

PARZIVAL

A KNIGHTLY EPIC

BY

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

TRANSLATED BY

JESSIE L. WESTON

VOL. II

ANASTATIC REPRINT OF THE EDITION LONDON 1894.

NEW YORK

G. E. STECHERT & CO.,

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Author: von Eschenbach Wolfram

Translator: Jessie L. Weston

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BOOK X ORGELUSE

ARGUMENT

Book X. relates how Gawain, after various adventures, fell in with a maiden and a wounded knight, how he succoured the knight and rode to Logrois. How he met with Orgelusé and wooed her, and how she repaid him with scorn. How the squire Malcréature mocked Sir Gawain, and how the knight Urian stole his charger. How Lischois Giwellius fought with Gawain and was conquered, and of the tribute due to the Master Boatman. How Gawain came to Terre de Merveil, and was well entreated by the Boatman and his daughter Bené.

BOOK X ORGELUSE



Now tell we of strange adventures thro' which
joy shall be waxen low,
And yet pride shall grow the greater, of the twain
doth this story show.

Now the year of truce was ended, when the strife
must needs be fought
Which the Landgrave unto King Arthur at
Plimizöl had brought.
At Schamfanzon he challenged Gawain to meet
him at Barbigöl, 5
Yet still unavenged was Kingrisein at the hand of
Kingrimursel—
In sooth, Vergulacht, he rode there, and thither
had come Gawain,
And the whole world was 'ware of their kinship
nor might strife be betwixt the twain;

For the murder, Count Eckunât did it, and Gawain
must they guiltless hold,
At rest did they lay their quarrel and friends were
those heroes bold. 10

Then they parted for both would ride thence,
Vergulacht and the knight Gawain,
Tho' both for the Grail were seeking yet apart
would they ride, those twain.
And many a joust must they ride now, for he who
the Grail would see
Sword in hand must he draw anigh it, and swift
must his seeking be!

Now all that befell to Gawain, the lot of that
blameless knight 15
Since he rode forth from fair Schamfanzon, if he
oft on his way must fight,
Ye shall ask of those who there saw him, since
naught may I tell ye here,
Yet hearken, and heed the story and the venture
that draweth near.
One morning Gawain rode gaily o'er a grassy
plain and green,
When a shield, in the sun fair shining, with lance-
thrust pierced thro' was seen, 20
And a charger stood beside it that bare women's
riding-gear,
And the bridle and aye the housing were of costly
stuff and dear—
And the charger and shield beside it were bound
to a linden tree.
Then he thought, 'Who shall be this woman? for
valiant I ween is she,
Since she beareth a shield so knightly—If she
thinketh with me to fight, 25
How, then, may I best withstand her? Were it
better to here alight?
If too long she wrestle with me perchance I were
overthrown,

If hatred or love I shall win here I will fight her on
foot alone;
Yea, e'en an she were Kamilla, who before
Laurentium fought—
Did she live still to battle with me, as awhile she
for honour sought, 30
I would face her, nor fear her prowess, if here she
my foe would be,
Tho' ne'er with a maid have I foughten and the
chance seemeth ill to me!

Battle-hewn was the shield and dented, as Gawain
right well espied
The nearer he rode unto it, and pierced with a
lance-thrust wide.
Such token by joust is painted, little payment his
skill should know 35
Whose hand erst the shield had fashioned an he
thought him to paint it so!
By the trunk of the mighty linden sat a maid on
the grass so green,
And sore did she weep and bewail her, and
joyless, I wot, her mien.
Then around the tree rode Gawain, and lo! on her
knee she bore
A knight, and she wept above him, and grieved
with a sorrow sore. 40

Fair greeting Sir Gawain proffered, she thanked
him and bowed her low,
And hoarse was her voice thro' weeping and
weakened thro' force of woe.
Then down to the ground sprang Gawain, for the
knight he was like to choke,
Since the blood welled within his body, and unto
the maid he spoke,
And he asked if the knight were living, or should
now in the death-throe be? 45
And she spake, 'He dieth surely, yet but now alive
was he,

God hath sent thee unto my succour, now help me
with word and deed,
Such wounds shalt thou oft have looked on, give
counsel in this my need!

'Yea, gladly I'll aid thee, Lady, from death shall
thy knight be freed,
And healing I well might win him an there were
but at hand a reed. 50
Thou shalt see him, and hearken to him, nor his
life shall be waxen less,
The wound is not all too dangerous, but the blood
on his heart doth press.'
Then he stripped from a bough of the linden the
bark, and did wind it round,
(No fool he in art of healing,) and he set it unto
the wound,
And he bade the maiden suck it till the blood
should toward her flow— 55
And strength came again and hearing, and the
voice of the knight they know,
And he looked on Gawain, and he thanked him,
and said he should honoured be
In that from his woe he had freed him, and he
asked of him, whence came he?
Rode he hither in search of knighthood? 'From far
Punturtois I came
In search of such knightly venture as should win
for me meed of fame, 60
Yet sorely must I bewail me for the ill that I here
have won,
Sir Knight, an thy senses fail not, 'twere better this
way to shun!

'Such evil I little looked for—'Twas Liscois
Giwellius
Who hath wounded me so sorely, and down from
my charger thrust:
Fair was the joust and knightly, and he pierced me
thro' shield and side, 65

On her steed this maiden helped me, and hither
hath been my guide!
Then he prayed Gawain to abide there, but he
spake, he the place would see
Where such evil had chanced unto him, 'If
Logrois thus near shall be,
Perchance I shall yet o'ertake him, he shall answer
to me, I trow,
For the deed he hath done, and his reason for
vengeance on thee I'll know!' 70
But the wounded knight spake, 'Not so, for true
are the words I say,
And no child's play shall be this journey, great
perils beset the way.'

With the band from the maiden's tresses Gawain
the wound did bind,
And spake o'er it spells of healing, and he bade
them their comfort find
In God, since He cares for all men—With blood
was their pathway red, 75
And crimson the grass besprinkled as a stag had
its life-blood shed;
Thus he rode not astray, and in short space did
Logrois before him stand—
A fortress so fair and stately, its praise was in
every land.

'Twas a stately Burg well builded, and it wound
the hillside round,
From afar as a mighty circlet the fortress the
summit crowned. 80
E'en to-day men this honour give it, its wall shall
be stormed in vain,
For it openeth its gates to no foeman, whose
hatred soe'er it gain!
And a garden lay green around it, 'twas planted
with trees so fair,
Olive, pomegranate, fig-tree, and the vine which
its grapes doth bear,

And gaily they grew and flourished—as Gawain
rode that garden bright 85
He saw there what wrought him sorrow, yet filled
him with all delight!

A streamlet gushed forth from the hillside, there
he saw that which grieved him naught,
A lady so fair to look on that gladly her face he
sought.

The flower was she of all women, save
Kondwiramur alone
No fairer form nor feature might ever on earth be
known. 90

So sweet and so bright to look on, so courteous
and royal of mien,
Orgelusé, was she, of Logrois, and men say that in
her was seen
The charm that desire awakeneth, a balm for the
eyes of care,
For no heart but was drawn toward her, and no
mouth but would speak her fair!

Gawain gave her courteous greeting, and he
spake, 'If such grace I gain⁹⁵
That thou willest I should alight here and awhile
at thy side remain,
If I see that my presence please thee, then sorrow
be far from me,
And joy in its stead dwell with me, no knight e'er
might gladder be!
May I die if the truth I speak not, no woman e'er
pleased me more—'
'It is well, yet methinks I knew that,' then the
knight for a space she saw; 100

And her sweet lips spake thus unto him, 'Now
make of thy praise an end,
For well might it work thee evil, and I care not
that foe or friend,

Whoever he be that cometh, his judgment on me
shall speak,
For sure if all lips shall praise me my fame it but
waxeth weak!
If the wise praise me e'en as the foolish, the false
as the pure and true, 105
Then my fame shall be e'en as another's, for the
many shall drown the few.
But my praise do I hold, and but wisdom shall
speak that which she doth know—
Who thou mayst be, Sir Knight, I know not, but
'tis time thou thy way shouldst go!

'Yet o'er thee will I speak my verdict, if thou
dwellst anear my heart
Then thy dwelling is not *within* it, for *without*
shalt thou have thy part. 110
And say thou my love desirest, how hast thou
rewarding won?
From the eyes swiftly shoot the glances, yet a
sling, when the work is done,
Smiteth gentler than looks which linger on that
which doth sorrow wreak,
Thy desire is but empty folly, thou shouldst other
service seek!
If thine hand for love's sake shall battle, if
adventure hath bidden thee 115
By knighthood win love's rewarding, yet thou
winnest it not from *me*.
Nor honour shall be thy portion, but shame shalt
thou win alone—
Now the truth have I spoken unto thee, 'twere best
thou shouldst get thee gone!

Then he quoth, 'Truth thou speakest, Lady, since
mine eyes thus mine heart have brought
In danger, for *they* beheld thee, and thy fetters
around me wrought. 120
But now, since I be thy captive, I prithee entreat
me well,

Without thine own will hast thou done this, in
silence I owned thy spell:
Thou shalt loose me, or thou shalt bind me, for
my will it shall be as thine,
And gladly all woes I'd suffer if so I might call
thee mine!

Then she quoth, 'Yea! so take me with thee, if
thou countest upon thy gain, 125
And the love that shall be thy guerdon, thou shalt
mourn it in shame and pain.

I would know if a man thou shalt be who bravely
for me would fight—
And yet, if thou prize thine honour, thou wilt flee
from this strife, Sir Knight!
And should I yet further rede thee, and thou
shouldst to my word say yea,
Then seek thou elsewhere a lady—For, if thou my
love dost pray, 130
Then joy and fair love's rewarding fall never unto
thy share,
But sorrow shall be thy portion if hence I with
thee shall fare!

Then answered Gawain, 'Without service, who
thinketh true love to win?
An one did so, then here I tell thee, 'twere counted
to him for sin,
For true love ever asketh service, yea after as aye
before!' 135
Then she quoth, 'Wilt thou do me service? shame
waiteth for thee in store,
Tho' thy life be a life of conflict—No coward as
my knight I'll own;
See thou yonder path, 'tis no highway, o'er the
bridge doth it wend adown
To the garden, take thou the pathway, for there
shalt thou find my steed—

Many folk shalt thou see and shalt hearken, but
take thou of their words no heed, 140
Nor stay for their dance or singing, for tambour,
or harp, or flute,
But go thou to my horse, and loose it, that I go not
with thee afoot!
Gawain sprang from off his charger—Yet awhile
he bethought him well
Where his steed might abide his coming: by the
waters that rippling fell
Was no tree unto which to bind it, and he knew
not if he this dame 145
Might pray, would she hold his charger till once
more with her own he came.
Then she quoth, 'I see well what doth vex thee,
thine horse shalt thou leave with me,
I will guard it until thy coming tho' small good
shall that be to thee!'

Then Gawain took his horse's bridle, 'Now hold
this for me, I pray;'
'Now indeed art thou dull and foolish,' spake the
lady, 'where *thou* dost lay 150
Thine hand, thinkest thou *I'll* hold it? such deed
would beseem me ill!'
Then the love-lorn knight spake gently, for fain
would he do her will,
'Further forward I never hold it!' Then she quoth,
'I will hold it there,
And do thou my bidding swiftly, bring my steed
and with thee I'll fare;'
Then he thought this a joyful hearing, and
straightway he left her side, 155
And over the bridge so narrow to the garden gate
he hied;
There saw he many a maiden, and knights so
brave and young,
And within that goodly garden so gaily they
danced and sung.

And Gawain he was clad so richly, with helmet
and harness fair,
That all must bewail his coming for naught but
true folk dwelt there. 160
They cared for that lovely garden, on the
greensward they stood or lay,
Or sat 'neath the tents whose shadow was cool
'gainst the sunlight's ray.
Yet they ceased not to bemoan him, and to grieve
for his sorrow sore,
Yea, man alike and maiden, and in this wise their
plaint they bore,
'Alas! that our lady's cunning will to danger this
knight betray! 165
Alas! that he fain will follow, for she rideth an
evil way.'

And many stepped fair towards him, and their
arms around him threw,
And bade him a friendly greeting—to an olive
tree he drew,
For the steed was fast beneath it, so rich was its
gear, I ween,
That the cost of the goodly trappings full thousand
marks had been. 170
And an old knight he stood beside it, well-
trimmed was his beard and grey,
And upon a staff he leant him, and salt tears he
wept away.
And the tears, they were shed for Gawain, as he to
the steed drew near,
Yet his words of kindly greeting fell soft on the
hero's ear.
Then he spake, 'Wilt thou hearken counsel? Lay
not on this steed thine hand, 175
And herein shalt thou show thy wisdom—tho'
none here thy will withstand,
Yet, indeed, it were best to leave it! Accurst be our
lady queen,

For of many a gallant hero, I wot, she the death
hath been!
Yet Gawain he would do her bidding—'Then,
alas! for woe draweth near,'
Spake the knight, and he loosed the halter, "Twere
best not to linger here, 180
The steed shalt thou take, and shalt leave us, and
may He Who made salt the sea,
In the hour of thy need, and thy peril, thy strength
and thy counsel be:
And see thou that our lady's beauty, it bringeth
thee not to shame,
She is sour in the midst of sweetness, 'mid the
sunlight a shower of rain.'

'God grant it,' then quoth Sir Gawain, and
straightway he took his leave 185
Of the old knight and of his comrades and sorely
the folk did grieve.
And the horse went a narrow pathway, and it
passed thro' the garden gate,
And it crossed o'er the bridge, and he found her
who there did his coming wait,
The queen of his heart, and the ruler was she of
that land so fair,
Yet altho' his heart fled towards her yet grief thro'
her deed it bare. 190

Her hand 'neath her chin soft-rounded had
loosened the wimple's fold,
And flung it aback on her head-gear,—(if a
woman ye thus behold,
Know ye that for strife she longeth and mischief
she hath in mind)—
Would ye know how else she had robed her ye
naught in my song shall find,
For how might I tell her raiment and name ye her
robes aright, 195
When mine eyes, on her fair face gazing, saw
naught but her beauty bright?

As Gawain drew near the lady, she hailed him
with scornful mien,
'Now welcome, thou goose! for of all men most
foolish art thou, I ween,
All too bent shalt thou be on my service, wert
thou wise thou wouldst let it be—'
Then he quoth, 'Yet shalt thou be gracious who
now art so wroth with me, 200
For so harshly thou dost chastise me thou in
honour must make it good,
And my hand shall be fain to serve thee till thou
winnest a milder mood;
Ask thou what of me thou willest—Shall I lift
thee upon thy steed?'
But she quoth, 'I will no such service, for
methinks all too great such meed
For a hand that is yet unproven—Ask thou for a
lesser grace!' 205
On the flowery sward she turned her, and she
looked not on Gawain's face,
But she laid her hand on the bridle, and she light
to the saddle sprung,
And she bade him to ride before her, and she
spake with a mocking tongue,
'Now indeed would it be great pity did I stray
from so brave a knight,
By God's grace will we keep together, so ride thou
within my sight!' 210

Now he who my rede would follow his peace
shall he hold awhile,
Lest he speak but the word of folly, till he know if
she wrought of guile,
For as yet the truth ye know not, nor the thing that
was in her heart.
And were it the time for vengeance, then I too
might bear my part,
And take from this lady payment for the wrong
she hath done Gawain; 215

Nor of that she shall do hereafter shall aught
unavenged remain.

But Orgelusé, that lovely lady, bare herself in no
friendly wise,
For she rode in the track of Gawain, and so
wrathful, I ween, her guise
That were I in the stead of Gawain little comfort
my soul might take
That she from my care would free me, and with
fair love atonement make. 220
Then they rode on an open moorland, and a herb
did Sir Gawain see
Whose root had the power of healing, and down
to the ground sprang he,
And dug up the root, and swiftly he sprang on his
steed again.
And the lady she looked upon him, and she spake
in a mocking vein,
'Now in sooth if this my companion can at one-
while be leech and knight, 225
For starvation he need not fear him if his salve-
box he bear aright!'
Quoth Gawain, "Neath a mighty linden a
wounded knight I saw,
Methinks, if again I find him, this herb shall the
poison draw
From his wounds, and new strength may give
him!" She spake, 'Now I well were fain
To look on thy skill, for who knoweth what
knowledge I thence may gain!' 230

Now a squire he rode swift behind them, 'twas the
lady's messenger,
Fain was he to do her bidding—As the horse-
hoofs they drew anear
Gawain would await his coming, and his steed for
a space he held,
Yet he deemed him he saw a monster when first
he the squire beheld,

For Malcréature did they call him, and Kondrie
was his sister fair, 235
And e'en such a face as the sister, I ween, did the
brother bear.
From his mouth, as the tusks of a wild-boar, stood
the teeth out to left and right,
Unlike was his face to a man's face, and fearful in
all men's sight.
And the locks of his hair were shorter than those
which from Kondrie hung
Adown on her mule, stiff as bristles, and sharp,
from his head they sprung. 240
And beside the river Ganges, in the land of
Tribalibot,
Dwell such folk, if awhile ye hearken ye shall
learn how befell their lot.

Now Adam, of all men father, from God did he
learn such skill,
All beasts, wild and tame, he knew them, and he
namèd them at his will.
And he knew the stars and their pathway, as they
circle the silent sky, 245
And the power of the seven planets, how they rule
men from heaven high,
And he knew of all roots the virtue, and the ill that
was theirs of yore—
When his children were grown to manhood, and
daughters and sons they bore,
From evil desires he warned them; and his
daughters he oft did rede
Of certain roots to beware them, that wrought ill
with the human seed, 250
And would change their face, and their aspect,
and dishonoured the race should be;
And he spake, 'Then shall we be other than erst
God did fashion me,
And therefore do ye, my children, give heed to the
words I say,

Nor be blind to your bliss, lest *your* children they
wander too far astray.'

But the women, they did as women, in forbidden
ways they went, 255
And they wrought out the lust and the evil on
which their desire was bent,
And the shape of men was changèd, such
rewarding their fault must win,
And tho' firm stood the will of Adam yet sorely he
mourned their sin—
Now the fair Queen Sekundillé, her body, her
crown, and land,
Feirefis had won as his guerdon by the power of
his knightly hand, 260
And there, in her far-off kingdom (no lie is the
tale I tell)
Full many of this strange people since the days
that are gone do dwell,
And their faces are ill to look on, and the birth-
marks are strange they bear.
And once of the Grail men told her, and Anfortas'
kingdom fair,
That on earth was naught like to his riches, and a
marvel she thought his land— 265
(And the waters within her kingdom bare jewels
instead of sand,
And many a golden mountain shall rear its crest
on high.)
And the queen she thought, 'How may I win
speech of his majesty,
Who ruleth the Grail?' she bethought her, and rich
presents she sent the king,
Of jewels fair, and beside them, they should to his
kingdom bring 270
Of this folk, so strange to look on, the twain of
whom now I tell,
Kondrie and the squire, her brother—and in this
wise the chance befell

(Much treasure beside she sent him whose cost
might of none be told,)
That Anfortas, the gentle monarch, who was
courteous as he was bold,
For the love he bare Orgelusé sent this squire unto
her grace, 275
By the sin and the lust of women set apart from
the human race!

Now this son of the herbs and the planets loud
mocked at the gallant knight,
Who, courteous, would wait his coming; no
charger he rode of might,
But a mare so feint and feeble and halting in every
limb,
And oft to the ground it stumbled 'neath its rider
so harsh and grim. 280
I wot well e'en Dame Jeschuté rode a better steed
that day
When Parzival's hand avenged her, and her
shaming was put away!

The squire he looked well upon Gawain, and thus
in his wrath he spake,
'If thou be a *knight*, I think me, and my lady with
thee wilt take
Thou shalt sorely repent the journey—A fool thou
in truth must be, 285
And such peril shall be thy guerdon as winneth
great praise to thee,
If so be that thou canst withstand it—Yet, if but a
servant thou,
Of buffets and blows, I think me, full soon wilt
thou have enow!

Then out quoth Gawain, 'My knighthood such
chastisement ne'er might feel,
'Tis good but for worthless youngsters who shrink
from the touch of steel; 290

But *I* hold me free of such insults, and e'en if it so
shall be
That thou and this lovely lady your mock'ry shall
pour on me,
Then *one* sure shall taste my vengeance, nor think
thou that I wax wroth
For ill tho' thou be to look on I hold thee but light
in troth!
With that by the hair he gripped him, and he
swung him from off his horse, 295
The squire glared wrathful on him, and his
bristles, so sharp and coarse,
Took vengeance sore on Gawain, his hand did
they cut and tear
Till the blood dripped crimson from it—then loud
laughed the lady fair,
'Now in sooth this is good to look on, to see ye
twain in wrath!'
So rode the twain, the squire's horse came halting
upon their path. 300

So came they unto the linden where the wounded
knight they found,
On his side the herb of healing the hand of
Gawain bound;
Quoth the knight, 'Now, how went it with thee
since first thou didst find me here?
Thou ledest with thee a lady who plotteth thine
ill, I fear!
'Tis thro' her I so sore am wounded; at the
Perilous Ford, I ween, 305
Did she force such a joust upon me as well-nigh
my death had been!
So, if thou thy life now lovest, I warn thee to let
her be,
And turn thee aside, nor ride with her, but
warning to take by me—
And yet may my wounds be healèd, if rest for
awhile I gain,

And, Sir Knight, thereto canst thou help me!
 'That will I,' quoth knight Gawain. 310
Then the wounded knight spake further, 'A spital
 shall stand near by,
And if I but now might reach it for awhile I in
 peace might lie,
Thou seest my lady's palfrey, it can carry,
 methinks, the twain
If she rideth afore, I behind her, so help me its
 back to gain.'

From the bough of the mighty linden Sir Gawain
 he loosed the steed, 315
And the bridle he took that the palfrey he might to
 the lady lead—
'Away from me!' cried the sick man, 'thou treadest
 on me I trow!'
Then he led it apart, and the lady she followed so
 soft and slow,
For she knew what her lord did purpose; as the
 maid to her horse he swung,
Up started the knight, and swiftly on the charger
 of Gawain sprung! 320
And, methinks, an ill deed he did there—With his
 lady he rode away,
And I ween that with sin was tainted the prize that
 he won that day!

Then sore did Gawain bemoan him, but the lady
 laughed loud and clear;
(And, were it a jest, he thought him such mirth
 were unfitting here,)
As his charger was taken from him her sweet lips
 in this wise spake, 325
'First wert thou a *knight*, then, in short space, I
 thee for a *leech* must take,
Now art thou become my *footman*! yet thou
 shouldst in no wise despair,
Such skill sure should bring thee comfort!
 Wouldst thou *still* in my favours share?'

'Yea, Lady,' then quoth Sir Gawain, 'an I might thy
 favor hold,
 The whole earth hath nothing fairer were the tale
 of its riches told; 330
 And of crownèd heads, and uncrownèd, of all who
 may joyful win
 The highest meed of glory, did they bid me to
 share therein,
 Yet still my heart would rede me to count all such
 gain as naught
 If thy love were but weighed against it, such bliss
 had thy favour brought!
 If thy love may not be my guerdon then a swift
 sad death I'll die, 335
 'Tis thine own this thing that thou scornest when
 thou dealest thus mockingly.
 Tho' a free man born thou shalt hold me thy
 vassal, if such thy will,
 Call me knight, or slave, or servant, the *name* it
 shall please me still!
 Yet, I think me, thou doest not rightly—When my
 service thou thus wilt shame
 Thou drawest down sin upon thee, and thou
 shamest thine own fair fame. 340
 If my service doth bring me honour thou hast
 naught withal to scorn,
 And such words shall but ill beseem thee tho' they
 lightly by me be borne!'

Then back rode the knight, sore wounded, and he
 quoth, 'Is it thou, Gawain?
 For that which erewhile I owed thee here dost
 thou full payment gain,
 Since thine hand in bitter conflict, me, thy
 foeman, did prisoner make 345
 And unto thine uncle Arthur thou didst me thy
 captive take,
 And four weeks long must I dwell there, and four
 weeks long I fed

With the dogs—I shall ne'er forget it till the days
of my life be sped!

Then he quoth, 'Is it thou, O Urian? If now thou
art wroth with me,
Yet guiltless am I, the king's favour at that time I
won for thee, 350
For thy folly so far betrayed thee that men spake
thee an outcast knight,
And thy shield it was taken from thee, and forfeit
thy name and right;
Since thou ill didst entreat a maiden, and the
peace of the land didst break,
With a rope had the king repaid thee, but to him
for thy life I spake!'

'Howe'er that might be, here thou standest, and the
proverb thou well mayst know, 355
"Who saveth the life of another, that other shall
have for foe."
And I do as a wise man doeth—'Tis better a child
should weep
Than a full-grown man, and bearded,—this
charger mine hand shall keep!'
Then he spurred him amain, and he rode thence,
as fast as his steed might fly,
And wroth was Gawain at his dealing, and he
spake out right angrily; 360

'Now it fell out in this wise, Lady, King Arthur his
court did hold
At Dianasdron, and with him rode many a Breton
bold.
Then as messenger to his kingdom a maiden must
take her way,
And this fool, for venture seeking, he crossed her
path that day,
And both to the land were strangers—He burnt
with unholy fire, 365

And fierce with the maid he wrestled till he bent
her to his desire.
As she cried for help we heard her—then the king
"To arms" did call,
In a wood the thing had chanced thus, thither rode
we one and all,
And I rode of all the foremost, and I saw the
sinner's track,
And I made him perforce my captive, and to
Arthur I brought him back.' 370

'And the maiden she rode beside us, and sorely
did she bemoan
That to *force* she must yield the guerdon that to
service was due alone.
Of her maidenhood had he robbed her—Yet but
lowly his fame shall stand
Who vaunteth himself the victor o'er a woman's
unarmèd hand—
And wrathful, I ween, was King Arthur, and he
spake, 'Ye my servants true, 375
Ye shall hold this deed for accursèd, and the day
of its doing rue.
Alas! for the woful dawning and the light that this
thing hath seen,
Alas! that I here am ruler, for the judgment is
mine, I ween!'
And he spake to the weeping maiden, 'Hast thou
wisdom, thy cause then plead.'
She spake fearless, e'en as he bade her, and the
knights they must list her rede. 380

'Then Prince Urian of Punturtois stood before the
Breton king,
And against his life and his honour, her plaint did
the maiden bring,
And she spake so that all might hear her, and with
weeping words did pray
The king, for the sake of women, her shaming to
put away.

And she prayed by the honour of women, and by
the Round Table's fame, 385
And the right which as message-bearer she
thought of all men to claim,
If he sat there that day for judgment he should
judge her with judgment true,
And avenge her of this dishonour which her soul
must for ever rue.
And she prayed they would do her justice, those
knights of the Table Round,
Since in sooth she had lost a treasure which might
never again be found, 390
Her maidenhood fair and unstained! Then all men,
with one accord,
Spake him guilty, and for his judgment called
loudly upon their lord!

'Then an advocate spake for the captive, (Small
honour was his I trow.)
And he spake as he might in his favour, yet it
went with him ill enow,
For of life and of honour forfeit did they judge
him, the headsman's sword 395
Should ne'er be his death, but a halter should they
twine him of hempen cord.
Then loud in his woe he prayed me, since he
yielded him to mine hand,
For mine honour should sure be stained if
wrought were the king's command.
Then I prayed of the weeping maiden, since she
saw how that I in fight
Had avenged upon him her shaming, to pardon
the traitor knight. 400
For sure 'twas the spell of her beauty that had
wrought upon him for sin,
And the love of her form so shapely—"For aye if
a knight doth win
Sore peril for love of a woman, she should aid
him, and hear his prayer,

So I prithee to cease thine anger, and have pity on
his despair."

'Then the king and his men I prayed them, by
what service I e'er had done, 405
They should loose me from stain of dishonour
which I by his death had won,
And the knight should live, as I sware him.—
Then the lady, his gracious queen,
I prayed by the bond of kinship, since my friend
she hath ever been,
(From my childhood, King Arthur reared me and
my love doth toward them flow,)
That she of her kindness help me—as I asked, it
was even so, 410
For she drew on one side the maiden, and she
spake to her soft and kind,
And it was thro' the queen, I wot me, that the
knight did his pardon find.
Thus free from his guilt they spake him, yet his
sin must he sorely rue,
For the life that was granted to him stern penance
he needs must do.
With the hounds of the chase and the house-dogs
from one trough he needs must eat 415
For the space of four weeks, thus the maiden
found avenging as it was meet!'

'For this cause is he wroth with me, Lady'—'Yet
his judgment it went astray,
If my love ne'er shall be thy guerdon, in such wise
I'll his deed repay
That ere he shall leave my kingdom he shall count
it to him for shame!
Since King Arthur avenged not the evil that was
wrought on that maid's fair fame 420
It falleth unto mine office, and judge am I o'er ye
twain,
Tho' who ye may be I know not, yet I to this task
am fain!

And well shall he be chastisèd for the wrong that
 he did the maid,
Not for *thine*, for I ween such evil is better by
 blows repaid.'

To the mare now Sir Gawain turned him, and
 lightly he caught the rein, 425
And the squire he followed after, and the lady she
 spake again,
And in Arabic spake she to him, and she gave him
 to know her will—
Now hearken unto my story, how Sir Gawain he
 fared but ill:
Then Malcréature, he left them—and Gawain his
 horse beheld,
Too feeble it was for battle, the squire, as his way
 he held 430
Down the hill, from the peasant-owner had taken
 the sorry steed,
And Gawain for his charger must have it, tho' but
 ill it might serve his need.

In mocking and hatred spake she, 'Wilt still ride
 upon thy way?'
Quoth Gawain, 'I will take my journey e'en in
 such wise as thou shalt say.'
She quoth, 'Wilt abide my counsel? It shall reach
 thee I ween too late!' 435
Quoth he, 'Yet for that will I serve thee, tho' o'er-
 long I thy rede shall wait!'
Quoth she, 'Then a fool I think thee, for unless
 thou shalt leave this mind,
Then sorrow instead of gladness and repentance
 for joy thou'lt find!'
Then he quoth, of her love desirous, 'Yet thy
 servant I still abide,
If joy be my lot or sorrow, be thy love and thy will
 my guide. 440
Since thy love laid its spell upon me in thy
 bidding my law I see,

And ahorse or afoot I'll follow, I care not where'er
it be!

So stood he beside the lady, and awhile he beheld
the mare,
Who to joust with such steed had ridden his gold
were o'er-keen to spare!
For the stirrups of hemp were twisted, and ne'er
had this gallant knight 445
Such saddle, I ween, bestridden, it would serve
him but ill for fight.
For e'en as he looked upon it, he thought, 'If on
that I ride,
The girths sure will break asunder, nor the saddle
my weight abide!
And so weak was the steed and ill-shapen, had
one dared on its back to leap
Of a sooth would the back have broken—On foot
he the road must keep! 450

And in this guise he took his journey: the horse by
the rein he held,
And his spear and his shield he carried; and the
lady his grief beheld,
And she mocked him with ringing laughter, fain
was she to work him woe—
Then his shield on the mare he fastened, and she
spake, 'In such guise wouldst go,
And carry thy wares thro' my kingdom? A strange
lot is mine, I ween, 455
Since *footman*, and *leech*, and *merchant* in turn
hath my comrade been!
Of the toll hadst thou best beware thee, or else, as
thou goest thy way,
It may chance they who take the toll here on thy
merchandise hands may lay!

And tho' sharp, I ween, was her mocking yet her
words was he fain to hear,

Nor rued he the bitter speeches that rang sweet to
his longing ear. 460
And as ever his eyes beheld her his sorrow it fled
away,
For fair was she to his thinking as blossoms in
month of May!
A delight of the eyes, and heart-sorrow, his gain
and his loss was she,
And languishing joy did she quicken—Her
freeman and captive he!

This hath many a master taught me, that Amor,
and Cupid too, 465
And Venus, of both the mother, make all men
their deeds to rue;
For with darts and with fire they kindle desire in
the longing heart,
But such love seemeth me but evil that is lighted
by torch or dart.
And the true heart it loveth ever, be its guerdon or
joy or woe,
And in honour the love is rooted which alone
shall abiding know! 470

'Gainst me have thy darts, O Cupid! I ween ever
missed their mark,
Nor Amor with spear hath smote me, nor fell on
my heart a spark
From the torch of thy mother Venus—Tho' love
'neath your rule shall be,
If love be my lot, not from *passion* but from *faith*
shall it bloom for me!

And if I with wit and wisdom 'gainst love's spells
might a hero aid, 475
Gawain had I gladly aided, nor asked that I be
repaid.
And yet no shame need he think it if love's fetters
him captive hold,

And if he of love be vanquished, for her captives
are aye the bold.
And yet so strong was he ever, and so knightly, to
face the foe,
That 'tis pity so brave a hero by a *woman* should
be laid low! 480

Now well let us gaze upon thee, thou power
which true love doth wield,
Such joy hast thou taken from us that barren and
reft the field,
And thou makest a road of sorrow across it, both
long and wide,
And if thy goal had been other than the high heart
I would not chide.
For folly methinks and lightness love all too old
shall be, 485
Or shall we to childhood reckon the evil love
worketh free?
For better are ways unseemly in youth, than if age
forget
Its wisdom—much ill love worketh, unto which
shall the blame be set?
For the mind of youth ever wavers, and changeth
as changing winds,
And if love shall be thus unsteadfast, little praise
may she hope to find. 490
Nay, better shall be my counsel, for the *wise*
praise true love alone;
Yea, and maiden and man shall join me, and all
who love's power have known.

When true love unto true love answereth,
undarkened by thought of guile,
And it vexeth them not that love turneth the key
on their heart awhile,
For they fear not nor think of wavering, then high
as the heaven above 495
O'er the earth, o'er the love that changeth, is such
true and steadfast love.

Yet, gladly as I would free him, to Frau Minne
Gawain must bow,
And his joy shall awhile be darkened—Small
profit my words, I trow,
And the wisdom I fain had taught him, for no man
may love withstand,
And love alone giveth wisdom, and nerveth with
strength the hand! 500

And to Gawain she gave this penance, afoot must
he wend his way
While his lady she rode beside him—To a
woodland they came alway,
And he led the steed to a tree-trunk, and the shield
that awhile it bare
He hung round his neck as befitting, and lightly
bestrode the mare,
And scarcely the steed might bear him—Then
they came to a builded land, 505
And a castle so fair and stately he saw there
before him stand,
And his heart and his eyes bare witness no
fortress was like this hall,
So knightly and fair the palace, and so countless
its turrets tall.
And many a maiden looked forth from its
casements, he thought to see
Four hundred and more, o'er all others, I ween,
four might fairest be. 510

Then the lady and her companion they rode a
well-trodden road
To a water whose waves ran swiftly, and ships
sailed the flood so broad.
By the landing there lay a meadow, where men
jousts were wont to ride,
And the towers of that stately castle rose fair on
the further side.
Then Gawain, that gallant hero, saw a knight who
rode swift and near, 515

As one who for combat lusted, and he spared not
or shield or spear.

