 8060
*spoke the king Baligant:*

«thiu eine vone Dorkanivessen,
*«the one of Dorkanivessen,*

Falsen unde Flehsen:
*Falsen and Flehsen:*

thiu thriu lant rihtent eine scare.
*the three lands form a troop.*

ouh sende ih thir eine thare
*also send I thee one thither*

vone then kuonen Dêden,
*of the bold Deden,*

thie thritten vone then Pêren,
*the third of the Peren,*

thie vierthen vone then Sulten,
*the fourth of the Sulten,*

thie vone Ferren thar unter,
*those of Ferren there among,*

thie funften vone then Promten,
*the fifth of the Promten,*

thie sint helethe unervorhten,
*they are heroes unafraid,*

kuone unde snelle:
*bold and swift:*

thie helvent thir thînes willen.
*they help thee of-thy will.*

unter then allen
*among them all*

ne lâ thir niemen baz gevallen
*— let to-thee no-one better please*

thenne thie Dormalôten:
*than the Dormaloten:*

thie sint helethe guote;
*they are heroes good;*

thie fuoren thie sehsten.
*they lead the sixth.*

thes helven in thie Glessen.
*in-that help them the Glessen.*

thie siventen thie Prussen,
*the seventh the Prussians,*

thie sint kuone ze rossen;
*they are bold on horses;*

thie ahtethen vone Clamersê,
*the eighth of Clamerse,*

thie hân ih selve erkunnet ê
*them have I self tested before*

mit ire guoten îsernînen rokken;
*with their good iron coats;*

thie zehenthen vone Turkoppen;
*the tenth of Turcopoles;*

thie sint kuone wîgande.
*they are bold fighters.*

unze ane there werelt ende
*until to the world's end*

sone mah thir niet vore gehaven.
*so may thee nothing before hold.*

vone rehte scoltu tragen
*by right shalt-thou bear*

there erweleten Rômâre krône:
*the chosen Romans' crown:*

thie have thu, sune, ze lône.»
*it have thou, son, as reward.»*

*Baligant forms ten troops of his own and swears that any who flee shall never again win land or fief, and his lords swear that a fugitive shall be hanged on the spot. Kanabeus calls the heathens to pray to Tervagant, Mahomet, and Apollo; Charles names them a cursed people. Montjoie and Preciosa sound, and Baligant offers lands to whoever silences Olifant. Godfrey, Ogier, Herman, Gebewin, Jozeran, Haimon, and Richard cut into the heathens; Reinbald rescues Antel, and Naimes and Ansgis lead the Bavarians, while many Christians fall.*

Thô sprah ther kuninc Paligân:
*Then spoke the king Baligant:*

«ienoh wile ih selve hân
*«yet will I self have*

zehen scare wole gereite.
*ten troops well ready.*

selve wile ih arebeiten
*self will I labor*

thaz ih gereche Marsilien.
*that I avenge Marsile.*

ther keiser liget thernithere
*the emperor lies there-down*

hiute vone mînen handen.
*today from my hands.*

thiu êreste scare vone Gîganden;
*the first troop of Giants;*

thiu ander vone Malprôse;
*the second of Malprose;*

thiu thritte vone Surse;
*the third of Surse;*

thiu vierthe vone Ungeren:
*the fourth of Hungarians:*

then ist thikke wole gelungen;
*to-them is often well succeeded;*

thie havent veste clûse.
*they have firm passes.*

thie vone Valle Penûse;
*those of Valle Penuse;*

thiu sehste vone Imanzen,
*the sixth of Imanzen,*

thie statent wole then Franzen;
*they stand-against well the French;*

thiu siventhe vone then Malrôsen.
*the seventh of the Malrosen.*

Alemanni thie bôsen
*Alemannians the wicked*

ahtent sih vile bitherbe,
*deem themselves very doughty,*

Deusen vehtent thâ withere;
*Deusen fight there against;*

thiu ahtethe scare vone Targilîsen;
*the eighth troop of Targilisen;*

thiu niunthe vone Binîsen;
*the ninth of Binisen;*

thiu zehenthe vone Carbône.
*the tenth of Carbone.*

ih swere unter mîner krône,
*I swear under my crown,*

sô wer hiute entrinnet,
*so who today escapes,*

thaz er niemer mêr negewinnet
*that he never more wins*

eigen noh lêhen.»
*own nor fief.»*

thar nâh swuoren thie herren
*there after swore the lords*

uber alle heithenen zungen,
*over all heathen tongues,*

sô wer in thâ entrunne,
*so who them there escaped,*

sô wâ man in begienge,
*so where one him caught,*

thaz man in ze stete hienge.
*that one him at spot hanged.*

Thô hiez ther kuninc Paligân
*Then bade the king Baligant*

ûf rihten sînen vanen.
*up raise his banner.*

ein trake thar ane stuont:
*a dragon there on stood:*

ther was gezieret genuoh
*it was adorned enough*

vone golde unt vone gesteine.
*with gold and with gems.*

thô scareten sih thie heithenen.
*then formed-troops themselves the heathens.*

thes kuninges pruother Kanabêus
*the king's brother Kanabeus*

(thaz buoh nennet in sus),
*(the book names him thus),*

ther rief uber alle thie heithenen:
*he called over all the heathens:*

«sô welhe sih nu wellen geheilegen,
*«so which themselves now want hallow,*

thie komen alle samet.
*they come all together.*

hie ist ther genâthege Tervagant:
*here is the gracious Tervagant:*

then scule wir ane beten
*him shall we on pray*

unde then lieben Mahmeten;
*and the dear Mahomet;*

Apollo ther mâre
*Apollo the famous*

unt andere heilâre,
*and other saviors,*

thie gote untôtlîche.»
*the gods immortal.»*

thie heithenen alle gemeinlîche
*the heathens all together*

vielen zuo there erthe.
*fell to the earth.*

sie sprâchen: «wole ir gote werthe,
*they spoke: «well you gods worthy,*

gebet uns sâlde unde sige,
*give us blessing and victory,*

thaz unse vîande geligen
*that our foes lie-low*

unter unsen fuozen,
*under our feet,*

thaz wir iu opheren muozen
*that we to-you offer may*

al nâh iweren êren.
*all after your honors.*

iwer thienest scule wir iemer mêren.»
*your service shall we ever increase.»*

Ther keiser gesah ire gebet.
*The emperor saw their prayer.*

er rief ane there stete:
*he called on the spot:*

«wartet ane thie verfluochete thiet.
*«look at the cursed people.*

got nehât ane in niet:
*God has on them nothing:*

vertiliget ist ire name
*blotted-out is their name*

(sie betent thie afgot ane)
*(they pray the idols on)*

vone there leventigen erthe.
*from the living earth.*

ire nemah niemer rât werthen:
*of-them may never remedy become:*

thaz urteil ist uber sie getân.
*the judgment is over them done.*

nu heve wir iz in gotes namen.
*now raise we it in God's name.*

jâ birn wir thâ zuo gehalten,
*yea are we there to kept,*

thaz wir then gotes anten
*that we the God's wrong*

ane in sculen reken.
*on them shall avenge.*

ther elliu thinc wole kan gezeken,
*who all things well can draw,*

ther erhôre unsih hie.»
*he hear us here.»*

thie kristenen huoben Monsoy Monsoy,
*the Christians raised Montjoie Montjoie,*

thie heithenen ire zeichen sâ:
*the heathens their sign at-once:*

Preciôsâ Preciôsâ
*Preciosa Preciosa*

riefen sie uber al.
*cried they over all.*

thes guoten Olivantes scal
*the good Olifant's sound*

was then heithenen ungemah.
*was to-the heathens discomfort.*

ther kuninc vile thike sprah,
*the king very often spoke,*

sô wer ime thaz benâme,
*so who to-him that took-away,*

thaz er ime lant unde borge gâbe
*that he to-him land and castles should-give*

unde althaz er thes sînes wolte.
*and all-that he of-the his would.*

er sprah, thaz iz menneske nescolte
*he spoke, that it man should*

niemer gefuoren;
*never carry;*

er mahte in ubele gehôren.
*he might it ill hear.*

Thô sâhen sie vone then heithenen
*Then saw they among the heathens*

manegen vanen weiben,
*many-a banner wave,*

gruone unde weitîn.
*green and woad-blue.*

ther mittelâre wolte sîn
*the mediator would be*

ther Daniêlem behuote,
*who Daniel guarded,*

thaz in thie lewen niene zefuorten,
*that him the lions not-at-all tore,*

ther ime sîne spîse hâte gesant
*who to-him his food had sent*

uber einlif lant,
*over eleven lands,*

ther kom in ane there zît.
*who came to-them at the time.*

thô huob sih ther wîh.
*then raised itself the battle.*

Gotefrit ther vanere
*Godfrey the banner-bearer*

stah vone theme marhe
*stabbed from the steed*

einen heithenen alsô freissam,
*a heathen so terrible,*

thaz er tôter viel unter then vanen.
*that he dead fell under the banners.*

Oigier ther wîgant
*Ogier the fighter*

ther fuorte an sînere hant
*he carried in his hand*

einen spannebreiten gêr.
*a span-broad spear.*

thâ mite gefrumete er
*there with made he*

manegen zuo there helle.
*many to the hell.*

Herman sîn geselle
*Herman his comrade*

machete wîzen stâl rôt.
*made white steel red.*

âne mâze lâgen thie heithenen tôt.
*without measure lay the heathens dead.*

unde ther helet Gebewîn
*and the hero Gebewin*

ther liez thes tages anescîn,
*he let of-the day be-seen,*

thaz er gote niet newolde entrinnen.
*that he from-God not would escape.*

mit sînen snellen jungelingen
*with his swift youths*

kêrte er ûf eine scare.
*turned he upon a troop.*

mit êren brâhte er sie thare.
*with honors brought he them thither.*

then gruonen anger machete er rôt. 8205
*the green meadow made he red.*

there heithenen gelah sô vile vore ime tôt,
*of-the heathens lay so many before him dead,*