Quoth the lady, fair Orgelusé, and haughty her
tone and proud,
'In what else thou mayst gainsay me in this be my
truth allowed,
For other I ne'er have told thee save that shame
shall thy portion be,
Now here, if thou canst, defend thee, since no
better is left to thee. 520
Methinks he who cometh hither shall fell thee
beneath his thrust—
If thy garments perchance be riven, and thou
bitest, ashamed, the dust,
Then those women above shall mourn thee, who
look for some deed of fame,
Seest thou how they gaze from the lattice? How,
then, if they see thy shame?'
Then the boatman across the water he came at the
lady's will, 525
From the shore to the boat she stepped there, and
Gawain it but pleased him ill;
For, mocking, fair Orgelusé spake thus to the
gallant knight,
'Thou com'st not with me, I leave thee on this
shore as a pledge for fight!'
Then sadly his voice rang after, 'Say, Lady, wilt
leave me so?
Shall I never again behold thee?' Then she spake,
'I would have thee know 530
If victory be thy portion thou shalt look on my
face again,
Yet but small is the chance I think me.' So sailed
she from knight Gawain.

Then up rode Lischois Giwellius, 'twere a lie if I
said he *flew*,
And yet little other did he for the earth scarce his
footprints knew.

And for this must I praise the charger, who the
greensward with such swift feet 535
Had trodden—Gawain bethought him how he best
might his foeman meet;
He thought, 'Should I here await him afoot, or this
steed bestride?
If his horse's speed he check not he surely o'er me
will ride,
And this fate must o'ertake his charger, to fall o'er
my fallen steed;
But, if he for combat lusteth, afoot on this flowery
mead 540
Will I face him and give him battle, since battle he
doth desire,
Tho' never I win her favour who hath brought on
me need so dire.'

Fight they must, and they fought as heroes, he
who came and he who did wait,
For jousting he made him ready, and the lance-
point Gawain held straight,
And he rested it on the saddle, (for thus did he
counsel take,) 545
Then e'en as the joust was ridden the spears did in
splinters break,
And the knights, the one as the other, they fell in
that goodly fray,
For the better charger stumbled and by Gawain its
rider lay.
Then the twain to their feet upspringing their
swords from the scabbard drew,
Since alike they were keen for combat, and their
shields in pieces flew, 550
For each hewed at the shield of the other till a
hand's breadth alone, I ween,
They held, for the pledge of conflict the shield it
hath ever been.

Flashed the sword-blades, fire sprang from the
helmets, a venture brave I trow

Was his who should here be victor, tho' stern
 conflict he first must know.
Long space did they fight, those heroes, on the
 flowery meadow wide, 555
And as smiths, who all day have laboured, as it
 weareth to eventide
Grow faint with their toil and weary with the
 mighty blows they smite,
So weary and faint were those heroes who here
 did for honour fight.

But for this none methinks shall praise them,
 unwise do I hold the twain,
No cause had they here for battle, 'twas fame that
 they thought to gain; 560
And strangers unto each other, each other's life
 they sought,
And yet, had they made confession, each owed to
 the other naught!

Now Gawain was a gallant wrestler, and his foe to
 the ground would bring
If in spite of the sword he might grip him, and let
 but the mighty ring
Of his arms his foeman circle, he forced him
 where'er he would. 565
Now must he with force defend him, and he
 fought as a hero good,
And his courage waxed ever higher, and the youth
 in his arms he caught,
And he bare him to earth beneath him tho' e'en as
 a man he fought.
And he quoth, 'Wilt thou live, thou hero, thou
 must yield thee unto mine hand!'
Yet Lischois, he was all unready to follow so stern
 command; 570
For never his pledge had he given, and he deemed
 it a wondrous thing
That the hand of a knight should o'erthrow him,
 and him in such peril bring

That against his will he must yield him, who had
ever the victor been,
For in sooth full many a combat his foeman
o'erthrown had seen.
Full oft he from them had taken what he cared not
to give again, 575
Nay, rather his life would he forfeit; and he spake
unto knight Gawain,
And he said, 'Let what would befall him, his
pledge to no man he'd give;'
Nay, death would he rather suffer, since no longer
he cared to live!

Then sadly, he spake, the vanquished, 'Thou hero,
is victory thine?
So long as God bare me favour such honour was
ever mine; 580
But now hath my fame an ending, and thy right
hand hath laid me low,
And if maiden and man must hearken to the tale
of my overthrow
Whose glory once rose to the heaven, then death
shall my portion be
Ere my kinsmen shall hear the story, and shall
sorrow and mourn for me!
Yet Gawain still prayed him yield him, but his
will and his mind were so 585
That he prayed God would rather take him, or slay
him by this his foe.
Thought Gawain, 'I am loth to kill him, if he
swear but to do my will
Unharm'd he may go'—yet the young knight
withheld him his promise still.

Then, ere he his hand had given, the hero he bade
him rise,
On the flowery mead they sat them: then Gawain
he bethought him wise, 590
(For his sorry steed it vexed him) the horse of his
vanquished foe

With spur and with rein would he test there, if
 'twere good for his need or no.
('Twas armed as beseemed a warhorse, and the
 covering was fair to see,
Of velvet and silk was it fashioned, what trapping
 might better be?)
Since the venture such prize had brought him,
 who should hinder him in his need 595
If for his own use he took it? so he vaulted upon
 the steed:

And he joyed in the free, swift movement, and he
 cried, 'Now, how shall this be?
Of a sooth it is thou, Gringuljet, that false Urian
 stole from me.
He knoweth best how he took it, and shameful I
 count his deed.
Now, who thus for battle armed thee, since thou
 art of a truth my steed? 600
Sure 'tis God who hath sent thee to me, and this
 fair gift shall end my woe.'
Then he sprang to the ground, and he sought him
 the token he well might know,
On its shoulder the Grail-Dove branded—In a
 joust did Lähelein slay
Its rider, the knight of Prienlaskors, and the
 charger he bare away.
Then Orilus was its master, and he gave it to
 knight Gawain 605
On Plimizöl's shore—greatly joyed he when the
 charger he won again.

Blithe was he, and high of courage, who awhile
 was sad and sore,
Yet love unto ruth constrained him, and the
 service so true he bore
To the lady who yet would shame him, and his
 thoughts ever toward her flew.
Then up sprang proud Lischois lightly, and his
 good sword he gripped anew, 610

For it lay where Gawain had cast it when he
wrested it from his hand:
And the ladies look down on the heroes, as for
combat once more they stand.

The shields were so hacked and riven that the
knights they must cast them by,
And, shieldless, to strife betake them, and they
bare them right gallantly.
And a crowd of fair maidens o'er them from the
palace window saw 615
The strife that below was foughten: and fierce
anger awoke once more,
For too nobly born I wot me was each man that he
might brook
That his fame should be lightly yielded, and
maids on his shaming look.
And helmet and sword were smitten, for shields
'gainst cold death were they,
He who saw the heroes strive there had mourned
for their toil that day. 620
Lischois Giwellius bare him, that fair youth, as
knight so brave,
True courage, and deeds undaunted, the counsel
his high heart gave.
And many a swift blow dealt he, as quick on
Gawain he sprung,
And lightly avoided from him, and his blade
round his head he swung.
But Gawain stood firm and undaunted, and he
thought him, 'Now, let me hold 625
Thee once in mine arms, I'll repay thee thy
dealings, thou hero bold!'

And fiery sparks might ye look on, and the flash
of the glittering blade
Well wielded by hand of hero—Nor one in his
station stayed,
For they pressed each one on the other, backward,
forward, to either side,

Yet this conflict so fierce, I wot me, did ne'er of
revenge betide, 630
And no hatred they bare to each other—Then the
arms of Gawain at last
He clasped round his gallant foeman, and the
knight to the ground he cast.
And I think, an I friendship sware here, I would
shrink from such fond embrace,
E'en tho' brotherhood it were sealing—Nor with
ye would such clasp find grace!

Then Gawain he bade him yield him, yet Lichois,
who against his will 635
Had striven when first he felled him, was all
unready still.
And he quoth, 'Wherefore thus delay thee, 'tis
needless, take thou my life,
For better to die than to yield me—Since I wot
well that in this strife
The fame that was mine aforetime hath vanished
beneath thy blow,
Of God must I be accursèd, since my glory such
goal doth know! 640
For the love of fair Orgelusé have I served her
with knightly hand,
And many a knight have I felled here, for none
might my arm withstand.
Now shalt thou be heir to my glory, for it falleth
to thee of right
If thou, who my fame hath ended, here endeth my
life, Sir Knight.'

But King Lot's son he thought in this wise, 'To
this deed have I little mind, 645
My name, it shall gain small honour if this man
here his death shall find,
If for no sin of his I slay him, who is true and
valiant knight—
'Twas *her* love that spurred him 'gainst me, for
whose favour I too would fight;

'Tis her beauty that doth constrain me, 'tis she that
doth work me woe,
Then why not, for the sake of my lady, show
mercy to this my foe? 650
If perchance for mine own I win her, if mine own
such bliss may be,
Then *he* cannot take her from me since stronger
am I than he!
And if o'er our strife she watcheth, then she must
of a surety own
That I, who for love would serve her, true service
and good have shown!
Then out spake the gallant Gawain, 'I were loth
thy life to take, 655
But hence will I let thee, scatheless, for fair
Orgeluse's sake!'

Weary were they, small wonder, then the fallen
knight arose,
And down on the grassy meadow apart sat those
gallant foes.
Then the master boatman stepped forth from the
water unto the land,
And a grey and yearling falcon he carried upon
his hand. 660
This right was his o'er the meadow, who jousting
upon the plain,
The charger of him who was vanquished he did as
his tribute gain.
From his hand, who was there the victor, should
he take, as a gift, the steed,
And bowing, thank him fairly, nor stint of his
praise the meed.
And such payment he oft had taken on the
flowery meadow green, 665
Nor otherwise had his living; save at whiles, when
such chance had been,
That a bird in his falcon's clutches had fluttered in
grief and pain.

Nor plough drave he thro' those furrows, for
enough did he deem his gain.
And son of a folk so knightly was he born to a
knight's estate,
And courteous, I ween, his bearing who there on
Gawain did wait. 670

So came he unto the hero, and with courteous
word and fair
He prayed of his hand the tribute, and the steed
that should be his share.
Quoth Gawain, the gallant hero, 'No merchant
methinks I be
To pay here or toll or tribute, from such tax do I
hold me free!'
Then he spake out, the master boatman, 'Sir
Knight, since full many a maid 675
Hath seen thee stand here the victor, by *thee* be
my tribute paid.
My right o'er the plain must thou own here, in
knightly joust thine hand
Hath won for mine own this charger; nor thy fame
shall the lower stand,
For he, whom thine hand o'erthrew here, the
world with his praises rung,
And with truth, unto this day's dawning, have men
of his glory sung; 680
But now he of God is stricken, and his joy hath an
ending found,
But *thou*, in his stead, I think me, with honour and
fame art crowned!'

Quoth Gawain, 'He first o'erthrew me, and I but
that deed repaid.
If tribute for joust be due here, by *him* be that
tribute paid!
Look well on this mare, he won it, thou canst take
it if such thy will. 685
The charger that standeth by me, as mine own will
I claim it still—

Tho' never a steed be thy portion, on *that* steed I
 hence will go,
Thou speakest of *right*, wouldst thou take it, then
 first I would have thee know
(Yea, thou thyself wilt own it) 'tis unfitting I take
 my way
Afoot, and right sore 'twould grieve me if that
 charger were thine alway! 690
For to-day in the early morning it was *mine*
 without doubt or fear,
And childish thou art if thou thinkest thus lightly
 to win it here!
'Twas Duke Orilus, the Burgundian, who gave me
 the steed of old,
Which Urian stole this morning, and the tale thou
 for truth shalt hold.
And the foal of a mule shalt thou win thee ere thy
 prize be this steed of mine— 695
Yet a fair gift in sooth will I give thee, for the
 steed shall the *knight* be thine,
Thou accountest him honour-worthy—if he say
 thee or yea or nay,
And if well or ill it doth please him I abide by my
 word alway!

Then joyful I ween was the boatman, and with
 smiling lips he spake,
'Now methinks that a gift so costly it hath ne'er
 been my lot to take, 700
And I deem myself all unworthy—Yet, Sir
 Knight, be he mine indeed,
Then the guerdon is more than I asked for and o'er
 my deserts my meed.
For his praises they rang so clearly that five
 hundred steeds all told,
Swift-footed and strong for battle, too low for his
 price I'd hold!
If a rich man thou thus wilt make me, then this
 thing shalt thou do for me, 705

To my boat shalt thou captive bring him, that I
hold him as pledge from thee.'
King Lot's son he spake in answer, 'Yea this will I
do, and more,
To thy boat first, and then from out it will I lead
him within thy door,
And there will I yield him captive'—'And there
will I welcome thee!'
Spake the boatman, and low he bowed him, and
thanks spake he fair and free. 710
And he quoth, 'Dear my lord and master, if it
please thee to be my guest,
And abide in my house till the morning, then
softly I'll bid thee rest.
Nor won boatman e'er higher honour, and blest be
the eventide
That seeth a knight so gallant 'neath the shade of
my roof-tree bide.'

Then out quoth Gawain, 'That will I, for in truth I
had prayed this grace, 715
For weary am I with battle, and fain would I rest a
space.
She who to this sorrow led me, her sweetness she
maketh sour,
And heart's joy shall be dear to purchase, and
sorrow doth crown each hour,
And the guerdon for this her service unlike to
herself shall be—
Alas! I had found a treasure, yet but loss hath it
brought to me! 720
And one breast thro' that loss now sinketh that
awhile swelled so proud and high,
When joy was from God my portion, for a heart
did beneath it lie.
Now I think me that heart hath vanished, and
where shall I comfort seek?
Shall I helpless abide that Frau Minne her wrath
upon me shall wreak?

Yea, had she the heart of a woman she would give
me my joy again 725
Who maketh her sweetness bitter, and turneth my
bliss to pain!

Then the boatman he heard how he wrestled with
sorrow, by love constrained,
And he quoth, 'So is here the custom, in the forest
as on the plain,
As far as Klingsor ruleth, be he coward or valiant
knight,
"Sad to day, to-morrow joyful," So it goeth for
peace or fight. 730
Perchance the truth thou knowst not? This land is
a wonder-land,
And ever by day and by night-time if good luck
shall not aid thine hand
Little good may thy manhood do thee! See thou
how the sun sinks low,
I think me, Sir Knight, it were better that we
should to my vessel go!"
Then Lichois he was led by Gawain, and never a
word he spake, 735
And the boatman he followed after and the steed
by its rein did take.

So sailed they across the water, and they came to
the further coast,
And the boatman he prayed Sir Gawain, 'Be thou
in mine house the host.'
And so rich was the house and stately, that scarce
in King Arthur's land,
E'en in Nantes that noble city, did a fairer
dwelling stand. 740
And he led Lichois thro' the doorway, and he
gave him unto the care
Of the host and his folk—Then the boatman spake
thus to his daughter fair,
'Fair times and a goodly lodging be the lot of this
noble knight

Who standeth here, go thou with him, for I deem
me it shall be right,
And tend him as best shall seem thee, nor stint
thou in aught thy care, 745
For great good hath he brought unto us, and 'tis
meet he thy grace should share!

To his son's care he gave the charger—Then the
maiden her sire's behest
Fulfilled as right well became her, for she led the
noble guest
To a chamber fair, where the flooring was hid
'neath a carpet green
Of rushes and fresh-plucked blossoms, as the way
of the land had been. 750
There the gentle maid unarmed him—quoth
Gawain, 'God show grace to thee,
For had not thy sire thus bade thee too great were
thy care for me!
And she quoth, 'For my father's bidding I do not
this deed, Sir Knight,
But rather that this my service may find favour
before thy sight.'

Then a squire, the host's son, must bear there soft
cushions, a goodly store, 755
And along the wall he laid them, and over against
the door.
And a carpet he spread before them that Gawain
he might seat him there;
And as one who knew well his office a cushion so
rich he bare,
With a covering of crimson sendal, that down on
the couch he laid;
And a seat like unto the other for the host he
beside it made. 760
Came another squire and he carried fresh linen the
board to spread,
(For thus gave the host commandment,) and he
bare with the linen bread.

And the hostess she followed after, and she
 looked well upon Gawain,
And she gave him a heartfelt greeting, and she
 spake, 'Now such grace we gain
From thine hand we are rich henceforward as we
 never have been before, 765
Sir Knight, sure our good luck waketh since such
 fortune it hither bore!'

Then when they had brought him water, and the
 host sat beside his guest,
With courteous mien Sir Gawain this prayer to his
 host address,
'Now I pray let this maid eat with me,' 'Sir Knight,
 ne'er was she allowed
To sit with knights, or eat with them, lest she wax
 of their grace too proud. 770
And yet so much do we owe thee, loth were I to
 say thee nay.
So, daughter, sit thou beside him, and as he shall
 speak obey!'

Then she blushed for shame all rosy, yet she did
 as her father bade,
And down on the couch by Gawain sat Bené the
 gracious maid.
(And two stalwart sons had the boatman beside
 that maiden sweet) 775
Three game-birds, I ween, that even were slain by
 the falcon fleet,
And all three did they bear unto Gawain, and a
 broth with herbs beside,
And the maiden she courteous served him as she
 sat by the hero's side;
For she carved for him dainty morsels, and laid
 them on bread so white
With her slender hands, and gently she spake to
 the stranger knight, 780
'Wilt thou send a bird to my mother? for else hath
 she none, I ween.'

Then gladly he told the maiden his will e'en as
hers had been
In this thing as in all other—to the hostess the bird
they bare,
And they honoured the hand of the hero, nor the
boatman his thanks would spare.

Purslain and lettuce brought they, in vinegar
steeped, I ween 785
Had he sought here his strength to nourish little
good might such food have been;
And if one should o'er-long feed on it then the
colour it waxeth pale,
Such pallor as truth betrayeth, if the mouth to its
speaking fail.
And if with false red it be hidden, it fadeth, and
bringeth shame,
But she who is true and steadfast she winneth the
higher fame. 790

If one by goodwill were nourished, then Gawain,
he right well had fed,
To her child naught the mother grudgeth, and as
free gave the host his bread.
Then they bare away the tables, and the hostess
she bade him rest,
And bedding I ween in plenty they brought for the
gallant guest.
And one was of down, and the covering above it
of velvet green, 795
Yet the velvet was none of the richest tho' fair had
its fashion been.
And a cushion must serve for cover, beneath it
should Gawain lie;
Nor the silk had with gold been purchased, 'twas
won in far Araby.
Of silk, too, the cunning stitching, and the linen
was fair, and white
As snow that they laid above it, and a pillow they
brought the knight. 800

And a cloak of her own she lent him, for
wrapping, that maiden fair,
'Twas new, and of ermine fashioned, and such as a
prince might wear.

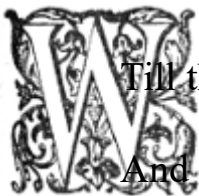
Then leave the host courteous prayed him ere he
laid himself down to sleep,
And men say that alone with Sir Gawain the
maiden her watch did keep,
And I think if he more had prayed her she never
had said him Nay— 805
Then he slept, for he well might slumber, God
keep him till dawn of day!

BOOK XI ARNIVE

ARGUMENT

Book XI. tells how Gawain would brave the venture of the Château Marveil, and how the boatman and his daughter strove to withhold him. How Gawain came to the Castle, and of the Lit Merveil and its perils. How Gawain slew the lion, and ended the enchantments of the castle, and how he was healed of his wounds by the Queen Arnivé.

BOOK XI ARNIVE



Weary he closed his eyelids, and he slept in a
slumber deep
Till the light of the early morning must waken
him from his sleep.
And many a window saw he within that chamber
wall,
And clear glass was before each window—Thro'
a doorway the light did fall,
'Twas open, without was an orchard, thither gat
him the gallant knight 5
For the air, and the song-birds' music, and to see
what might meet his sight
And but little space had he sat there, when the
castle he saw again
As at eventide he saw it when he fought on the
grassy plain.
And he saw from the hall of the palace full many
a maiden gaze,
And many were fair to look on; and he thought,
with a great amaze, 10

That a wondrous watch they must keep there,
since they wearied not thro' the night,
And little might they have slumbered, for as yet
scarce had dawned the light.

Then he thought, 'For the sake of these ladies will
I lay me to sleep once more.'
Then again to his couch he gat him, and for
covering he drew him o'er
The mantle the maid had lent him—Did no man
his slumber break? 15
Nay, sorely the host had vexed him, if one should
his guest awake.
Then of true heart bethought the maiden, who soft
by her mother lay,
And she roused her from out her slumber, and she
took to the guest her way,
And again he slept so sweetly—Then she thought
her, that gentle maid,
That fain would she do him service, and she sat
her beside his bed, 20
Fair was she, and sweet to look on, and but
seldom at eventide,
Or in hour of the early dawning, such venture has
sought my side!
Short space ere Gawain awakened and beheld
how she watched him there,
And he looked and he laughed upon her, 'God
reward thee, thou maiden fair,
That thou breakest for me thy slumber, on thyself
dost thou vengeance take, 25
Since nor service nor joust so knightly have I
ridden for thy sweet sake!'
And she answered, that gracious maiden, 'On thy
service no claim have I,
But look thou with favour on me, and thy will do I
willingly,
And all who are with my father, yea, mother alike
and child,

Do hail thee their lord and master, for love of thy
dealings mild!' 30

Then he quoth, 'Is it long since thou camest? Had
I of thy coming known
Fain would I have asked a question, perchance
thou the truth hadst shown:
Yestreen and again this morning fair ladies have
looked on me
From a mighty tower, of thy goodness now tell me
who may they be?'
But the maiden she shrunk in terror, and she cried,
'Ask me not, Sir Knight, 35
Since ne'er may I give an answer—I prithee to
hear aright,
If I knew, yet I might not tell thee, nor do thou my
silence chide,
But ask thou what else shall please thee and my
lips naught from thee shall hide,
But on this thing alone keep silence, and follow
thou what I say!'
But Gawain, he would ever ask her, and ever an
answer pray, 40
What ladies were they who sat there, and looked
from that stately hall?
And the maiden she wept full sorely, and aloud in
her grief did call.

'Twas yet in the early dawning, and her father he
sought her side,
Nor I deem me had he been wrathful if here did
such chance betide
That Gawain with the maid had striven, and had
forced her unto his will, 45
And the maiden, so fair and gentle, in such wise
did she hold her still,
For beside the couch was she seated—Then her
father he mildly spake,
'Now weep not so sore, my daughter, for if one a
jest doth make

Whereof thou at first art wrathful, yet I ween ere
the time be long,
Shall thy sorrow be changed to gladness, and thy
wailing to joyful song!' 50

Quoth Gawain, 'Nay, mine host, naught hath
chanced here save that which thine eye
may see;
This maiden I fain would question, but naught
would she tell to me,
For she thinketh, 'tis my undoing, and silence hath
she implored:
But now if it shall not vex thee let my service here
find reward,
And tell me, mine host, if it please thee, how it
stands with those ladies there, 55
For I know not the place or the country where I
looked on such maidens fair,
So many there are, and their raiment showeth
clear to my wondering sight!'
Then the host wrung his hands for sorrow, and he
spake, 'Ask me not, Sir Knight,
In the name of God, ask no question—For
wherever thy foot shall speed,
Or whatever thine eyes shall light on, no need
shall be like their need!' 60

'Then soothly I'll mourn for their sorrow,' quoth
Gawain, 'but mine host now say
Why vex thee so sore for my question? Thine
answer why thus delay?'
'Sir Knight, for thy manhood mourn I, if thou wilt
not thy question spare
Then strife sure shall be thy portion, and sorrow
thine heart shall bear.
And thy sorrow of joy shall rob us, myself and my
children three, 65
Who were born for thy gallant service true service
to yield to thee.'

Quoth Gawain, 'Yet for this thou shalt tell me, or
if thou still say me, Nay,
And I learn not from thee the story yet the truth
will I know alway!'

Then the host he spake out truly, 'Sir Knight, I
must sorely rue,
The question thou here dost ask me—Thou goest
to strife anew, 70
Arm thee well, and a shield I'll lend thee—In
"Terre Merveil" thou art,
And the "Lit Merveil" shall be here—And ne'er
hath a knightly heart
Withstood all the many dangers that in Château
Merveil shall be!
Turn aside, ere thy death o'ertake thee, for life
should be dear to thee!
For wherever thine hand shall have striven, or
what ventures soe'er it found 75
As child's play have been thy perils to those
which beset this ground!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Yet 'twould sorely vex me, if I,
but to save me pain,
Rode hence, doing naught, and those ladies had
looked for mine aid in vain.
Long since have I heard of this castle, and since it
so near doth stand
No man from the task shall bring me; to the
venture I set my hand!' 80
Then the host he did sore bemoan him, and he
spake to his guest so true,
'Now as naught is all other peril, what perils
around thee drew,
To the peril of this adventure, to its awe, and its
anguish dire,
And naught but the truth am I speaking, for no
man ever spake me liar!
But that gallant knight, Sir Gawain, for naught
would he turn aside, 85

But he quoth, 'Now mine host give counsel how
 the strife I may best abide,
 If thy words be the words of wisdom, and God
 give me the strength thereto,
 Thy will and thy rede I'll follow, and knightly the
 deeds I'll do!
 Sir Host, of a sooth it were ill done, did I fail here
 a blow to strike,
 And coward should I be accounted of foeman and
 friend alike.' 90
 Then first did the host bemoan him, such sorrow
 he ne'er might know,
 And he quoth to his guest, 'If it may be that
 Heaven such grace shall show
 That death be not here thy portion, then this land
 unto thee shall fall.
 And the stake is full many a maiden fast bound in
 a magic thrall,
 No man ere this day hath freed them—And with
 them many noble knights 95
 Shall lie as yet imprisoned; and if thou with hand
 of might
 Shall loose them, thou winnest glory, and God
 showeth grace to thee,
 And joyful, o'er light and beauty, king and ruler
 thou sure shalt be!
 And maidens from many a country shall honour
 thee as their king.
 Nor think, if thou now dost ride hence, such deed
 shame on thee should bring, 100
 Since on this field Liscois Giwellius hath yielded
 him to thine hand,
 And left unto thee his honour; who erstwhile in
 every land
 Hath done gallant deeds of knighthood, of right
 may I praise his name,
 No knight showed a higher courage, or won him a
 fairer fame.
 And in no heart the root of virtue it showeth such
 fair increase 105

In blossom and flower of God's planting, save in
Ither of Gaheviess!'

'And he who at Nantes slew Prince Ither my ship
bare but yesterday,
Five steeds hath he given unto me, (God keep him
in peace always,
Princes and kings once rode them, but now they
afar must fare,
And tidings of him who o'erthrew them must they
carry to Pelrapär. 110
For thus have they sworn the victor—His shield
tellet many a tale
Of jousting so fair and knightly—He rode hence
to seek the Grail!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Say, whence came he hither?
Mine host, since he rode so near,
Knew he naught of the wondrous venture? Or did
he the marvel hear?'
'Sir Knight, ne'er a word hath he heard here, I
guarded me all too well, 115
Lest unseemly my deed be reckoned if unasked I
the tale should tell.
And hadst thou thyself not asked me thou never
from me hadst known
The venture that here awaits thee, wrought of
terror and pain alone.
If thou wilt not forego this peril, and thy life shall
the forfeit pay,
Then never a greater sorrow have we known than
we know to-day. 120
But if thou shalt here be victor, and over this land
shalt reign,
Then my poverty hath an ending, and my loss
shall be turned to gain;
Such trust in thy free hand have I, I shall joy
without sorrow know
If thy glory here winneth glory, and thy body be
not laid low!'

'Now arm thee for deadly warfare!'—unarmed
was as yet Gawain, 125
'Now I prithee bring here my harness!' and the
host to his will was fain.
And from head to foot she armed him, the maiden
fair and tall,
And her father he sought the charger—Now a
shield hung upon the wall,
And the wood it was tough and well hardened,
(else Gawain ne'er this tale might tell,)
And the shield and the horse were brought him—
and the host he bethought him well; 130
And, as once more he stood before him, he spake,
'List thou well, Sir Knight,
I will tell thee how thou shalt bear thee, and guard
thee thy life in fight:'

'My shield shalt thou carry with thee! Of war shall
it bear no trace
For but seldom I strive in battle, nor I count it me
as disgrace.
When thou comest, Sir Knight, to the castle, do
this, it shall serve thy steed: 135
At the doorway a merchant sitteth, buy of him that
which thou shalt need,
Then give him thy steed, he will hold it, nor care
thou what thou shalt buy,
As a pledge will he hold thy charger, and will give
it thee joyfully
If unhurt from the Burg thou comest!' Quoth
Gawain, 'Say, shall I not ride?'
'Nay, nay, for sore peril neareth, and the maidens
their faces hide!' 140

'Thou shalt find that fair palace lonely, deserted
by great and small,
And no token of living creature shalt thou see in
that stately hall.
And may God's grace watch o'er thy footsteps,
and His blessing go with thine hand

When thou comest into the chamber where the
"Lit Merveil" shall stand.
And the couch, and the rollers beneath it, in
Morocco they first were made 145
For the Ruler of all the Faithful; and were it in the
balance weighed
'Gainst all treasures of crown and kingdom it still
would outweigh them all.
And I wot, there shall ill o'ertake thee, and God
knoweth what shall befall,
But I pray that the end be joyful! Yet hearken, Sir
Knight, to me,
This sword and this shield that thou holdest, in
thine hand must they ever be, 150
For surely when thou shalt think thee that the peril
hath done its worst,
Then *first* mayst thou look for conflict, and *then*
shall the storm-cloudburst!

Then mournful I ween was the maiden, as Gawain
to the saddle sprung,
And all they who stood around her they wept and
their hands they wrung,
Then he quoth to his host, 'God grant me that
hereafter I may repay 115
The care and the kindly counsel I have won from
thy lips to-day.'
Then leave did he pray of the maiden, and her
sorrow was sore to see,
He rode hence, and they whom he left here they
mourned for him bitterly.
And now, if ye fain would hearken what unto
Gawain befell,
The tale of his wondrous venture right gladly to
ye I'll tell. 160

And in this wise I heard the story—As he came to
the castle gate,
A merchant with merchandise costly without did
his coming wait.

And so rich were his wares, and precious, that in
sooth I were glad at heart
If I, in so great a treasure, my portion might bear
and part.
Then, Sir Gawain, he sprang from his charger, for
ne'er had he seen before 165
Outspread in the open market such goods as were
here in store.
And the booth was of velvet fashioned, four-
square, and both wide and high,
And that which lay there for purchase no monarch
might lightly buy.
The Baruch of Bagdad scarcely had paid that
which lay therein;
Nor the Patriarch of Rankulat might think him
such prize to win. 170
Yea, and great as shall be the treasure that was
found but awhile ago
In the land of the Greeks yet their Emperor such
riches might hardly know!
And e'en if these twain had helped him the price
he had failed to pay
That a man must count for the treasure that here
before Gawain lay.

Then the knight greeted well the merchant as he
looked on the wondrous store 175
Of marvels that lay before him, but he stayed not
to turn it o'er,
But bade him show clasp and girdle; then he
quoth to the hero bold,
'For many a year have I sat here, yet no man doth
my wares behold;
None but ladies have looked upon them! yet if
manhood shall nerve thine hand
Of all here shalt thou be the master; they were
brought from a distant land, 180
If here thou shalt be the victor, (for in sooth hast
thou come for fight,)

And the venture shall well betide thee, I will deal
with thee well, Sir Knight!
For all that my booth containeth is thine if thou
win the day!
So trust thou in God and His mercy, and take to
the Burg thy way.
Plippalinòt in sooth hath sent thee, and thy
coming well praised shall be 185
Of many a gracious maiden if thy prowess shall
set her free!"

'Now wouldst thou withstand this venture leave
here for awhile thy steed,
If thou trust it unto my keeping, I will give to the
charge good heed.'
Quoth Gawain, 'Yea, I'll gladly do so, if unseemly
be not the task,
Too greatly I fear thy riches such grace from thine
hand to ask, 190
For ne'er since I rode upon it such keeper my
steed hath known'—
Out quoth the merchant freely, 'Sir Knight, all
shall be thine own,
Myself, and the wares I guard here, (nor further of
them I'll speak,)
They are his, who in safety faceth the danger thou
here dost seek!"

And so bold was I ween the hero that on foot did
he go straightway, 195
Undaunted, to face the peril untold that before
him lay.
And, as I before have told ye, the Burg it stood
high and wide,
And its bulwarks so stoutly builded did guard it
on either side.
If for thirty years they stormed it, not a berry or
leaf would yield,
However the foe might threaten; in the midst was
a grassy field, 200

(Yet the Lechfeld I ween is longer,) many turrets
they towered on high,
And the story it tells that Gawain, as the palace he
did espy,
Saw the roof shine all many-coloured, as
peacock's plumes its glow,
And so bright it was that its glory was dimmed
nor by rain nor snow.

And within was it richly furnished, and decked to
delight the eye, 205
And the pillars were richly carven, and the
windows were arched on high,
And many a fair couch costly had they set there
against the wall,
Nor touched they the one to the other, and rich
covers lay over all.
And but now had the maidens sat there, but each
one had taken thought,
And no one of them all remained there, and of
welcome Gawain found naught. 210
Yet their joy came again with his coming, and the
day of their bliss was he,
And 'twere well they had looked upon him, none
fairer their eyes might see.
Yet none there might dare behold him, tho' to
serve them he aye was fain,
And yet in this thing were they guiltless—Thro'
the palace strode knight Gawain,
And he looked on this side and the other, and he
sought well the chamber o'er, 215
If to left or to right I know not, but he saw there
an open door,
And wherever that door might lead him the hero
was fain to go,
If high fame he might gain for his seeking, or die
there a death of woe!

So stepped he within the chamber, and behold! the
shining floor,

As glass it lay smooth beneath him, and the Lit-
Merveil he saw, 220
The wonder-couch; and beneath it four rollers as
crystal clear,
And fashioned of fire-red rubies: as the swift wind
afar and near
Did it speed o'er the shining pavement, no floor
might fairer be,
Chrysolite, sardius, jasper, inwrought there the
eye might see.
For so had Klingsor willed it, and the thought it
was his alone, 225
From far-off lands his magic had brought to the
Burg each stone.

So smooth 'neath his feet the pavement, scarce
might be his footing hold,
Then fain would he seek the venture, but, so is the
marvel told,
As ever he stood before it the couch from its
station fled,
And swift as the winds of heaven o'er the
glittering floor it sped. 230
(And Gawain he found all too heavy the shield
that his hand gripped fast,
And yet did his host give counsel it should ne'er
on one side be cast.)
Thought Gawain, 'Now, how may I reach thee,
since still thou dost fly from me?
Methinks thou shalt have a lesson, it may be I
may spring to thee!'
Then still stood the couch before him, and straight
from the ground he leapt 235
And stood firm in the midst of the marvel, and
again o'er the floor it swept,
And hither and thither turning in the four walls its
goal it found,
And blow upon blow fell swiftly, till the Burg
echoed back the sound.