thaz ire thaz buoh neheine zale nehât.
*that of-them the book no number has.*

vone ime gescriven stât,
*of him written stands,*

egeslîh wâren sîne gebâre.
*fearsome were his bearings.*

er tete sam ther guote riutâre, 8210
*he did like the good clearer,*

ther gerne wole bûwet
*who gladly well tills*

unde althaz nither gehouwet
*and all-that down hews*

thaz ime then scate beren mah:
*which to-him the shade bear may:*

sô wirthet ther aker bûhaft.
*so becomes the field arable.*

sam tete ther wunderenkuone man: 8215
*so did the wondrous-bold man:*

ime nemahte niwet leventiges vore gehân.
*him might nothing living before stand.*

Jocerans huob sih thare.
*Jozeran raised himself thither.*

ein heithene wart sîn geware.
*a heathen became of-him aware.*

thie kuonen volkthegene
*the bold folk-thanes*

stâchen zesamene
*stabbed together*

mit micheleme nîthe.
*with great hatred.*

Jocerans starhte sih in theme wîge
*Jozeran strengthened himself in the battle*

sam ther lewe ther thâ winnet,
*like the lion who there rages,*

sô er zurnen beginnet.
*when he to-anger begins.*

er was erbolgen harte:
*he was enraged hard:*

er gefrumete mit theme swerte
*he made with the sword*

manegen heithenen tôten,
*many-a heathen dead,*

mit pluote betrôrten.
*with blood drenched.*

sam tete ther helet Haimunt.
*so did the hero Haimon.*

er frumete tôt unde wunt
*he made dead and wounded*

thaz thie heithenen niemer mêre ne verclageten.
*what the heathens never more — got-over-lamenting.*

unlange sie leveten:
*not-long they lived:*

thie ime kômen sô nâhen
*who to-him came so near*

thaz er ire mahte gerâmen,
*that he them might reach,*

there nekom nie neheiner thannen.
*of-them came never any thence.*

er gefrumete unter Paligânes mannen
*he made among Baligant's men*

thaz man iz iemer scrîben mah
*that one it ever write may*

unze ane then jungisten tah.
*until to the last day.*

Rîchart ther alte
*Richard the old*

mit micheleme gewalte
*with great power*

beleite er thie sîne scare.
*led he the his troop.*

ein heithene huob sih ingegen ime thare
*a heathen raised himself against him there*

mit manegeme snellen jungelinge.
*with many-a swift youth.*

thurh veste stâlringe
*through firm steel-rings*

stah ime ther helet Rîchart
*stabbed to-him the hero Richard*

einen eskînen scaht.
*an ashen shaft.*

thaz ort hine thurh brah
*the point thither through broke*

thaz er niemer wort nesprah.
*that he never word spoke.*

thie kristenen wâren gereizet.
*the Christians were provoked.*

thie heithenen muosen erbeizen:
*the heathens must dismount:*

thes nemahte nehein rât sîn.
*of-that could no remedy be.*

thie cristenen fluren unter in
*the Christians lost among them*

thaz sie iemer clageten
*what they ever lamented*

thie wîle thaz sie leveten.
*the while that they lived.*

Thar huob sih thô Antel,
*There raised himself then Antel,*

ein helet kuone unde snel.
*a hero bold and swift.*

er kêrte ane thie walstat:
*he turned onto the battlefield:*

thie heithenen wereten ime thaz phat.
*the heathens barred to-him the path.*

er kom in eine thikke.
*he came into a thicket.*

sîne wulvîne pikke
*his wolfish blows*

tâten scathen grôzen.
*did harm great.*

Regenbalt mit sînen genôzen
*Reinbald with his comrades*

kom ime an there rehten zît:
*came to-him at the right time:*

vone theme tôthe ernerete er ime then lîf.
*from the death saved he for-him the life.*

iethoh wart ther thegen hêre
*yet became the thane noble*

verwundet alsô sêre
*wounded so sorely*

thaz er vile kûme genas.
*that he very scarcely survived.*

Regenbalt bî ime was:
*Reinbald by him was:*

er leiste alsô er ime gehiez.
*he performed as he to-him promised.*

einen freissamen spiez
*a terrible spear*

frumete er ime mit sîner hant
*made he to-him with his hand*

thurh einen vesten sciltes rant:
*through a firm shield's rim:*

thaz houbet er ime ave swanc.
*the head he from-him off swung.*

er sprah: «thîne gote haven unthanc,
*he spoke: «thy gods have no-thanks,*

sie havent thih here betrogen:
*they have thee hither deceived:*

thu bist êwehlîchen verloren.»
*thou art eternally lost.»*

Alsô ther heithene tôt lah,
*When the heathen dead lay,*

manih eskîner scaht
*many-a ashen shaft*

wart thâ zebrochen.
*was there broken.*

thâ wart rîterlîchen wole gestochen:
*there was knightly well stabbed:*

thâ froweten sih thie kristenen.
*there rejoiced themselves the Christians.*

maneh scilt vester
*many-a shield firm*

wart thâ verhouwen.
*was there hewn-apart.*

wer scolte gote missetrûwen?
*who should God mistrust?*

Ther herzoge Naimes,
*The duke Naimes,*

vone Beieren Ansgis,
*of Bavaria Ansgis,*

thie wâren thes keiseres râtgeben.
*they were the emperor's counselors.*

sie kunden hêrlîchen leven,
*they could lordly live,*

sie wâren gote gehôrsam.
*they were to-God obedient.*

willih wâren in ire man:
*willing were to-them their men:*

ire guot was gemeine.
*their goods was common.*

ire herze thaz was reine.
*their heart that was pure.*

thie kômen entsamet thare:
*they came together thither:*

sie fuorten eine scare
*they led a troop*

sô sie gote wole gezam.
*as them to-God well befitted.*

thie wâren there heithenen bane:
*they were of-the heathens bane:*

sie vâhten thurh thaz himelrîche.
*they fought for the heaven-realm.*

sie kêrten vermezenlîche
*they turned boldly*

ûf eine grimmegen thiet.
*upon a grim people.*

thâne spareten sie sih niet:
*then spared they themselves not:*

helethe ûz erkorene
*heroes out chosen*

frumeten thâ vorne
*made there in-front*

mit ire scarphen gêren
*with their sharp spears*

manegen heithenen sêren.
*many-a heathen wounded.*

mit ire swerten sie worhten
*with their swords they wrought*

thaz iz alle thie ervorhten
*that it all them frightened*

thie sie ersâhen.
*who them saw.*

mit theme tôthe sie urloup nâmen:
*with the death they leave took:*

sie sluogen si ane theme wale
*they struck them on the battlefield*

alsô thie hunde zetale.
*as the dogs down.*

ire helethe erweleten,
*their heroes chosen,*

wie sie thurh thie scare strebeten!
*how they through the troop strove!*

sie hiewen in einen wîten kreiz.
*they hewed to-them a wide circle.*

thâ frumeten ouh goteweiz
*there made also God-knows*

thie wuotigen heithenen
*the raging heathens*

manegen kristenen veigen
*many-a Christian doomed*

thie in gote thâ beliven
*who in God there remained*

unde ze himele sint gestigen
*and to heaven are ascended*

zuo anderen ire genôzen.
*to other their comrades.*

ze gotes antwirte sint sie vile grôze.
*in God's presence are they very great.*

## XXXIV · CHARLES AND BALIGANT

*Malprimes knocks Naimes from his saddle, and Charles saves the duke and kills Malprimes; Baligant hears of his son's death and, with Joleun, resolves to seek Charles himself. Amhoh's hundred thousand surround the emperor, who prays for help as God gave it to Gideon. Charles and Baligant break their spears and saddles and fight on foot; Charles hews Baligant's shield to pieces, and Baligant cuts the emperor's shield and helm. Baligant offers Charles Spain if he becomes his vassal; Charles offers him baptism, and Baligant mocks Christ.*

There heithenen viel ein michel menege.
*Of-the heathens fell a great host.*

halsperge noh helme
*hauberks nor helms*

nemahten sie niht gefristen.
*could them not preserve.*

wole vâhten thie cristenen.
*well fought the Christians.*

thô gethâhte Malprîmes
*then thought Malprimes*

thes vermezzen urloubes
*of-the bold leave*

thes er zuo theme vater nam,
*which he from the father took,*

thaz er then keiser scolte erslân.
*that he the emperor should slay.*

er was ther Paligânes sune:
*he was the Baligant's son:*

er wolte gerne then ruom
*he would gladly the fame*

thar ane haven gewunnen.
*there on have won.*

thie sîne nâh ime thrungen.
*the his after him pressed.*

thâ viel manih hêrlîh man:
*there fell many-a lordly man:*

there kristenen wart vile erslagen;
*of-the Christians was many slain;*

there kristenen viel thâ vile tôt.
*of-the Christians fell there many dead.*

sie riefen alle ane got.
*they cried all to God.*

ze helve kom in Naimes.
*to help came to-them Naimes.*

thes kuninges sune Malprîmes
*the king's son Malprimes*

stah then beierisken herzogen
*stabbed the Bavarian duke*

thaz er ûz theme satele kom.
*that he out-of the saddle came.*

ûf theme marhe er sih enthielt:
*upon the steed he himself held:*

mit theme swerte er in erriet,
*with the sword he him reached,*

then helm er ime verscarte.
*the helm he to-him notched.*

ther keiser thes gewarete:
*the emperor of-that became-aware:*

er kom ime an there rehten zît,
*he came to-him at the right time,*

vone theme tôthe nerete er ime then lîf.
*from the death saved he for-him the life.*

sîn spiez er thurh in stah,
*his spear he through him stabbed,*

vone theme marhe er in warf.
*from the steed he him threw.*

tôt viel thaz Paligânes barn.
*dead fell the Baligant's child.*

harte erkômen sîne man:
*hard were-frightened his men:*

sie wuoften mit sêre.
*they wailed with pain.*

Naimes geneih sîneme herren.
*Naimes bowed to-his lord.*

er sprah: «got selve muoze thir lônen!
*he spoke: «God self may thee reward!*

vile nâh was ih theme tôthe.»
*very near was I to-the death.»*

Thô starkete sih thaz volkwîh:
*Then strengthened itself the battle:*

sam vone anegenges zît,
*as from beginning's time,*

thaz sih thisiu werelt erhuob
*that itself this world raised*

unde muoter ire kint getruoh,
*and mother her child bore,*

sone viel nie alsô manih man.
*so fell never so many-a man.*

ein heithene huob sih than.
*a heathen raised himself thence.*

er îlete tha er then kuninc vant:
*he hastened where he the king found:*

sîne hende er want.
*his hands he wrung.*

er sprah: «jâ thu kuninc Paligân,
*he spoke: «yea thou king Baligant,*

thîn sune ist erslagen;
*thy son is slain;*

there thînere liget alsô vile,
*of-the thine lies so many,*

ih furhte thaz thie kristenen gesigen.
*I fear that the Christians conquer.*

sine wellent niet entwîken,
*they will not give-way,*

sie vehtent alsô vermezzenlîke.
*they fight so boldly.*

sie havent thîne helethe
*they have thy heroes*

gestrout after velde.
*strewn over field.*

ire ist sô vile gevallen.
*of-them is so many fallen.*

thie gote zwîvelent alle.»
*the gods doubt all.»*

Thô vortherôte Paligân
*Then summoned Baligant*

Joleûn sînen man.
*Joleun his man.*

er sagete ime umbe then sînen sune:
*he told to-him about the his son:*

«ther keiser nescol alsolechen ruom
*«the emperor shall such fame*

hie ze uns niet gewinnen.
*here of us not win.*

ih wile ane thie gote gethingen,
*I will on the gods hope,*

ist thaz ih in selve ersihe,
*(if)-is that I him self see,*

thaz er unter mîneme swerte gelige
*that he under my sword lie-low*

other fluhte erthwingen:
*or to-flight force:*

anders nekume ih niemer hinnen.»
*otherwise come I never hence.»*

«thu hâst thih sîn wole bethâht,
*«thou hast thee of-it well bethought,*

iz ist ouh ther mîn rât»,
*it is also the my counsel»,*

sprah Joleûn sîn man.
*spoke Joleun his man.*

«thoh wile ih thir fur wâr sagen,
*«yet will I thee for true tell,*

ther keiser ist alsô grimme,
*the emperor is so grim,*

erne fliuhet niemer hinnen
*he flees never hence*

thurh neheiner slahte nôt.
*for no kind-of distress.*

jâ suochet er then tôt,
*yea seeks he the death,*

unde alle thie sîne.
*and all the his.*

nu, herre, hilf ouh thu then thînen:
*now, lord, help also thou the thine:*

kum in enzît.
*come in time.*

ih wâne there kristenen nît
*I believe the Christians' hatred*

uns vile harte gewerre.
*us very hard troubles.*

iethoh sage ih thir, herre,
*yet tell I thee, lord,*

wir sculen bî thir ersterben
*we shall by thee die*

other thîne êre erwerven.
*or thy honor win.*

wirne sculen niht entwîken,
*we shall not give-way,*

sunter frôlîken
*but joyfully*

vone theme wîge sceithen:
*from the battle part:*

hiene ersterbet niemen wan thie veigen.»
*here dies no-one except the doomed.»*

Amhoh then vanen nam:
*Amhoh the banner took:*

ime volgôten zehenzeh tûsent man
*to-him followed hundred thousand men*

mit alleme gerehte.
*with all equipment.*

sie wâren guote knehte:
*they were good knights:*

sie lûhten sam thie sterren
*they shone like the stars*

vone golde unt vone perlen,
*from gold and from pearls,*

thaz gesteine alsô ethele.
*the gems so noble.*

thie marhe wolten sie lethigen.
*the steeds would they free.*

sie kômen in grôze freise.
*they came into great peril.*

sie huoben sih ane then keiser.
*they raised themselves at the emperor.*

ist iz alsô thaz buoh saget,
*(if)-is it so the book says,*

thâ wart ther keiser alumbe behavet:
*there was the emperor all-around hemmed-in:*

8415 betheket was thaz gevilde.
*covered was the field.*

ther keiser sah hine ze himele.
*the emperor looked thither to heaven.*

er sprah: «genâthehlîcher herre,
*he spoke: «gracious lord,*

nu gethenke an thîne êre,
*now think on thy honor,*

erzeige thîne tugende,
*show thy virtues,*

8420 erlôse uns vone then hunden
*free us from the dogs*

mit thîneme boten frône
*with thy messenger lordly*

sam thu erlôstest Gedeônen
*as thou freedst Gideon*

mit brinnenden olevazen,
*with burning oil-vessels,*

vone ire scarphen scozen.
*from their sharp shots.*

8425 nescol mir nu aller thîner erthe
*shall to-me now of-all thy earth*

niwet mêre werthen
*nothing more become*

ne wan alsô ih ûf gehaven mah,
*— except as I up hold may,*

hiute ist komen ther tah
*today is come the day*

thaz thu thie thîne scolt erhôren,
*that thou the thine shalt hear,*

thîne vîande zestôren.
*thy foes destroy.*

nu verlîe uns thîn lieht!
*now grant us thy light!*

ihne sorge umbe anders niet
*I care about otherwise not*

wan thaz sie uns entrinnen.
*except that they us escape.*

then sunnen wile ih ane thih gethingen,
*the sun will I of thee hope-for,*

unze ih gereche Ruolanten.»
*until I avenge Roland.»*

ein ander sie thô erkanten,
*one another they then recognized,*

ther keiser unde ther kuninc heithene.
*the emperor and the king heathen.*

thô was iz ungesceithen.
*then was it unparted.*

Ther keiser unde Paligân
*The emperor and Baligant*

ranten ein ander ane.
*rode one another at.*

thie scefte sie verstâchen,
*the shafts they stabbed-to-pieces,*

thie satele bêthe brâsten:
*the saddles both burst:*

sie vielen zuo there erthe.
*they fell to the earth.*

tho erhaleten sih thie herren:
*then recovered themselves the lords:*

zuo then swerten sie thô griffen.
*to the swords they then grasped.*

thâ wolte got ersikeren
*there would God make-sure-of*

then sînen lieben thienestman.
*the his dear servant.*

sie liefen ein ander ane.
*they ran one another at.*

thô was ther kuninc Paligân
*then was the king Baligant*

michel unde freissam:
*great and terrible:*

sîne slege wâren ungehirme.
*his blows were unrestrained.*

thô kunde wole scirmen
*then could well fence*

ther wâre gotes kemphe.
*the true God's champion.*

jâ muose vore ime wenken
*yea must before him swerve*

ther heithene al zeruke.
*the heathen all back.*

then scilt hiew er ime ze stuken.
*the shield hewed he to-him to pieces.*

tho erhalete sih ther vâlant:
*then recovered himself the devil:*

er zehiew ouh ime then sciltes rant,
*he hewed-apart also to-him the shield's rim,*