And many a charge did he ride there, with crash,
 as of thunder-cloud,
 Or as trumpeters blow together when their blasts
 thro' the hall ring loud, 240
 And the one vieth with the other, and each for a
 fair prize blows.
 Less loud should have been their tumult than the
 tumult that there arose!
 And waken and watch must Sir Gawain, altho' on
 a bed he lay.
 How best might the hero guard him? The noise he
 was fain to stay,
 And his head with his shield he covered—There
 he lay, and would wait His will 245
 Who hath help in His power, and helpeth all those
 who entreat Him still,
 And shutteth His ear to no man who in sorrow for
 aid doth pray.
 And the man who is wise and steadfast, as
 dawneth his sorrow's day,
 Doth call on the hand of the Highest, that shall
 ne'er be too short to reach,
 And the aid that shall meet their lacking He
 sendeth to all and each. 250
 And so was it now with Gawain—Thro' Whose
 grace he had gotten fame,
 He called on His power and His mercy to shelter
 him here from shame.

 Then stilled for a space the clamour—The couch
 stood within the hall,
 And an equal space had they measured from its
 station to either wall.
 Yet now waxed his peril greater, for five hundred
 missiles, swung 255
 With craft from hands yet hidden, were against Sir
 Gawain flung.
 And they fell on the couch as he lay there; but the
 shield it was hard and new,

And it sheltered him well, and I think me of the
blows did he feel but few.
And the stones were as river pebbles, so heavy,
and hard, and round,
And in many a place on the surface of the shield
might their trace be found. 260

At length was the stone-shower ended, and never
before he knew
Such sharp and such heavy missiles as those
which toward him flew.
For now full five hundred cross-bows were
bended, their bolts they sped,
And each one was aimed at the hero as he lay on
the Wonder-Bed.
(And he who hath faced such peril in sooth he of
darts may tell:) 265

Yet their wrath was soon spent, and silence for
awhile on the chamber fell.
And he who would seek for comfort he ne'er on
such couch should lie!
Little solace or rest may he find there, but peace
from his face shall fly!
And youth would wax grey and aged, if such
comfort should be its share
As fell to the lot of Gawain, when he lay on that
couch so fair. 270
Yet nor weariness nor terror had weakened or
hand or heart,
Tho' the stones and the bolts of the cross-bow had
done on his limbs their part,
And spite of both shield and corslet, sore bruised
and cut was he:
And he thought that, this peril ended, the venture
should ended be—
But yet with his hand must he battle, and the prize
of the victor win, 275
For a doorway e'en now flew open, and one trode
the hall within;

And the man was a mighty peasant, and fearful of
face, and grim,
And the hide of the grey sea-otter was his
covering on head and limb,
And his hosen were wide, and he carried a club in
his strong right hand,
And 'twas thicker I ween than a pitcher that
round-bellied doth firmly stand. 280

So came he unto Sir Gawain, (and his coming it
pleased him ill,)
Yet he thought, 'He doth bear no harness, mine
arms shall withstand him still,'
Upright on the couch he sat him, as nor terror nor
pain he knew,
And the peasant, as he would flee him, a space
from the bed withdrew,
And he cried in a voice so wrathful, 'From *me* hast
thou naught to fear, 285
Yet such peril I'll loose upon thee that thy life
must thou buy full dear;
The devil himself doth aid thee, else wert thou not
still in life,
Bethink thee, for death cometh swiftly, and the
ending of all thy strife,
No more can the devil shield thee, that I tell thee
ere hence I pass!'
Then he gat him once more thro' the doorway, and
Gawain gripped his sword-hilt fast, 290
And the shafts did he smite asunder of the arrows
that thro' his shield
Had passed, and had pierced his armour, nor yet
to his hand would yield.

Then a roar, as of mighty thunder, on the ear of
Gawain did fall,
As when twenty drums were sounding to dance in
the castle hall.
Then the hero, so firm and dauntless, whose
courage ne'er felt the smart 295

Of the wounds that cowardice pierceth, thought
thus in his steadfast heart:
'What evil shall now befall me? Must I yet more
sorrow know?
For sorrow enow have I seen here, yet here will I
face my foe!
He looked toward the peasant's doorway, and a
mighty lion sprang thro',
And its size was e'en that of a warhorse, and
straight on Gawain it flew. 300
But Gawain he was loth to fly here, and his shield
he held fast before,
As best for defence should serve him, and he
sprang down upon the floor.
And the lion was hunger-ravening, yet little
should find for food,
Tho' raging it sprang on the hero, who bravely its
rush withstood.

The shield it had near torn from him, with the first
grip its talons fierce 305
It drave thro' the wood, such hardness but seldom
a beast may pierce.
Yet Gawain did right well defend him, his sword-
blade aloft he swung,
And on three feet the beast must hold him, while
the fourth from the shield yet hung.
And the blood gushed forth on the pavement, and
Gawain he firmer stood,
And the fight raged hither and thither, as the lion,
on the hero good, 310
Sprang ever with snorting nostrils, and gleaming
fangs and white—
And if on such food they had reared it, that its
meat was a gallant knight,
I had cared not to sit beside it! Nor such custom
pleased Gawain well,
Who for life or for death must fight it—and the
strife ever fiercer fell.

So sorely the beast was wounded, the chamber
with blood ran o'er; 315
Fierce sprang the lion upon Gawain, and would
bear him unto the floor,
But Gawain a sword-thrust dealt him, thro' the
heart the swift blade sped
Till his hand smote full on the breast-bone, and
the lion at his feet fell dead.
And now all the deadly peril and the conflict was
over-past—
In the same hour Gawain bethought him, 'Where
now shall my lot be cast? 320
Since to sit in this blood I like not, and I must of
the couch beware,
For it runneth a race so frantic 'twere foolish to sit
me there!'

But yet was his head so deafened with the blows
that upon him fell,
And many his wounds, and the life-blood did
forth from its fountains well,
And his strength waxed faint, and it left him, and
he fell on the chamber floor; 325
His head lay on the lion's body, and the shield
might he hold no more.
And if wisdom and power were his portion, of the
twain was he reft I ween,
And tho' fair was the Burg, yet within it full rough
had his handling been.

His senses forsook him wholly—no such pillow I
ween was his
As that which on Mount Ribbelé Gy mele gave to
Kahenis; 330
Both fair and wise was the maiden—and his
honour he slept away—
But here honour ran swift-footed to Gawain as he
prostrate lay.
For in sooth ye shall well have hearkened, and
shall know how such chance befell,

That thus lay the hero lifeless, from the first have
ye heard it well.

Then in secret one looked upon him, and the
chamber with blood was red, 335
And the lion alike and the hero they lay as the
twain were dead.
'Twas a fair and gracious maiden who saw thro' a
loop-hole high,
And her face it grew wan, and the colour from her
lips and her cheek must fly.
And youth was so heavy-hearted that old age sore
must mourn her tale.
Yet Arnivé was wise, and her wisdom did here
o'er the woe prevail, 340
And still for this deed must I praise her, she drew
near to aid Gawain,
And from peril of death she freed him who
freedom for her would gain.

Then herself she was fain to behold him, and they
gazed thro' the window small,
And naught might they tell, those women, of what
waited them in the hall.
Was it news of a joyful future? Or of woe that
should last for aye? 345
And the queen's heart it sore misgave her that the
hero had died that day,
(And the thought brought her grief and sorrow,)
since he sought him no better bed,
But silent he lay, and rested on the corse of the
lion his head.
And she spake, 'From my heart I mourn thee, if
thy manhood so true and brave
Hath won thee no better guerdon, and thy life thou
hast failed to save. 350
If death here hath been thy portion for our sake,
who shall strangers be,
And thy truth to such fate hath brought thee, then
for ever I'll mourn for thee.

And thy virtue I'll praise, tho' the counting of thy
years I may never know!
And she spake to the weeping women, as they
looked on the knight laid low,
'Ye maids who shall be baptized, and by water
have won a place 355
In God's kingdom, pray ye unto Him, that He
show to this hero grace!'

Then she sent below two maidens, and she bade
them to seek Gawain,
And softly draw nigh unto him, nor pass from his
side again
Till they brought her full assurance how it went
with the gallant knight,
If perchance he should yet be living, or had found
his death in fight. 360
So she gave to the twain commandment—Did
they weep those maidens fair?
Yea, both must weep full sorely for the grief that
was here their share,
When they found the hero lying, for his wounds
they ran with blood
Till the shield in blood was swimming—then they
bent o'er the hero good,
And with gentle hand the helmet one loosened
from off his head, 365
And she saw a light foam gathered upon his lips
so red,
And she waited a space and hearkened, if
perchance she might hear his breath,
For but now had she thought him living, yet she
deemed it might well be death.
And his over-dress was of sable, and the mystic
beasts it bore,
Such as Ilinot the Breton as his badge with great
honour wore. 370
(And courage and fame were his portion from his
youth till his dying day.)

From the coat with her ready fingers the sable she
tore away,
And she held it before his nostrils, for thus might
she better know
If yet he should live, since his breathing would
stir the hair to and fro.

And the breath was yet there, and straightway she
bade her companion bring 375
Fair water, the gentle maiden did swift on her
errand spring.
Then the maid placed her ring so golden betwixt
his teeth closed fast,
And deft was her hand in the doing, and between
his lips she passed,
Drop by drop, e'en as he might take it, the water,
and little space
Ere he lifted once more his eyelids, and he looked
on the maiden's face. 380
And he thanked them, those two sweet children,
and offered them service meet—
Alas! that ye here should find me, unseemly laid
at your feet!
If ye will on this chance keep silence, for good
will I count the deed,
And courtesy shall ye honour if ye give to my
words good heed!

Quoth the maid, 'Thou hast lain, and thou liest, as
one who the prize doth hold, 385
In sooth thou art here the victor and in joy shall
thy life wax old,
To-day is thy day of triumph! But comfort us now
I pray,
Is it so with thy wounds that, naught fearing, we
may joy in thy joy to-day?'
Then he quoth, 'Would ye see me living, then help
shall ye bring to me.'
And he prayed of those gracious maidens that a
leech to his wounds should see, 390

Or one who was skilled in healing, 'But if yet I
must face the strife,
Go ye hence, give me here my helmet, and gladly
I'll guard my life!'
But they spake, 'Nay, the strife is over, Sir Knight,
send us not away,
Yet one shall go, and the guerdon of messenger
win straightway.
To the four queens shall she betake her, and shall
say that thou livest still, 395
And a chamber shall they prepare thee, and
leechcraft with right goodwill,
And with salves shall thy wounds be tended, and
so mild shall their working be
That thy pain shall be swiftly lessened, and
healing be brought to thee!'
Then one of the maids sprang swiftly, and she ran
with no halting tread,
With the news that the knight was living
straightway to the court she sped. 400
'In sooth shall he be so living, if ever it be God's
will,
Rich in joy may we be henceforward and glad
without fear of ill,
For naught but good help he needeth,' 'Dieu
Merci!' then quoth they all.
Then the old queen wise her maidens did
straightway around her call,
And she bade them a bed prepare him, and a
carpet she spread before, 405
And a fire on the hearth burnt brightly, and
precious the salves they bore.
And the queen with wisdom mixed them for the
healing of cut or bruise.
In that hour from among her women four maids
did Arnivé choose,
And she bade them disarm the hero, and his
harness bear soft away,
And with wisdom should they deal with him lest
he feel himself shamed alway. 410

'A silk shall ye bear about ye, in its shadow the
knight disarm,
If yet he can walk he may do so, if else, bear him
in your arms
To where I by the bed await him, for his couch
will I rightly care,
If the strife in such wise hath fallen that no deadly
wound he bear,
Then I think me I soon may heal him, but if
wounded he be to death 415
Then cloven our joy—with the hero are we slain
tho' we yet draw breath!'

And all this was done as she bade them, disarmed
was the knight Gawain,
Then they led him where help they gave him who
well knew to ease his pain.
And of wounds did they find full fifty, or
perchance they were even more,
But the darts had not pierced too deeply since
ever his shield he bore. 420
Then the queen in her wisdom took her warm
wine, and a sendal blue,
And Dictam, the herb of healing, and she wiped
with her hand so true
The blood from his wounds, and she closed them,
and the flow of the life-blood stayed.
And wherever his helm was indented the stones
on his head had made
Sore bruises, yet they must vanish 'fore the salves
and their healing power, 425
And the master-skill of Arnivé who tended him in
that hour!

And she quoth, 'Ease I well may give thee, whiles
Kondrie doth come to me,
And all help that may be in leechcraft of her
friendship she telleth free.
Since Anfortas so sore doth suffer, and they seek
aid from far and near,

This salve shall from death have kept him, from
Monsalväsich 'twas brought me here.' 430
When Gawain heard she spake of Monsalväsich,
then in sooth was he glad at heart,
For he deemed it was near—Then this hero, who
ne'er had in falsehood part,
Spake thus to the queen, 'Now, Lady, my senses
that far were fled,
Hast thou won back again, and mine anguish I
ween hast thou minishèd,
What of strength shall be mine, or of wisdom, I
owe to thine hand alone, 435
Thy servant am I!' But the queen spake, 'Sir
Knight, thou such faith hast shown
That we all must rejoice in thy welfare, and strive
for it faithfully.
But follow my rede, nor speak much, a root will I
give to thee
That shall win thee refreshing slumber, thou shalt
care not for drink or meat
Till the night, then such food I'll bring thee thou
shalt need not ere morn to eat.' 440

Then a root 'twixt his lips she laid there, and
straightway he fell asleep,
And throughout the day he slumbered, and in
coverings they happed him deep.
Rich in honour and poor in shaming, soft and
warm, there in peace he lay,
Yet he sneezed, and at whiles he shivered, for the
salve wrought on him alway.
And a company of fair women passed within and
without the door, 445
And fair was the light of their faces, and stately
the mien they bore.
And she bade them, the Queen Arnivé, that
silence they all should keep,
None should call, and no maiden answer, so long
as the knight should sleep.

And she bade them fast close the palace, nor
burger, nor squire, nor knight,
Should hear what had there befallen till the dawn
of the morning light. 450

But new sorrow drew nigh to the women—The
knight slept till even grey,
Then Arnivé the queen in her wisdom drew the
root from his lips away.

And straightway he woke, and he thirsted, and
they brought him of drink and meat,
And he raised himself and, rejoicing, as they
brought him so would he eat:

And many a maid stood before him, such fair
service he ne'er had known, 455

So courteous their mien and bearing—then he
looked at them one by one

And he gazed at each and the other, yet still his
desire was set

On the lady Orgelusé, for ne'er saw he woman yet,
In all the days of his lifetime, who so near to his
heart did lie;

Tho' many his prayer had hearkened, and *some*
did their love deny! 460

Then out spake the gallant hero to Arnivé, his
leech so wise,

'Lady, 'twill ill beseem me, nor deal I in courteous
guise,

If these ladies stand here before me, I would they
might seated be,

Or if such be thy will it were better shouldst thou
bid them to eat with me!'

'Nay, Sir Knight, none I ween may sit here save I,
the queen, alone, 465

And shamed would they surely hold them were
such service not gladly done,

For our joy shalt thou be; yet I think me that if
this be thy will indeed,

Whate'er shall be thy commandment, we will give
to thy words good heed.'

But nobly born were those ladies, and their
courtesy did they show,
For all with one voice they prayed him he would
e'en let the thing be so, 470
And while he should eat they would stand there;
so waited they on the guest
And passed hence when the meal was ended and
Gawain was laid to rest.

BOOK XII

EIDEGAST

ARGUMENT

In Book XII. the poet recounts the valiant deeds done by Gawain's kinsmen for love's sake, and how they were as naught to the perils dared by Gawain.

Of the watch-tower in the castle, and the magic pillar, and how Gawain beheld the coming of Orgelusé and her knight.

How Gawain fought with and overcame the Turkowit, and how he was urged by Orgelusé's mockery to the venture of the Perilous Ford. How he plucked a bough from a tree guarded by King Gramoflanz, and was challenged by that monarch to single combat. Of the repentance of Orgelusé, and her reconciliation with Gawain, and how both were welcomed by the dwellers in Château Merveil. How Gawain secretly sent a squire to the court of King Arthur bidding him, his knights and ladies, to Ioflanz to witness the combat between Gawain and Gramoflanz.

BOOK XII

EIDEGAST

Now he who his rest had broken, if rest he
 perchance might win,
N Methinks they who hear the story had counted it
 him for sin.
 For e'en as the venture telleth, sore toil had the
 hero known,
 And in sooth did he face such peril that his fame
 thro' all lands hath flown.
 Lancelot on the sword-bridge battled, and
 Meljakanz must sue for grace, 5
 Yet as naught was I ween his danger to the woe
 that Gawain must face.
 And that which is told of Garel, the valiant and
 knightly king,
 Who o'erthrew the lion 'fore the palace and made
 Nantes with his daring ring—
 And he sought the knife too, Garel, but he paid for
 his deed full dear
 In the pillar of marble—greater was the venture
 ye read of here! 10
 For the darts that were shot against Gawain, as his
 manly courage bade,
 For a mule were too great a burden if they all on
 its back were laid!
 The Perilous Ford hath its dangers; and Erec must
 sorrow know,
 When for Schoie-de-la-kurt he battled, and
 Mabonagrein would fain lay low,
 Yet ne'er had he faced such peril as fell here to
 knight Gawain. 15
 Nor Iwein, the gallant hero, who water would
 pour amain,
 Nor feared of the stone the venture—Were these
 perils all knit in one,
 He who knoweth to measure danger saith Gawain
 greater deeds had done!

What peril is this I tell of? If ye will, I the woe
 will name,

Or too early perchance the telling? Swift-foot
 Orgelusé came, 20
 And straight to the heart of the hero hath she
 taken her silent way,
 That heart that hath ne'er known trembling, that
 courage hath ruled alway.
 And how came it so stately lady might hide in so
 small a space?
 For narrow I ween was the pathway that led to her
 resting-place.
 And all sorrow he knew aforetime was as nought
 to this bitter woe, 25
 And a low wall it was that hid her when his heart
 did her presence know
 In whose service he never faltered, but was
 watchful as he was true.
 Nor find ye here food for laughter, that one who
 ne'er terror knew,
 A hero so brave in battle, should yield to a
 woman's hand.
 Alas! woe is me for the marvel that no man may
 understand! 30
 And Frau Minne she waxeth wrathful 'gainst him
 who the prize hath won,
 Yet dauntless and brave hath she found him, and
 shall find him, till life be done.
 Who harm on a wounded foeman shall work doth
 his honour stain,
 Yet in strength 'gainst his will did Love bind him,
 and it turned to him for gain.

Frau Minne, wouldst have men praise thee? Then
 this will I say to thee, 35
 This strife shall be not to thine honour, since sore
 wounded Gawain shall be.
 And ever throughout his life-days has he lived as
 thou didst command,
 And he followed in this his father, and the men of
 his mother's land.

For they yielded thee loyal service since the days
Mazadan was king,
Who Terre-de-la-Schoie from Fay-Morgan in thy
service did gallant bring. 40
And this do men tell of his children, no man from
his fealty fell.
And Ither of Gaheviess bare it, thy badge, and he
served thee well;
And never in woman's presence did one speak of
the hero's name
But their hearts yearned in love towards him, and
they spake it, nor thought it shame,
How then when they looked upon him? Then the
tale first was told aright! 45
Frau Minne, a faithful servant didst thou lose in
that gallant knight!

Slay Gawain if thou wilt, as his cousin Ilinot by
thine hand was slain,
Since thy power with the bitter torment of desire
did the knight constrain,
Till he strove for the love of his lady all the days
of his fair young life,
Florie of Kanedig was she, and he served her in
many a strife. 50
And he fled from the land of his fathers in the
days of his youth's unrest,
And was reared by this queen, and Britain ne'er
saw him but as a guest.
And the burden of Love weighed on him, and
from Florie's land he fled,
Till the day that in true love's service, as I told ye,
men found him dead.
And often the kin of Gawain thro' love have
known sorrow sore, 55
And of those by Frau Minne wounded could I
name to ye many more.
And why did the snow and the blood-drops move
Parzival's faithful heart?

'Twas his *wife* wrought the spell, I think me! Yea,
 others have known thine art,
Galoes and Gamuret hast thou vanquished, and in
 sooth hast thou laid them low,
And the twain for their true love's guerdon must
 the death of a hero know. 60
And Itonjé, Gawain's fair sister, must love
 Gramoflanz the king,
And grieve for her love; and sorrow, Frau Minne,
 thou once didst bring
On fair Surdamur and her lover: since thou
 sufferest not Gawain's kin
To seek them another service, so on him wouldst
 thou honour win!

Be mighty towards the mighty but here let
 Gawain go free, 65
His wounds they so sorely pain him, and the hale
 should thy foemen be!
But many have sung of love's working who never
 so knew love's power,
For myself, I would hold me silent—But true
 lovers shall mourn this hour
What chanced unto him of Norway, for the
 venture he faced right well,
And now, without help or warning, love's tempest
 upon him fell! 70

Quoth the hero, 'Alas, for restless my resting-
 place shall be,
One couch did so sorely wound me, and the other
 hath brought to me
Sore torment of love and longing! Orgelusé must
 favour show
Unto me her true knight and servant, or small joy
 shall my life-days know!'
As unresting he turned, and he stretched him, the
 bands from his wounds were torn, 75
So restless he lay and wakeful awaited the coming
 morn.

And at last the day shone on him, and many a
battlefield
And sword-strife more rest had brought him than
the rest which his couch might yield.

Would one liken his woe unto Gawain's, and be
e'en such a lover true,
Of his love-wounds let him be healèd, and then
smitten by darts anew, 80
And methinks he shall find that the sorrow and
torment shall vex him more
Than all the sum of the sorrow he hath borne for
love's sake before!

Nor love's torments alone vexed Gawain—Ever
clearer it grew, the light,
Till dark seemed the lofty tapers that erstwhile
had shone so bright.
Then up sprang from his couch the hero, and as
blood, and as iron, red 85
With wounds, and with rust, was his linen, yet
beside him he saw outspread
Hosen and shirt of woollen, and the change
pleased our hero well,
And robes lined with fur of the marten, and a
garment that o'er them fell,
(In Arras its stuff was woven, and from Arras
'twas hither sent,)
And boots had they lain beside it, none too narrow
for his content. 90

In these garments anew he clothed him, and forth
from the chamber went
Gawain, and hither and thither his steps thro' the
palace bent,
Till he found the hall of his venture, no riches he
e'er had known
To liken unto the glories within this fair castle
shown.

And there at one side of the palace a narrow dome
 he found, 95
And it rose high above the building, and a
 staircase within it wound,
And above stood a shining pillar; nor of wood
 was it shapen fair,
But so large and so strong that the coffin of
 Kamilla it well might bear.
And Klingsor, the wise, he brought it from the
 kingdom of Feirefis,
And his cunning and skill had fashioned both the
 hall and the stair I wis! 100

No tent might so round be fashioned; did the
 Master Geometras will
To raise such a work he had failèd, for unknown
 to his hand the skill.
'Twas magic alone that wrought it—The venture it
 bids us know
Of diamond, amethyst, topaz, carbuncle with red-
 fire glow,
Of chrysolite, emerald, ruby, and sardius, the
 windows tall, 105
That each one like to the other encircled this
 wondrous hall.
And rich as the window columns, and carven, the
 roof o'erhead,
And herein was a greater marvel than all marvels
 ye yet have read;

For, the vault below, no pillar was like to that
 column fair
That stood in the midst of the circle, and
 wondrous the power it bare, 110
For so the venture telleth—Gawain fain would
 gaze around,
And alone did he climb the watch-tower, and
 precious the jewels he found.
And he saw there a greater wonder, and the sight
 never vexed his eye,

For he thought him upon the column all the lands
of the earth did lie.
And he saw the countries circle, and the mighty
mountains' crest 115
Meet, e'en as two hosts in battle, as one vision the
other pressed.
And folk did he see in the pillar, and on horse or
afoot they went,
They ran, and they stood: in a window he sat him
on seeing bent.

Came the agèd Queen Arnivé, with Sangivé her
child, and there
Were two maidens, the gentle daughters that
Sangivé erewhile did bear. 120
And the four queens they came unto Gawain, and
he saw them and sprang upright;
And thus quoth the Queen Arnivé, 'Methinks thou
shouldst sleep, Sir Knight,
For though rest may no longer please thee, thou
art wounded too sore, I trow,
That thou further toil and labour shouldst yet for a
season know!'
Quoth the knight, 'Lady mine and my mistress,
since thy wisdom hath brought to me 125
My wit, and my strength, all my lifetime thy
servant I fain would be!'

Quoth the queen, 'If I so may read them, the
words thou didst speak but now,
And thou ownest me as thy mistress, then Sir
Knight, to my bidding bow,
And kiss at my will these ladies, as thou mayest,
without thought of shame,
Since nor mother nor maid before thee but a
kingly birth may claim!' 130
Then glad was Gawain at her bidding, and he
kissed those ladies three,
And Sangivé was first, then Itonjé, and the third
was the fair Kondrie.

And the five sat them down together, and Gawain
saw those maidens twain,
Their face and their form so gracious, and he
looked, and he looked again;
Yet one woman so worked upon him, for yet in
his heart she lay, 135
That their beauty by Orgeluse's he deemed but a
cloudy day.
For he held with the Lady of Logrois none other
might well compare,
And his heart and his thoughts were captive to
this lady so sweet and fair.

Now 'twas done, and Gawain had been greeted
with a kiss by those ladies three,
And so fair were they all that I wot well their
beauty would fatal be 140
To a heart that was yet unwounded—Then he
spake to the elder queen,
And he prayed her to tell of the pillar, and the
marvels he there had seen.

Quoth Arnivé, 'By day and by night-time that
pillar, I ween, doth throw
Its light for six miles around it, so long as its
power I know.
And all that within that circuit doth chance on its
face we see, 145
In water, or on the meadow, and true shall the
vision be.
The bird and the beast we see here, the guest and
the woodman true,
He who to this land is a stranger, or its ways of
aforetime knew.
Yea, all may we find within it, and it shineth for
six miles round;
And so fast and so firm it standeth none moveth it
from the ground, 150
And no hammer shall ever harm it, and no smith
hath, I ween, the skill.

'Twas stolen from Queen Sekundillé, I think me,
against her will!

Now Gawain he saw at this moment on the
column a goodly pair,
A knight with a lady riding, and he thought him
the maid was fair,
And clearly and well he saw them—and armed
were both steed and knight, 155
And his helmet was plumed and jewelled, and it
gleamed in the morning light.
And they rode at a hasty gallop thro' the defile out
on the plain:
Tho' I wot well he little knew it, yet they rode but
to seek Gawain!

And they came by the self-same pathway that
Lischois he rode afore,
The proud knight whom Gawain had vanquished,
and in joust from his charger bore. 160
And the lady she held the bridle of the knight who
to joust would ride,
And the sight to Gawain brought sorrow, and
swiftly he turned aside,
And behold! 'twas no lying vision, for without on
the grassy plain
By the river rode Orgelusé, and a knight at her
side drew rein.
E'en as hellebore within the nostril pierceth sharp,
and a man doth sneeze, 165
Thro' his eye to his heart came the Duchess, and
she robbed him of joy and ease!

Alas! I wot well 'gainst Frau Minne all helpless
shall be Gawain—
Then he looked on the knight who rode there, and
he spake to the queen again,
'Lady, a knight I see there, who rideth with well-
aimed spear,

Nor will cease from the goal he seeketh—Well! I
 ween he may find it here, 170
 Since he craveth some deed of knighthood I am
 ready with him to fight,
 But say, who shall be the maiden?' she quoth, 'Tis
 the lady bright
 Who is Duchess and queen of Logrois,—Now
 'gainst whom doth she bear ill-will?
 For the Turkowit rideth with her, and unconquered
 shall he be still.
 With his spear such fame hath he won him, as
 were riches for kingdoms three, 175
 And against a hand so valiant 'twere best not to
 venture thee;
 For strife is it all too early, and thou shalt be hurt
 too sore,
 And e'en wert thou whole I should rede thee to
 strive with him nevermore!
 Quoth Gawain, 'If indeed I be lord here then he
 who so near shall seek
 Deeds of knighthood, shall shame mine honour if
 vengeance I fail to wreak. 180
 Since he lusteth for strife, O Lady, thou shalt give
 me mine armour here!
 Then the ladies, the four, bewailed them with
 many a bitter tear:
 And they quoth, 'Wilt thou deck thy glory? wilt
 thou greater honour know?
 Strive not now, shouldst thou fall before him then
 greater shall wax our woe.
 But e'en if thou be the victor, if thou girdest thine
 harness on 185
 Thou must die who so sore art wounded, and with
 thee are we all undone!'

Gawain, he was sorely anguished, and the cause
 have ye heard aright,
 For he counted himself dishonoured by the
 coming of such a knight

And his wounds, they must sorely pain him, yet
 love's torment it vexed him more,
And the grief of these four fair ladies, and the
 love they towards him bore. 190
Then he bade them to cease from weeping, and
 harness and sword he craved,
And his charger; and those fair women they led
 forth the hero brave.
And he bade them go forth before him, and adown
 the steps they wind
To the hall where the other maidens so sweet and
 so fair they find.

Then Gawain for his perilous journey was armed
 'neath the light of eyes 195
Tear-dimmed, and they secret held it, and none
 knew save the merchant wise.
And they bade him the steed make ready, and the
 hero he slowly stept
To the place where his charger waited—nor light
 on its back he leapt,
But scarcely his shield might he carry, for in sooth
 was he wounded sore.
And thro' centre and rim was it piercèd, and traces
 of battle bore! 200

Then again he bestrode his charger, and he turned
 from the Burg away,
And he rode to his host so faithful; and never he
 said him Nay,
But all that he asked he gave him, a spear both
 strong and new,
(Many such had, I ween, been his tribute from
 that plain where they joustèd true,)
Then Gawain bade him ship him over, in a ferry
 they sought the shore, 205
And the Turkowit, who high courage and the
 thought of sure victory bore;
For so well against shame was he armèd that ill-
 deeds from before him fled,

And his fame was so high accounted, that they
 made of the sward their bed
Who would ride a joust against him—From their
 charger they needs must fall,
And of those who had faced his valour, his spear
 had o'erthrown them all. 210
And this was the rule of the hero, that by spear-
 thrust, and no sword-blade,
Would he win to him fame in battle, or his honour
 be prostrate laid.
And to him who should face his onslaught, and
 o'erthrow him, the self-same day
Would he yield, nor defend him further, but would
 give him his pledge straightway.

And thus heard Gawain the story from him who
 the pledge did hold, 215
For his pledge Plippalinòt took there, when the
 tale of the joust was told.
Did one fall while the other sat still, with goodwill
 of the heroes twain
Did he take that which one must forfeit, and the
 other methinks should gain,
Of the charger I speak, hence he led it, for he
 deemed they enough had fought.
Who was victor, and who the vanquished, from
 the Burg were the tidings brought, 220
For the women, they looked on the jousting, and
 many a conflict saw.
Then he bade Gawain seat him firmly, and the
 charger he led to shore,
And his shield and his spear he gave him—and
 the Turkowit swiftly came
As one who his joust can measure, nor too high
 nor too low his aim.
And Gawain turned his horse against him—of
 Monsalväsich, Gringuljet, 225
And it answered unto the bridle, and his spear
 'gainst the foe he set.

Now forward!—the joust be ridden—Here rideth
 King Lot's fair son,
 Undaunted his heart—Now know ye where the
 helm hath its fastening won?
 For there did his foeman strike him; but Gawain
 sought another aim,
 And swift thro' the helmet's visor with sure hand
 the spear-point came, 230
 And plain to the sight of all men was the fate of
 the joust that day,
 On his spear short and strong the helmet from his
 head Gawain bare away,
 And onward it rode, the helmet! But the knight on
 the grass lay low,
 Who was blossom and flower of all manhood till
 he met with such mighty foe.
 But now he in joust was vanquished, and the
 jewels from his helm were seen 235
 To vie with the dew on the herbage and the
 flowers on the meadow green.
 And Gawain, he rode back unto him, and his
 pledge did he take that day,
 And the boatman he claimed the charger, who was
 there should say him Nay?

Thou art joyful, and yet hast small reason,' spake
 the lady of Gawain's love,
 (As of old were her words of mocking,) 'Since
 wherever thy shield doth move 240
 The lion's paw doth follow—And thou thinkest
 fresh fame to gain
 Since the ladies have looked on thy jousting—
 Well thou mayst in thy bliss remain,
 Since the Lit Merveil hath dealt gently and but
 little harm hath wrought!
 And yet is thy shield all splintered as if thou hadst
 bravely fought—
 Thou art doubtless too sorely wounded to yearn
 for a further fray? 245

And such ill to the 'Goose' be reckoned, that I
 called thee but yesterday.
So eager wert thou to vaunt thee, as a sieve hast
 thou piercèd thro'
Thy shield, one would deem it riddled with the
 darts that toward thee flew.
But *to-day* mayst thou well shun danger—If thy
 finger shall wounded be
Ride hence to the maids of the castle, for well will
 they care for thee! 250
Far other strife were *his* portion, to whom I a task
 would give,
Did thine heart yet yearn for my favour, and thou
 wouldst in my service live!

Quoth Gawain to the Duchess, 'Lady, tho' deep
 were my wounds I trow
They ere this have found help and healing—If
 such help I from thee might know
That thou, gracious, wouldst own my service, no
 peril would be so great, 255
But I, for thy love and rewarding, the issue would
 gladly wait!'
Quoth she, 'Then shalt thou ride with me new
 honour perchance to gain!'
Then rich in all joy and contentment was that
 valiant knight Gawain—
And the Turkowit went with the boatman, and he
 bade him the tidings bear
To the Burg, and there pray the maidens to have
 of the knight good care. 260

And his spear it was yet unsplintered, tho' both
 horses they spurred amain
To joust, his right hand yet held it, and he bare it
 from off the plain.
And many a maiden saw him, and wept as he rode
 away.
Quoth Arnivé, 'Our joy and comfort hath chosen
 to him to-day

A joy for the eyes and a sorrow for the heart, yea,
both flower and thorn, 265

Alas! that he rides with the Duchess, since he
leaveth us here forlorn.

To the Perilous Ford he rideth, and his wounds
sure shall work him ill!

(Maids four hundred must weep for his going, yet
new tasks would he fain fulfil.)

But yet tho' his wounds they pained him, his
sorrow had taken flight

When he looked upon Orgelusé, so fair was her
mien and bright. 270

Then she quoth, 'Thou shalt win me a garland of
fresh leaves from off a tree,

And I for the gift will praise thee—If thou doest
this deed for me

Thou shalt find in my love rewarding!' Then he
quoth, 'Wheresoe'er it stand,

The tree that shall bring such blessing as reward
unto this mine hand,

If I not in vain bemoan me, but win hearing for
this my grief, 275

Then thy garland, tho' death it bring me, shall lack
not a single leaf!

And tho' many a blossom bloomed there yet their
colour it was as naught

To the colour of Orgelusé, and Gawain on her
beauty thought

Till it seemed him his grief of aforetime and his
anguish had fled away—

And thus with her guest did she journey a space
from the Burg that day, 280

And the road it was straight and easy, and it led
thro' a forest fair,

And Tamris I ween and Prisein were the names
that the trees did bear,

And the lord of the wood was Klingsor—Then
Gawain the hero spake,

'Say, where shall that garland blossom which the
spell of my grief shalt break?'

(In sooth he had best o'erthrown her, as oft shall
have chanced I trow 285
To many a lovely lady.) Then she quoth, 'Thou
shalt see the bough
Whose plucking shall win thee honour!' O'er the
field ran a deep ravine,
And so near did they ride to the chasm that the
tree from afar was seen.
Then she quoth, 'Now, Sir Knight, one guardeth
that tree who my joy hath slain,
If thou bring me a bough from off it, no hero such
prize shall gain 290
As from me shall be thy rewarding! And here
must I hold my way,
Nor further may I ride with thee; but make thou
no more delay,
God have thee in His safe keeping! Thine horse
must thou straightway bring
To the gulf, and with sure hand urge it o'er the
Perilous Ford to spring.'

So still on the plain she held her, and on rode the
gallant knight, 295
And he hearkened the rush of water that had riven
a path with might
Thro' the plain—it was deep as a valley, and no
man its waves might ford;
Then Gawain spurred his steed towards it, and he
sprung o'er the flood so broad,
And yet but the charger's fore-feet might light on
the further side,
And they fell in the foaming torrent; and the lady
in anguish cried, 300
For swift and wide was the water; yet Gawain he
had strength enow,
Tho' heavy the weight of his armour, for he saw
where there grew a bough

That hung o'er the foaming torrent, and he
grasped it, for life was dear,
And he gained on the bank a footing, and he drew
from the waves his spear.

Up and down the stream swam the charger, and
Gawain to its aid would go, 305
Yet so swift was the rush of the water he followed
with pain its flow,
For heavy I ween his harness, and his wounds
they were deep and sore:
Then he stretched out his spear as a whirlpool
bare the charger towards the shore—
For the rain and the rush of the waters had broken
a passage wide,
And the bank at the place was shelving, and the
steed swept towards the side— 310
And he caught with the spear its bridle, and drew
it towards the land
Till the hero at last might reach it and lay on the
rein his hand.

And Gawain, the gallant hero, drew his horse out
upon the plain,
And the steed shook itself in safety, nor the torrent
as prize might gain
The shield—Then he girt his charger, and the
shield on his arm he took: 315
And if one weepeth not for his sorrow methinks I
the lack may brook,
Tho' in sooth was he in sore peril—For love he
the venture dared,
For the fair face of Orgelusé, his hand to the
bough he bared.
And I wot, 'twas a gallant journey, and the tree it
was guarded well,
He was *one*, were he *twain*, for that garland his
life must the payment tell. 320
King Gramoflanz, he would guard it, yet Gawain
he would pluck the bough.

The water, men called it Sabbins, and the tribute
was harsh enow
That Gawain would fetch when both charger and
knight did the wild waves breast.
Tho' the lady was fair, *I* had wooed not! To shun
her methinks were best.

When Gawain erst the bough had broken and its
leaves in his helm did wave, 325
Uprode a knight towards him, and his bearing was
free and brave.
Nor too few were his years nor too many; and in
this he his pride had shown,
What evil so e'er befell him he fought not with
one alone,
Two or more must they be, his foemen! So high
beat his gallant heart,
That whate'er *one* might do to harm him
unscathed might he thence depart. 330
To Gawain this son of King Irôt a fair 'good-
morrow' gave,
'Twas King Gramoflanz—'To the garland that
doth there in thine helmet wave
I yield not my claim!' thus quoth he, 'Sir Knight,
were ye *two* I trow,
Who here for high honour seeking had reft from
my tree a bough,
I had greeted ye not, but had fought ye, but since
thou alone shalt be, 335
Thou canst ride hence, for strife unequal I deem it
a shame to me!'

And Gawain, too, was loth to fight him, for no
armour the king did wear,
And naught but a yearling falcon he did on his
white hand bear.
(And the sister of Gawain gave it, Itonjé the maid
was hight.)
His headgear in Sinzester fashioned was of
peacock's plumage bright, 340

And green as grass was the mantle of velvet that
 wrapped him round,
And with ermine lined, and on each side it swept
 even unto the ground.

None too tall yet strong was the charger on which
 the king did ride,
From Denmark by land they brought it, or it came
 o'er the waters wide.

And the monarch he rode unarmèd, nor even a
 sword would bear. 345

Quoth King Gramoflanz, 'Thou hast foughten, if
 thy shield may the truth declare,
For but little unharmed remaineth, and it seemeth
 sure to me
That the "Lit Merveil" was thy portion, and this
 venture hath fallen to thee!'

'Now hast thou withstood the peril that myself I
 were fain to dare,
Had not Klingsor been ever friendly, and warfare
 with her my share 350

Who in Love's strife is ever victor, since her
 beauty doth win the day;
And she beareth fierce wrath against me, and in
 sooth hath she cause alway!
Eidegast have I slain, her husband, and with him I
 slew heroes four;
Orgelusé herself, as my captive, I thence to my
 kingdom bore,
And my crown and my land would I give her, yet
 what service my hand might yield, 355

Of all would she naught, but with hatred her heart
 'gainst my pleading steeled.
And a whole year long I held her, and a whole
 year long I prayed,
Yet never she hearkened to me, and ever my love
 gainsaid.

And thus from my heart I bemoan me, since I
 know that her love to thee
She hath promised, since here I meet thee, and
 death wouldst thou bring to me. 360
If with *her* thou hadst hither ridden, perchance
 had I here been slain,
Or perchance ye had died together—such guerdon
 thy love might gain!

'And my heart other service seeketh, and mine aid
 lieth in thine hand,
Since here thou hast been the victor thou art lord
 o'er this wonder-land;
And if thou wilt show me kindness help me now a
 fair maid to win 365
For whose sake my heart knoweth sorrow, to King
 Lot is she near of kin,
And no maiden of all earth's maidens hath
 wrought me such grief and pain!
Her token I bear—I prithee, if thou seest that maid
 again
Swear thou to her faithful service—I think me she
 means me fair,
And for her sake I fight, for her favour I many a
 peril dare; 370
For since with true words Orgelusé her love hath
 denied to me,
Wherever for fame I battled, whate'er might my
 portion be,
Of joy or of grief, *she* hath caused it, Itonjé, for
 whom I fight,
Yet alas! I have ne'er beheld her! Now do me this
 grace, Sir Knight,
If aid thou art fain to give me, then take thou this
 golden ring, 375
And unto my lovely lady, I prithee, the token
 bring.
Thou art free from strife, I fight not till thou bring
 with thee two or more.

What honour were mine if I slew thee? I ever such
strife forbore!

'Yet in sooth I can well defend me, as a man
should,' quoth knight Gawain,
'Thou thinkest small fame will it bring thee if I
here at thine hand be slain, 380
But what honour shall *I* have won me by breaking
this bough, I pray?
For none will account it glory if I slay thee
unarmed to-day!
But yet will I do thy message—Give me here the
finger-ring,
And thy sorrow of heart, and thy service, I will to
thy lady bring.'
Then the king he thanked him freely—But
Gawain he quoth in this wise, 385
'Now tell me, Sir Knight, who may he be who
doth conflict with me despise?'

'An thou count it me not for dishonour,' quoth the
king, 'here my name be told,
King Irôt he was my father, who was slain by
King Lot of old.
And King Gramoflanz do men call me, and my
heart doth such valour know
That never, for evil done me, will I fight with but
one for foe, 390
Saving one man alone, hight Gawain, of *him* have
I heard such fame
That to fight with him I am ready, and vengeance
from him I claim.
For his father he dealt with treason, in fair
greeting my father slew,
Good cause have I here for mine anger and the
words that I speak are true.
Now dead is King Lot, and Gawain, his fame o'er
all knights stands high 395
Of the Table Round, and I yearn still till the day of
our strife draw nigh.'

Then out quoth King Lot's son dauntless, 'Wouldst
 pleasure thy lady still,
 If indeed she shall be thy lady, and dost speak of
 her father ill?
 And reckonest to him false treason, and her
 brother art fain to slay!
 Then indeed must she be false maiden if she
 mourn not thy deeds alway! 400
 If true daughter she were, and sister, for the twain
 would she surely speak,
 And forbid thee, methinks, thine hatred on
 kinsmen so near to wreak.
 If so be that thy true love's father hath broken his
 troth, yet thou
 Shouldst, as kinsman, avenge the evil that men
 spake of the dead, I trow!
 His *son* will not fear to do so, and little methinks
 he'll care 405
 If small aid in his need he findeth from the love of
 his sister fair.
 He, himself, will be pledge for his father, and his
 sin be upon *my* head,
 For Sir King, I who speak am Gawain, and thou
 warrest not with the dead!
 But I, from such shame to free him, what honour
 be mine or fame,
 In strife will I give to the scourging ere thou
 slander my father's name!' 410

Quoth the king, 'Art thou he whom I hated with a
 hatred as yet unstilled?
 For alike with both joy and sorrow thy valour my
 soul hath filled.
 And *one* thing in thee doth please me, that at last I
 may fight with thee,
 And I rede thee to wit that great honour in this
 hast thou won from me,
 Since I vowed but to fight with thee only—And
 our fame shall wax great alway, 415
 If many a lovely lady we bring to behold the fray.

For I can bring fifteen hundred, and thou art of a
fair host king
At Château Merveil; and on thy side thine uncle
can others bring
From the land that he rules, King Arthur, and
Löver its name shall be,
And the city is Bems by the Korka, as well shall
be known to thee. 420
There lieth he now with his vassals, and hither can
make his way,
In eight days, with great joy; so I bid thee to meet
me the sixteenth day,
When I come, for my wrong's avenging, to Ioflanz
upon the plain,
And the pay for this garland's plucking I there
from thine hand shall gain!

Then King Gramoflanz prayed of Gawain to ride
unto Rosche Sabbin, 425
'For nearer methinks than the city no way o'er the
flood thou'lt win!'
But out quoth the gallant Gawain, 'I will back e'en
as erst I came,
But in all else thy will I'll follow.' Then they
sware them by their fair fame
That with many a knight and lady at Ioflanz
they'd meet for strife
On the chosen day, and alone there would battle
for death or life. 430

And on this wise Gawain he parted for awhile
from the noble knight,
And joyful he turned his bridle, and the bough
decked his helm so bright.
And he checked not his steed, but spurred it to the
edge of the gulf once more,
Nor Gringuljet missed his footing, but he sprang
well the chasm o'er,
And he fell not again, the hero—Then the lady
she turned her rein 435

As he sprang to the ground, and tightened the
girths of his steed again,
And swiftly to give him welcome, I ween, she to
earth did spring,
And low at his feet she cast her, and she spake, 'I
such need did bring
Upon thee, Sir Knight, as I wot well was more
than thy worth might ask,
And yet have I felt such sorrow, for the sorrow of
this thy task, 440
And the service that thou hast done me, as I deem
she alone doth know
Who loveth in truth, and, faithful, doth weep o'er
her lover's woe!'

Then he quoth, 'Is this truth, and thy greeting be
not falsehood in friendly guise,
Then *thyself* dost thou honour, Lady! For in this
shall I be so wise
That I know a knight's shield claimeth honour,
and thou didst against knighthood sin, 445
For so high doth it stand that from no man
methinks doth he mocking win,
Who as true knight hath ever borne him—This,
Lady, I needs must say,
Whoever had looked upon me had known me for
knight always,
Yet knighthood thou wouldst deny me when first
thou my face didst see,
But henceforth that may rest—Take this garland I
won at thy will for thee, 450
But I bid thee henceforth beware thee that never
thy beauty bright
Shall again in such wise mislead thee to dishonour
a gallant knight,
For I wot, ere such scorn and mocking again at
thine hand I bore,
Thy love thou shouldst give to another, I would
ask for it nevermore!'

Then she spake as she wept full sorely, that lady
 so sweet and fair, 455
 'Sir Knight, did I tell unto thee the woe that my
 heart doth bear,
 Thou wouldst own that full sore my sorrow—If I
 shall discourteous be,
 Then he whom I wrong may forgive me of true
 heart with forgiveness free.
 For of such joy no man can rob me as the joy that
 I lost awhile
 In that knight of all knights the bravest, Eidegast,
 who knew naught of guile! 460
 So brave and so fair my true love, his fame was as
 sunlight's ray,
 And for honour he strove so truly that all others,
 in this his day,
 Both here and afar, born of woman, they owned
 that his praise stood high
 O'er that of all men, and no glory might e'er with
 his glory vie.
 A fountain, for aye upspringing, of virtue, his
 gallant youth, 465
 And falsehood ne'er shamed his honour nor
 darkened the light of truth.
 Into light came he forth from the darkness, and his
 honour aloft he bore,
 That none who spake word of treason might reach
 to it evermore.
 From the root in a true heart planted it waxed and
 it spread amain,
 Till he rose o'er all men as Saturn doth high o'er
 the planets reign. 470
 And true as the one-horned marvel, since the truth
 I am fain to tell,
 The knight of my love and desiring,—for whose
 fate maids may weep full well,
 Thro' its virtue I ween it dieth—And I, I was as
 his heart,
 And my body was he! Ah! woe is me, that I must
 from such true love part!

And King Gramoflanz, *he* slew him, the knight
thou but now didst see, 475
And the bough thou hast brought unto me from
the tree of his ward shall be.'

'Sir Knight, did I ill-entreat thee, I did it for this
alone,
I would prove if thine heart were steadfast, and
my love might to thee atone.
I know well my words did wound thee, yet they
were but to prove thee meant,
And I pray thee, of this thy goodness, be thine
anger with pity blent, 480
And forgive me the ill I did thee. I have found
thee both brave and true,
As gold that is tried in the furnace shineth forth
from the flame anew,
So, methinks, doth it shine, thy courage. He, for
whose harm I brought thee here,
As I thought me afore, and I think still, his valour
hath cost me dear.'

Quoth Gawain, 'If awhile death spare me, such
lesson I'll read the king 485
As shall put to his pride an ending, and his life in
sore peril bring.
My faith as a knight have I pledged him,
hereafter, a little space,
To meet him in knightly combat, nor our manhood
shall we disgrace.
And here I forgive thee, Lady, and if thou wilt not
d disdain
My counsel so rough, I'll tell thee wherewith thou
mayst honour gain, 490
What shall 'seem thee well as a woman, nor in
ought shall unfitting be,
Here we twain are alone, I pray thee show favour
and grace to me!'
But she quoth, 'In an arm thus mail-clad but
seldom I warmly lay;

Yet would I not strive against thee, thou shalt on a
fitting day
Win rewarding for this thy service—Thy sorrow
will I bemoan, 495
Till thou of thy wounds art healèd and all thought
of thine ill be flown;
To Château Merveil I'll ride with thee.' 'Now
waxeth my joy indeed!'
Quoth the hero, of love desirous, and he lifted her
on her steed,
And close clung his arm around her: 'twas more
than she deemed him worth
When first by the spring she saw him, and
mocked him with bitter mirth. 500

Then joyful Gawain he rode hence; yet the lady
she wept alway,
And he mourned with her woe, and he prayed her
the cause of her grief to say,
And in God's Name to cease from weeping! Then
she quoth, 'I must mourn, Sir Knight,
Because of the hand that slew him, the knight of
my love, in fight;
For that deed to my heart brought sorrow, tho' I
naught but delight had known 505
When Eidegast's love rejoiced me; yet was I not
so o'erthrown
But since then I might seek his mischief, whatever
the cost might be,
And many fierce jousts have been ridden that
were aimed at his life by me.
And here, methinks, canst thou aid me, and
avenge me on him, my foe,
And repay me for this sore sorrow that my heart
doth for ever know.' 510

'For the winning his death I took gladly the
service he proffered me,
A king, who of earthly wishes the master and lord
should be,

Sir Knight, he was named Anfortas—As his love-
 pledge to me he sent
 That which standeth without thy portals, from
 Tabronit it came, that tent,
 And great I ween is its value—But alas! for that
 gallant king, 515
 Such reward did he win in my service as all joy to
 an end must bring
 Where fain I my love had given, there must I
 fresh sorrow know,
 For bitter indeed was his guerdon!—As great, or
 e'en greater, woe
 Than the death of Eidegast brought me, was my
 lot thro' Anfortas' fate.
 Now say, how shall I, of all women most
 wretched, in this estate, 520
 If my *heart* yet be true, be other than of senses
 and mind distraught,
 Yea, at times have I been beside me when I on
 Anfortas thought;
 After Eidegast did I choose him, my avenger and
 love to be—
 Now hearken and hear how Klingsor won that
 booth thou erewhile didst see:
 When it fell so the brave Anfortas, who this token
 had sent to me, 525
 Was of love and of joy forsaken, then I feared lest
 I shamed should be;
 For Klingsor, such power he wieldeth by the force
 of his magic spell,
 That maiden or man to his purpose can he force as
 shall please him well.
 All gallant folk that he seeth, unharmed may they
 ne'er go free—
 Thus my riches to him I proffered, if so be he
 sware peace with me. 530
 And he that should brave the venture, and he that
 should win the prize,
 To *him* I my love should offer; but if so be that in
 his eyes

My love were a thing unworthy, the booth should
 be mine again.
But now hast thou done my bidding, and it falleth
 unto us twain;
And 'twas sworn in the ears of many, for thereby I
 hoped to lure 535
My foe (yet in this I failed) for the strife he might
 ne'er endure.'

'Now courtly and wise is Klingsor; for his honour
 it pleased him well
That many a deed of knighthood, at my will, in
 his land befell,
By the hand of my valiant servants, with many a
 thrust and blow.
All the week, every day as it passes, and the
 weeks into years do grow, 540
My troops in their changing order beset him by
 night and day,
For at great cost my snares so cunning for
 Gramoflanz did I lay.
And many have striven with him, yet must him as
 victor own;
Yet I still for his life am thirsting, and at last shall
 he be o'erthrown.
And some were too rich for my payment, and but
 for my love would serve, 545
Then I bid them for *that* do me service, but
 reward did they ne'er deserve.'

'And never a man beheld me but his service I
 swiftly won,
Save *one*, and he bare red armour; to my folk he
 much ill had done,
For hither he rode from Logrois, and he there did
 my knights o'erthrow
In such wise that they fell before him, and it
 pleased me but ill I trow. 550
And, between Logrois and thy meadow, five
 knights they followed fair,

And he cast them to earth, and their chargers the
 boatman from thence must bear.
 Then as he my knights had vanquished, I myself
 did the hero pray
 For my love and my land to serve me, but naught
 would that red knight say,
 Save he had a wife who was fairer, and should aye
 to his heart be dear. 555
 Then wroth was I at his answer, and the name of
 his wife would hear:
 "Wouldst thou know the name of my chosen?—
 She reigneth at Pelrapär,
 And *Parzival* all men call me, and naught for thy
 love I care,
 Other sorrow the Grail doth give me!" Then in
 anger he rode away;
 Now, I prithee, here give me counsel, if evil I did
 that day, 560
 When I, by heart-sorrow driven, proffered love to
 that gallant knight?
 Should I count my fair fame dishonoured?' Quoth
 Gawain to that lady bright,
 'A gallant knight is he, truly, who thus thy desire
 hath crossed,
 Had he to thy bidding hearkened no fame thou
 thro' him hadst lost!'

Then Gawain, the courteous hero, and the lady his
 rein beside, 565
 Gazed lovingly on each other—and so far on their
 way did ride,
 That they drew anear to the castle, where the
 venture erewhile befell,
 And they who looked forth might see them—
 'Now, Lady, 'twould please me well
 If thou do this thing that I ask thee, from all men
 my name withhold,
 Which the knight who once stole my charger
 aloud in thine hearing told. 570

But do this that I say, if any shall pray thee to tell
my name,
Say, "I know not the name of my true knight, none
spake it when here he came."
Then she quoth, 'I will keep it secret, since thou
wouldst not 'twere spoken here.'
And the knight and the lovely lady they rode to
the Burg anear.

Now the knights they had heard of the coming of
one who, with valiant hand, 575
Faced the venture, and slew the lion, and the
Turkowitz dared withstand,
Yea, and had in fair joust o'erthrown him; and
now on the flowery plain,
The meadow of strife, rode the hero, and they
looked on the knight Gawain,
From the battlements could they see him; and the
forces together draw;
And with ringing blast of trumpet they pass thro'
the castle door, 580
And rich banners on high were tossing, and their
steeds o'er the plain they flew,
And he deemed that they came for battle, so swift
they towards him drew.
As Gawain from afar might see them to the lady
he spake again,
'Do they come here with thought of battle?' But
she quoth, 'They are Klingsor's men,
From afar have they seen thy coming, and they
ride their new lord to greet, 585
With joy would they bid thee welcome! Refuse
not this honour meet,
Since 'tis gladness that doth constrain them.'
There, too, in a vessel fair
Plippalinot came to meet them, and his daughter
with him did bear;
And swift o'er the flowery meadow the maiden
towards them stept,

And joyful she hailed the hero for whom she
aforetime wept. 590

Then Gawain gave her courteous greeting, and
stirrup and foot she kissed,
And she turned her to Orgelusé, nor the lady her
welcome missed.
And she prayed him to 'light from his charger the
while that she held the rein,
And then to the ship she led them, the lady and
knight Gawain;
And there, in the place of honour, a carpet and
cushions lay, 595
And the Duchess by Gawain sat her, as the
maiden the twain did pray.
And her office the maid forgot not, she disarmèd
the hero there,
And in sooth it is said that the mantle she did for
his robing bear
Which had served him that night for cover, when
he did 'neath her roof-tree lie,
And now was the hour for its wearing and it
wrapped him right royally. 600
So clad was Gawain in her mantle, and his own
robe beneath he wore,
And the harness he laid from off him on one side
the maiden bore.

And now as they sat together for the first time the
lady fair
Might look on his face and know him—Then unto
the twain they bare
Two game-birds that well were roasted, and with
them a flask of wine, 605
And two cakes did the maiden bring them on a
cloth that was white and fine—
The birds were the prey of the falcon—but
Gawain and his lady bright
Must seek water themselves, if to wash them ere
they ate here should seem them right,

And this did the twain; and joyful was the knight
that he now might eat
With her, for whose sake he would suffer joy, or
sorrow, as seemed her meet. 610
And oft as the cup she gave him that her sweet
lips had touched, anew
Sprang his joy that he thus drank with her, and his
sorrow behind him drew,
And it halted nor might o'ertake him, and his
gladness on swift foot sped,
So fair was her mouth and so rosy her lips that
from grief he fled.

And no longer his wounds they pained him—
Then the ladies from out the tower 615
They looked on the feast, and below them there
rode in the self-same hour,
On the further side of the river, brave knights who
would show their skill.
And the boatman alike and his daughter Gawain
thanked with right goodwill,
Ere yet he might ferry them over, and the lady
spake with him there,
For the food and the drink they had brought them
—Then out quoth the lady fair, 620
'Now what hath that knight befallen, who
yestreen, ere I rode away,
Was o'erthrown in a joust by another? Was he
slain, or doth live alway?'

Quoth the boatman, 'He liveth, Lady, and he spake
but this day with me,
He was given to me for his charger: if thy will be
to set him free,
In his stead will I have the "swallow" that Queen
Sekundillé sent 625
To Anfortas, be thine the hero, with the harp were
I well content!'

'Both the harp and the other riches that the booth
may within it hold,'
Quoth the lady, 'are his who sits here, he may give
them, or aye withhold,
Let him do as he will! If he love me, Lischois he
methinks will loose,
Nor freedom unto the other, my prince, will he
here refuse. 630
Florand of Itolac is he, of my night-watch was he
the chief,
And as he as Turkowit served me, so his sorrow
shall be my grief!'

Quoth Gawain to his lovely lady, 'Ere it weareth
to eventide
Thou shalt look on the twain in freedom!' Then
they came to the further side,
And the Duchess, so fair to look on, he lifted upon
her steed, 635
And many a noble horseman were waiting them
on the mead,
And greeting fair they gave them; and they turned
to the Burg again,
And joyful they rode around them and skilful they
drew the rein,
And the Buhurd was fair to look on—What more
shall I tell ye here?
Gawain, and his lovely lady, at the castle they
found good cheer, 640
In such wise did the ladies greet them at Château
Merveil that day,
And good fortune had here befallen that such bliss
should be his alway.
Then Arnivé she straightway led him to a
chamber, and they who knew
Of such lore his hurts they tended, and they bound
up his wounds anew.

Quoth Gawain unto Arnivé, 'Give me, Lady, a
messenger!' 645

Then straightway she sent a maiden, and the maid
 brought again with her
 A footman, both true and manly, as behovèd him
 well to be.
 And an oath did he swear unto Gawain, to serve
 him right faithfully,
 And, were it for joy or for sorrow, his errand to
 secret hold
 From all men, both there and elsewhere, till he
 came where it might be told. 650
 Then they brought to him ink and parchment, and
 Gawain, King Lot's fair son,
 Wrote clear with his hand the message, and thus
 did the writing run—
 To them who abode in Löver's fair country, King
 Arthur brave
 And his queen, with a faith unstainèd, true service
 and good he gave;
 And he said, had he fame deservèd, and they
 would not his praise were slain, 655
 They should come to his aid in his trouble, and
 show to him truth again,
 And with following of knights and ladies to
 Ioflanz their way should wend,
 Where he came himself, and his honour would in
 mortal strife defend.
 And further, this thing he told them, the foemen
 on either side
 Had pledged themselves in all honour and pomp
 to the field to ride; 660
 And therefore he, Gawain, prayed them, both lady
 alike and knight,
 If they bare goodwill towards him, with their king
 to behold the fight.
 For so should it be to their honour. He
 commended him to them all
 Who were of his service worthy, for the strife that
 should there befall!—

No seal did he put to the letter, yet token enough it
bare 665
Of him who should be the writer. Quoth Gawain
to the footman there,
'No longer shalt thou delay thee, the king and the
queen abide
In the city of Bems by the Korka; seek the queen
in the morning-tide
And the thing she shall bid thee, do thou. But this
shalt thou secret hold,
That I in this land am master shall unto no ear be
told. 670
Nor of this thing be thou forgetful, that thou shalt
my servant be,
And do thou, without delaying, the errand I give
to thee!

Then the footman from thence he gat him, and
Arrivé she softly went,
And she asked of him what was his errand? and
whither his road was bent?
And he quoth, 'Nay, I may not tell thee, for an
oath have I sworn to-day, 675
God keep thee, for I must ride hence!' To the army
he took his way.

BOOK XIII KLINGSOR

ARGUMENT

Book XIII. tells of the goodly feast that was holden in Château Merveil, and of the wedding of Gawain and Orgelusé. How Gawain's squire did his bidding; and how King Arthur and Queen Guinevere pledged themselves to ride to Ioflanz to behold the conflict between Gawain and Gramoflanz.

How Gawain fared in Château Merveil; and how Arnivé told him the history of Klingsor, and of his unlawful love.

Of the coming of King Arthur and his host; how they fought before Logrois; and came with great pomp to the plain of Ioflanz.

How Gawain and the dwellers in Château Merveil followed to the plain; of the goodly camp prepared for them; of the wonder of the court and Kay's jealousy; and how the four queens were made known to King Arthur.

BOOK XIII KLINGSOR



Then wrathful, I ween, was Arnivé that the
messenger said her Nay,
Nor told her aught of his errand, nor whither his
journey lay.
And in this wise she quoth to the porter, 'Now,
whatever the hour may be,
Be it day, be it night, when he cometh, send
tidings thereof to me,
In secret would I speak with him; thou art wise, as
full well I know!' 5

Yet wroth was she still with the footman—Then
 she would to the Duchess go,
And win from her lips the answer, but ready was
 she of wit,
And the name that he bare, her hero, her mouth
 spake no word of it.
Gawain he would have her silent, in her hearing
 his prayer found grace,
And she spake not, nor might Arnivé learn aught
 of his name and race. 10

Then the sound as of many trumpets thro' the hall
 of the palace rang,
And joyful the blasts—Then rich carpets around
 on each wall they hang,
And no foot but fell on a carpet would it tread on
 the palace floor,
A poor man had surely feared him for the riches
 that there he saw.
And many a couch they stood there, around the
 stately hall, 15
Soft were they as down, and rich cushions they
 laid upon each and all.

But Gawain with his toil was wearied, and he
 slept tho' the sun was high,
And his wounds, with such skill they bound them,
 tho' his love should beside him lie,
And he in his arms should hold her, he had gotten
 no hurt I ween.
And sounder his daylight's slumber than his sleep
 of the night had been 20
When his love had so sorely vexed him; he slept
 till the vesper bell,
Yet still in his sleep he battled for the lady he
 loved so well.
Then rich garments of fair silk fashioned, and
 heavy with broidered gold,
Did the chamberlain bear unto him—Then out
 quoth the hero bold,

'More robes such as these, and as costly, I ween,
shalt thou hither bear, 25
For Gowerzein's Duke shall need them, and
Florand, the hero fair,
For in many a land hath he battled, and hath won
for him glory's meed—
Now see that thou make them ready, and do my
behest with speed!'

Then he prayed, by a squire, the boatman send
hither the captive knight,
And Lischois did he send at his bidding by the
hand of his daughter bright. 30
And the maiden Bené brought him for the love
that she bare Gawain,
And the good that he vowed to her father that
morn when she wept amain,
And the knight he left her weeping, and rode on
his toilsome way—
And the highest prize of his manhood it fell to his
lot that day.

The Turkowit too had come there, and Gawain the
twain did greet 35
In all friendship, and then he prayed them beside
him to take their seat
Till their robes should be brought unto them; and
costly they needs must be,
For never was fairer raiment than the garb of
those heroes three.
For one lived of yore named Sarant, (a city doth
bear his name,)
From out of the land of Triande in the days that
are gone he came. 40
In the land of Queen Sekundillé stood a city so
great and fair,
(E'en Nineveh or Akration with its glories might
scarce compare,)
And the city, men called it Thasmé; there Sarant
won meed of fame,

Since he wove there a silk with cunning,
 Saranthasmé should be its name.
Think ye it was fair to look on? How might it be
 otherwise, 45
For much gold must he give for the payment who
 would win to him such a prize.

Such robes ware these two and Gawain: then they
 gat them unto the hall,
And on one side the knights they sat them, on the
 other the ladies all,
And he who a woman's beauty had wisdom to
 judge aright
Must reckon Gawain's fair lady the first of these
 ladies bright. 50
And the host and his guests so gallant they gazed
 on her radiant glow,
As they stood before Orgelusé; and her knights
 she again must know,
And her Turkowit, gallant Florand, and Lischois,
 the young and fair,
Were set free, without let or hindrance, for the
 love that Gawain must bear
To the lovely lady of Logrois—Then their victor
 they thanked amain, 55
Who was dull to all ill, yet had wisdom in all that
 might true love gain.
As the captives thus free were spoken, Gawain the
 four queens must see
As they stood by the side of the Duchess, and he
 spake in his courtesy,
And he bade the two knights go nearer, and with
 kiss greet those ladies bright,
The three younger queens, and joyful, I ween, was
 each gallant knight. 60
And there was the maiden Bené, with Gawain had
 she sought the hall,
And I think me a joyful welcome she found there
 from each and all.

Then the host would no longer stand there, and
the twain did he pray to sit
By the maidens, as best should please them, and it
grievèd them not one whit,
Such counsel it grieveth no man! Then the gallant
Gawain spake, 65
'Now which of these maids is Itonjé? Beside her
my seat I'd take!'
Thus in secret he spake to Bené, and she showed
him the maiden fair,
'She, with eyes so clear and shining, and red lips,
and dusky hair!
Wouldst thou speak with the maid in secret? Then
thy words be wise and few!'
Thus quoth Bené the wise in counsel, who Itonjé's
love-tale knew, 70
And knew that King Gramoflanz loved her, and
did service for her heart's love,
And his faith as a knight unstainèd would fain to
the maiden prove.

Gawain sat him by the maiden, (as I heard so the
tale I tell,)
And soft was his speech and gentle, and his words
they beseemed him well.
And tho' few were the years of Itonjé yet great
was her courtesy, 75
And well did she know how to bear her as a
maiden of high degree.
And this question he asked the maiden, if a lover
she aye had known?
And with wisdom she made him answer, 'To
whom might my love be shown,
For ne'er to a man have I spoken, since the day I
first saw the light,
Save the words which thou now dost hearken as I
speak unto thee, Sir Knight!' 80

'Yet mayst thou have heard the rumour of one who
hath bravely fought,

And striven for prize of knighthood, and with
dauntless heart hath sought
Fair service for fair rewarding?' In such wise
spake the knight Gawain;
But the maiden she quoth, 'Nay, no hero hath
striven *my* love to gain;
Yon lady, the Duchess of Logrois, hath many a
gallant knight 85
Who serve her for love, or for payment, and hither
they come to fight,
And we of their jousts are witness, yet none shall
have come so nigh
As *thou* hast, Sir Knight, and this conflict thy
glory hath raised on high!'

Then he quoth to the lovely maiden, 'Whose
pathway shall she have crossed
With many a chosen hero? Say, who hath her
favour lost?' 90
'That, Sir Knight, hath the valiant monarch, King
Gramoflanz, he who bore
From aforetime the crown of honour; so men say,
and *I* know no more!'

Quoth Gawain, 'Thou shalt know more of him,
since he draweth the prize anear,
And with steadfast heart doth he seek it; from his
lips I this tale did hear—
Of true heart would he do thee service, if such
service shall be thy will, 95
And help at thine hand he seeketh that thy love
may his torment still.
It is well that a king face peril, if his lady shall be
a queen,
And *thou* art the maid whom he loveth, if King
Lot hath thy father been;
Thou art she for whom his heart weepeth, if thy
name shall Itonjé be,
And sorrow of heart dost thou give him—By my
mouth would he plead with thee.' 100

'Now if thou be true and faithful of his woe wilt
thou make an end,
And *both* would I serve right gladly—This ring he
to thee doth send,
I prithee to take it, Lady! In sooth do I mean thee
well,
And if thou wilt trust unto me no word of the tale
I'll tell!'
Then crimson she blushed, the maiden, and e'en as
her lips were red 105
So red grew her cheek, yet the blushes as they
came so they swiftly sped.
And she stretched forth her hand so shyly toward
the little ring of gold,
For e'en at a glance she knew it, and her hand did
the token hold.