then helm er ime verscriet.
*the helm he to-him cut.*

thaz newas then Franzen niwet lief.
*that was to-the French nothing dear.*

ire zeichen riefen sie sâ
*their sign cried they at-once*

Preciôsâ Preciôsâ!
*Preciosa Preciosa!*

Thie heithene vaht grimmehlîken:
*The heathen fought grimly:*

ther keiser newolte ime niet entwîken.
*the emperor would from-him not give-way.*

thô sprah ther heithene:
*then spoke the heathen:*

«Karl, wiltu iz noh sceithen,
*«Charles, (if)-wilt-thou it yet part,*

wiltu mir thaz swert geven,
*(if)-wilt-thou me the sword give,*

gerne lâze ih thih leven.
*gladly let I thee live.*

mînes leithes wile ih thih manen:
*of-my sorrow will I thee remind:*

mînen sune hâstu mir erslagen,
*my son hast-thou to-me slain,*

mîn rîche ist allez wuoste;
*my realm is all waste;*

tôt ligent mîne fursten;
*dead lie my princes;*

mîn erbe hâstu besezzen.
*my inheritance hast-thou occupied.*

thes wile ih alles samt vergezzen,
*of-that will I all together forget,*

unde wirthestu mîn man:
*and (if)-becomest-thou my man:*

ih lîhe thir Yspaniam
*I grant thee Spain*

unt habe thih iemer mit minnen.
*and hold thee ever with love.*

thîne tugente sculen thir hiute wole gethingen.»
*thy virtues shall for-thee today well plead.»*

Ther keiser antwirte ime mit witzen:
*The emperor answered to-him with wits:*

«mîn erbe wolte ih gerne besitzen,
*«my inheritance would I gladly possess,*

thaz mir vone anegenge gegarewet ist,
*which to-me from beginning prepared is,*

thar mih ther heilige Krist
*where me the holy Christ*

mit sîneme tiuren bluote erkoufet hât.
*with his precious blood bought has.*

nu merke thu mînen rât:
*now mark thou my counsel:*

erkius thir in ze herren,
*choose for-thee him as lord,*

sone mah thir niht gewerren.
*so can thee nothing harm.*

thîne gote sint unreine:
*thy gods are unclean:*

thie toufe scol thih geheilen.
*the baptism shall thee heal.*

wiltu thie behalten,
*(if)-wilt-thou it keep,*

thînen rîhtuom wil ih thir zehenzehvalten.»
*thy wealth will I to-thee make-hundredfold.»*

Thô sprah ther kuninc Paligân:
*Then spoke the king Baligant:*

«jâ thu vile veiger man,
*«yea thou very doomed man,*

nu muostu vile sciere ersterben.
*now must-thou very quickly die.*

thihne helfent niht thîne halsperge.
*thee help not thy hauberks.*

mîn herre Tervagant
*my lord Tervagant*

ther hiu thir then scilt vone there hant.
*he hewed to-thee the shield from the hand.*

wâ ist nu thîn herre Crist,
*where is now thy lord Christ,*

ûf then thu sô thikke gîst?
*on whom thou so often confessest?*

nu helve er thir sô wes er mege.
*now help he thee so of-what he may.*

thînen boteh ih then vogelen lege,
*thy body I to-the birds lay,*

thîn houbet fuore ih hinnen:
*thy head carry I hence:*

thaz tuon ih Criste ze minnen.»
*that do I to-Christ for love.»*

## XXXV · THE FALL OF SARAGOSSA

*Charles and Baligant fight on; Baligant, wearing two hauberks, hews off Charles's helm, but a voice from heaven strengthens him, and he splits Baligant's head. The heathens flee and drown in the Ebro. Marsile dies of grief, and Bramimonde, mourning him, opens the gates to Charles, confesses her error, and asks for baptism; her people are baptized and a bishopric founded. When the Franks lament their dead, she reminds them that martyrs are not to be mourned, and the dead are buried and three coffins carried to Saint Romanus.*

«Thu vermizest thih ze vile:
*«Thou presumest thee too much:*

thînes frithes ih mêre niene wile»,
*of-thy peace I more not-at-all want»,*

sprah ther mâre gotes wîgant.
*spoke the famous God's fighter.*

«nu helve thir Tervagant,
*«now help thee Tervagant,*

want thu ane in gihest.
*for thou on him confessest.*

wie scantlîche thu geligest!
*how shamefully thou liest-low!*

thîn bôser geselle
*thy evil comrade*

brenget thih hiute zuo there helle.»
*brings thee today to the hell.»*

vile thegenlîche er zuo ime spranc.
*very thane-like he to him sprang.*

thâ wart ther nîtlîcheste kamp,
*there became the most-hateful combat,*

ther ûf there erthe
*which upon the earth*

ie thorfte gefrumet werthen.
*ever needed done become.*

sie sluogen ummugelîche slege
*they struck enormous blows*

mêre thenne iu iemen gesagen mege.
*more than to-you anyone tell may.*

jâ truoh ther kuninc Paligân
*yea wore the king Baligant*

zwô halsperge ane,
*two hauberks on,*

einen huot unter theme helme.
*a cap under the helm.*

wole vâhten thie volcthegene.
*well fought the folk-thanes.*

ther keiser ime thie slege benam:
*the emperor from-him the blows took-away:*

tho enthielt sih ther heitheniscer man,
*then held-back himself the heathen man,*

mit listen er allez vaht.
*with cunning he all fought.*

ther keiser ime vaste zuo trat
*the emperor him firmly to stepped*

mit Joiôsen ekken.
*with Joyeuse's edges.*

then sînen scilt thikken
*the his shield thick*

er ime gare vone there hant sluoh.
*he to-him wholly from the hand struck.*

ther sîn stâl was alsô guot,
*the his steel was so good,*

ther keiser nemahte sîn niht gewinnen.
*the emperor could of-it not win.*

thô trûrôten alle Karlinge.
*then mourned all Carolingians.*

Thô sluoh ther kuninc Paligân
*Then struck the king Baligant*

theme keisere sînen helm thane:
*to-the emperor his helm away:*

thaz hâr er ime abe swanc.
*the hair he to-him off swung.*

wie er ûf unt nither spranc!
*how he up and down sprang!*

er vaht ime thô werthe:
*he fought to-him then worthily:*

er hiu ime thie halsperge.
*he hewed to-him the hauberk.*

ther keiser begunde muothen:
*the emperor began to-tire:*

thô wânten genuoge
*then believed enough*

thaz er scolte vallen.
*that he should fall.*

thie heithenen begonden scallen:
*the heathens began to-resound:*

thes siges wâren sie gewis.
*of-the victory were they certain.*

thô kom ime ane there frist
*then came to-him at the time*

ein trôst vone himele.
*a comfort from heaven.*

zuo ime sprah thie stimme:
*to him spoke the voice:*

«wes sparestu then man?
*«why sparest-thou the man?*

thiu urteile ist uber in getân:
*the judgment is over him done:*

verfluochet ist al sîn teil.
*cursed is all his part.*

got gît thir thaz heil,
*God gives thee the salvation,*

thîne vîante geligent unter thînen fuozen.»
*thy foes lie-low under thy feet.»*

ze himele geneih er suoze.
*to heaven bowed he sweetly.*

Thie kristenen wâren in nôten
*The Christians were in distresses*

umbe ire herren guoten.
*for their lord good.*

vile tiure sie got thar umbe maneten.
*very dearly they God there for exhorted.*

vile sciere sie sih erhaleten.
*very quickly they themselves recovered.*

ther keiser kom wither ze sîner craft,
*the emperor came back to his strength,*

so er thâ vore nie sô starc wart.
*as he there before never so strong became.*

ane lief in ther thegen:
*at ran him the thane:*

er sluog in mitten thurh then helm.
*he struck him midst through the helm.*

thaz houbet er ime in vieriu zeteilte:
*the head he to-him in four divided:*

ther heithene sih thô neihte.
*the heathen himself then bowed.*

er sluoh ime then anderen slah,
*he struck to-him the other stroke,*

thaz er ime unter then fuozen gelah.
*that he to-him under the feet lay.*

vone himele kom then kristenen ein lieht.
*from heaven came to-the Christians a light.*

thiu hitze war in mêre niht.
*the heat troubled them more not.*

sie kômen wither zuo ire kreften.
*they came back to their strengths.*

got erhôrte ie thie rehten,
*God heard ever the righteous,*

thie ane in geloubent
*who on him believe*

unt ime thurhnahtlîchen getrûwent:
*and to-him thoroughly trust:*

then kumet er ie an there nôt.
*to-them comes he ever in the distress.*

there heithenen kuninc gelah thâ tôt:
*the heathens' king lay there dead:*

sie verluren allen ire sin.
*they lost all their sense.*

vile egeslîh wart iz unter in:
*very fearsome became it among them:*

ze fluhte huoben sie sih.
*to flight raised they themselves.*

thâ nerete sih mannegelîh
*there saved himself every-man*

alsô in thie nôt thwanc.
*as him the distress forced.*

ther keiser in then satel spranc:
*the emperor into the saddle sprang:*

er begreif einen spiez,
*he grasped a spear,*

thie sîne er ane rief.
*the his he on called.*

er sprah: «nu ir gotes wîgande,
*he spoke: «now you God's fighters,*

rechet Ruolanden:
*avenge Roland:*

thaz si iht genozen hine komen:
*that they not unpunished thither come:*

sie sint zuo there helle geboren.»
*they are for the hell born.»*

thie cristenen tâten iz sô gerne.
*the Christians did it so gladly.*

nâhen unde verren,
*near and far,*

sô waz sie ire mahten erlangen,
*so what they of-them might reach,*

there nekom nie theheiner thannen.
*of-them came never any thence.*

ire kunne sie râchen:
*their kin they avenged:*

sie sluogen unde stâchen,
*they struck and stabbed,*

sie ertranhten genuoge.
*they drowned enough.*

thie scônen wisebluomen
*the beautiful meadow-flowers*

mit bluote wâren beflozzen,
*with blood were flooded,*

thie wazer harte ergozzen.
*the waters hard poured-out.*

rôt wart thie Saibere.
*red became the Ebro.*

vile lah ire thâ veigere.
*many lay of-them there doomed.*

Marsilie ersah there heithenen nôt:
*Marsile saw the heathens' distress:*

vore leithe viel er tôt.
*for sorrow fell he dead.*

Brechmundâ thie kuningin
*Bramimonde the queen*

viel weinende uber in.
*fell weeping over him.*

sie sprah: «mahte ih thih gereinen,
*she spoke: «might I thee cleanse,*

thâ wâre umbe veile
*there were for-it for-sale*

al thaz ih ie gesah.
*all that I ever saw.*

vile leit ist mir thîn ungemah.
*very sorrowful is to-me thy discomfort.*

nune mah thih niemen wither gewinnen:
*now can thee no-one back win:*

in there helle muostu brinnen.»
*in the hell must-thou burn.»*

si erweinte sô harte:
*she wept so hard:*

sie stuont an einer warte.
*she stood on a watchtower.*

Ther keiser unde sîne helethe
*The emperor and his heroes*

sciften sih uber thie Saibere.
*shipped themselves over the Ebro.*

sie wurthen wole berâten:
*they became well provided:*

al thaz thie heithenen ûz brâhten,
*all that the heathens out brought,*

thaz kom in allez ze guoten staten.
*that came to-them all to good use.*

sô tuot ie ther unser rehte vater:
*so does ever the our true father:*

sô in sîniu kint suochent,
*when him his children seek,*

alle ire nôt er wole beruochet.
*all their distress he well tends.*

mit ûf gerihteten vanen
*with up raised banners*

kêrten sie gegen theme burhgraben.
*turned they toward the castle-moat.*

thiu kuningin Brehmundâ
*the queen Bramimonde*

îlente sâ
*hastening at-once*

hiez sie thie burgetor entsliezen:
*bade them the castle-gate unlock:*

then keiser sie thar in liezen.
*the emperor they there in let.*

theme keisere viel sie ze fuozen.
*to-the emperor fell she at feet.*

«ih wil», sprah sie, «rihten unde buozen
*«I will», spoke she, «set-right and atone*

sô wâ ih mih versûmet hân.
*so where I myself neglected have.*

ih hân iz unwizent getân:
*I have it unknowing done:*

thie tiuvel hât mih lange betrogen.
*the devil has me long deceived.*

thu bist mir ze trôste komen.
*thou art to-me for comfort come.*

ih erkenne wole thîne wârheit:
*I know well thy truth:*

hilf thu mir zuo there kristenheit;
*help thou me to the Christendom;*

ih geloube an mînen drehtîn.
*I believe in my Lord.*

sô wie thu gebiutest sô wil ih sîn.»
*so how thou commandest so will I be.»*

Thaz liut sih toufte unde bekêrte
*The people itself baptized and converted*

alsô sie got lêrte.
*as them God taught.*

ire bistuom sie stiften
*their bishopric they founded*

unde sih ze gote rihten.
*and themselves to God directed.*

ther keiser unde sîne man
*the emperor and his men*

Brehmundam fuorten sie thane.
*Bramimonde led they away.*

gote sie lob sungen:
*to-God they praise sang:*

sie hâten gewuocheret unde gewunnen
*they had made-gain and won*

vile manige heilige sêle.
*very many holy souls.*

sie scînent in theme gotes rîche sam ther sunne iemer mêre.
*they shine in the God's realm like the sun ever more.*

Ther keiser nâhete genôte
*The emperor neared closely*

sînen vile lieben tôten,
*his very dear dead,*

thie ime belegen wâren.
*who to-him lain-dead were.*

sie huoben ire âmeren.
*they raised their lamenting.*

thaz ersah thie kuningin.
*that saw the queen.*

«thaz verbiete iu, herre, mîn drehtîn»,
*«that forbid you, lord, my Lord»,*

sprah thie frouwe.
*spoke the lady.*

«thaz ist ther mîn geloube,
*«that is the my belief,*

want sie thurh thaz rehte sint gelegen,
*for they for the right are laid-low,*

thaz sie vore gote iemer leben.
*that they before God ever live.*

nu hôrte ih thih, herre, sagen,
*now heard I thee, lord, say,*

thie rehten scol man niht klagen
*the righteous shall one not lament*

(ire tôt ist gewâre),
*(their death is true),*

sunter offen suntâre,
*but open sinners,*

thie tôtlîche ersterben.
*who deadly die.*

thise heiligen sculen uns gotes hulde erwerven.»
*these saints shall us God's favor win.»*

Then keiser wunderôte harte
*The emperor wondered-at hard*

ire wîslîchen worte.
*her wise words.*

erne klagete niemer mêre
*he lamented never more*

alsô grimmihlîchen sêre
*so grimly sorely*

sô er thâ vore tete.
*as he there before did.*

mit salmen unde mit gebete
*with psalms and with prayer*

ire tôten sie begruoben.
*their dead they buried.*

ire wunden sie ûf huoben.
*their wounded they up raised.*

si besazten thie marke.
*they occupied the marches.*

sie fuorten thrîe sarke
*they carried three coffins*

zuo theme guoten sente Rômâne:
*to the good saint Romanus:*

thâ suochet man zewâre
*there seeks one truly*

ire vile heiligez gebeine.
*their very holy bones.*

ane theme jungisten urteile
*at the last judgment*

sculen sie unser niht vergezen,
*shall they of-us not forget,*

want sie habent thaz himelrîche besezen.
*for they have the heaven-realm occupied.*

*At a court at Aachen, Alde asks Charles for Roland; he offers her Louis as husband and the queenship of the Carolingians, and she prays and dies. Ganelon is brought to judgment; he admits that he wished the twelve dead but claims he defied them openly. His kin plead for him, and Charles refuses any price. Binabel offers to clear Ganelon in combat, and Thierry, Roland's kinsman, answers him. Thirty hostages stand for each side, and Charles and the ladies pray for the slight Thierry.*

Thiu buoh urkundent ienoh,
*The books testify yet,*

ther keiser gebôt einen hof.
*the emperor proclaimed a court.*

mit micheleme flîze
*with great diligence*

kômen thie fursten alle gemeinlîche.
*came the princes all together.*

thar kômen ahte kuninge,
*there came eight kings,*

unde ienoh thar ubere
*and yet there over*

biscofe unde herzogen:
*bishops and dukes:*

there ne mahte niemen ane thaz ende komen.
*of-them — could no-one to the end come.*