Then she spake, 'Now, Sir Knight, I see well, if I
freely to thee may speak,
That thou comest from him, whom, desiring, my
heart doth for ever seek. 110
My words shalt thou still hold secret, as courtesy
biddeth thee,
This ring have I seen aforetime, for it oft hath
been sent to me;
From the hand of the king it cometh, and I know it
for token true,
From my hand did he first receive it. What sorrow
so e'er he knew,
Of that do I hold me guiltless; what he asked, that
in thought I gave, 115
Had we met I had ne'er withholden the boon he
from me did crave.'

'This day have I kissed Orgelusé, who thinketh his
death to win,
I ween 'twas the kiss of Judas which all men count
to him for sin!
And honour and faith forsook me, when the
Turkowitz, brave Florand,

And Gowerzein's Duke, fair Liscois, I kissed
here at thy command. 120
From my heart I might not forgive them, for my
true love they hate alway—
But speak thou no word to my mother.' Thus the
maiden Gawain did pray.

'Sir Knight, it was *thou* didst pray me to take from
their lips this kiss,
Tho' no will for forgiveness had I, and my heart
sickeneth sore for this!
If joy shall be e'er our portion, our help in thine
hand shall be, 125
And I know well, above all women, the king he
desireth me;
And his will shall he have, for I love him o'er all
men on earth that live—
God send thee good help and good counsel, that
joy thou to us mayst give!'

Quoth Gawain, 'How may that be, Lady? He
beareth thee in his heart,
And in thine dost thou ever hold him, and yet are
ye twain apart. 130
If I knew how to give thee counsel that ye twain
might in gladness dwell,
Of a sooth no pains would I spare me such rede
unto thee to tell.'
Then she quoth, 'Yet in truth shalt thou rule us,
myself, and my gallant king,
And naught but thy help and God's blessing our
love to its goal may bring,
So that I, poor homeless maiden, his sorrow may
put away, 135
For his joy shall be set upon me! If so be I from
truth ne'er stray,
What other can I desire here, or for what shall my
true heart yearn,
Save to give him the love he asketh, and his grief
unto gladness turn?'

Gawain, he saw well that the maiden would fain
to her love belong,
Yet her hatred towards the Duchess as aforetime
was fierce and strong; 140
Thus hatred and love did she bear here, and wrong
had he done the maid
Who thus, of a true heart simply, her plaint had
before him laid.
Since never a word had he told her how one
mother had borne them both,
And King Lot he had been their father—Then he
answered her, little loth,
He would do what he might to aid her, and in
secret with gracious word 145
She thanked him who brought her comfort, and
her sorrow with kindness heard.

Now the hour it was come, and they brought there
for the tables fair linen white,
And bread did they bear to the palace unto many a
lady bright,
And there might ye see a severance, for the
knights they sat by one wall,
Apart from the maids; and their places Gawain
gave to each and all. 150
And the Turkowit sat beside him, and Lischois ate
with Sangivé,
(And that fair queen was Gawain's mother,) and
Orgelusé by Arnivé.
And Gawain set his lovely sister by his side at that
festal board,
And all did as he bade them gladly, for he was
that castle's lord.

My skill not the half doth tell me, no such master-
cook am I, 155
That I know the name of the viands they offered
them courteously;
The host, and each one of the ladies, their servers
were maidens fair,

To the knights who sat over against them many
squires did their portion bear.
For this was the seemly custom, that no squire, in
his serving haste,
Brushed roughly against a maiden, but ever apart
they paced— 160
And whether 'twas wine, or 'twas viands, they
offered unto the guests,
In naught was their courtesy harmèd, for so did
men deem it best.

And a feast they to-day must look on such as no
man before had seen,
Since vanquished by Klingsor's magic both lady
and knight had been.
Unknown were they yet to each other, tho' one
portal it shut them in, 165
And never a man and a maiden might speech of
each other win;
And a good thing Gawain he thought it that this
folk should each other meet,
And much he rejoiced in their gladness, and his
own lot it seemed him sweet;
Yet ever he looked in secret on his lady and love
so fair,
And his heart it waxed hot within him, and love's
anguish he needs must bear. 170

But the day drew near to its closing, and faint
waxed the waning light,
And fair thro' the clouds of heaven gleamed the
messengers of the night,
Many stars so bright and golden, who speed on
their silent way
When the night would seek for shelter in the
realm of departing day;
And after her standard-bearers, with her host doth
she swiftly tread— 175
Now many a fair crown golden in the palace hung
high o'erhead,

And with tapers they all were lighted around the
stately hall,
And they bare unto every table a host of tapers
tall;
And yet the story telleth that the Duchess she was
so fair,
That ne'er was it night in her presence tho' never a
torch were there! 180
For her glance was so bright and radiant it
brought of itself the day;
And this tale of fair Orgelusé full oft have I heard
men say.
He had spoken, methinks, untruly who said that
he e'er had seen
A host so rich and joyous, and joyous his guests, I
ween;
And ever with eager gladness each knight and
each gentle maid 185
Looked well on each other's faces, nor shrank
from the glance afraid.
If friendship they here desired, or each other
would better know,
Then naught of their joy would I grudge them,
methinks it were better so!

Tho' I wot well there none was a glutton, yet still
had they ate their fill,
And they bare on one side the tables, and Gawain
asked, with right goodwill, 190
If here there should be a fiddler? and many a
gallant squire
Was skilled on the strings, and gladly would play
at the host's desire,
Yet were they not all too skilful, and the dances
were old alway,
Not new, as in fair Thuringia the dances they
know to-day.

Then they thanked their host who, joyful, would
give to their joy its vent, 195

And many a lovely lady in his presence danced
well content,
For goodly their dance to look on, and their ranks,
with many a pair
Of knight and lady, mingled, and grief fled from
their faces fair.
And oft 'twixt two gentle maidens might be seen a
noble knight,
And they who looked well upon them in their
faces might read delight. 200
And whatever knight bethought him, and would
of his lady pray
Reward, if for love he served her, none said to his
pleading Nay.
Thus they who were poor in sorrow, and rich in
joy's fairest dower,
With sweet words, by sweet lips spoken, made
gladsome the passing hour.

Gawain and the Queen Arnivé, and Sangivé, the
dance so fleet 205
Would look on in peace, for they danced not; then
the Duchess she took her seat
By the side of Gawain, and her white hand he
held in his own a while,
And they spake of this thing and the other, with
many a glance and smile;
He rejoiced that she thus had sought him, and his
grief it waxed small and faint,
And his joy it grew strong and mighty, nor vexed
him with sorrow's plaint. 210
And great was the joy of the lady o'er the dance,
and the merry feast,
Yet less was the sorrow of Gawain, and his joy
o'er her joy increased.

Then spake the old Queen Arnivé, 'Sir Knight,
now methinks 'twere best
That thou get thee to bed, for sorely, I ween, shall
thy wounds need rest

Has the Duchess perchance bethought her to care
for thy couch this night, 215
And tend thee herself, with such counsel and deed
as shall seem her right?'
Quoth Gawain, 'That thyself mayst ask her; I will
do as shall please ye twain!'
Then the Duchess she spake in answer, 'He shall
in my charge remain.
Let this folk to their couch betake them, I will
tend in such sort his rest
That never a loving lady dealt better by gallant
guest; 220
And the other twain, my princes, in the care of the
knights shall be,
Florand, and the Duke of Gowerzein, for so
seemeth it good to me.'

In short space the dance was ended, and the
maidens in beauty bright
Sat here and there, and between them sat many a
gallant knight;
And joy took her revenge on sorrow, and he who
so sweetly spake 225
Words of love, from his gentle lady must a
gracious answer take.
Then the host must they hear, as he bade them the
cup to the hall to bear,
And the wooers bemoaned his bidding; yet the
host he wooed with them here,
And he bare of his love the burden, and the sitting
he deemed too long,
For his heart by love's power was tortured with
anguish so fierce and strong. 230
And they drank the night-drink, and sadly to each
other they bade goodnight,
And the squires they must bear before them full
many a taper bright.
And the two gallant guests did Gawain commend
to them each and all,

And glad were the knights, and the heroes they
led forth from out the hall.
And the Duchess, with gracious kindness, wished
fair rest to the princes twain, 235
And then to their sleeping chambers forth wended
the maiden train,
And as their fair breeding bade them, at the
parting they curtsyed low:
Queen Sangivé and her fair daughters they too to
their rest would go.

Then Bené, the maid, and Arnivé, they wrought
with a willing hand
That the host he might sleep in comfort, nor the
Duchess aside did stand, 240
But she aided the twain, and Gawain was led of
the helpers three
To a chamber fair where his slumber that even
should joyful be.
Two couches alone did he see there, but no man to
me hath told
Of their decking, for other matters, I ween, doth
this story hold.

Quoth Arnivé unto the Duchess, 'Now, Lady, think
thou how best 245
This knight whom thou broughtest hither, shall
beneath this roof-tree rest,
If aid at thine hand he craveth, to grant it shall
honour thee;
No more would I say, save this only, his wounds
they shall bandaged be
With such skill he might bear his armour—But if
he bemoan his grief
Then methinks it were good and fitting that thou
bring to his woe relief. 250
If thou wakest anew his courage, then we all in
his gladness share—
Now think thou no ill of my counsel, but have for
thy knight good care!

Then the Queen Arnivé left them, (yet leave had
she craved before,)
And Bené she bare the taper, and Gawain he made
fast the door.

If the twain to their love gave hearing? The tale
how should I withhold, 255
I would speak, were it not unseemly that love's
secrets aloud be told,
For courtesy doth forbid it; and he who would tell
the tale
Worketh ill to himself, o'er love's dealings true
hands ever draw the veil.

Now betwixt his love and his lady had the joy of
Gawain waxed small,
An the Duchess would have no pity, then healing
might ne'er befall. 260
They who sat in the seat of the wise men, and
knew many a mystic word,
Kancor, and Thèbit, and Trebuchet, the smith who
Frimutel's sword
Once wrought, ('twas a wondrous weapon, and
men of its marvels tell)—
Nay, all the skill of physicians, tho' they meant to
the hero well
And plied him with roots well mingled—Had a
woman ne'er sought his side, 265
Then vain were their skill, in his torment
methinks had he surely died!

Fain would I make short the story, he the rightful
root had found
That helped him unto his healing, and the chain of
his grief unbound,
And brought light in the midst of his darkness—
(Breton by his mother's side
Was Gawain, and King Lot his father) thus the
healing task he plied, 270

And sweet balsam for bitter sorrow was his lot till
the dawn of day.
Yet that which had wrought him comfort it was
hid from the folk alway,
But all there, both knights and ladies, they beheld
him so gay and glad
That their sorrow was put far from them and their
heart was no longer sad.
Now list how he did the message whom Gawain
he had sent afar, 275
Yea unto the land of Löver, unto Bems by the fair
Korka,
For there he abode, King Arthur, and his lady, the
gracious queen,
With fair maids and a host of vassals; this the lot
of the squire had been.

'Twas yet in the early morning, when his message
he fain had brought,
And the queen, in the chapel kneeling, on the
page of her psalter thought; 280
Then the squire bent his knee before her, and he
gave her a token fair,
For she took from his hand a letter, and the cover
must writing bear
That was writ by a hand she knew well, ere yet
she the name might know,
From the squire, of him who had sent him, as she
looked on him kneeling low.
Then the queen she spake to the letter, 'Now
blessed that hand shall be 285
That wrote thee; for care was my portion since the
day that mine eyes might see
The hand that hath writ this writing'—She wept,
yet for joy was fain,
And she quoth to the squire, 'Of a surety thy
master shall be Gawain!'

'Yea, Lady, he truly offers true service as aye of
yore,

With never a thought of wavering, yet his joy it
shall suffer sore, 290
If so be thou wilt not upraise it; and never it stood
so ill
With his honour as now it standeth—And more
would he tell thee still,
In joy shall he live henceforward if comfort he
gain from thee;
And I wot that yet more shall be written than what
thou hast heard from me.'

Then she quoth, 'I have truly read there the cause
that hath brought thee here, 295
And service I think to do him with many a woman
dear,
Who to-day shall I ween be reckoned to have won
to them beauty's prize—
Save Parzival's wife and another, Orgelusé, in all
men's eyes,
Thro' Christendom none shall be fairer—Since far
from King Arthur's court
Gawain rode, sore grief and sorrow have made of
my life their sport. 300
And Meljanz de Lys hath told me he saw him in
Barbigöl—
Alas!' quoth the queen, 'that ever mine eyes saw
thee, Plimizöl!
What sorrow did there befall me! Since that day
might I never greet
Kunnewaare of Lalande, she hath left me, my
friend and companion sweet.
And the right of the good Round Table was
broken by words of scorn, 305
And four years and a half and six weeks have left
us, I ween, forlorn,
Since the Grail Parzival rode seeking; and after
him rode Gawain
To Askalon—Nor Jeschuté nor Hekuba come
again

Since the day that they parted from me, and grief
 for my friends so true
 Hath driven my peace far from me, nor joy since
 that day I knew!' 310
 And the queen spake much of her sorrow: then the
 squire would her counsel know,
 'Now do thou in this my bidding, in secret thou
 hence shalt go,
 And wait till the sun be higher, and the folk all at
 court shall be,
 Knights, servants, and gentle ladies, and vassals
 of all degree;
 And then to the court ride swiftly, nor think who
 shall hold thy steed, 315
 But spring from its back, and hasten where the
 king shall thy coming heed.
 They will ask of thee news of venture, but thou,
 do thou act and speak
 As one who from peril flieth, whom the flames
 would devouring seek,
 And they may not prevail to hold thee, nor win
 from thy lips the tale,
 But press thou thro' them to the monarch, and to
 greet thee he will not fail. 320
 Then give to his hand the letter, and swiftly from
 it he'll read
 Thy tale, and thy lord's desiring; I doubt not the
 prayer he'll heed!'

'And this will I further rede thee, make thou thy
 request to me
 Where I sit, and, amid my ladies, thy dealings
 may hear and see;
 And beseech us, as well thou knowest, for thy
 lord wouldst thou hearing gain. 325
 But say, for as yet I know not, where abideth the
 knight Gawain?'
 'Nay,' quoth the squire, 'I may not, ask not where
 my lord doth dwell,

But think, an thou wilt, that good fortune is his,
and he fareth well!"

Then glad was the squire of her counsel, and he
took from the queen his way
In such wise as ye here have hearkened, and he
came, e'en as she did say. 330

For e'en at the hour of noontide, not in secret but
openly

He came to the court, and the courtiers his
garments eyed curiously,
And they thought that they well beseemed him,
and were such as a squire should wear,
And his horse on each flank was wounded, where
the spurs they had smitten fair.

And, e'en as the queen had taught him, he sprang
straightway unto the ground, 335

And a crowd of eager courtiers pressed,
thronging, his steed around.

Mantle, sword, and spurs, e'en his charger might
be lost, he would little care

But he gat thro' the crowd to the heroes, and the
knights they besought him there,

Brought he news of some gallant venture? For the
custom was aye of yore,

That they ate not, nor man nor maiden, save unto
the court they bore 340

The news of some deed of knighthood, and the
court might claim its right,

If so be 'twas a worthy venture, and one that
beseemed a knight.

Quoth the squire, 'Nay, I naught may tell ye, for
my haste doth not brook delay,

Of your courtesy then forgive me, and lead to the
king the way,

For 'tis meet that I first speak with him, and mine
haste it doth work me ill; 345

But my tale shall ye hear, and God teach ye to aid
me with right goodwill!"

And so did his message urge him he thought not
on the thronging crowd,
Till the eyes of the king beheld him, and greeting
he spake aloud.
Then he gave to his hand the letter that bade to
King Arthur's heart,
As he read it, two guests, joy and sorrow, alike
there the twain had part 350
And he spake, 'Hail! the fair day's dawning, by
whose light I have read this word,
And of thee, O son of my sister, true tidings at last
have heard!
If in manhood I may but serve thee as kinsman
and friend, if faith
Ever ruled my heart, 'twill be open to the word
that Sir Gawain saith!'

Then he spake to the squire, 'Now tell me if Sir
Gawain be glad at heart?' 355
'Yea, sire, at thy will, with the joyful I ween shall
he have his part,'
(And thus quoth the squire in his wisdom,) 'yet his
honour he sure shall lose,
And no man fresh joy may give him, if thine aid
thou shalt here refuse.
At thy succour his gladness waxeth, and from out
of dark sorrow's door
Shall grief from his heart be banished, if thou
hearken his need so sore. 360
As of yore doth he offer service to the queen, and
it is his will
That the knights of the good Round Table as their
comrade account him still,
And think on their faith, nor let him be 'spoiled of
his honour's meed,
But pray thee his cry to hearken, and make to his
aid good speed!'

Quoth King Arthur, 'Dear friend and comrade,
bear this letter unto the queen, 365

Let her read therein, and tell us why our portion
hath twofold been,
And at one while we joy and we sorrow. How
King Gramoflanz is fain
In the pride of his heart, and his malice, to work
ill to my knight, Gawain;
He thinketh for sure that my nephew shall be
Eidegast, whom he slew,
Thence grief hath he won; deeper sorrow I'd
teach him, and customs new!' 370

Then the squire he would pass where a welcome
so kindly he did receive,
And he gave to the queen the letter, and many an
eye must grieve,
And with crystal tears run over, as with sweet lips
she read so clear
The words that within were written, and the need
of Gawain they hear,
And his prayer did she read before them; nor long
would the squire delay 375
With skill to entreat the ladies, and aid at their
hand to pray.

King Arthur, Sir Gawain's uncle, he wrought with
a hearty will
That his vassals might take the journey: nor did
she abide her still,
Guinevere, the wise and the courteous, for she
prayed them make no delay,
Her ladies, but bravely deck them, and get on
their stately way. 380
Quoth Kay aloud in his anger, 'If ever I dared
believe
That so gallant a man as Gawain of Norway on
earth should live
I would cry to him, "Come thou nearer!" Fetch
him swift, else he swift will go,
As a squirrel away he flasheth, and is lost ere his
place ye know!'

To the queen quoth the squire, 'Now, Lady, my
lord must I swiftly seek, 385
His cause do I leave to thine honour!' To her
chamberlain did she speak,
'See thou that this squire doth rest well, and look
well unto his steed,
Is it hewn with spurs, find another, the best that
shall serve his need.
And what else beside shall fail him, for his dress,
or lest pledge he lose,
Make ready as he shall ask thee, and naught unto
him refuse!' 390
And she quoth, 'Thou shalt say unto Gawain, I am
ever to serve him fain,
Thy leave from the king will I care for, he
greeteth thy lord again!'

Thus the king he was fain for the journey; and the
feast it might now be served,
Since the right of the good Round Table by this
venture was well observed;
And joy in their hearts awakened, since this
gallant knight Gawain 395
Should be yet in life, and true tidings they might
of his welfare gain.
And the knights of that noble order, that even
were glad at heart,
And there sat the king, and those others who had
in the ring their part,
And they sat and they ate with their monarch who
fame by their strife had won,
And the news of this gallant venture wrought joy
to them every one. 400

Now the squire might betake him homewards,
since his errand so well had sped,
He gat forth at the early dawning, ere the sun
should be high o'erhead,
And the queen's chamberlain he gave him a
charger, and robes beside,

And gold lest his pledge be forfeit, and glad on
his way he hied,
For had he not won from King Arthur what should
end his lord's sorrow sore? 405
And I know not the days of his journey, but in
safety he came once more
To Château Merveil; then joyful was Arnivé, for
as she bade
The porter bare news of his coming, how his steed
he no whit had stayed,
But swiftly had done his errand. Then in secret
she made her way
To where by the castle drawbridge the squire did
his charger stay, 410
And she asked him much of his journey, and why
he in haste must ride?
Quoth the squire, "Tis forbidden, Lady! my errand
I needs must hide,
An oath have I sworn of silence, and my lord he
might well be wroth
If to thee I should tell the tidings, for so should I
break mine oath,
And a fool would he surely hold me! Ask himself
what thou fain wouldst learn!" 415
Yet she strove still with many a question from his
purpose the squire to turn,
Then weary was he of her pleading, and in anger
this word he spake,
'Without cause dost thou here delay me, for I
think not mine oath to break!'

So he went where he found his master, and the
Turkowitz brave Florand,
And Lischois, and the lady of Logrois, many
ladies did with them stand, 420
And the squire made his way to his master, and up
stood the knight Gawain,
And he took him aside, and welcome he bade him
in joyful strain,

'Now tell unto me, my comrade, the tidings thou
here hast brought,
If thy news be for joy or for sorrow, what speak
they of me at court?'

'And say, didst thou find King Arthur?' quoth the
squire, 'My master, yea, 425
The king, and the queen, and with them many
brave knights I saw alway,
And they offer to thee their service, and they will
at thy bidding come,
And they heard in such sort thy message, with
such gladness, that every one,
Rich and poor, as one man were joyful when I
spake, thou wert safe and well.
And the folk there were sure a marvel! Their
number I may not tell! 430
And the Table Round, by thy message, was spread
for the feast I ween;
And if knight e'er won fame by his valour, then I
wot that thy fame hath been
Far greater than all who hearkened to the words
that I spake of thee,
And it beareth the crown o'er all others, tho'
mighty their fame shall be!'

Then he told him all that befell there, how he
spake with the gracious queen, 435
And the counsel she gave unto him; and how he
the folk had seen,
Those brave knights and gentle ladies; how
Gawain should behold their face
At Ioflanz, before the combat, and the end of his
day of grace.
And the sorrow of Gawain vanished, yet his joy in
his heart he'ld hide,
Tho' from grief did he pass to gladness; yet the
squire must his oath abide 440
And yet for a space keep silence—Forgotten was
all his care,

And thither he went, and he sat him again by his
lady fair,
And with joy he abode in the castle till King
Arthur to his relief
Might come with his host—Now hearken to a
story of love and grief:

Gawain he was ever joyful; one morn did it so
befall 445
That many a knight and lady were seen in that
stately hall,
And Gawain sat apart in a window, and looked
o'er the stream so wide,
And with many a tale of wonder sat Arnivé the
knight beside.

To the queen spake the gallant hero, 'Ah! hearken,
my Lady dear,
If my questions they shall not vex thee, do thou to
my words give ear 450
And tell me the wondrous story, which as yet shall
be hid from me—
That I live, and my life is joyful, I owe it to none
but thee;
Tho' my heart had the wit of manhood, yet the
Duchess she held it fast,
But thou in such wise hast helped me that my
sorrow is overpast;
Of my love, and my wounds had I died here, but
with wisdom thy helpful hand 455
Thou didst stretch to my aid, and hast loosed me
for aye from my sorrow's band.
I owe thee my life! My Lady of healing, now tell
to me
The wonder that was, and the marvel that yet in
this place shall be.
Say, wherefore by mighty magic hath Klingsor
this palace made?
For surely my life had I lost here had thy wisdom
not been mine aid!' 460

Then out quoth the wise Arnivé, (and ne'er with
such goodly fame
Of womanly faith and wisdom fair youth unto old
age came,)

'Sir Knight, these are but small marvels to the
marvels his cunning hand,
And his skill in hidden magic, have wrought in
full many a land.

He who counteth it shame unto us that into his
power we fell, 465

He sinneth for sure! His doings, Sir Knight, I to
thee will tell.

Many folk, I ween, hath he troubled, his land is
Terre de Labûr:

From a wondrous race he springeth, whose
marvels they aye endure,

For Virgil was his forefather, in Naples his spells
he wrought:

And in this wise his nephew Klingsor was to
shame and to sorrow brought;' 470

'And the chief of his towns was Capua—such high
fame was his, I ween,

That never in praise or in honour methinks had he
shamed been,

And all folk they spake of Duke Klingsor, and
praised him, both man and maid,

Till in this wise he won dishonour, and his glory
to earth was laid.

In Sicily reigned a monarch, King Ibert, his life
was blest 475

With a fair wife, Iblis, none fairer e'er hung on a
mother's breast,

And Klingsor would do her service, till her love
should be his reward,

And in shame did he win his guerdon from the
hand of her rightful lord.'

'If here I must tell his secret, forgiveness I first
must pray,

For methinks it shall be a story that scarce fitteth
my lips to say; 480
With a stroke was he made magician, with the
self-same stroke unmanned'—
Then loudly he laughed, Sir Gawain, as the tale he
must understand.

'In Kalot Enbolot's castle he won him this lasting
shame,
(I trow 'tis a mighty fortress, and far lands shall
know its fame,)
With his wife did the monarch find him, there lay
Klingsor within her arm, 485
And sorely must he repent him of his slumber so
soft and warm,
For the hand of the king avenged him in such wise
as he deemed his right;
And he left with his knife such token of shame on
the traitor knight
That henceforward the love of woman it rejoiceth
him never more!
And I wot well for his dishonour many folk shall
have suffered sore.' 490

'('Tis not in the land of Persia) in a city called
Persida
Were magic spells first woven; it stands in a land
afar,
And thither did Klingsor journey, and there did he
learn such skill,
That with secrets of magic cunning he worketh
whate'er he will.
For the ill that was wrought his body he beareth
goodwill to none, 495
But rejoiceth to work them evil, the more if they
fame have won.'

'E'en such peril beset one monarch—Irôt was, I
ween, his name,

And Rosch-Sabbins was his kingdom—At length
to such pass he came,
That he bade him to take of that country what he
would, so he peace would keep;
Then Klingsor he took of the monarch this
mountain so high and steep, 500
And the land for eight miles around it; on the
summit did Klingsor rear
The wonder-work thou seest, and this palace we
look on here.
And there faileth nor worldly riches, nor marvel
of magic skill,
If for thirty years one besieged it, methinks 'twere
provisioned still.
And power doth he hold o'er all spirits, 'twixt the
earth and the heaven above, 505
Both evil and good, save those only whom God
doth from his power remove.'

'Sir Knight, since thy deadly peril thou hast
passed, nor thy death hast found,
He gives to thine hand his kingdom, this Burg,
and the lands around,
No claim doth he make upon it; and peace doth he
promise thee—
This he sware in the ears of his people, and a man
of his word is he, 510
That the knight who withstood the venture, this
gift should be his for aye.
And all who from Christendom's countries 'neath
the spell of his magic lay,
Be they woman, or man, or maiden, are thy
vassals both one and all,
And many from lands of paynim with us 'neath
his power must fall.
Let this folk then now get them homewards,
where yet for our loss they mourn, 515
For to dwell in the land of the stranger, it maketh
my heart forlorn

And He, who the stars hath counted, may He
teach thee to give us aid,
And turn once again to rejoicing those hearts that
are sore afraid!

'A child was born of a mother, who its mother's
mother shall be;
For the ice it came of the water; when the sunlight
shineth free, 520
Then nothing I ween shall hinder that water from
ice be born—
Of my glad youth I often think me, tho' now I
must weep forlorn,
If my lot shall once more be joyful then the child
from the child shall spring.
And thou, art thou wise and courteous, methinks
well mayst work this thing!'

"Tis long since all joy forsook me! The skiff
'neath its sail flies fast, 525
But the man who doth sail within it hath swifter
his voyage o'erpast.
If thou readest aright my riddle thy fame shall
wax high and fleet,
For our joy canst thou make to blossom, and our
song to ring clear and sweet.
And, bringers of joy, shall we journey into many a
distant land,
Where the folk weep sore for our losing, and shall
greet us with outstretched hand!' 530

'Of joy had I once full measure: a crownèd queen
was I!
And my daughter amid her princes bare a crown
too right royally,
And all men they deemed us worthy—Sir Knight,
I wrought ill to none,
But alike, both man and maiden, from my hand
due guerdon won.

And all men they knew, and they owned me one
fit o'er the folk to reign, 535
For I, so God gave me wisdom, ne'er brought to
another pain.
Yet she who in gladness dwelleth, tho' a fair praise
she think to earn,
And the prayer of the poor she hearken, yet her
joy to such grief may turn
That a poor lad may make her joyful—Sir Knight,
here o'erlong I stay,
Yet there cometh no man who doth know me, and
turneth my care away!' 540

Then out quoth the gallant hero, 'Lady, if life be
mine,
Then gladness shall be thy portion, nor shalt thou
in exile pine!'
Now this self-same day brought the coming of
Arthur the Breton king,
The son of the sad Arnivé, whom kinship and
faith did bring;
And many a fair new banner Gawain from the
castle saw, 545
And the field it was thick with the horsemen who
near at his summons draw.
On the road that wound hence from Logrois came
many a blazoned spear,
And Gawain, he was glad at their coming; for
delay it oft teacheth fear,
Who waiteth o'erlong for succour, he doubteth
'twill come too late!
From such doubt had King Arthur freed him! Ah
me! how he rode in state! 550

Gawain, he would hold it secret, yet his eyes they
were fain to weep,
Little good had they been for cisterns, since the
water they failed to keep.
And for love must he weep, for Arthur such love
had toward him shown,

He had cherished him from his childhood, and
 had dealt with him as his own;
And the twain they had never wavered, but their
 faith to each other kept, 555
And nor falsehood nor thought of doubting
 betwixt their two hearts had crept.

But Arnivé was 'ware of his weeping, and quoth,
 'Now shalt thou begin
To joy with the shout of rejoicing, thus comfort
 we all shall win.
'Gainst sorrow shouldst thou defend thee—See the
 host that now draweth nigh,
Methinks 'tis the Duchess' army, with their
 coming shall joy wax high.' 560
Now many a tent and banner they saw wind
 across the plain,
But *one* shield did they bear before them, and
 Arnivé beheld again,
And she knew, as of yore, the blazon, and Isayé
 she called the name
Of the knight, he should be king's marshal, and
 Uther Pendragon came!
But the shield it was borne by another, graceful of
 limb and tall, 565
And she said, 'He shall be *queen's* marshal, and
 Maurin his name they call.'
But little she knew, Arnivé, that dead were both
 king and knight,
And Maurin, he held the office that afore was his
 father's right.
To the bank in the meadow of conflict rode the
 host—They who served the queen
Found a resting-place for the ladies, and a fair
 camp it was I ween. 570
By the side of a swift, clear streamlet they set up
 the tents so fair,
And, apart, many goodly circles for the king and
 his knights prepare.

And methinks they had left behind them,
 wherever the host must ride,
A mighty track of hoof-prints on the field and the
 roadways wide!

Gawain, by the mouth of Bené, his host
 Plippalinòt prayed 575
To hold vessel and boat in safe keeping that no
 crossing that day be made.
And the maid from the hand of Gawain took the
 first gift of his rich store,
'Twas a swallow, the harp was costly, such as
 harpers in England bore.

Then joyful, she sought her father, and Gawain,
 he gave command
To shut fast the outer portals, since a host at the
 gate did stand; 580
And old and young they listed the word that he
 courteous spake:
'On the further side of the river an army its camp
 doth make,
And never, by land or by water, a mightier host I
 saw,
Would they fight, then I pray ye help me my
 kighthood to prove once more!

With one voice did they make the promise—Then
 they asked of the Duchess fair, 585
If the host should be hers? But she answered,
 'Believe me, of all men there
I know neither shield nor bearer; perchance he
 who wrought me ill
Hath entered my land, and thought him to bow
 Logrois unto his will.
He hath found it right well defended! My people
 might well defy,
From their tower and their battlements lofty, e'en
 such army as here doth lie! 590

Hath he wrought there fresh deeds of knighthood,
then King Gramoflanz sure hath thought
To revenge himself for the garland that my knight
from his tree hath brought.
But whoever they be, I know well, they shall
many a joust have seen,
And many a spear at Logrois by mine army hath
splintered been.'

And never a lie had she spoken—For Arthur must
peril face 595
As he rode thro' the land of Logrois; and many of
Breton race
In knightly joust had fallen—But Arthur their ill
repaid
In the self-same coin, and on both sides sore stress
on the host was laid.

Battle-weary, so came they hither of whom one
full oft must hear
That they sold their lives full dearly, and did never
a foeman fear. 600
And either side had suffered, both Garel and
Gaherjet,
King Meljanz of Lys, and Iofreit, son of Idol, in
durance set
Ere even the end of the Tourney—From Logrois
they captive bare
The Duke of Vermandois, Friam, and Count
Richard, he of Nevers,
Who naught but one spear had needed ere he
against whom he rode 605
Had fallen 'neath his stroke so mighty, and no man
his joust abode.
With his own hand King Arthur made him his
captive, this gallant knight;
Then, dauntless, they spurred them onward, and
the armies they met in fight,
And a forest, methinks, it cost them! For no man
the jousts might know

That were ridden, a rain of splinters fell thick at
each mighty blow; 610
And the Bretons, they bore them bravely 'gainst
the Lady of Logrois' host,
And Arthur himself the rear-guard would keep at
sore conflict's cost.
And in this wise they fought and they vexed them
through the hours of the livelong day,
Till the greater part of the army outwearied with
conflict lay.

And well might Gawain have told her, the
Duchess, that to his aid 615
They had ridden her land, then, I wot well, no
strife had their way delayed,
But he would that no lips should tell her till her
own eye the truth had seen—
Then he dealt as should well befit him had King
Arthur his foeman been,
And made ready to march against him with rich
tents and warlike gear.
And no man of them all repented that he came as
a stranger here, 620
For with open hand Sir Gawain his gifts upon all
did shower
In such wise that ye might have deemed well he
drew nigh to his dying hour.
And servant, and knight, and lady, they looked on
his gifts so fair,
And all, with one mouth, they praised him who
brought help in their sore
despair;

And all, for his sake, were joyful—Then the hero
he bade prepare 625
Strong chargers, and well-trained palfreys, such as
well might a lady bear.
Nor the knights should be lacking armour—
Strong squires in coat of mail

Were ready to do his bidding, nor should one of
their number fail.
And in this wise he gave his orders, four knights
he aside did take:
His chamberlain one; and another, cup-bearer he
fain would make; 630
The third he would make his steward; and his
marshal the fourth should be,
For this was his prayer, and the four knights said
'Yea' to him willingly.

At peace lay King Arthur's army, and no greeting
did Gawain send,
Yet I wot well it sorely grieved him! With the
morning the host did wend,
With the blast of many a trumpet, their way unto
Ioflanz' plain, 635
And the rear-guard was armed, yet no foeman did
they find in their path again.

Then Gawain took his office-bearers, and in this
wise to them he spake,
The marshal, he bade him straightway to Ioflanz
his way to take,
'There a camp of my own prepare me—The host
that thou here didst see
Shall unto that plain have ridden, and its lord will
I name to thee, 640
For 'tis well that thou too shouldst know him, he
is Arthur, my kinsman true,
In whose court and whose care from my
childhood I unto my manhood grew.
Now do this thing in which I trust thee, rule my
journey in such a wise,
With such riches and pomp, that my coming be
stately in all men's eyes;
But within the walls of this castle no word of the
truth be told— 645
That the king for my sake cometh hither, this must
thou for secret hold!'

So did they as Gawain bade them, and Plippalinòt
he found
Little space had he now for leisure, since his lord
was on journey bound.
For large and small his vessels, both boat and
skiff, must fare
O'er the water, and troops well armèd, ahorse and
afoot they bare. 650
And the marshal the squires and footmen on the
track of the Bretons led,
And hither and thither riding behind them the
army sped.

And they bare with them, so 'twas told me, the
tent that in days of yore
Fair Iblis had sent to Klingsor, as pledge of the
love she bore.
By the sending of this love-token their secret to
men was told, 655
And the favour they bare each other in the days
that have waxen old.
And no cost had they spared who had wrought it,
and no better was ever seen
Save the tent of Eisenhart only—Then apart on
the grass so green
They set up the tent, and around it many others in
goodly ring,
And so great was the pomp and the riches that
men deemed it a wondrous thing. 660

And they spake before King Arthur that the
marshal of Gawain came,
And his lord the same day would follow, and
encamp him upon the plain.
'Twas the talk of all the vassals—Then Gawain,
from falsehood free,
Rode forth from his home and there followed a
goodly company.
And their train was so richly ordered that marvels
I here might tell! 665

With church gear and chamber hangings the pack-
 steeds were burdened well;
 And some were with harness laden, and above the
 harness bare
 Full many a crested helmet, and shield that was
 blazoned fair.
 And many a gallant war-horse was led by the
 bridle rein,
 And behind them both knight and lady rode close
 in the glittering train. 670
 Would ye measure the length? a mile long,
 methinks, had it stretched, and more,
 And Sir Gawain, I ween, forgat not that a gallant
 knight should draw
 His rein by the side of each lady, and ever of love
 they spake,
 Or one scant of wit had deemed them! And in this
 wise the road they take,
 The Turkowit, brave Florand, for companion upon
 his way 675
 Had the daughter of Queen Arnivé, Sangivé of
 Norroway,
 And Lischois, who was ne'er unready, he rode at
 sweet Kondrie's side,
 And by Gawain the maid Itonjé, his sister,
 perforce must ride.
 At the same time the Queen Arnivé and the
 Duchess of fair Logrois
 Rode gaily the one by the other, for in such wise
 they made their choice. 680

Beyond the camp of King Arthur the tents of
 Gawain they lay,
 And they who were fain to reach them thro' the
 army must take their way.
 'Twas a sight for all men to gaze at! Ere the folk to
 their journey's end
 Might come, of a courteous custom, to do honour
 unto his friend,

Gawain by the tent of Arthur bade the first maiden
take her stand, 685
Then the marshal so did his office that the second,
to her right hand,
And the third beside the second, should unto each
other ride,
And none of them all delayed them—So made
they a circle wide,
Here the matrons, and there the maidens, and by
each of them rode a knight
Who would fain do the lady service, and would
for her favours fight. 690
And thus round the tent of the monarch stood the
ladies, a goodly ring,
And to Gawain, the rich in gladness, fair welcome
would Arthur bring.

To the ground sprang Gawain and Arnivé, and her
daughters with children twain,
The Lady of Logrois, and the heroes he o'erthrew
on the grassy plain,
Lischois and the gallant Florand; then unto those
heroes brave 695
Stepped Arthur from his pavilion, and a kindly
welcome gave;
And the queen, she greeted Gawain, and she
welcomed him and his
Of true heart, and from many a lady, I ween, was
there many a kiss!

Quoth Arthur unto his nephew, 'Say, who shall thy
comrades be?'
Quoth Gawain, 'A kiss of greeting from my lady I
fain would see, 700
'Twere ill an she should refuse it, for noble are
both I ween.'
Then Florand and the Duke of Gowerzein were
kissed by the gracious queen.

Then into the tent they gat them, and to many the
fair field wide
Was as if it were full of maidens, so close stood
they, side by side.
Then not as the heavy-footed sprang Arthur upon
his steed, 705
And he turned to the knights and the ladies in the
ring with a kindly heed,
And he rode from one to the other, and gracious
the words he spake,
From the lips of the king so kindly each one must
his welcome take.
For this was the will of Gawain that no man from
hence should ride
Till he himself rode with them, but courteous his
coming bide. 710

Then the king would dismount, and straightway
he entered the tent again,
And he sat him beside his nephew, and straitly he
prayed Gawain
To say who were these five ladies, whom hither
the knight did bring.
Then Gawain he looked on the eldest and he
spake to the Breton king,
'Didst thou know Uther Pendragon? 'Tis Arnivé,
his queen and wife, 715
And well mayst thou look upon her, from the
twain didst thou draw thy life.
And there standeth the Queen of Norway, and *I*
am the son she bare,
And these twain they shall be my sisters; say, are
they not maidens fair?'

Ah! then once again they kissed them, and sorrow
and joy were seen
Of all those who looked upon them, from Love
this their lot had been; 720
And they laughed, and they cried together, and
their lips spake of joy and woe,

And I ween that with tears of gladness their bright
eyes must overflow.

Then Arthur he spake to Gawain, 'Nephew,
unknown to me
Is the fifth of these lovely ladies, I prithee who
may she be?'

'The Duchess, is she, of Logrois,' quoth Gawain in
his courtesy, 725

'In her service have I come hither, and, so it was
told to me,
Thou thyself hast sought her dwelling, and how it
rejoiced thee there,

Thou canst without shame declare us, as a
widower dost thou fare.'

Quoth Arthur, 'She doth, as her captive, thy
kinsman Gaherjet hold,

And Garel, who in many a conflict hath shown
h'm a hero bold; 730

From my very side was he taken, one charge had
we made so nigh

That almost we gained the portal, when lo! from
the gate did fly

Meljanz of Lys! How he battled! On high flew a
banner white

And the host who fought beneath it took captive
my gallant knight.

And the banner it bare a blazon of crimson, a
bleeding heart, 735

And right through the midst was it pierced by the
shaft of a sable dart,

As one who to death is smitten—'Lirivoin' was
the battle-cry

Of the army who fought beneath it, and their hand
did the victory buy.

My nephew, Iofreit, was taken, and grief for his
sake I know—

Yestreen did I keep the rear-guard, and the chance
it hath worked me woe!' 740

Sore mourned the king for his sorrow—quoth the
 Duchess, with courteous mien,
 'Sire, I speak thee free of all shaming, I had
 greeted thee not, I ween.
 Thou mayst well have wrought me evil, tho' no
 wrong had I done to thee,
 And I would that God's wisdom teach thee that
 harm to make good to me.
 The knight to whose aid thou camest, if combat
 with me he dared, 745
 Hath found me, methinks, defenceless, with side
 to the foeman bared.
 If yet for such strife he lusteth, nor of conflict
 hath had his fill,
 With never a sword or a weapon I think to
 withstand him still.'
 Then Gawain, he quoth to King Arthur, 'Wilt thou
 that we fill the plain
 With knights? For we well can do so—I think me
 such grace to gain 750
 From the Duchess that all the captives from thine
 host she will swiftly free,
 And, many a new spear bearing, her knighthood
 we here may see.'
 'Yea, such were my will,' quoth Arthur; then the
 Duchess she gave command,
 And many a gallant hero she summoned from
 Logrois' land—
 And I wot well a host so goodly the earth ne'er
 had seen before— 755
 Then Gawain, he prayed leave of the monarch, he
 would to his tent withdraw,
 And the king's will was e'en as Gawain's, and all
 they who hither rode
 With the knight, they turned their bridles, and
 with him in his camp abode.
 And his tent was so rich and so goodly, as befitted
 a gallant knight,
 That afar from its costly trappings had poverty
 taken flight. 760

And there rode unto his pavilion full many whose
 hearts were sore
For the weary days since he left them, and the
 love they to Gawain bore.
And the wounds of Kay had been healèd since he
 joustèd by Plimizöl,
And he looked on the wealth of Gawain, and with
 envy his heart was full,
And he quoth, 'Now, King Lot, his father, my
 monarch's near of kin, 765
Ne'er thought with such pomp to shame us, nor a
 camp of his own would win.'
(For ever did he bethink him how Gawain would
 no vengeance take
On the knight who so sorely smote him, when his
 right arm in joust he brake,)
'God worketh for *some* His wonders,—Who gave
 Gawain this woman folk?'
And the words they were scarce a friend's words
 that Kay in his anger spoke. 770

Of the honour his friend hath won him the true
 knight is ever glad,
But the faithless, aloud he crieth, and his heart
 ever waxeth sad
When the heart of his friend rejoiceth, and he
 needs must his gladness see.
Bliss and honour had fallen to Gawain; and, if one
 would more favoured be,
I know not what thing he may wish for! Thus ever
 the evil mind 775
Is with envy filled, while the brave man his
 comfort and joy doth find
When honour shall seek his comrade, and shame
 from his face doth flee—
Gawain ne'er forgat his knighthood, and from
 falsehood was ever free;
And thus it was right and fitting that men on his
 bliss should gaze,

And gladness and fair rejoicing henceforward
 should crown his days. 780
 In what wise for the folk that followed did the
 knight of Norway care,
 Alike for his knights and ladies? Not ill was,
 methinks, their fare.
 And Arthur and all his people they looked on
 King Lot's fair son,
 And I trow well they greatly marvelled at the
 riches his hand had won.
 Now the evening meal was ended, and 'twas time
 for the folk to sleep, 785
 And little I grudge their slumber! A guard thro' the
 night they keep,
 And lo! at the early morning, ere the dawning had
 waxed to-day,
 Came a folk in goodly armour, and the men of
 Logrois were they.
 And they read their helmet's token by the light of
 the waning moon,
 On this side lay the host of Arthur, and his camp
 had they passed full soon, 790
 And they came to the goodly circle where Gawain
 and his men should lie—
 And, methinks, who such gallant succour by the
 might of his hand could buy
 Were reckoned of men a hero! Then Gawain bade
 his Marshal find
 A place for the host to camp on, but, such was
 their leader's mind,
 He deemed it best that their circle apart from the
 rest should be, 795
 And 'twas even the hour of noontide ere all were
 lodged fittingly.

Then Arthur, the noble monarch, a message would
 straightway send;
 Unto Rosche Sabbins, and the city, a squire on his
 way should wend

To King Gramoflanz should he speak thus, 'Since
 conflict the king doth pray,
And he lusteth to fight my nephew, the strife shall
 he not delay, 800
For Sir Gawain is fain to meet him—But bid him
 to meet us here,
As a gallant man do we know him, were he other,
 'twould cost him dear!'

And the messenger of King Arthur he rode on his
 errand fain—
Then forth, with Liscois and Sir Florand, rode
 the gallant knight, Gawain,
And he prayed them to show them to him who
 from many a land afar 805
Had ridden for love's high service, and had fought
 in his lady's war.
And he met them and gave them greeting in such
 wise that the heroes knew
Sir Gawain for courteous lover, and faithful
 knight and true.

With that again he left them, and in secret his way
 he sped,
And he gat him again to his chamber, and he
 armed him from foot to head; 810
He would know if his wounds were healèd so that
 never a scar should pain,
And his limbs would he test, since so many, both
 maiden and man were fain
To look on the strife, had they wisdom they
 should see if his dauntless hand
Might even to-day, as aforetime, the victor's
 crown command.
A squire did he bid to bring him his charger,
 Gringuljet, 815
And he sprang to the saddle lightly and the horse
 to a gallop set.
He would try both himself and his charger, if
 ready for strife the twain—

Ah! woe is me for his journey! so rode he upon
the plain,
And so had his Fortune willed it, that a knight his
bridle drew
By the side of the river Sabbins, and ye know that
knight so true, 820
And a rock, men well might call him, for
manhood and courage high,
And no knight might stand before him, and
falsehood his heart did fly.
And yet so weak was his body that no burden it
bare of wrong,
Yea, a hand's-breadth had been too heavy, and a
finger-length too long!
And, I ween, of this gallant hero of old time ye oft
must hear, 825
For my tale hath come to its root-tree, and
draweth its goal anear.

BOOK XIV

GRAMOFLANZ

ARGUMENT

BOOK XIV. tells how Parzival and Gawain met and, unknowing, fought with each other, how Gawain was defeated, and of Parzival's grief when he learnt with whom he had fought.

How the combat between Gawain and Gramoflanz was deferred till the morrow; and how Parzival was welcomed at the court of King Arthur, and admitted to the Brotherhood of the Round Table.

How Parzival, in Gawain's stead, fought with and overcame King Gramoflanz, and how the latter sent messengers to King Arthur to pray that none but Gawain should fight against him. Of the grief of Itonjé when she learnt how her brother would fight with King Gramoflanz, and how she prayed the aid of King Arthur.

How Arthur and Brandelidelein made peace between the Duchess and Gawain, and of the wedding feast that was held in the camp. Of Parzival's sorrow and longing for his wife, and how ere the dawn of day he stole in secret from the court.

BOOK XIV

GRAMOFLANZ

If now the gallant Gawain a knightly joust would
ride,
Tho' never I feared for his honour yet I fear what
may now betide.
And tho' dear be the other's safety yet never a
doubt I know,
For he who in strife would face him an army had
found for foe.
O'er far seas, in the land of paynim, his helmet
was fashioned fair, 5
And ruby-red was his harness, and the trappings
his charger bare.
So rode he in search of adventure, and his shield it
was piercèd thro'—
He had plucked for his helm a garland, and the
tree where the garland grew
Was the tree that Gramoflanz guarded; and
Gawain knew the wreath again,
And he thought, did the king here wait him it
were counted to him for shame, 10
If hither for strife he had ridden then strife there
perforce must be,
Tho' alone were the twain, and no lady the fate of
their jousting see.

From Monsalväsich they came, the chargers,
which each of the knights bestrode,
And they spurred them alike to a gallop, and each
'gainst the other rode,
On the dewy grass of the meadow, not the sand of
the Tourney ring, 15
Should the joust this morn be ridden; and I ween,
as their deeds I sing,
I had mourned for the harm of either—'Twas a fair
joust they rode that morn,
Of a race that fought fair and knightly was each
gallant hero born;
And little had been his winning, great his loss,
who there won the prize,

And ne'er had he ceased to mourn it, if he were in
his calling wise. 20
For faith had they pledged to each other, nor of
old time, nor yet to-day,
Had their love and their truth been wounded—
Now hear how they fought the fray:

Swiftly they rode, yet in such wise that each
knight must mourn his fate—
For kinsman and knightly brethren, in strength of
foeman's hate,
In strife had come together; and he who this joust
should win 25
His joy were the pledge of sorrow, and his deed
must he count for sin—
And each right hand it smote so surely that the
comrades and foemen twain,
With horse and with goodly harness, fell prone on
the grassy plain.
And then in such wise they bear them, with their
swords such blows they smite,
That their shields are hewn and riven, and cloven
in deadly fight. 30
And the splinters of shields, and the grass blades,
were mingled upon the ground,
And far other the look of the meadow ere their
strife had its ending found;
And too long must they wait for a daysman
—'twas early when first they fought,
And the hours sped by, and no man an end to their
conflict brought,

And no man was there beside them—Will ye hear
how, the self-same day, 35
King Arthur's knights to the army of King
Gramoflanz made their way?
On a plain by the sea he camped him—On the one
side of the ground
Flowed the Sabbins, and over against it the
Poinzacleins its ending found.

And the plain it was strongly guarded; Rosche
Sabbins the citadel,
With towers and with walls deep-moated,
defended the fourth side well. 40
And the host on the plain lay stretching its length
for a mile and more,
And half a mile broad had they deemed it—As the
messengers toward it bore,
Many unknown knights rode forward, archers,
squires, with arms and spear,
And behind them, with waving banners, did the
mighty host draw near.

With ringing blasts of trumpet would the army
leave the plain, 45
That very morn to Ioflanz marched the monarch
and all his train.
And clear rung the ladies' bridles as they circled
around the king—
And, if I may tell the story, the tidings I fain
would bring
Of those who had ridden hither, and camped on
the sward so green,
For Gramoflanz bade them hither, and his combat
they fain had seen. 50
If ye shall not before have heard it then here
would I make it known,
From Punt, the water-locked city, to his nephew's
aid had flown
Brandelidelein, and with him were six hundred
ladies fair,
By the side of each lovely lady her knight must
his armour wear;
For knighthood and love would he serve her—Of
Punturtois, the gallant knights 55
Were fain for this stately journey, in sooth 'twas a
noble sight.

And there rode, an ye will believe me, Count
Bernard of Riviers,

Rich Narant had been his father, and left
Uckerland to his heir.
And in many a ship o'er the water had he brought
so fair a host
Of ladies, that none gainsaid him who would
make of their beauty boast. 60
Two hundred of them were maidens, and two
hundred already wed—
And if I have rightly counted 'neath his banner
Count Bernard led
Five hundred knights well proven, who with him
had sailed the sea,
And each well might face a foeman, and each
should a hero be.

Thus King Gramoflanz would wreak vengeance in
strife for the broken tree, 65
For he deemed he should be the victor, and the
folk should his prowess see.
And the princes from out his kingdom, with many
a valiant knight,
And many a lovely lady, had come to behold the
fight;
And a goodly folk were gathered—Now Arthur's
men drew near,
And they looked upon the monarch, how they
found him ye now shall hear. 70
Of Palmât was the high seat 'neath him, and with
silk was the couch spread o'er,
And maidens, so fair and graceful, they knelt low
the king before,
And with iron hose they shod him; and high o'er
the monarch's head,
A silk, Ecidemon-woven, both broad and long,
was spread,
On twelve spear-shafts tall was it lifted, from the
sunlight to be a shade— 75
Then came the men of King Arthur, and this was
the word they said:

'Sire, King Arthur hath hither sent us, and ever
hath he been known
As one whom all men have honoured, and whom
all shall as victor own.
Yea, honour enow is his portion—And yet
wouldst thou mar his fame,
Since upon the son of his sister thou thinkest to
bring this shame! 80
And e'en had Sir Gawain wrought thee worse ill
by far, I ween,
That the fame of the great Round Table might
here for a shield have been.
For brotherhood all have sworn him who sit at
that noble board,
And stainless shall be their knighthood who own
Arthur for king and lord!

Quoth the king, 'The strife I sware him e'en to-day
my hand shall dare, 85
And Gawain to-day shall face me, if well or if ill
he fare.
For this hath been truly told me, that King Arthur
draweth near
With his queen, and his host of warriors; I bid
them welcome here!
Tho' it may be the angry Duchess shall counsel
him to mine ill,
Yet hearken and heed, ye children, the strife shall
be foughten still. 90
For here have I many a follower, and hindered of
none will be,
What *one* man can do unto me that bear I right
joyfully!
And if now I should fear to face that to which I
my pledge have sworn,
Of Love's service and Love's rewarding
henceforward were I forlorn!
In her favour I found aforetime my life and my
life's best bliss— 95

God knoweth how *he* hath pleased her, she oweth
me much for this!—
And tho' ever I did disdain me to fight with one
man alone,
Yet Gawain hath so bravely borne him that him as
I my peer I'll own.
And I think me I shame my manhood when such
easy strife I fight;
And yet have I fought, believe me, (ye can ask if
it seem ye right,) 100
With folk whom mine hand hath proven to be
valiant men and true,
But ne'er have I fought but *one* man! No praise
shall be here my due,
From the lips of gracious women, tho' the victory
be mine to-day—
And greatly my heart rejoiceth that her bands
have been reft away
For whose sake I fight this conflict; so many a
distant land 105
Are vassals unto King Arthur, and pay tribute unto
his hand,
It may well be with him she cometh, for whose
sake both joy and pain
Unto death I would gladly suffer, if she be for my
service fain.
And what better fate can befall me than that this
my fair lot shall be,
That she looketh upon my service, and her eyes
shall my victory see!' 110

And near to the king sat Bené, nor her heart for
the strife did fail,
For full oft had she seen his valour, and she
deemed he might well prevail.
But yet had she known that Gawain was brother
unto the maid,
And 'twas *he* who now stood in peril, of a sooth
had she been dismayed.

A golden ring from Itonjé she brought him for
 token fair, 115
 'Twas the same as her gallant brother did over the
 Sabbins bear
 O'er the Poinzacleins came Bené in a boat, and
 this word she spake,
 'From Château Merveil doth my lady, with the
 others, her journey take.'
 And she spake from the lips of Itonjé such
 steadfast words and true,
 That more, from the lips of a maiden, I ween
 never monarch knew. 120
 And she prayed him to think of her sorrow, since
 all gain did she hold as naught
 For the gain of his love, and his service was all
 that her true heart sought.
 And glad was the king at the tidings, yet would
 fight with her brother still—
 'Twere better I had no sister, such rewarding
 would please me ill!

Then they bare unto him his harness, 'twas costly
 beyond compare— 125
 No hero, by love constrained, who fought for
 love's guerdon fair,
 Were he Gamuret, or Galoes, or Killicrates, the
 valiant king,
 Had better decked his body the love of a maid to
 win—
 And no richer silk had been woven in
 Ipopotiticon,
 Or brought from Kalomedenté, or the city of
 Akraton, 130
 Or from far-off Agatyrsjenté, than the silk for his
 garment wove—
 Then he kissed the small ring golden, the pledge
 of Itonjé's love,
 For he knew her for true and faithful, and tho'
 peril upon him pressed,

Yet the thought of her love and her longing would
guard, as a shield, his breast.

All armed was now the monarch; twelve maidens
on palfreys fair, 135

Each one a spear-shaft holding, the awning aloft
would bear.

And the king, he rode beneath it, and its shadow
was o'er his head,

As on to the strife he craved for the gallant hero
sped.

And on either side of the monarch there rode fair
maidens twain,

Tall and stately were they to look on, the noblest
of all his train. 140

The messengers of King Arthur no longer they
made delay,

And, behold! they met with Gawain as they rode
on their homeward way,

And ne'er had they felt such sorrow, their voices
they raised on high,

And they cried aloud for his peril, and their love
and their loyalty.

For the strife had near found its ending, and victor
was Gawain's foe, 145

For his strength, it was more than Gawain's, and
well-nigh had he laid him low,

When the pages who rode towards them called
loudly on Gawain's name,

For well did they know the hero, and it grieved
them to see his shame.

Then he, who erewhile would fight him, of
conflict would have no more,

But he cast from his hand his weapon, and he
cried, as he wept full sore, 150

'Accursèd am I, and dishonoured, and all blessing
from me hath flown,

Since my luckless hand, unwitting, so sinful a
strife hath known.

Methinks it is too unseemly! yea, guilty am I
 always,
And born 'neath a star of Ill Fortune, and forced
 from all bliss to stray.
And the arms that to-day I carry are the same that
 of old I bore, 155
For they are of Ill-luck the token, e'en to-day as
 they were of yore.
Alas! that with gallant Gawain I have foughten so
 fierce a fight,
'Tis *myself* whom I here have vanquished, and my
 joy shall have taken flight.
With the first blow I struck against him
 misfortune hath reached my side,
And peace shall have sped far from me, and her
 face from my face doth hide!' 160

And Gawain heard, and saw his sorrow, and he
 spake out right wonderingly,
'Alas, Sir Knight, who art thou, who speakest thus
 well of me?
If I might such words have hearkened the while I
 had strength and power,
Then my honour had ne'er been forfeit, for the
 victory is thine this hour!
And fain would I know how men call him with
 whom I shall find my fame, 165
Since hereafter I needs must seek it, so tell me, I
 pray, thy name—
For ever was I the victor when I fought with one
 man alone.'
'Yea, gladly my *name* I'll tell thee who aforetime
 my *face* hast known,
And true service I fain would do thee wherever
 such chance befall,
For thy kinsman am I, and cousin, and men call
 me *Parzival!*' 170
Then out quoth Gawain, 'So, 'tis fitting, here Folly
 her goal hath found,

And her ways full straight hath she wroughten
which aforetime but crooked wound.
Here have two hearts, leal and faithful, their hate
'gainst each other shown,
And thy hand which hath won the victory hath the
twain of us overthrown.
And for *both* of us shalt thou sorrow, for thyself
by thyself laid low, 175
And the thought it shall surely grieve thee if thy
true heart true faith doth know!

Then, e'en as the words were spoken, no longer
the knight Gawain
Might stand for very weakness, for the blows they
had dulled his brain,
And his footsteps they failed and faltered, and
prone on the grass he lay—
Then down sprang the squire of King Arthur, and
aid did he bring straightway, 180
For he lifted his head, and from off it he loosened
the helmet's band,
With his head-gear of peacock's feathers the face
of Gawain he fanned
Till his care new strength had brought him—Now
on to the field did ride,
From the armies twain, much people, they flocked
hither from either side.
And each one would seek his station, for here
should the fight be fought, 185
And the lists, they were set with tree-trunks, each
smooth as a mirror wrought.

Gramoflanz the cost had given, since from him
had the challenge come,
A hundred in all the tree-trunks, and brightly they
shone each one.
And no man should come within them, and the
place between was wide,
Full forty lengths from each other stood the fifty
on either side, 190

Each blazoned with many colours; and here
 should the combat be;
And on either side the army from the strife should
 hold them free.
As by moat and rampart sundered, so should they
 in peace remain,
In this wise they sware, the foemen, King
 Gramoflanz and Gawain.

To this combat, by none awaited, came the folk
 from either side, 195
At the self-same hour, fain were they to know
 what should there betide,
For they marvelled much who had fought here,
 and had shown such knightly skill;
Or who should such strife have challenged, for
 alone was it foughten still,
And neither side their comrades had bidden unto
 the ring,
But alone had each knight come hither, and men
 deemed it a wondrous thing. 200
But now as the fight was foughten on the flower-
 besprinkled plain,
Came King Gramoflanz, to wreak vengeance for
 the garland upon Gawain;
And he heard what thing had chanced there, that
 so fierce the fight had been
That never a fiercer conflict with sword might a
 man have seen,
And the twain who fought together had never a
 cause to fight— 205
Then the king, from out his army, rode straight to
 the gallant knights;

And he found them battle-weary, and much he
 mourned their pain;
Tho' scarcely his strength might bear him, up-
 sprang the knight Gawain,
And the twain they stood together—Now Bené
 rode with the king,

And with him, as the strife was ended, she came
to the battle-ring, 210
And she saw Gawain all powerless, whom, for
honour and fair renown,
O'er all the world had she chosen to crown with
joy's fairest crown.
With a cry of heartfelt sorrow from her palfrey the
maiden sprung,
And she spake, as her arms around him in a close
embrace she flung,
'Accurst be the hand that such sorrow on so fair a
form hath brought, 215
For in sooth all manly beauty its mirror in thee
hath sought!'
On the sward did she bid him seat him, and, the
while that she wept full sore,
With tender hand from his eyelids she wiped the
sweat and gore;

And heavy and hot his harness—Then
Gramoflanz quoth again,
'In sooth must I grieve for thy sorrow, since my
hand wrought it not, Gawain; 220
If to-morrow again thou comest, and wilt meet me
upon this field,
Then gladly will I await thee, and will face thee
with spear and shield.
Now as lief would I fight with a woman as with
thee, who art brought so low,
For how shall I win me honour if strength shall
have failed my foe?
Go, rest thee to-day, for 'tis needful, and then
wouldst thou take the place 225
Of thy father, King Lot, I am ready to meet thee
here, face to face.'

But Parzival stood unwearied, nor as yet a sign he
bare
Of pallor, nor strength had failed him, and he
faced the monarch fair,

And he loosed from his head the helmet, that the
king his face might see,
And he spake, 'Sir, if this my cousin in aught shall
have wrongèd thee 230
Then take *me* as his pledge, unwearied, as thou
seest, is yet mine hand,
And the wrath thou dost bear against him I may
well with my sword withstand.'

Then spake the King of Rosche Sabbins, 'Sir
Knight, at the morrow's morn
For my garland he payeth tribute, and its fame
shall anew be born,
Or to such a pass shall he bring me that shame
shall my portion be— 235
Thou mayst otherwise be a hero, but this conflict
is not for *thee*!'

In wrath spake the lips of Bené, 'Fie on thee! thou
faithless hound,
Thro' him whom thy false heart hateth thine heart
hath its freedom found.
She to whom thou wouldst do love-service, she
liveth at his command,
Thyself hast renounced the victory which else
might have crowned thine hand. 240
Thou hast no claim on Love's rewarding, and if
ever within thine heart
Love had for awhile her dwelling with falsehood
she bare a part!'
As thus she waxed full wrathful, Gramoflanz led
the maid aside,
And quoth, 'Now, Lady, grieve not, this strife must
needs betide.
But stay thou here with thy master, and say to his
sister sweet 245
That I am in truth her servant, in all that a knight
finds meet.'

But now as Bené hearkened, and knew of a truth
Gawain
Was brother unto her lady, and must fight on the
grassy plain,
Then drave griefs plough its furrows thro' her
heart, both deep and sore,
And filled them with flood of sorrow, for truth in
her heart she bore. 250
And she quoth, 'Ride hence, accursèd, thou false
and faithless one,
For steadfast love and loyal thine heart hath never
won!'

The king and his knights they rode hence, and the
lads of Arthur's train
They took the heroes' chargers, weary with strife
the twain.
Then Parzival, and Gawain, and Bené, that
maiden bright, 255
They rode to the camp of King Arthur with many
a gallant knight.
And Parzival in manhood had so borne the prize
away
That all men were glad at his coming, and
rejoiced in his fame that day.

And more, if I can, would I tell ye—the wise men
of either host
Spake but of this man, of his valour in this wise
they made their boast, 260
'Wot ye well who hath here been victor? 'Twas
Parzival, he alone!'
And so fair was his face to look on none fairer
was ever known.
So thought they who looked upon him, and they
swear it, both man and maid—
So he came to the tent of Gawain; and little his
host delayed,
But he bade them bring costly raiment, and rich as
was his own gear, 265

And alike were they clad, the heroes, and all folk
must the marvel hear
That Parzival came among them, of whose glory
all men had heard,
And the fame of his deeds so knightly, and no
mouth but spake this word.

Quoth Gawain, 'Art thou fain to look on four
queens who are kin to thee,
And other fair ladies with them, then thy guide
will I gladly be.' 270
Quoth Gamuret's son, 'If fair ladies be here thou
shalt vex them not
With the sight of my face, for no kindness from
woman shall be my lot
Since by Plimizöl's bank they hearkened to the
shame that upon me fell:
May their honour of God be guarded, for ever I
wish them well,
But my shame weigheth heavy on me, and it
vexeth so sore my heart, 275
I were fain ne'er to look on woman, but live me a
life apart'

'Yet so must it be,' quoth Gawain; then Parzival he
led
To the four queens, who gave him greeting and
kissed him with lips so red.
But sorely it vexed the Duchess, that she, too,
must kiss this knight,
Who little had cared for her kisses, nor would for
her favours fight— 280
Tho' her lands and her love she proffered when he
before Logrois fought,
And she rode far to overtake him—thus shame in
her anger wrought.
But the others they spake him gently, with never a
thought of wrong,
Till shame from his heart was driven, and joy in
its stead waxed strong.

Then Gawain of right and reason, if Bené his
 grace would hold, 285
Bade her seal her lips to silence, to her lady no
 word be told,
'That King Gramoflanz for his garland doth hatred
 toward me bear,
And at the set time to-morrow our strife must be
 foughten fair,
Speak no word of this to my sister, and do thou
 thy tears give o'er;'
And she spake, 'I do well to weep thus, and to
 mourn, and to sorrow sore, 290
For whoever shall fall in the combat my lady must
 sorrow know,
And however the battle goeth, the issue shall be
 for woe.
And well may we mourn the venture, my lady and
 I alike,
What boots it to be her brother, if thou at her heart
 wilt strike?'

Now the host to their tents betook them, and the
 mid-day meal was spread 295
For Gawain, and the knights and ladies who
 should break at his table bread,
And Parzival as companion should have the
 Duchess fair—
And Gawain, he besought his lady for the hero to
 have good care;
But she quoth, 'To my care dost thou give him,
 who can make of a woman sport?
How should I care for this man? Yet would I
 gainsay thee naught; 300
And if this be thy will, I will do it, tho' for
 payment I mocking know'—
Quoth Gamuret's son, 'Nay, Lady, thou doest me
 wrong I trow,
At least have I so much wisdom, if I know myself
 aright,

That women are free from my mocking, since ill
'twould beseem a knight!

Whatever they set before them no lack had they
there of meat, 305
And courteous was their service, and with joy all
the folk did eat.
But Itonjé, she looked on Bené, and she read in
her eyes the tale
Of the tears she had wept but lately, and for
sorrow her cheeks grew pale,
And nothing she ate, for she thought still, 'Now
wherefore doth Bené weep?
For I sent her but now to the monarch who my
heart doth his captive keep, 310
And for whose sake I grieve me sorely—Have I
done aught to vex my knight?
Doth he think to renounce my service and no
more for my love to fight?
If, with steadfast heart and manly, he thinketh on
me no more,
Poor maid, I must die of sorrow, and the love that
to him I bore!

The noontide hour was over ere the feast had
ended here, 315
Then hither rode King Arthur, and his queen, fair
Guinevere,
With a host of knights and ladies, to where, within
their sight,
Mid the band of gracious maidens sat that true
and valiant knight;
And to Parzival such greeting and such welcome
fair they gave
That from many sweet lips sweet kisses he won,
that hero brave! 320
And Arthur would do him honour, and with many
a gracious word
He thanked him for the valour that had spread his
name abroad,

And the fame that had waxed so goodly, and that
stood so high and fair,
That of right o'er all men living the crown of
worth he bare.

Quoth the Waleis unto King Arthur, 'Yet Sire,
when I saw thee last 325
My honour so sore was wounded that it well-nigh
to earth was cast;
And in knighthood I paid such forfeit that of
knighthood was I forlorn—
But now have I hearkened to thee, and if thou be
not forsworn
Then honour still dwelleth with me, tho' my heart
it misgives me sore!
I would trust in thy word right gladly—But what
of these knights who swore 330
True friendship and brotherhood with me, and
from whom I must part in shame?'
Then all with one voice they spake there—He had
won for himself such fame
And had wrought such brave deeds of knighthood
in many a distant land,
That his fame o'er the fame of all others did high
and unspotted stand.

Then the knights of the Duchess' army they came
where by Arthur's side 335
Sat Parzival, fair to look on, 'mid the knightly
circle wide.
And the king in the tent received them, but so
courtly was he and wise,
That, tho' wide was the tent of Gawain, he thought
best that in all men's eyes
He should sit without on the meadow, and the
knights they should sit around,
And strangers they were to each other who place
in the circle found. 340
Would ye know who was this and that one? The
tale it were all too long

If Christian I named and paynim—Who were
 Klingsor's warriors strong;
Who were they who so well were armèd, and
 showed them such men of might
When they rode from the city of Logrois, and
 would for their Duchess fight;
Who had followed King Arthur hither—If each
 one, his land and kin, 345
I named in their rightful order 'twere ill to the end
 to win!
But all men they spake together, there was none
 there like Parzival,
For his face and his form so lovely many women
 might love him well;
And nothing there failed unto him of aught that
 beseemed a knight
Who beareth the crown of honour, and fighteth a
 goodly fight. 350

Then Gamuret's son upstood there, and he spake,
 'Ye who shall be here
Give counsel, and help me win that which my
 soul ever holdeth dear;
A strange and a hidden wonder it drave me from
 out your band—
Ye who brotherhood once have sworn me, and in
 friendship have clasped my hand,
Now help me, by this your knighthood, mine
 honour to win again!' 355
And gladly would Arthur grant him that for which
 his desire was fain.