ze Âche wolte er then hof hân.
*at Aachen would he the court have.*

thâ was maneh wortspâger man:
*there was many-a word-wise man:*

thar kômen ouh thie Karlinge.
*there came also the Carolingians.*

ther hof wart vile grimme.
*the court became very grim.*

thar kom thie scône Aldâ.
*there came the beautiful Alde.*

wole enphie sie thâ
*well received her there*

ther keiser selbe
*the emperor self*

unt alle sîne helethe.
*and all his heroes.*

sie sprah: «Karl, gesegeneter keiser,
*she spoke: «Charles, blessed emperor,*

voget witewen unde weisen,
*guardian of-widows and orphans,*

war hâstu Ruolanten getân?
*where hast-thou Roland put?*

gib mir wither mînen man,
*give me back my husband,*

theme thu mih ze wîbe gâbe.
*to-whom thou me as wife gavest.*

wie gerne ih in ersâhe!»
*how gladly I him should-see!»*

Ther keiser antwirte ire sâ:
*The emperor answered her at-once:*

«liebiu liebiu Aldâ,
*«dear dear Alde,*

ihne tar niht liegen:
*I dare not lie:*

leither thune gesêst in niemer.
*sadly thou seest him never.*

thune maht sîn niht haben:
*thou mayst him not have:*

er lît leither tôter begraben.
*he lies sadly dead buried.*

klage thu niht sêre;
*lament thou not sorely;*

ih ergetze thih sîn gerne:
*I recompense thee for-him gladly:*

ih gibe thih ze wîbe
*I give thee as wife*

theme guoten Luthewîge.
*to-the good Louis.*

ih mache thih ze kuninginne
*I make thee as queen*

uber alle Karlinge.»
*over all Carolingians.»*

«war scol ih arme thenne?
*«whither shall I poor-one then?*

Luthewîgen thu mir niemer vore negenenne
*Louis thou to-me never before name*

noh neheinen anderen man.
*nor no other man.*

nescol ih Ruolantes niht hân,
*(if)-shall I of-Roland not have,*

sô wil ih ersterben gerne.»
*so will I die gladly.»*

sie viel grimme ane thie erthe.
*she fell grimly on the earth.*

«aller thinge scephâre,
*«of-all things creator,*

thô thu mir in ze wine gâbe,
*when thou to-me him as beloved gavest,*

war umbe hâstu mir in genomen?
*what for hast-thou from-me him taken?*

war scol ih arme nu komen?
*whither shall I poor-one now come?*

ih bite thih, reiner magede parn,
*I beg thee, pure maiden's child,*

thaz ih unbewollen muoze varen
*that I unsoiled may fare*

thar thie magede alle sint gelathet.
*where the maidens all are invited.*

mîne sêle bevele ih ane thîne gewalt,
*my soul commend I into thy power,*

aller engele kuninginne,
*of-all angels queen,*

thaz ih niemer mêre nekome hinnen.»
*that I never more come hence.»*

siu begonde harte bleichen.
*she began hard to-pale.*

ther keiser wolte ire helven,
*the emperor would her help,*

er bevie sie mit there hant:
*he took her with the hand:*

alsô tôte er sie vant.
*so dead he her found.*

thâ zeihte got sîniu tougen.
*there showed God his secrets.*

man begruob sie zuo anderen heiligen frouwen.
*one buried her among other holy ladies.*

Ther keiser ane thaz gerihte saz.
*The emperor at the judgment sat.*

ôwî waz fursten vore ime was!
*oh what princes before him was!*

er hiez Genelûne pringen.
*he bade Ganelon bring.*

thô wolten ime thie Karlinge
*then would to-him the Carolingians*

then lîf gerne fristen.
*the life gladly preserve.*

sie sprâchen thaz sie in niene wisten
*they spoke that they him not-at-all knew*

ane nihte uberwunnen,
*in anything convicted,*

thoh er wâre gebunden:
*though he were bound:*

sîn reht wâre vile grôz,
*his right were very great,*

er wâre aller furstene genôz.
*he were of-all princes' peer.*

Genelûn bat einer stille.
*Ganelon begged a silence.*

er sprah: «herre, iz was mîn wille,
*he spoke: «lord, it was my will,*

ihne lougen thir sîn niet.
*I deny to-thee of-it not.*

there zweleve tôt ist mir liep:
*of-the twelve death is to-me dear:*

iz ist gewisse ther mîn rât.
*it is certainly the my counsel.*

ih hâte in ê withersaget
*I had them before defied*

ze thîner antwirte offenlîche:
*to thy presence openly:*

thaz erziuge ih mit theme rîche.»
*that prove I with the realm.»*

«waz bethurfen wir nu rethe mêre?»
*«what need we now speech more?»*

sprah thes rîches herre,
*spoke the realm's lord,*

«want er sih offenlîche hât verjehen,
*«for he himself openly has confessed,*

thaz er thie cristenen hât gegeben
*that he the Christians has given*

in thie gewalt there heithenen.
*into the power of-the heathens.*

ih frâge urteile:
*I ask judgment:*

alsô thie phahte tihten,
*as the laws dictate,*

sô wil ih uber in rihten.»
*so will I over him judge.»*

thô was Genelûnes geslahte
*then was Ganelon's lineage*

kreftih unde mahtih,
*strong and mighty,*

ein vile vortherlîchez kunne:
*a very eminent kin:*

sie hâten ime gerne gewunnen
*they would-have for-him gladly won*

thes keiseres hulde.
*the emperor's favor.*

sie sprâchen: «vile grôz sint sîne sculde.
*they spoke: «very great are his guilts.*

uns ist harte missescehen:
*to-us is hard mishappened:*

thie tiuristen sint alle gelegen.
*the most-precious are all laid-low.*

nune mah sie niemen wither gewinnen.
*now can them no-one back win.*

gêre thîne kunnelinge,
*honor thy kinsmen,*

gestille, herre, thînen zorn.
*still, lord, thy anger.*

lâz in ze thînen hulden komen
*let him to thy favor come*

thurh thîner swester êre:
*for thy sister's honor:*

thes bite wir thih, herre.
*of-that beg we thee, lord.*

Genelûn thienet theme rîche
*Ganelon serves the realm*

iemer mêre vorhtlîche.»
*ever more fearfully.»*

Ther keiser zurnete harte,
*The emperor raged hard,*

mit ûf gevangeme barte:
*with up gathered beard:*

er sprah: «thiu rethe ist mir swâre:
*he spoke: «the speech is to-me heavy:*

ther mir al thaz golt wâge
*who to-me all the gold should-weigh*

ûz arâbisken rîken,
*out-of Arabian realms,*

izne sî thaz mir thie fursten geswîken,
*it unless-be that me the princes fail,*

thaz ih is niet nenâme
*that I of-it not should-take*

wither thiseme verrâtâre.
*against this traitor.*

man scol iz iemer ze mâre sagen,
*one shall it ever as tale tell,*

thaz wir iz an ime gerochen haven,
*that we it on him avenged have,*

unze an there werelte ende.
*until to the world's end.*

thiu kristenheit ist harte gescendet,
*the Christendom is hard disgraced,*

thes gât uns michel nôt:
*of-that goes to-us great need:*

jane gescah nie mêre sus getân mort.»
*indeed happened never more so made murder.»*

Thare vure thranc Binabel. 8785
*There forward pressed Binabel.*

er was michel unde snel,
*he was great and swift,*

starh unde kuone,
*strong and bold,*

rethehaft genuoge.
*eloquent enough.*

er sprah: «getar ih vore thînen hulden,
*he spoke: «(if)-dare I before thy favor,*

sô wile ih gerne unsculdigen 8790
*so will I gladly clear*

Genelûne mînen ôheim,
*Ganelon my uncle,*

thaz er untriuwe nehein
*that he faithlessness none*

ane then nehât begangen,
*on them has committed,*

thar umbe er stât gevangen,
*there for he stands captive,*

gebunden vore theme rîche. 8795
*bound before the realm.*

er withersagete in offenlîche.
*he defied them openly.*

ih wile mit mîneme swerte
*I will with my sword*

sîne triuwe ime erherten.
*his faith for-him make-good.*

ûzen lâz ih mînen herren einen,
*outside leave I my lord alone,*

sône ist hie manne neheine,
*so is here of-men none,*

ther is in sculdigen welle,
*who of-it him accuse would,*

ther versuoke sîn ellen,
*he test his valor,*

trete gegen mir in then kreiz:
*step against me into the ring:*

mit kampe berethe ih in goteweiz.
*with combat clear I him God-knows.*

ih erlethige in hiute ob ih mah
*I free him today if I may*

other iz ist mîn jungister tah.»
*or it is my last day.»*

Thie fursten geswîhten lange.
*The princes kept-silent long.*

vone manne ze manne
*from man to man*

sah ther keiser hine unde here:
*looked the emperor thither and hither:*

vile harte zurnete er.
*very hard raged he.*

er sprah: «wâ nu friunt unde man?
*he spoke: «where now friend and man?*

sô wâ ih mih versûmet hân,
*so where I myself neglected have,*

ist thaz ih leven scol,
*(if)-is that I live shall,*

ih erhale mih is vile wole.
*I recover me of-it very well.*

ih ergetze sis iemer mêre,
*I make-amends-to them-of-it ever more,*

thaz sie thie êre
*that they the honor*

ane theme rîke iht gewinnen.
*in the realm not win.*

unde gevarent sie genozen hinnen,
*and (if)-fare they unpunished hence,*

thaz wile ih iemer gote clagen:
*that will I ever to-God lament:*

thie krône nescol ih thenne niht mêre tragen.» 8820
*the crown shall I then not more wear.»*