Then aside with few folk he stepped him, and
 straitly he prayed this grace,
That the strife, at the hour appointed, he in
 Gawain's stead might face,
'Right gladly will I defy him, King Gramoflanz, in
 his pride;
I brake from his tree this morning a bough ere I
 thence did ride, 360

And for that he of need must fight me—For
 conflict I sought his land,
And for nothing else came I hither but to fight
 with his strong right hand.
I thought not I here should find thee, my cousin, it
 grieves me sore,
For this king did I surely take thee, who never
 from strife forbore.
Now let me, I prithee, fight him; if ever he know
 defeat 365
My hand shall such lesson teach him as he findeth
 not over sweet!
They have given me back mine honour, and thy
 brother knight am I,
And thy kinsman true, fair cousin, so grant to me,
 cousinly,
That this combat be mine—I swear thee for us
 twain will I face the foe,
And there do such deeds of valour that all men
 shall my manhood know!' 370

Quoth Gawain, 'In the court of King Arthur have I
 many a brother dear,
And kinsman true, yet to no man may I grant what
 thou prayest here.
My cause is so good, I think me, that Fate so shall
 rule the fight
That I stand at the last the victor, tho' my foe be a
 man of might.
God reward thee that thou, of thy kindness, this
 conflict for me wouldst face, 375
But the day is not yet in its dawning when another
 may take my place!'

Now Arthur the prayer had hearkened, of their
 speech he an end would make,
Once more in the ring beside them his seat did the
 monarch take.
And the cup-bearers did not tarry, the noble
 youths they bare

Many golden cups so precious, and wroughten
with jewels fair, 380
Nor one alone could fill them—and when their
task was o'er
The folk uprose, and gat them each one to his rest
once more.

And night-fall had come upon them—Naught did
Parzival delay,
But he wrought in such wise that his harness
might be ready ere break of day.
Were a strap or a fastening broken, of that did he
have good care, 385
And he bade them look well unto it, that all
should be fit and fair.
And a shield new and strong must they bring him,
for his own, in many a fight,
With many a blow was cloven, and they brought
him a shield of might;
And the serving-men who bare it, they knew not
the knight, I trow,
And Frenchmen were some among them, as the
venture doth bid ye know. 390
And the steed that erewhile to jousting the Knight
of the Grail must bear,
Of that did a squire bethink him, and ne'er might
it better fare.
But now 'twas the hour for slumber, and the night
had o'ercome the day,
And Parzival slept, and before him all ready his
armour lay.

And King Gramoflanz, he rued it that the day
such chance had brought 395
That another man in his presence for the sake of
his garland fought;
Nor his folk might still his longing for the strife
that the morn should bring,
And the thought, that he had delayed him, full
sorely it vexed the king.

What, then, should the hero do here? Since
 honour he sought and fame,
He scarce might await the dawning, and the strife
 that with daylight came, 400
But ere sunrise himself and his charger were clad
 all in harness rare—
Did women, with wealth o'erburdened, the cost of
 his decking share?
I wot that, without their aiding, it costly and fair
 should be,
For the sake of a maid did he deck him, in her
 service no laggard he!
So he rode hence to seek his foeman, and sorely it
 vexed the king 405
That the early light of the morning Sir Gawain
 had failed to bring.

Now, unknown unto all, in secret stole Parzival
 from the court,
And he stripped of its floating pennon a strong
 spear from Angram brought;
And fully armed was the hero, and lonely he took
 his way
Where the posts round the ring of battle shone fair
 in the dawning day. 410
And he saw the king await him, and ere ever a
 word they spake
Men say that they smote each other thro' the
 shield, and the spear-shafts brake;
And from either hand the splinters flew high in
 the summer air,
For skilled were they both in jousting, and their
 swords they right well might bear.
And the dew was brushed from the meadow, and
 the helmets felt many a blow 415
From the edge of the blades keen-tempered, no
 faltering might either know.

And the grass underfoot was trodden, and the
 dew-drops in many a place

Swept away, and I needs must mourn here the red
 blossoms' vanished grace.
Yet more do I mourn for the heroes, and their toil
 without thought of fear,
And who with unmixed rejoicing, the tale of their
 strife should hear 420
To whom they had ne'er done evil?—Then
 Gawain must himself prepare
For the toil and the stress of battle, and the peril
 he thought to dare.
And 'twas even the midst of the morning ere of all
 men the tale was told
From his tent was Parzival missing, and they
 sought for the hero bold.
Did he think to make peace? Nay, his bearing
 spake little, methinks, of peace, 425
For he fought as a man, and 'twas noontide ere
 ever the strife might cease.

A bishop sang Mass for Gawain, and the folk they
 stood thick around,
And many a knight and lady on horseback might
 there be found,
Without the tent of King Arthur, ere the Mass to
 an end they sing—
While the priest did his holy office, beside him
 there stood the king; 430
When he spake the Benediction, then Gawain
 armed himself for fight,
And greaves of iron, well wroughten, they did on
 his limbs of might.
Then uprose a voice of wailing from the women,
 and one and all
The host rode forth to the meadow; and lo! there
 did strife befall,
And they heard the clash of the sword-blades, and
 they saw the fire-sparks fly 435
From the helmets as there the foemen their blows
 with fierce strength did ply.

King Gramoflanz oft had boasted he would scorn
with *one* man to fight,
He thought here that *six* were his foemen, and
each one a valiant knight
Yet none but Parzival faced him, and he fought in
such gallant wise,
That he taught to the king a lesson which men e'en
to-day may prize; 440
That in his own praise his own lips should speak
never more this tale,
He could fight and could conquer *two* men, since
o'er *one* he might not prevail.

From left and from right came the armies, o'er the
grassy plain so wide,
And, each one their station keeping, they halted
on either side,
And they looked on the mighty combat, on one
side the chargers stood, 445
And afoot on the ground they battled with sword-
blades, the heroes good.
And sharp and sore was the conflict, and steadfast
the twain did stand,
And their swords on high they tossed them, and
oft did the blades change hands.

Now Gramoflanz reaped sore payment for the
garland from off his tree,
To the kinsman of his fair lady should the strife
none too easy be. 450
His kinship with fair Itonjé had stood Parzival in
good stead,
If right might have claimed a hearing, yet was not
his strife ill-sped.
And they who much fame had won them, again
for fair fame would fight;
And one strove for the sake of his kinsman, and
one for his lady bright,
For he did but Frau Minne's bidding, as was meet
for her vassal true— 455

Now uprode the gallant Gawain, and e'en as he
nearer drew
The conflict was nigh its ending, and the Waleis
should victor be;
And, bareheaded, unto the battle, there hastened
those heroes three,
Brandelidelein of Punturtois, and Count Bernard
of Riviers,
And the third knight who rode beside them was
Affinamus of Clitiers. 460
From the army over against them came King
Arthur beside Gawain,
To the two knights, with battle wearied, they rode
o'er the grassy plain;
And all the five they thought them 'twas time that
the strife should end,
And Gramoflanz must confess here that no longer
he might contend,
And his own mouth proclaimed him vanquished,
and his foeman had won the day— 465
And the folk who had seen the combat might
never his word gainsay!

Then out spake King Lot's son gaily, 'Sir King, I
will speak to thee
To-day, as yestreen thou spakest when rest thou
didst bid to *me*
"Go rest thee to-day, for 'tis needful," he who
conflict did here demand,
He will own thou art all too feeble this day to
resist mine hand. 470
Alone I might well have faced thee, but thou with
but *two* wilt fight!
To-morrow I'll dare the venture, and may God
show forth the right!
Then the king he rode to his army, but first must
he pledge his word
He would meet Gawain on the morrow, and face
him with spear and sword.

To Parzival quoth King Arthur, 'Nephew, thou late
didst pray, 475
Of thy manhood, to fight this combat for Gawain,
and he said thee Nay,
And therein didst thou sore lament thee, and yet
thou this fight hast fought
For him who did strait forbid thee! Of our will
hast thou asked us naught.
From our court, as a thief, hast thou stolen, or else
had we held thine hand
Afar from this strife, I wot well thou didst fight
not at *our* command! 480
Yet Gawain, he shall not be wrathful, tho' great
praise be for this thy meed.'—
Quoth Gawain, 'Nay, it nothing grieves me, my
cousin's gallant deed,
To-morrow is all too early if this combat I needs
must face,
An the king would withdraw his challenge I
would count it to him for grace.'

To the camp rode the mighty army, there were
many ladies fair, 485
And many a knight in armour, and costly the arms
they bare.
And I ween that never an army was so richly
decked before,
For the knights of the good Round Table, and the
men of the Duchess wore
Fair surcoats richly blazoned, of silk from
Zinidunt,
And bright was their outer garments, and brought
from far Pelpiunt. 490
But the heroes in either army spake ever of
Parzival,
And their lips, in such wise they praised him, that
his friends it rejoiced them well.
And the men of Gramoflanz spake thus, that never
the sun had shone

On a knight who fought so bravely, or such
gallant deeds had done;
And whatever feats of knighthood had been
wrought on either side, 495
Yet he, o'er all other heroes, the victor should still
abide.
Yet they knew not of whom they spake thus, nay,
neither his race or name,
Tho' the army it rang with his praises, and no
mouth but declared his fame.

Then Gramoflanz did they counsel, King Arthur
he well might pray
To take good heed to his army that no knight from
his ranks should stray 500
For combat, as e'en that morning, but to send unto
him *one* knight,
The son of King Lot, Sir Gawain, for with *him*
had he come to fight.
And straightway he sent the message by two
courtly lads and wise,
And he spake, 'Now look well for the maiden who
is fairest in all men's eyes,
Look well by whom Bené sitteth; and so ye play
well your part, 505
Ye shall see in what wise she bear her, if joyful, or
sad at heart.
Ye shall prove these her ways in secret, in her
eyes ye right well may see
If yet for a friend she mourneth; and this too your
task shall be,
Ye shall give to my friend, fair Bené, this letter
and golden ring,
She knoweth for whom is the token—Now see
that ye do this thing!' 510

In the other camp, the meanwhile, did Itonjé the
tidings hear
That her gallant brother, Gawain, and he whom
her soul held dear,

The fairest knight that a maiden within her heart
might hold,
Would fight, the one with the other, and their hand
might no man withhold.
Then her maiden shame it yielded to the flood of
her grief so sore, 515
And none shall rejoice at her sorrow, for the pain
undeserved she bore.

Then her mother and Queen Arnivé they led the
maid aside
To a tent so small and silken, and Arnivé her grief
would chide,
And she bade her cease her weeping—There was
naught that the maid might say,
But to speak aloud the secret she hid in her heart
always; 520
Then out quoth the royal maiden, 'Of my brother
shall he be slain
Who is lord of my heart and my true love! Let his
hand from such deed refrain!'

To a noble youth spake Arnivé, 'Now get thee
unto my son,
And bid him come hither quickly, with him would
I speak alone.'
Then the lad he brought King Arthur—Now this
was Arnivé's mind, 525
If she told unto him the story perchance he might
counsel find,
And by him should that strife be hindered, for
which the maiden fair
So sorely wept, and such sorrow and anguish of
heart must bear.

Now they came to the camp of King Arthur, who
Gramoflanz' message bore,
By the silken tent they dismounted; there sat Bené
before the door, 530

And within spake the maid to King Arthur, 'If my
brother shall slay my king
To pleasure his faithless Duchess, doth he deem
that shall honour bring?
He might know of himself it were ill-done—He
hath wronged him no whit I ween,
That he doeth to *me* true service, his safety might
well have been!
If my brother be yet in his senses he doth of our
true love know, 535
How pure it is, and how faithful, and this venture
should work him woe.
A bitter death shall it bring me, the hand that my
love doth kill—
Sir King, thou shalt mourn my sorrow, and I think
not that such thy will,'
Spake the fair maid unto King Arthur, 'Forget not
that thou shalt be
Mine uncle, and stay this combat which worketh
such ill to me!' 540

Quoth Arthur aloud in his wisdom, 'Alas, thou fair
niece of mine,
That thus young thou canst love so dearly, for
sorrow shall sure be thine,
As sorrow befell thy sister, Surdamur, for her love
so true
To the Emperor of Greece—Sweet maiden, thy
will might I surely do,
And hinder this strife, if I knew well that ye twain
were but one in heart— 540
Yet King Irot's son, he is valiant, and courage in
him hath part,
And this combat he'll fight, full surely, an Love
stay not his hand so bold—
Did he ne'er, in a joyful moment, thy fair face and
sweet lips behold?'

And she spake, 'Nay, we love, but neither as yet
hath the other seen,

Tho' of true love many a token from his hand hath
my portion been. 550
And tokens true have I sent him, that no doubt
should betwixt us lie—
No falsehood my king's heart ruleth, but he loveth
me steadfastly!

Then the maiden Bené saw them, and knew them,
the squires twain
Who came to the court of King Arthur from
Gramoflanz' kingly train,
And she spake, 'Here should no man linger, will
ye that I bid them go, 555
The folk, from our tent? It were ill-done,
methinks, that all men should know
How sorely my lady sorroweth for the sake of her
love so dear;
Methinks it might lightly happen that too many
the tale should hear!'
Then forth from the tent went Bené, and in secret
unto her care
The squire gave the folded letter, and the golden
ring he bare, 560
And they, too, had heard the wailing of the maid,
and they knew full well
Why she sorrowed, and this their errand they fain
to the king would tell.
And they asked of the maiden Bené if she their
friend would be?
And she spake, 'Stand without the circle till I bid
ye to come to me!'

Then Bené, the gentle maiden, she told them
within the tent 565
That without two squires were waiting, from
Gramoflanz hither sent,
And fain would they speak with King Arthur
—'But unfitting it seemeth me
That we call them unto our counsels, and that
witnesses they should be.

On my lady must I avenge me, if thus they shall
see her weep,
I bade them await my bidding, and without there
their station keep!' 570

Quoth Arthur, 'Are they the pages whom I saw
behind me ride?
Of noble birth shall the twain be, methinks, it
might well betide
That so wise are they both and courteous they
might give us counsel good,
Methinks of their king's love either would treat in
a fitting mood?'
Quoth Bené, 'Nay, that I know not, but Sire, of thy
grace, this ring 575
And the letter which now I bring thee, they bare
hither from their king.
As but now I left the pavilion, of the pages, one
gave it me.
Now see, Lady, do thou take it, for methinks it is
meant for thee!'

Then Itonjé, she kissed the letter, and she held it
unto her heart,
And she quoth, 'Now, Sire, thou canst see here if
he would in my love have part.' 580
In his hand Arthur took the letter, and within he
found written fair
The words of one who loveth, and his passion
would fain declare.
For Gramoflanz' hand had written the words that
his lips would say,
And Arthur, he saw by the letter that Love held
o'er his heart such sway
That ne'er had he known aforetime one who loved
with so true a love— 585
And the words that within were written Frau
Minne might well approve.

'Now greeting to whom I owe greeting, whose
 greeting I fain would earn,
 To thee, O thou gracious maiden, whose heart
 toward my heart doth turn!
 Who with comfort would fain console me—Our
 love goeth hand-in-hand,
 And the solace thy love would bring me doth high
 o'er all solace stand; 590
 And my joy in thy love is rooted, and my faith is
 to thee held fast,
 And sorrow and bitter anguish shall forth from my
 heart be cast.
 And thou bringest me help and counsel, so that
 never an evil thought
 Or a faithless deed, and shameful, shall against
 my fame be brought.
 But I look on thy truth and thy beauty with ever a
 steadfast mind, 595
 As the Pole-star doth in the north pole the goal of
 its gazing find,
 And neither its post forsaketh; e'en so shall our
 true love be,
 And waver not, one from the other—So think
 thou, sweet maid, on me,
 How I mourned unto thee my sorrow, nor be
 weary of this my prayer—
 And if one would part thee from me, for the
 hatred that he shall bear 600
 Unto me, then shalt thou bethink thee how thy
 love shall reward us both,
 And think thou of woman's honour, nor be of thy
 favours loth;
 But still let me be thy servant, in thy service I fain
 would live,
 And, in all that I may, true service I will to my
 lady give!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Fair niece, thou saidst truly, he
 greeteth thee without guile 605

Such tale doth this letter tell me that never, at any
while,
Have I found of true love such marvel! His grief
shalt thou put away,
As he too shall cure thy sorrow, so do thou thy
weeping stay,
And trust unto me, this combat shall be hindered
—Yet say thou here,
Thou wert captive, how hath it chanced then that
ye hold each other dear? 610
Thou shalt give him thy fair love's payment, that
he do thee service true.'—
Spake Itonjé, 'See, here she standeth who us twain
together drew,
Our love, it had else been hidden—If thou will
that I now may see
Him whom my heart desireth she will summon
him unto me!'

Quoth Arthur, 'Now, show her to me; if I may, I
this thing will guide 615
That your will shall be done, and hereafter ye
twain shall in joy abide!'
Quoth Itonjé, 'Twas none but Bené; and two of
his squires are here,
If thou wilt, do this thing, (for I think me my life
shall to thee be dear,)
Thou shalt see that the king cometh hither, that he
looketh upon my face
In whom all my joy is hidden, and my life shall be
in his grace!' 620

Then Arthur, the wise and courteous, would speak
with the squires without,
He greeted them as he saw them, and boldly the
one spake out,
'Sire, King Gramoflanz, he prays thee, for thine
honour as knight and king,
That the oath sworn 'twixt him and Gawain thou
wilt to fulfilment bring.

And further, Sire, he prays thee that none other
with him shall fight, 625
So great is thine host, must he face *all*, methinks it
would scarce be right!
But *Gawain* shalt thou send against him, for he
willeth no other foe,
And Gawain alone hath he challenged, as thyself
thou shalt surely know!

Quoth King Arthur unto the pages, 'I will free us
from blame alway,
And sorely it grieved my nephew that he fought
not the strife to-day. 630
And the knight who fought with your monarch, to
victory was he born,
The son of Gamuret is he—Three armies are here
this morn,
And from many a land came they hither, but never
a man hath seen
In combat so brave a hero, and glorious his deeds
have been.
He is Parzival, my kinsman, ye shall see him, the
fair of face,— 635
For the faith and the need of Gawain will I do to
the king this grace.'

Then King Arthur and maiden Bené, with the
squires they rode here and there,
And in sooth those squires they looked on full
many a lady fair,
And they saw on the jewelled helmets many
proud crests and knightly wave,
And few for such sight shall vex them, for he who
is rich as brave 640
Full many a friend he findeth! They 'lighted not
from their steed,
And the bravest men of the armies that lay
camped on the flowery mead
King Arthur would show unto them, they might
gaze on them at their will,

Knights, ladies, and gentle maidens, of beauty
they saw their fill!

In three portions it lay, the army, and two spaces
there were between— 645

Then away from the camp rode King Arthur, far
out on the plain so green,

And he quoth, 'Now sweet maiden Bené, her
plaint didst thou hear alway,

Itonjé, the child of my sister, her weeping she will
not stay.

These my comrades who ride beside me, if they
will, they may well believe

Of her beauty their king hath robbed her, so sorely
the maid doth grieve! 650

Now help me, ye twain, and thou, Bené, that the
king he shall hither ride,

E'en to-day, tho' the strife to-morrow he may, if he
will, abide.

I will bring Gawain to meet him on the plain, as
he prayed but now—

If he cometh to-day to mine army 'gainst the morn
is he armed I trow,

For Love such a shield shall give him that his
foeman may ill withstand 655

The courage that Love doth kindle, and that
nerveth anew the hand.

And his princes shall he bring with him, for here
would I do as best

Doth lie in my power that the Duchess shall
hearken to my behest,

And peace shall be sealed between them—Now
strive ye, my comrades dear,

With skill for such happy ending, 'twill be to your
honour here. 660

And further I make my mourning, wherein shall
have been my sin

That I wrought 'gainst your king that he beareth,
in such measure, against my kin,

Both love alike and hatred? Methinks, he doth
hold us light!
Another king, mine equal, had thought more of
this my right.
Doth he think to repay with hatred *her* brother,
who loves him well? 665
If his heart such thought shall teach him, then he
knoweth not true Love's spell!

Quoth one of the squires to King Arthur, 'What
my king did to thee of ill,
That, Sire, shall he do no longer, for courteous
shall he be still.
But thou knowest well the old hatred, and 'twere
better the king should stay
Within his camp, I think me, than ride to thine
host to-day. 670
Of the same mind is still the Duchess, that she
counteth him for her foe,
And maketh her plaint against him, as many a
man doth know!'
'With but few folk shall he come hither,' quoth
Arthur, 'the while I'll pray
Of that high and noble lady that her anger she put
away.
And an escort good I'll send him, Beau-corps, my
sister's son, 675
Shall meet him half-way, and his journey shall
under my care be done.
Nor as shame shall he look upon it, for brave men
and true I'll send'—
Then leave did they take of King Arthur, and their
way to the camp they wend.

Alone did they leave the monarch, and Bené and
the pages twain
Rode swiftly unto Rosche Sabbins, on the further
side of the plain. 680
'Twas the fairest day of his life-time, so thought
the joyful king,

When his squires and the maiden Bené such
tidings to him might bring.
And e'en as he hearkened to them his heart spake,
in sooth to-day
Good Fortune had thought upon him, and his
sorrow was put away!

Then he spake, 'He would come, right gladly,' and
he chose to him comrades three, 685
A prince of his land was each one who bare the
king company.
Brandelidelein, his uncle, with his nephew was
fain to ride,
Affinamus of Clitiers, and Count Bernard of
Riviers rode beside.
And each man he chose another who should be
for such journey meet,
And twelve in all might ye reckon who rode
hence the king to greet. 690
And many a squire went with them, and many a
footman strong,
Well armèd, as should befit them, did unto the
train belong.

Would ye know how the knights had robbed them?
Of silk was their raiment bright,
And heavy with gold inwoven that shone in the
morning light.
And the king, he went as to hawking, with his
falconer by his side— 695
Now Arthur had well bethought him, and Beau-
corps he bade to ride,
And half-way to meet the monarch as escort both
fit and fair—
And over the stretch of the meadow, or a pool or a
brook lay there,
Where'er one might find the water rode the king
as on pastime bent,
Yet ever Love drew him onward, and on Love was
his heart intent. 700

And Beau-corps, he rode towards him, and in
such wise the king would greet
That I ween 'twas a joyful moment when the
twain and their folk did meet.

And more than fifty pages with Beau-corps
should ride that day,
And their faces were fair to look on, Dukes and
Counts might they be alway,
And kings' sons, too, rode among them—And the
greeting was good to see, 705
When from either side the children kissed each
other, of true heart free.

And Beau-corps was fair to look on, and the king
asked, who might he be?
And Bené, she straightway answered. 'The son of
King Lot is he,
And *Beau-corps* the name men call him'—Then
he thought, 'Of a sooth, my heart,
Thou hast found her! For she shall be like him
who so knightly doth play his part, 710
For in truth shall she be his sister, she who sent
me the headgear rare
That of erst was in Sinzester fashioned, and the
hawk on mine hand I bear.
If she further will show me kindness then all
earthly power and pride
Would I count as naught, might I win her, tho' the
earth were twice as wide.
And surely she meaneth truly—For love of her
came I here, 715
Hitherto hath she dealt so kindly that methinks I
but little fear;
She will show unto me such favour that my
courage shall wax full high!
Then he clasped the hand of her brother that fair
in his hand did lie.

In the meanwhile within his army King Arthur in
such wise wrought
That the Duchess was fain to grant him the peace
that his lips had sought. 720
For rich was her consolation for her love by King
Gramoflanz slain,
For whose sake she had borne him hatred; and no
more might her lips complain,
For her anger had sunk to slumber, and she
wakened to life anew
'Neath Gawain's embrace so tender, and her wrath,
it was smitten thro'.

Then Arthur, the king of the Bretons, took many a
lady bright, 725
One hundred, both wife and maiden, who were
lovely in all men's sight,
In a tent apart he set them—Nor might her lot
fairer be,
Itonjé, who sat beside them, since her king there
she thought to see.
And ever her heart was joyful, and yet in her soft
eyes' glow
Ye might see that the gentle maiden thro' love
must sore sorrow know. 730
And many a knight and hero sat there, yet among
them all
No face was so fair to look on as the fair face of
Parzival.
To the tent-door up rode the monarch, and
Gramoflanz, he ware
For garment a robe of wonder, in Gampfassâsch
wroughten fair.
'Twas a rick silk, all gold embroidered, and woven
with golden thread, 735
And a shimmer of light from his vesture afar
round the monarch spread.

Then they who had hither ridden adown from
their steeds they spring,

And the squires, they press them forward to the
tent before their king,
And the chamberlains vie with each other, and
they make thro' the court a way
To the throne where the queen of the Bretons in
her glory sat that day. 740
Brandelidelein, his uncle, before the monarch
went,
And the twain, Guinevere she kissed them, and
bade welcome within her tent.
And Count Bernard, and Affinamus a kiss from
her lips must take—
Then to Gramoflanz Arthur turned him, and thus
to the king he spake,
'Ere thou takest thy seat, bethink thee; if thou dost
a maiden love, 745
And thou seest her here, thou mayst kiss her, nor
will I such kiss reprove!'

It had told him which was his lady, the letter he
read but now
In the open field, and that letter, 'twas her
brother's face I trow!
The brother of her who from all men had hidden
her love so true—
And Gramoflanz' eyes beheld her, and straightway
his love he knew, 750
And his heart swelled high within him—Since
Arthur had willed their bliss,
And had bid him in men's sight greet her, on her
sweet lips the maid he kissed.

Brandelidelein, he sat him by the queen, fair
Guinevere,
And King Gramoflanz, he was seated by the maid,
who with many a tear
Had dimmed the glow of her beauty; 'twas for his
sake she wept so sore, 755
Nor might he take vengeance on her, since
guiltless this woe she bore.

But softly he spake unto her, and he vowed to her
service true,
And she thanked him for this his coming, and
their hearts toward each other flew,
And further no word they spake there, but they
gazed in each other's eyes,
And their yea and their nay would I tell here, were
I but in Love's language wise. 760
To Brandelidelein quoth Arthur, 'Methinks thou
enow hast told
Thy tale in the ears of my lady!' Then he led forth
the hero bold,
To a little tent he led him, apart on the grassy
field;
Yet Gramoflanz came not with them, but, e'en as
King Arthur willed,
He abode in the tent with his comrades, and so
fair were the ladies bright, 765
That I deem well to look upon them but little
would vex a knight
And fair was their joy and their pastime, 'twould
please many a man, I trow,
Who to-day, after peril ended, would joy for his
sorrow know.

Then wine to the queen and her ladies and to
many a knight they bare,
And, methinks, an enow they tasted, their faces
waxed fresh and fair. 770
To Brandelidelein and King Arthur the cup-
bearers wine must bring;
As they passed from the tent in this wise quoth
Arthur, the goodly king:

'Sir King, say, the conflict ended, if the strife in
such wise have run
That the king, the son of thy sister, shall have
slain my sister's son,
Yet would woo my niece, the maiden who maketh
to him her moan 775

But now, as they sit together and their love for
each other own;
If she do as shall best beseem her, she will favour
him never more,
But will give him for payment hatred as shall vex
the king full sore
If her love he yet desireth—for where love is
o'ercome by hate
Then joy from true hearts is banished, and desire
doth with sorrow mate!' 780

Then out spake the King of Punturtois to Arthur
of Brittany,
'Sir King, they are sons to our sisters betwixt
whom this hate shall be.
'Tis our part this strife to hinder, nor other shall be
its end
Save that they twain shall love each other, and
from foe shall be turned to friend.
'Twere best that thy niece, Itonjé, ere she yield to
my nephew's prayer, 785
Shall say, if in truth he love her he shall from this
strife forbear.
Thus an end shall be put to the combat, and the
quarrel shall turn to peace—
And thou, thou shalt pray the Duchess that her
wrath 'gainst my nephew cease!'

'Yea, that have I done,' quoth Arthur, 'my sister's
son, Gawain,
He holdeth such power o'er the lady, that, as
courtesy doth constrain, 790
For his sake and mine she forgiveth the ill that the
king hath done—
Now do thou thy part with thy nephew, that peace
on his side be won.'
Brandelidelein quoth straightway, 'I will do e'en as
thou dost say'—
And back to the tent and the feasting the
monarchs they took their way.

Then sat the King of Punturtois on one side of the
gracious queen, 795
And Parzival sat on the other, and so fair was his
face, I ween,
That never a man so goodly their eyes had beheld
afore—
Then Arthur, the king, he rose up, and he gat him
from out the door,
And he sought Gawain, his nephew; then he, who
a while must hear
How his foemen had ridden hither, learnt that
Arthur now drew anear, 800
And before his tent dismounted—Then swift did
Sir Gawain spring,
And forth from the tent on the meadow he
hastened to meet the king.

Then counsel they took together, and the Duchess,
she peace would swear,
But not otherwise save that Gawain for her sake
should this strife forbear.
Then should Gramoflanz be forgiven, if *he*, too,
would forgive the ill 805
Once done by King Lot, her kinsman—so Arthur
should speak her will.

Then Arthur the wise and courteous, he brought
the tale again,
And King Gramoflanz, for his garland,
henceforward must mourn in vain.
And his hatred to Lot of Norway it passed as the
snow flakes melt
In the sun, 'neath the glance of Itonjé, and anger
no more he felt. 810
And the while he sat beside her he said to her
bidding, yea,—
Then they spake, Gawain came hither with his
knights in brave array,
And their names I may not tell ye, nor the land in
which each was born;

But here love had banished sorrow, and sadness
was overworn.

Then the Duchess, Orgelusé, and her gallant men
and true, 815

With part of the host of Klingsor, with Gawain
nearer drew;

And the covering 'gainst wind and weather from
the king's tent they took away,

And thither came good Arnivé with Sangivé and
Kondrie alway,

They came at King Arthur's bidding where men
words of peace would speak,

(He who counteth this but a small thing, at his
will may a greater seek.) 820

Then Iofreit, Gawain's comrade, by her white
hand, within the tent

Led the Duchess, fair and stately, and on this was
she courteous bent,

That the three queens should go before her—
Brandelidelein they kissed,

Then she followed, proud Orgelusé, nor the
monarch her greeting missed.

Then Gramoflanz stepped towards her, atonement
he fain would make, 825

From her sweet lips the kiss of forgiveness as
token of peace he'd take;

And the lady was moved to weeping, for she
thought of her true love slain,

And the faith and the sorrow of women did her
heart to such woe constrain.

Then Gramoflanz and Sir Gawain with a kiss put
an end to strife;

And Arthur gave maid Itonjé to King Gramoflanz
to wife, 830

For truly and long had he served her; and Bené
was glad that day—

And another for love's sake sorrowed, and his
sorrow was put away,

For Lischois, the Duke of Gowerzein, won fair
 Kondrie for his own,
And, I ween, were her love not his portion his life
 little joy had known.
To the Turkowit, brave Florant, as his wife King
 Arthur gave 835
Her who wedded King Lot aforetime, and her
 love a man well might crave;
'Twas a gift such as love beseemeth, and the
 knight took it joyfully—
For the king, he was aye free-handed, and he gave
 such gifts readily!

To this end had he well bethought him, and
 counsel wise had ta'en,
And soon as his speech was ended, the Duchess,
 she spake again, 840
And she said that her love Sir Gawain had
 conquered with valiant hand,
And henceforth he of right was master alike of her
 life and land.
And many a knight who hearkened he thought her
 speech ill to hear,
For they fought for her love, and had broken in
 her service full many a spear.

Gawain, and they who rode with him, Arnivé, and
 the Duchess fair, 845
And many a lovely lady prayed leave of the
 monarch there.
And Parzival, he went with them—Sangivé and
 maid Kondrie
They rode hence, but with King Arthur she abode
 still, fair Itonjé.
And the wedding feast that was holden was a feast
 beyond compare;
And Guinevere took Itonjé, and her true love,
 within her care, 850
The gallant king who with knighthood full many a
 prize had won,

And for love and desire of Itonjé full many brave
deeds had done.
And many they sought their lodging who for
love's sake must sorrow sore;
And how that night they had feasted, of that will
we think no more—
But they who for love did service, who knew of
true love the might, 855
They would that the day was ended, for fairer they
deemed the night.

Then King Gramoflanz sent this message (he
bethought him in his pride)
To his men, who, before Rosche-Sabbins, lay
camped by the water-side.
They should spare nor pains nor labour, but their
tents should they strike straightway,
And hither, with all his army, should they hasten
ere break of day. 860
And his marshal here must seek him a fitting
place and fair—
'Each prince by himself be encamped, and ye shall
for myself prepare
Such goodly state and royal as well shall beseem
a king,
Nor spare ye the cost'—'Twas nightfall ere this
word to the host they bring.

And many a man must sorrow who had learnt
from a woman woe,— 865
Whose love to the winds is scattered, and who
ne'er doth rewarding know
For his service, to grief he speedeth, and naught
shall his steps delay,
Save only the help of a woman o'ertaketh him on
his way.

But Parzival, he bethought him of his wife so fair
and sweet,

How pure she was, and how gentle—Did he ne'er
another greet, 870
And offer for fair love service, and, wavering,
love anew?
Nay, nay, he was far from such dealings, and
naught of such love he knew!
For a mighty faith so guarded his body alike and
heart
That never a woman living might have in his love
a part,
Save only his queen and lady, Kondwiramur, the
flower 875
Of women, Love's fairest blossom, with none
should she share her power.

And he thought, 'Since to Love I wakened but ill
hath Love dealt with me,
Of Love was I born, how comes it that I must
from her presence flee?
Tho' my hand for the Grail be seeking yet desire it
doth rend my heart,
And I yearn for her sweet embraces; ah, too long
have we dwelt apart! 880
Shall I look with mine eyes on rejoicing while my
heart seeth naught but woe?
The twain fit but ill together, and no man thereby
shall know
High courage, a knight befitting—Now Good
Fortune direct my way,
And show me what best beseemeth!' His harness
before him lay,
And he thought, 'Since to me that lacketh with
which others are richly blest,— 885
The love in whose sweet fulfilment many sad
hearts have found their rest—
Since this sorrow must be my portion I care not
what else my lot,
Little reck I what shall befall me, since my joy
Heaven willeth not!

And thou, for whose love I am yearning, were it
so both with me and thee,
That our hearts ever dreamed of parting, nor our
love from all doubt were free, 890
It might well be that with another joy and blessing
again were mine,
But thy love it so fast doth hold me, I may rest on
no heart but thine!
And for aye am I Sorrow's captive! Now Good
Fortune bring joy to all
Who find peace in fair Love's fulfilment, they are
blessèd whate'er befall—
May God give to this folk rejoicing! But I from
their joy must flee, 895
And wend lonely as of aforetime, since gladness
is not for me!