Tirrih thar fure trat:
*Thierry there forward stepped:*

einer stille er bat.
*a silence he begged.*

er sprah: «Ruolant hât mih gezogen:
*he spoke: «Roland has me raised:*

ûzer sîneme kunne bin ih geboren,
*out-of his kin am I born,*

ih pin sîn nâheste geborene mâh. 8825
*I am his nearest born kinsman.*

Pinabel sih vermezzen hât,
*Pinabel himself boasted has,*

er welle in there untriuwe berethen.
*he would him of-the faithlessness clear.*

Genelûn hât sie thurh miete hine gegeven
*Ganelon has them for bribe thither given*

unde hât ungetriuwelîche
*and has faithlessly*

gerâten ane thaz rîche 8830
*counseled against the realm*

unde wolte thâ untêren
*and would there dishonor*

thie krône mînes herren
*the crown of-my lord*

unde zestôren thie heiligen cristenheit.
*and destroy the holy Christendom.*

thâ scol got sîne wârheit
*there shall God his truth*

hiute hie erzeigen,
*today here show,*

thaz er mit lugene unt mit meinen eithen
*that he with lie and with false oaths*

thie untriuwe hât begangen.
*the faithlessness has committed.*

er ist verfluoket unde verbannen
*he is cursed and banned*

von alleme kristenlîcheme rehte.
*from all Christian law.*

ih wile thurh got hiute gerne vehten
*I will for God today gladly fight*

unde wile mit mîneme swerte
*and will with my sword*

thie wârheit erherten
*the truth make-good*

in thes heiligen Kristes namen.
*in the holy Christ's name.*

thîn ubermuot scol thir gescathen.
*thy arrogance shall thee harm.*

thu versihest thih zuo thînere sterke:
*thou trustest thee to thy strength:*

thâ bî scule wir merken,
*there by shall we mark,*

Dâvîd was vile lutzeler scaft;
*David was very little of-build;*

got selve gaf ime thie kraft,
*God self gave to-him the strength,*

thaz er Golîê thaz houbet abe sluoh
*that he Goliath the head off struck*

unde vure then kuninc Saule truoh. 8850
*and before the king Saul carried.*

got hât ienoh thie selven gewoneheit.
*God has yet the same custom.*

iz wirthet thir hiute vile leit,
*it becomes to-thee today very sorrowful,*

thaz thu wither gote hie stâst
*that thou against God here standest*

unde there wârheit verlougenet hâst.
*and the truth denied hast.*

ih bin ein etheler Franke, 8855
*I am a noble Frank,*

ih gihtege thih mit theme kampe,
*I accuse thee with the combat,*

ih sende thih zuo there helle.
*I send thee to the hell.*

ther guote sente Dionisius ther muoze thih hiute gevellen.»
*the good saint Denis he may thee today fell.»*

Theme keisere gerieten sîne wîsen,
*To-the emperor counseled his wise-ones,*

er vortherôte gîsele 8860
*he should-demand hostages*

ûz iewethereme teile.
*out-of each party.*

thaz loveten thie fursten algemeine.
*that praised the princes all-together.*

thrîzeh there wâren
*thirty of-them were*

thie sih vure Genelûne gâven,
*who themselves for Ganelon gave,*

of Binabel geviele, 8865
*if Binabel fell,*

thaz thaz gerihte uber sie gienge,
*that the judgment over them went,*

alsô thiu phaht lêrte.
*as the law taught.*

ther keiser sie thâ mite êrete:
*the emperor them there with honored:*

er nam vone Thirrîke
*he took from Thierry*

thrîzeh gîsele theme rîke
*thirty hostages for-the realm*

in theme selven gethinge.
*in the same agreement.*

thes froweten sih thie Karlinge.
*at-that rejoiced themselves the Carolingians.*

Binabel was ein stark man:
*Binabel was a strong man:*

thesne hâte niemen neheinen wân,
*of-that had no-one no expectation,*

thaz ime Tirrih vore gehavete
*that him Thierry before held*

other theheine wîle gelevete.
*or any while lived.*

ane theme lîve was er krank:
*in the body was he weak:*

vile willihlîche frumete er then kamp.
*very willingly made he the combat.*

thie fursten vone Karlingen
*the princes of Kerlingen*

fluren allen ire gethingen.
*lost all their hope.*

ther keiser viel sîne venie:
*the emperor fell his prostrations:*

er bat alle thie menige,
*he begged all the host,*

thaz sie got flêheten,
*that they God implored,*

thaz er thaz rîke geêrete,
*that he the realm honored,*

thaz er sîne tugente besceinte
*that he his virtues showed*

unde thie rehten wârheit unter in erzeihte.
*and the true truth among them displayed.*

sam tâten thie heiligen frouwen:
*so did the holy ladies:*

thie maneten got sîner tougen;
*they exhorted God of-his secrets;*

hine ze himele sie thigeten,
*thither to heaven they prayed,*

thaz Tirrih gesigete.
*that Thierry conquered.*

wole gehalf ime thaz.
*well helped to-him that.*

thâ wart manih ouge naz.
*there became many-a eye wet.*

sie wegeten ime in allenthalven
*they interceded for-him in on-all-sides*

mit missen unde mit salmen,
*with masses and with psalms,*

mit manegen guoten thingen.
*with many good things.*

vone rehte muose ime wolc gelingen.
*by right must to-him well succeed.*

*The champions meet in the ring and fight on foot; Thierry wounds Binabel through the helm, and Binabel offers to become his vassal if Ganelon is spared. Thierry refuses and beheads Binabel, and the court sings the Te Deum. Ganelon's hostages are beheaded and he is torn apart by wild horses. The poet asks blessing for Duke Henry and his duchess, at whose wish the book was brought from France, and names himself as Konrad the priest, who turned it from French through Latin into German.*

Ther keiser scuof zuo sînere huote
*The emperor appointed for his guard*

manegen helet guoten.
*many-a hero good.*

vile michel wart thaz gethranc.
*very great became the throng.*

8900 thâ geloveten sie then kamph
*there pledged they the combat*

zuo theme breiten velde.
*on the broad field.*

ther keiser unt thie sîne helethe
*the emperor and the his heroes*

gehaveten ze ringe.
*held to ring.*

sam tâten thie Karlinge.
*so did the Carolingians.*

8905 ther keiser hiez vore in allen sagen,
*the emperor bade before them all say,*

er wâre frî other thienestman,
*he were free or serving-man,*

sô wer theheinen strît thâ huobe,
*so who any strife there raised,*

thaz man ime then hals ave sluoge.
*that one to-him the neck off struck.*

thie kemphen wâren wole gare:
*the champions were well ready:*

vermezzenlîke kômen sie thare
*boldly came they thither*

ûf zwein zieren marhen.
*upon two splendid steeds.*

thô wîste man sie zesamene.
*then guided one them together.*

thie griezwartel sie maneten:
*the marshals them exhorted:*

ein ander sie ane ranten.
*one another they at rode.*

thie scefte brâken sie ze stukken,
*the shafts broke they to pieces,*

thie scarphen swert sie zuhten:
*the sharp swords they drew:*

zuo there erthe sie kômen beithe.
*to the earth they came both.*

thane was manne neheiner,
*there was of-men none,*

ther in then kreiz torste komen,
*who into the ring dared come,*

erne hâte then hals verloren.
*unless-he had the neck lost.*

Binabel unde Tirrih
*Binabel and Thierry*

mit swerten versuohten sie sih.
*with swords tried they each-other.*

si zehiewen ein ander thie scilte.
*they hewed-apart to-one another the shields.*

ther keiser allez zuo gote thigete:
*the emperor all to God prayed:*

er vorhte thes weinegen man.
*he feared for-the weak man.*

ther elliu thinc wole kan
*who all things well can*

eine gezechen,
*alone draw,*

ther wolte iz anderes scaffen.
*he would it otherwise make.*

Tirrih gewan eines lewen muot.
*Thierry won a lion's spirit.*

thaz swert er ûf huob,
*the sword he up raised,*

vaste er ane in screit,
*firmly he at him strode,*

then helm er ime versneit.
*the helm he to-him cut.*

jâ muose er tholen thar unter
*yea must he suffer there under*

eine freissame wunten.
*a terrible wound.*

thaz pluot ime uber thie ougen ran.
*the blood to-him over the eyes ran.*

thô sprah ther vîandes man:
*then spoke the devil's man:*

«jâ thu tiwerlîcher thegen,
*«yea thou precious thane,*

ih wile mih thir ergeben:
*I will myself to-thee give-up:*

mîn swert scoltu nemen.
*my sword shalt-thou take.*

unde wiltu Genelûne gewegen,
*and (if)-wilt-thou for-Ganelon intercede,*

fure eigen wile ih thir thienen,
*as bondman will I thee serve,*

elliu thiu zierde,
*all the adornment,*

thie mih vone erbe ane komen ist.
*which to-me from inheritance on come is.*

unde gewinnestu uns eine frist,
*and (if)-winnest-thou us a respite,*

ih werthe hie zestete thîn man.» 8945
*I become here at-once thy man.»*

«izne scol sô niet gestân»,
*«it shall so not stand»,*

sprah ther helet Tirrih.
*spoke the hero Thierry.*

«thu bist ein furste alsô wole sam ouh ih.
*«thou art a prince as well as also I.*

kume thu zuo mînes herren fuozen:
*come thou to my lord's feet:*

ih wile thih is alles erlâzen, 8950
*I will thee of-it all release,*

ih wile thir gerne wegen,
*I will for-thee gladly intercede,*

thaz er thih lâze leven.
*that he thee let live.*

Genelûnen thu mir niemer fore negenenne,
*Ganelon thou to-me never before name,*

wande ih is niemer negehenge,
*for I of-it never consent,*

alsô verre sô ih mah, 8955
*as far as I may,*

thaz er neheinen tah
*that he no day*

hinne fure mêre nelebe:
*hence forth more live:*

in geriuwet hiute Marsilien geve.»
*him rues today Marsile's gifts.»*

Thô sprah Binabel:
*Then spoke Binabel:*

«thurh Genelûne kom ih here.
*«for Ganelon came I here.*

nemag ih ime niht gethingen,
*(if)-can I for-him not plead,*

sone wile ih niht liegen.
*so will I not lie.*

nemah iz niwet bezzere werthen,
*(if)-may it nothing better become,*

ih wile thurh in ersterben.»
*I will for him die.»*

«thar ingegene warne thu thih»,
*«there against prepare thou thee»,*

sprah ther helet Tirrih:
*spoke the hero Thierry:*

«thu levest unlange.
*«thou livest not-long.*

ther tiuvel hât thih bevangen:
*the devil has thee seized:*

erne wile thih niet lâzen.
*he will thee not let-go.*

mit anderen thînen genôzen
*with other thy comrades*

fuoret er thih zuo there helle.
*leads he thee to the hell.*

there untriuwen bistu geselle.»
*of-the faithlessness art-thou comrade.»*

thie tiuren volkthegene
*the precious folk-thanes*

sprungen wither zesamene:
*sprang back together:*

sie vâhten mit grimme.
*they fought with fury.*

thie vesten stâlringe
*the firm steel-rings*

nemahten niet thâ vore gestân.
*could not there before stand.*

ire slege wâren freissam.
*their blows were terrible.*

Tirrih ther thegen
*Thierry the thane*

verwundôte in aver thurh then helm.
*wounded him again through the helm.*

wie frô ther keiser thes was!
*how glad the emperor of-that was!*

umbe warf er thaz sahs:
*about threw he the knife:*

then hals er ime abe sluoh.
*the neck he from-him off struck.*

thaz houvet er ûf huob:
*the head he up raised:*

er stahte iz ane ein sper.
*he stuck it on a spear.*

ûf sîn marh gesaz er:
*upon his steed sat he:*

er fuorte iz wither ûf then hof.
*he carried it back onto the court.*

thâ wart michel frowethe unde lof:
*there became great joy and praise:*

sie lûtten unde sungen.
*they rang and sang.*

vone aller slahte zungen
*in all kinds-of tongues*

loveten sie got alsus:
*praised they God thus:*

sie huoben te deum laudamus.
*they raised thee God we-praise.*

Ther keiser saz ane thaz gerihte.
*The emperor sat at the judgment.*

tho erteileten ime thie senetplihten,
*then judged for-him the free-lords,*

thaz rîche scolte werthen gereinet;
*the realm should become cleansed;*

sie hâten sih selven verteilet,
*they had themselves self condemned,*

alle thie there untriuwen gesellen wâren
*all who of-the faithlessness comrades were*

unde sih vure Genelûne gâben.
*and themselves for Ganelon gave.*

thie fursten sprâken alle bî eineme munde,
*the princes spoke all with one mouth,*

alte unde junge:
*old and young:*

«ôwole thu heiliger keiser,
*«oh-well thou holy emperor,*

rihte then armen weisen!
*judge for-the poor orphans!*

zuo thir ruofent thie kint,
*to thee cry the children,*

there vatere verrâten sint.
*whose fathers betrayed are.*

sînes kunnes nescol niht mêre
*of-his kin shall nothing more*

wahsen ane there erthe.»
*grow on the earth.»*

thie gîsele hiez er ûz fuoren,
*the hostages bade he out lead,*

thie houvete sie in abe sluogen.
*the heads they from-them off struck.*

Genelûnen sie bunden
*Ganelon they bound*

mit fuozen unt mit handen
*by feet and by hands*

wilden rossen zuo then zagelen.
*to-wild horses to the tails.*

thurh thorne unt thurh hagene,
*through thorns and through hedges,*

ane theme bûke unt ane theme rukke
*on the belly and on the back*

brâchen sie in ze stukken.
*broke they him to pieces.*

sô wart thiu untriuwe gescendet.
*so was the faithlessness disgraced.*

thâ mite sî thaz liet verendet.
*there with be the song ended.*

Nu wunscen wir alle gelîche
*Now wish we all alike*

theme herzogen Heinrîche,
*to-the duke Henry,*

thaz ime got lône.
*that to-him God reward.*

thie materiâ thie ist scône:
*the matter it is beautiful:*

thie suoze wir vone ime haben.
*the sweetness we from him have.*

thaz buoh hiez er vure tragen
*the book bade he forth bring*

gescriben ze then Karlingen:
*written in the Kerlingen:*

thes gerete thie ethele herzoginne,
*of-that desired the noble duchess,*

eines rîchen kuninges barn.
*a rich king's child.*

mit then liehten himelscaren
*with the bright heaven-hosts*

nâh wereltlîchen arebeiten
*after worldly labors*

werthent sie geleitet
*become they led*

unter allen erweleten gotes kinden
*among all chosen God's children*

thâ sie thie êwigen mandunge vinden.
*where they the eternal joy find.*

thaz sie sîn ie gethâhten,
*that they of-it ever thought,*

thaz man iz fure brâhte
*that one it forth brought*

in tiutisce zungen gekêret,
*into German tongue turned,*

thâ ist thaz rîche wole mite gêret:
*there is the realm well with honored:*

sîne tugente thwungen in thar zuo.
*his virtues compelled him there to.*

wâ lebet thehein furste nu,
*where lives any prince now,*

theme ie sô wole gescâhe?
*to-whom ever so well happened?*

ther herre ther ist getriuwe unde gewâre.
*the lord he is faithful and true.*

Nune mugen wir in thiseme zîte
*Now may we in this time*

theme kuninge Dâvîte
*to-the king David*

niemen sô wole gelîchen
*no-one so well liken*

sô then herzogen Heinrîchen.
*as the duke Henry.*

got gap ime thic craft,
*God gave to-him the strength,*

thaz er alle sîne vîande ervaht.
*that he all his foes defeated.*

thie cristenen hât er wole gêret, 9045
*the Christians has he well honored,*

thie heithenen sint vone ime bekêret.
*the heathens are by him converted.*

thaz erbet in vone rehte ane.
*that inherits him by right on.*

ze fluhte gewante er nie sînen vanen:
*to flight turned he never his banner:*

got tete in ie sigehaft.
*God made him ever victorious.*

in sîneme hove ne wirthet niemer naht, 9050
*in his court — becomes never night,*

ih meine thaz êwige lieht,
*I mean the eternal light,*

thesne zerinnet ime niht.
*that runs-out for-him not.*

untriuwe ist ime leit:
*faithlessness is to-him hateful:*

er minnet rehte wârheit.
*he loves true truth.*

jô uobet ther herre 9055
*indeed practices the lord*

alle gotlîke lêre,
*all godly teaching,*

unde sîn tiure ingesinde.
*and his precious household.*

in sîneme hove mah man vinden
*in his court may one find*

alle state unt alle zuht.
*all constancy and all breeding.*

thâ ist vrowethe unt gehuht,
*there is joy and gladness,*

thâ ist kûske unde scame.
*there is chastity and modesty.*

willih sint ime sîne man.
*willing are to-him his men.*

thâ ist tugent unt êre.
*there is virtue and honor.*

wâ freiscetet ir ie mêre
*where heard you ever more*

thaz ime baz gescâhe?
*that to-him better happened?*

sîneme scephâre
*to-his creator*

opheret er lîp unde sêle
*offers he body and soul*

sam Dâvîd ther herre.
*like David the lord.*

sô wâ er sih versûmet hât,
*so where he himself neglected has,*

ze gerihte er ime stât
*to judgment he to-him stands*

ane theme jungisten tage,
*at the last day,*

thâ got sîn gerihte habe.
*where God his judgment hold.*

thaz er in ze gerihte niene vorthere,
*that he him to judgment not-at-all summon,*

sunder er in ordine
*but he him ordain*

zuo then êwigen genâthen,
*to the eternal graces,*

thar umbe ruofe wir alle âmen.
*there for cry we all amen.*

Ob iu thaz liet gevalle,
*If to-you the song please,*

so gethenket ir mîn alle.
*so think you of-me all.*

ih heize ther phaffe Kuonrât.
*I am-called the priest Konrad.*

alsô iz ane theme buoche gescriben stât 9080
*as it in the book written stands*

in franziscer zungen,
*in French tongue,*

sô hân ih iz in thie latîne bethwungen,
*so have I it into the Latin forced,*

thannen in thie tiutiske gekêret.
*thence into the German turned.*

ihne hân ther niht ane gemêret,
*I have of-it nothing on increased,*

ihne hân thir niht uberhaben.
*I have of-it nothing omitted.*

sô wer iz iemer hôre gesagen,
*so who it ever hear say,*

ther scol in there wâren gotes minne
*he shall in the true God's love*

ein pater noster singen
*a Our Father sing*

ze helve mîneme herren,
*for help to-my lord,*

ze trôste allen geloubigen sêlen,
*for comfort to-all believing souls,*

thaz unsih got ane rehteme gelouben mache veste,
*that us God in right faith make firm,*

thaz uns ane guoten werken niene gebreste,
*that us in good works not-at-all fail,*

unt mache uns sîn rîche gewis.
*and make us of-his realm certain.*

tu autem, domine, miserere nobis.
*thou but, lord, have-mercy on-us.*