Then he stretched out his hand to his harness, and
as oft was his wont of yore,
Unaided he girt it on him, and soon was he armed
once more.
Now sorrow anew he seeketh—When he, who
from joy would fly,
Had armed himself, his charger he saddled right
speedily, 900
And his shield and spear were ready—O'er his
loss did they wail next morn,
For no eye looked on his departing, he rode
thence ere the day was born.

BOOK XV FEIREFIS

ARGUMENT

Book XV. tells how Parzival met with a mighty heathen, with whom he fought fiercely, and how he was well-nigh vanquished. How he found the heathen to be his brother, Feirefis Angevin, and how the twain rode together to the court of King Arthur.

Of the welcome given to Feirefis by King Arthur and his knights; of his riches; and of the kings conquered by the two brothers.

How a feast of the Round Table was holden, and how Kondrie bare tidings of Parzival's election to the Grail Kingdom, and summoned him, his wife, and his son Lohengrin, to Monsalväsich; and how Parzival and Feirefis rode thither with Kondrie as their guide.

BOOK XV FEIREFIS

Now many were sorely angered that I told not
this tale afore
Since it wearied them naught in the hearing—
Now my words I withhold no more,
But I give ye to wit full truly, as my mouth may
the story tell,
The end of this wondrous venture for methinks it
shall please ye well.
Ye shall know how the king, Anfortas, of his
wound was made whole again— 5
Of the queen doth the venture tell us, who in far
Pelrapär did reign;

How she kept a pure heart and loyal till the day of
her great reward,
And earth's fairest crown was her guerdon at the
hand of her faithful lord.
Ye shall hear the tale of its winning, if my skill
fail me not alway;
Yet first must ye list the labour that Parzival
wrought that day. 10

Now, tho' dauntless his hand had striven, but as
children his foemen all,
And ne'er would I risk my hero might I rule that
which shall befall.
I must sorrow sore for his peril, and fain would I
speak him free,
But now must I trust that Good Fortune the shield
of his heart may be.
For purity, and high courage, side by side in his
heart they lay, 15
And ne'er had he cherished cowardice, nor shrunk
from the knightly fray;
And I deem this shall surely give him such
strength he his life may hold,
Since fierce strife draweth nigh unto him, and his
foe is a hero bold.
For he meeteth a prince of battles who dauntless
to strife doth ride,
And unbaptized was the foeman who rode here in
his heathen pride. 20

Full soon had he come, our hero, to a mighty
woodland shade,
And without, in the light of the dawning, his
armour a knight displayed.
'Twere a marvel could I, a poor man, of the riches
now speak to ye
That the heathen he bare as his decking, so costly
their worth should be.
If more than enough I told ye, yet more would be
left to tell; 25

Yet I would not his wealth were hidden—What of
riches, I ween, shall dwell
In Bretagne alike and England, and be tribute to
Arthur's might,
They had paid not the stones that, shining, glowed
fair on his armour bright.
His blazoned coat was costly, and naught but the
truth I say,
Ruby and Chalcedony, ye had held them not fair
that day. 30
And bright as the sun was his vesture, on the
mount of Agremontein,
In the glowing fires, Salamanders had welded that
garment's shine.
There jewels rare and precious, with never a fault
or flaw,
Glowed dark and light; of their nature, I ween, I
can tell no more!

His desire was for love's rewarding, and the
winning of high renown, 35
He had won from the hands of fair women the
jewels that his pride did crown.
For the favour Frau Minne showed him with joy
did his proud heart beat,
And it swelled high with manly courage, as is for
a lover meet.
As reward for his deeds of knighthood on his
helmet a beast he bare,
Ecidemon, all poisonous serpents they must of its
power beware, 40
For of life and of strength doth it rob them, if they
smell it but from afar—
Thopedissimonté, Assigarzionté, Thasmé, and
Arabia,
They scarce of such silk might boast them as was
covering for his steed—
He sought, that mighty heathen, in a woman's love
his meed,

And therefore he bravely decked him, and fain
would his courage prove, 45
And his manhood, it urged him onward to battle
for sake of love.

Now the knight, so young and gallant, in a haven
beside the wood,
But little known, on the water had anchored his
ships so good.
And his armies were five-and-twenty, and they
knew not each other's speech—
'Twas a token fair of his riches, and the lands that
his power might reach, 50
As the armies, so were the kingdoms that did
service unto his hand—
And Moors and Saracens were they, and unlike
was each warlike band,
And the hue of their skins was diverse—Thus
gathered from lands afar
Ye might see in his mighty army strange weapons
of heathen war.

So thus, in search of adventure, from his army this
man would ride, 55
In the woodland green he wandered, and waited
what should betide.
And since thus it well doth please them, so let
them ride, these kings,
Alone, in search of ventures, and the fair fame
that combat brings.
Yet Parzival rode not lonely, methinks he had
comrades twain,
Himself, and the lofty courage that lord o'er his
soul did reign. 60
And that he so bravely fought here might win
from a woman praise,
If falsehood should not mislead her, that injustice
should rule her ways.

So spurred they against each other, who were
 lambs in their purity,
Yet as lions were they bold and dauntless, 'twas a
 sight for a man to see!
Ah! woe is me for their meeting, for the world
 and its ways are wide, 65
And they well might have spared each other, nor,
 guiltless, to battle ride.
I should sorrow for him whom I brought here,
 save my heart did this comfort hold,
That the Grail shall with strength endue him, and
 Love shelter the hero bold,
Since he was of the twain the servant, nor his
 heart ever wavering knew,
And ever his hand was ready to serve them with
 service true. 70

My skill little wit doth give me this combat that
 here befell,
In fitting words and knightly, from beginning to
 end to tell.
But the eye of each flashed triumph as the coming
 foe he saw,
And the heart of each knight waxed joyful, as they
 nearer to battle draw.
Yet sorrow, I ween, was nigh them, true hearts,
 from all falsehood free, 75
And each bare the heart of the other, and should
 comrade and stranger be!

Nor may I asunder part them, the paynim and
 Christian knight,
Hatred they show to each other, tho' no cause
 have they here for fight.
And methinks this of joy shall rob them, who, as
 true women, share their pain
Who risk their lives for a woman! May they part,
 ere one here be slain! 80

As the lion-cub, that its mother beareth dead, doth
to life awake
At the awful voice of its father, so these twain, as
the spear-shafts break
Arouse to fresh life, and to honour, I ween, are
they newly born,
For many a joust have they ridden and many a
spear outworn.
Then they tighten the hanging bridle, and they
take to their aim good care, 85
That each on the shield of the other, as he willeth,
shall smite him fair.
And no point do they leave unguarded, and they
give to their seat good heed,
As men who are skilled in jousting, and sharply
each spurs his steed.

And bravely the joust was ridden, and each gorget
asunder broke,
And the spears bent not, but in splinters they flew
from each mighty stroke; 90
And sore was he wroth, the heathen, that this man
might his joust abide,
For never a knight but had fallen who a course
'gainst his spear would ride.
Think ye that their swords they wielded as their
chargers together drew?
Yea, the combat was sharp and bitter, and each
must give proof anew
Alike of his skill and his manhood—The strange
beast, Ecidemon, 95
Had many a wound, and beneath it the helmet
sore blows had won;
And the horses were hot and wearied, and many
new turns they tried—
Then down they sprung from their chargers, and
their sword-blades afresh they plied.

And the heathen wrought woe to the Christian,
'Thasmé!' was his battle-cry,

And when 'Tabronit!' he shouted he drew ever a
step anigh. 100
And the Christian, he showed his valour in many
an onslaught bold;
So pressed they upon each other—Nor would I
the tale withhold
Of how the fight was foughten, yet must I the
strife bemoan,
How, one flesh and one blood thus sharing, each
wrought evil unto his own;
For both were the sons of one father, and brothers,
I ween, were they, 105
And methinks upon such foundation faith and
friendship their stone should lay!

And love ne'er had failed the heathen, and his
heart was for combat fain,
For the love of Queen Sekundillé fresh honour he
thought to gain;
Tribalibot's land she gave him, and she was his
shield in strife—
So bravely he fought, how think ye that the
Christian might guard his life? 110
On love let his thoughts be steadfast, else sure is
he here undone,
And he hath from the hand of the heathen in this
combat his death-blow won.
O thou Grail, by thy lofty virtue such fate from
thy knight withhold!
Kondwiramur, thine husband in such deadly stress
behold!
Here he standeth, of both the servant, in such
danger and peril sore 115
That as naught ye may count the ventures he hath
dared for your sake of yore!
Then on high flashed the sword of the heathen,
and many such blow had slain,
To his knee Parzival was beaten—Now see how
they fought, the twain,

If twain ye will still account them, yet in sooth
shall they be but one,
For my brother and I are one body, e'en as
husband and wife are one! 120

The heathen wrought woe to the Christian—Of
Asbestos, I ween, his shield,
That wondrous wood that never to flame or decay
shall yield;
I' sooth, right well she loved him who gave him a
gift so fair,
Turquoise, Chrysoprase, Emerald, Ruby, rich
jewels beyond compare
Decked with shining lines its surface, on the boss
shone a precious stone, 125
Antrax, afar they call it, as Carbuncle it here is
known.
And as token of love, for his guarding, Sekundillé
the queen would give
That wondrous beast, Ecidemon—in her favour
he fain would live,
And e'en as she willed he bare it, as his badge, did
that gallant knight—
Here with purity faith joined issue, and truth with
high truth would fight. 130

For love's sake upon the issue of this combat each
risked his life,
Each had pledged his hand to the winning of
honour and fame in strife;
And the Christian, in God he trusted since the day
that he rode away
From the hermit, whose faithful counsel had
bidden him trust alway
In Him who could turn his sorrow into bliss
without thought of bale— 135
To Him should he pray for succour, whose
succour should never fail.

And fierce and strong was the heathen, when
 'Tabronit,' he cried,
For there, 'neath the mount Caucasus did the
 queen, Sekundillé', abide;
Thus gained he afresh high courage 'gainst him
 who ne'er knew of yore
The weight of such deadly combat, for in sooth
 was he pressed full sore— 140
To defeat was he aye a stranger, and ne'er had he
 seen its face,
Tho' his foemen right well must know it, as they
 yielded them to his grace!

With skill do they wield their weapons, and sparks
 spring from the helmets fair,
And a whistling wind ariseth as the blades cleave
 the summer air;
God have Gamuret's son in His keeping! and the
 prayer it shall stand for both, 145
For the twain shall be one nor, I think me, to own
 it were either loth.
For had they but known each other their stake
 ne'er had been so great,
For blessing, and joy, and honour, were risked on
 that combat's fate,
For he who shall here be victor, if true brother and
 knight he be,
Of all this world's joy is he forfeit, nor from grief
 may his heart be free! 150

Sir Parzival, why delay thee to think on thy queen
 and wife,
Her purity and her beauty, if here thou wouldst
 save thy life?
For the heathen, he bare two comrades who
 kindled his strength anew,
The one, in his strong heart, steadfast, lay ever a
 love so true;
And the other, the precious jewels that burnt with
 a mystic glow, 155

Thro' whose virtue his strength waxed greater, and
his heart must fresh courage know.
And it grieveth me sore that the Christian was
weary and faint with fight,
Nor swiftly might he avoid him, and his blows
they were robbed of might;
And if the twain fail to aid thee, O thou gallant
Parzival,
Thy queen and the Grail, then I think me this
thought it shall help thee well, 160
Shall thy fair babes thus young be orphaned?
Kardeiss and Lohengrin,
Whom thy wife, e'en as thou didst leave her, for
her joy and her hope must win—
For children thus born in wedlock, the pledge of a
love so pure,
I ween are a man's best blessing, and a joy that
shall aye endure!

New strength did he win, the Christian, and he
thought, none too soon, I ween, 165
On his love so true and faithful, on Kondwiramur,
his queen,
How he won his wife at the sword's point, when
sparks from the helm did spring
'Neath the mighty blows he dealt him, Klamidé,
the warrior king.
'Tabronit! and Thasmé!' and above them rung
clear his battle-cry,
'Pelrapär!' as aloud he cried it to his aid did his
true love fly, 170
O'er kingdoms four she sought him, and her love
gave him strength anew,
And lo! from the shield of the heathen the costly
splinters flew,
Each one a hundred marks' worth—and the sword
so strong and keen
That Ither of Gaheviess bare first brake sheer on
the helmet's sheen,

And the stranger, so rich and valiant, he stumbled,
and sought his knee— 175
For God, He no longer willed it that Parzival lord
should be
Of this weapon of which in his folly he had
robbed a gallant knight—
Then up sprang afresh the heathen who ne'er
before fell in fight,
Not yet is the combat ended, and the issue for
both shall stand
In the power of the God of battles, and their life
lieth in His hand! 180

And a gallant knight was the heathen, and he
spake out, right courteously,
(Tho' the tongue was the tongue of a heathen yet
in fair French his speech should be,)
'Now I see well, thou gallant hero, thou hast no
sword wherewith to fight,
And the fame shall be small I win me if I fight
with an unarmed knight,
But rest thee awhile from conflict, and tell me
who thou shalt be, 185
For the fame that so long I cherished it surely had
fallen to thee
Had the blow not thy sword-blade shattered—
Now, let peace be betwixt us twain,
And our wearied limbs will we rest here ere we
get us to strife again.'
Then down on the grass they sat them, and
courteous and brave were they,
Nor too young nor too old for battle—fit foemen
they were that day! 190

Then the heathen, he spake to the Christian,
'Believe me, Sir Knight, that ne'er
Did I meet with a man so worthy the crown of
such fame to bear
As a knight in strife may win him—Now, I
prithee, tell thou to me

Thy name, and thy race, that my journey may here
not unfruitful be!
Quoth the son of fair Herzeleide, 'Thro' *fear* shall
I tell my name? 195
For thou askest of me such favour as a victor
alone may claim!
Spake the heathen prince from Thasmé, 'Then that
shame shall be mine, I ween,
For first will I speak my title, and the name that
mine own hath been;
"Feirefis Angevin" all men call me, and such
riches are mine, I trow,
That the folk of full many a kingdom 'neath my
sceptre as vassals bow!' 200

Then, e'en as the words were spoken, to the
heathen quoth Parzival,
'How shall "*Angevin*" be thy title, since as
heirdom to *me* it fell,
Anjou, with its folk and its castles, its lands and
its cities fair?
Nay, choose thee some other title, if thou,
courteous, wouldst hear my prayer!
If thro' thee I have lost my kingdom, and the fair
town Béalzenan, 205
Then wrong hadst thou wrought upon me ere ever
our strife began!
If one of us twain is an Angevin then by birthright
that one am I!—
And yet, of a truth, was it told me, that afar 'neath
an Eastern sky,
There dwelleth a dauntless hero, who, with
courage and knightly skill,
Such love and such fame hath won him that he
ruleth them at his will. 210
And men say, he shall be my brother—and that all
they who know his name
Account him a knight most valiant, and he
weareth the crown of fame!

In a little space he spake further, 'If, Sir Knight, I
thy face might see,
I should know if the truth were told me, if in sooth
thou art kin to me.
Sir Knight, wilt thou trust mine honour, then
loosen thine helmet's band, 215
I will swear till once more thou arm thee to stay
from all strife mine hand!

Then out he spake, the heathen, 'Of such strife
have I little fear,
For e'en were my body naked, my sword, I still
hold it here!
Of a sooth must thou be the vanquished, for since
broken shall be thy sword
What availeth thy skill in combat keen death from
thine heart to ward, 220
Unless, of free will, I spare thee? For, ere thou
couldst clasp me round,
My steel, thro' the iron of thy harness, thy flesh
and thy bone had found!
Then the heathen, so strong and gallant, he dealt
as a knight so true,
'Nor mine nor thine shall this sword be!' and
straight from his hand it flew,
Afar in the wood he cast it, and he quoth, 'Now,
methinks, Sir Knight, 225
The chance for us both shall be equal, if further
we think to fight!'

Quoth Feirefis, 'Now, thou hero, by thy courteous
breeding fair,
Since in sooth thou shalt have a brother, say, what
face doth that brother bear?
And tell me here of his colour, e'en as men shall
have told it thee.'
Quoth the Waleis, 'As written parchment, both
black and white is he, 230
For so hath Ekuba told me.' 'Then that brother am
I alway,'

Quoth the heathen—Those knights so gallant, but
 little they made delay,
But they loosed from their heads the helmet, and
 they made them of iron bare,
And Parzival deemed that he found there a gift
 o'er all others fair,
For straightway he knew the other, (as a magpie, I
 ween, his face,) 235
And hatred and wrath were slain here in a
 brotherly embrace.
Yea, friendship far better 'seemed them, who
 owed to one sire their life,
Than anger, methinks, and envy—Truth and Love
 made an end of strife.

Then joyful he spake, the heathen, 'Now well shall
 it be with me,
And I thank the gods of my people that Gamuret's
 son I see. 240
Blest be Juno, the queen of heaven, since,
 methinks, she hath ruled it so,
And Jupiter, by whose virtue and strength I such
 bliss may know,
Gods and goddesses, I will love ye, and worship
 your strength for aye—
And blest be those shining planets, 'neath the
 power of whose guiding ray
I hither have made my journey—For ventures I
 here would seek, 245
And found *thee*, brother, sweet and awful, whose
 strong hand hath made me weak.
And blest be the dew, and the breezes, that this
 morning my brow have fanned.
Ah! thou courteous knight who holdest love's key
 in thy valiant hand!
Ah! happy shall be the woman whose eyes on thy
 face shall light,
Already is bliss her portion who seeth so fair a
 sight!' 250

'Ye speak well, I would fain speak better of a full
heart, had I the skill;
Yet alas! for I lack the wisdom, tho' God knoweth,
of right goodwill
The fame of your worth and valour by my words
would I higher raise,
And as eye, and as heart should serve me, the
twain, they should speak your praise;
As your fame and your glory lead them, so behind
in your track they fare— 255
And ne'er from the hand of a foeman such peril
hath been my share
As the peril your hand hath wrought me! and
sooth are these words I say.'
In this wise quoth the knight of Kanvoleis; yet
Feirefis spake alway;

'With wisdom and skill, I wot well, hath Jupiter
fashioned thee,
Thou true and gallant hero! Nor thy speech shall
thus distant be, 260
For "ye" thou shalt no more call me, of one sire
did we spring we twain.'
And with brotherly love he prayed him he would
from such speech refrain
And henceforward '*thou*' to call him, yet Parzival
deemed it ill,
And he spake, 'Now, your riches, brother, shall be
e'en as the Baruch's still,
And ye of us twain are the elder, my poverty and
my youth 265
They forbid me "*thou*" to call ye, or discourteous
were I in truth.

Then the Prince of Tribalibot, joyful, with many a
word would praise
His god, Jupiter, and to Juno thanksgiving he fain
would raise,
Since so well had she ruled the weather, that the
port to which he was bound

He had safely reached, and had landed, and there
had a brother found. 270

Side by side did they sit together, and neither
forgot the grace
Of courtesy, to the other, each knight fain had
yielded place.
Then the heathen spake, 'My brother, wilt thou
sail with me to my land,
Then two kingdoms, rich and powerful, will I give
thee into thine hand.
Thy father and mine, he won them when King
Eisenhart's life was run, 275
Zassamank and Assagog are they—to no man he
wrong hath done,
Save in that he left me orphaned—of the ill that
he did that day
As yet have I not avenged me, for an ill deed it
was alway.
For his wife, the queen who bare me, thro' her
love must she early die,
When she knew herself love-bereavèd, and her
lord from her land did fly. 280
Yet gladly that knight would I look on, for his
fame hath been told to me
As the best of knights, and I journey my father's
face to see!'

Then Parzival made him answer, 'Yea I, too, I saw
him ne'er;
Yet all men they speak well of him, and his
praises all lands declare,
And ever in strife and conflict to better his fame
he knew, 285
And his valour was high exalted, and afar from
him falsehood flew.
And women he served so truly that all true folk
they praised his name,
And all that should deck a Christian lent honour
unto his fame,

For his faith it for aye stood steadfast, and all
false deeds did he abhor,
But followed his true heart's counsel—Thus ever I
heard of yore 290
From the mouth of all men who knew him, that
man ye were fain to see,
And I ween ye would do him honour if he yet on
this earth might be,
And sought for fame as aforetime—The delight of
all women's eyes
Was he, till king Ipomidon with him strove for
knighthood's prize,
At Bagdad the joust was ridden, and there did his
valiant life 295
For love's sake become death's portion, and there
was he slain in strife;
In a knightly joust we lost him from whose life do
we spring, we twain;
If here ye would seek our father, then the seas
have ye sailed in vain!

'Alas, for the endless sorrow!' quoth the knight. 'Is
my father dead?
Here joy have I lost, tho' it well be that joy
cometh in its stead. 300
In this self-same hour have I lost me great joy, and
yet joy have found,
For myself, and thou, and my father, we three in
one bond are bound;
For tho' men as *three* may hold us, yet I wot well
we are but *one*,
And no wise man he counts that kinship 'twixt
father, methinks, and son,
For in truth for more must he hold it—With
*thysel*f hast thou fought to-day, 305
To strife with *myself* have I ridden, and I went
near myself to slay;
Thy valour in good stead stood us, from myself
hast thou saved my life—

Now Jupiter see this marvel, since thy power so
hath ruled the strife
That from death hast thou here withheld us!' Then
tears streamed from his heathen eyes,
As he laughed and wept together—Yea, a
Christian such truth might prize, 310
For our baptism truth should teach us, since there
are we named anew
In the Name of Christ, and all men they hold the
Lord Christ for true!

Quoth the heathen, e'en as I tell ye, 'No longer
will we abide
In this place, but if thou, my brother, for a short
space with me wilt ride,
From the sea to the land will I summon, that their
power be made known to thee, 315
The richest force that Juno e'er guided across the
sea.
And in truth, without thought of falsehood, full
many a gallant knight
Will I show thee, who do me service, and beneath
my banners fight,
With me shalt thou ride towards them.' Then
Parzival spake alway,
'Have ye then such power o'er these people that
your bidding they wait to-day 320
And all the days ye are absent?' Quoth the
heathen, 'Yea, even so,
If for half a year long I should leave them, not a
man from the place would go,
Be he rich or poor, till I bade him. Well victualled
their ships shall be,
And neither the horse nor his rider setteth foot on
the grassy lea,
Save only to fetch them water from the fountain
that springeth fair, 325
Or to lead their steeds to the meadow to breathe
the fresh summer air.'

Then Parzival quoth to his brother, 'If it be so,
 then follow me
 To where many a gracious maiden, and fair
 pleasures, ye well may see,
 And many a courteous hero who shall be to us
 both akin—
 Near by with a goodly army lieth Arthur, the
 Breton king, 330
 'Twas only at dawn I left them, a great host and
 fair are they,
 And many a lovely lady shall gladden our eyes to-
 day.'
 When he heard that he spake of women, since he
 fain for their love would live,
 He quoth, 'Thou shalt lead me thither, but first
 thou shalt answer give
 To the question I here would ask thee—Of a truth
 shall we kinsmen see 335
 When we come to the court of King Arthur? For
 ever 'twas told to me
 That his name it is rich in honour, and he liveth as
 valiant knight'—
 Quoth Parzival, 'We shall see there full many a
 lady bright,
 Nor fruitless shall be our journey, our own folk
 shall we find there,
 The men of whose race we have sprung, men
 whose head shall a king's crown bear.' 340

 Nor longer the twain would sit there, and
 straightway did Parzival
 Seek again the sword of his brother that afar in the
 woodland fell,
 And again the hero sheathed it, and all hatred they
 put away,
 And e'en as true friends and brothers together they
 rode that day.

 Yet ere they might come to King Arthur men had
 heard of the twain a tale— 345

On the self-same day it befell so that the host,
 they must sore bewail
 The loss of a gallant hero, since Parzival rode
 away—
 Then Arthur, he took good counsel, and he spake,
 'Unto the eighth day
 Would they wait for Parzival's coming, nor forth
 from the field would fare'—
 And hither came Gramoflanz' army, and they
 many a ring prepare, 350
 And with costly tents do they deck them, and the
 proud knights are lodged full well,
 Nor might brides e'er win greater honour than
 here to this four befell.
 Then from Château Merveil rode thither a squire
 in the self-same hour,
 And he said, in their column mirrored, had they
 seen in their fair watch-tower
 A mighty fight, and a fearful—'And where'er men
 with swords have fought, 355
 I wot well, beside this combat their strife shall be
 held as naught.'
 And the tale did they tell to Gawain, as he sat by
 King Arthur's side,
 And this knight, and that, spake wondering to
 whom might such strife betide?
 Quoth Arthur the king, 'Now I wager that I know
 of the twain *one* knight,
 'Twas my nephew of Kanvoleis fought there, who
 left us ere morning light!' 360

 And now, lo the twain rode hither—They had
 foughten a combat fair,
 As helmet and shield sore dented with sword-
 stroke might witness bear.
 And well skilled were the hands that had painted
 these badges of strife, I trow,
 (For 'tis meet in the lust of combat that a knight's
 hand such skill should show,)

Then they rode by the camp of King Arthur—As
the heathen knight rode past 365
Full many a glance of wonder at his costly gear
was cast.
And with tents the plain was covered—Then rode
they to Gawain's ring,
And before his tent they halted—Did men a fair
welcome bring,
And lead them within, and gladly behold them?
Yea, even so,
And Gawain, he rode swiftly after when he did of
their coming know; 370
For e'en as he sat by King Arthur he saw that his
tent they sought,
And, as fitted a courteous hero, joyful greeting to
them he brought.

And as yet they bare their armour—Then Gawain,
the courteous knight,
He bade his squires disarm them—In the stress of
the deadly fight
Ecidemon, the beast, was cloven; the robe that the
heathen ware 375
In many a place bare token of the blows that had
been its share,
'Twas a silk of Saranthasmé, decked with many a
precious stone,
And beneath, rich, snow-white, blazoned with his
bearings his vesture shone.
And one over against the other stood the gems in
a double row;
By the wondrous Salamanders was it woven in
fierce flame's glow! 380
All this glory a woman gave him, who would
stake on his skill in strife
Her crown alike and her kingdom, as she gave
him her love and life.
'Twas the fair Queen Sekundillé (and gladly he
did her will,

And were it for joy or for sorrow he hearkened
her bidding still)
And, e'en as her true heart willed it, of her riches
was he the lord, 385
For her love, as his rightful guerdon, had he won
him with shield and sword.

Then Gawain, he bade his people of the harness to
have good care,
That naught should be moved from its station,
shield, or helmet, or vesture fair.
And in sooth a gift too costly e'en the blazoned
coat had been
If poor were the maid who a love-gift would give
to her knight, I ween, 390
So rich were the stones that decked it, the harness
of pieces four—
And where wisdom with goodwill worketh, and of
riches there be full store,
There love well can deck the loved one! And
proud Feirefis, he strove
With such zeal for the honour of women, he well
was repaid by Love!

And soon as he doffed his harness they gazed on
the wondrous sight, 395
And they who might speak of marvels said, in
sooth, that this heathen knight,
Feirefis, was strange to look on! and wondrous
marks he bore—
Quoth Gawain to Parzival, 'Cousin, I ne'er saw his
like before,
Now who may he be, thy comrade? For in sooth
he is strange to see!
Quoth Parzival, 'Are we kinsmen, then thy
kinsman this knight shall be, 400
As Gamuret's name may assure thee—Of
Zassamank is he king,
There my father he won Belakané who this prince
to the world did bring.'

Then Gawain, he kissed the heathen—Now the
noble Feirefis
Was black and white all over, save his mouth was
half red, I wis!

Then they brought to the twain fair raiment, and I
wot well their cost was dear. 405

(They were brought forth from Gawain's
chamber.) Then the ladies, they drew
anear,

And the Duchess she bade Sangivé and Kondrie
first kiss the knight

Ere she and Arnivé proffered in greeting their lips
so bright.

And Feirefis gazed upon them, and, methinks, he
was glad at heart

At the sight of their lovely faces, and in joy had
he lot and part. 410

Then Gawain spake to Parzival, 'Cousin, thou hast
found a new battle-field,

If aright I may read the token of thy helmet and
splintered shield,

Sore strife shall have been your comrade, both
thine and thy brother's too!

Say, with whom did ye fight so fiercely?' Then
Parzival spake anew,

'No fiercer fight have I foughten, my brother's
hand pressed me sore 415

To defend me, no charm more potent than defence
'gainst death's stroke I bore.

As this stranger, whom yet I knew well, I smote,
my sword brake in twain,

Yet no fear did he show, and 'vantage he scorned
of mischance to gain,

For afar did he cast his sword-blade, since he
feared lest 'gainst me he sin,

Yet naught did he know when he spared me that
we twain were so near akin. 420

But now have I won his friendship, and his love,
and with right goodwill
Would I do to him faithful service as befitteth a
brother still!

Then Gawain spake, 'They brought me tidings of
a dauntless strife and bold,
In Château Merveil the country for six miles may
ye well behold,
The pillar within the watch-tower showeth all that
within that space 425
Doth chance,—and he spake, King Arthur, that
one who there strife did face,
Should be *thou* cousin mine of Kingrivals, now
hast thou the tidings brought,
And we know of a sooth the combat was even as
we had thought.
Now believe me, the truth I tell thee, for eight
days here our feast we'd hold
In great pomp, and await thy coming, shouldst
thou seek us, thou hero bold. 430
Now rest here, ye twain, from your combat—but
methinks, since ye thus did fight,
Ye shall each know the other better, and hatred
shall own love's might.'

That eve would Gawain sup early, since his cousin
of far Thasmé,
Feirefis Angevin, and his brother, had tasted no
food that day.
And high and long were the cushions that they
laid in a ring so wide, 435
And many a costly covering of silk did their
softness hide.
And long, and wide, and silken, were the clothes
that above them went,
And the store of Klingsor's riches they spread
forth within the tent.
Then four costly carpets silken, and woven so fair
to see,

Did they hang one against the other, so the tale it
was told to me; 440
And beneath them, of down were the pillows, and
each one was covered fair,
And in such wise the costly couches for the guests
would the squires prepare.

And so wide was the ring that within it six
pavilions right well might stand
Nor the tent ropes should touch each other—
(Now wisdom doth fail mine hand,
I will speak no more of these marvels). Then
straightway Gawain he sent 445
To King Arthur, he fain would tell him who abode
here within his tent,
He had come, the mighty heathen, of whom
Ekuba erst did tell
On Plimizöl's plain! And the tidings they rejoiced
King Arthur well.

And he who should bear the tidings, he was
Iofreit, and Idol's son;
And he bade the king sup early, and so soon as the
meal was done, 450
With his knights and his host of ladies, to ride
forth a train so fair,
And a fit and worthy welcome for Gamuret's son
prepare.
Quoth the king, 'All who here are worthy, of a
sooth, will I bring with me.'
Quoth Iofreit, 'Ye fain will see him, so courteous a
knight is he,
And a marvel is he to look on—From great riches
he forth must fare, 455
For the price of his coat emblazoned is such as no
man might bear,
And no hand might count its equal, not in Löver
or Brittany,
Or in England, or e'en from Paris to Wissant
beside the sea—

Nay, all the rich lands between them, were their
wealth in the balance weighed,
Then the cost of his goodly raiment, I think me,
were yet unpaid!' 460

Then again came the knight Iofreit, when he to the
king had told
The guise that should best befit him when he
greeted the heathen bold.
And within the tent of Gawain the seats were
ordered fair,
In courteous rank and seemly, and the guests to
the feast repair.
And the vassals of Orgelusé, and the heroes
within her train 465
Who gladly for love had served her, they sate
there beside Gawain.
Their seats they were on his right hand, on his left
were Klingsor's knights,
And over against the heroes sat many a lady
bright,
All they who were Klingsor's captives, in sooth
were they fair of face,
And Parzival and his brother, by the maidens they
took their place. 470

Then the Turkowit, Sir Florant, and Sangivé, that
noble queen,
Sat over against each other, and in like wise, the
board between,
Sat Gowerzein's Duke, brave Lischois, and his
wife, the fair Kondrie.
Iofreit and Gawain forgat not each other's mate to
be,
As of old would they sit together, and together, as
comrades, eat. 475
The Duchess, with bright eyes shining, by Arnivé
must find her seat,
Nor forgat they to serve each other with courteous
and kindly grace—

At the side sat fair Orgelusé, while Arnivé by
Gawain found place.

And all shame and discourteous bearing from the
circle must take their flight,
And courteous they bare the viands to each maid
and each gallant knight. 480
Then Feirefis looked on his brother, and he spake
unto Parzival;
'Now Jupiter ruled my journey so that bliss to my
lot would fall
Since his aid shall have brought me hither, and
here mine own folk I see,
And I praise the sire that I knew not, of a gallant
race was he!'

Quoth the Waleis, 'Ye yet shall see them, a folk ye
right well may love, 485
With Arthur their king and captain, brave knights
who their manhood prove.
So soon as this feast is ended, as methinks it will
be ere long,
Ye shall see them come in their glory, many
valiant men and strong.
Of the knights of the good Round Table there
shall sit at this board but three,
Our host, and the knight Iofreit, and such honour
once fell to me, 490
In the days that I showed me worthy, that they
prayed me I would be one
Of their band, nor was I unwilling, but e'en as
they spake 'twas done,'

Now 'twas time, since all well had eaten, the
covers to bear away
From before both man and maiden, and this did
the squires straightway.
The host would no longer sit there; then the
Duchess and Arnivé spake, 495

And they prayed that the twain, Sangivé and
 Kondrie, they with them might take;
 And go to the strange-faced heathen, and entreat
 him in courteous wise—
 When Feirefis saw them near him, from his seat
 did the prince arise,
 And with Parzival, his brother, stepped forward
 the queens to meet,
 By his hand did the Duchess take him, and with
 fair words the knight would greet; 500
 And the ladies and knights who stood there she
 bade them be seated all—
 Then the king and his host came riding, with
 many a trumpet call;
 And they heard the sound of music, of tambour,
 and flute, and horn,
 With many a blast drew nearer the king of Arnivé
 born;
 And the heathen this pomp and rejoicing must
 hold for a worthy thing— 505
 And Guinevere rode with King Arthur, so came
 they to Gawain's ring;
 And goodly the train that followed of ladies and
 gallant knights,
 And Feirefis saw among them fair faces with
 youth's tints bright;
 And King Gramoflanz rode among them, for
 Arthur's guest was he,
 And Itonjé, his love so loyal, true lady, from
 falsehood free! 510

Then the gallant host dismounted, with many a
 lady sweet,
 And Guinevere bade Itonjé her nephew, the
 heathen, greet.
 Then the queen herself drew anear him, and she
 kissed the knight Feirefis,
 And Gramoflanz and King Arthur received him
 with friendly kiss;

And in honour they proffered service unto him,
those monarchs twain, 515
And many a man of his kinsfolk to welcome the
prince was fain.
And many a faithful comrade Feirefis Angevin
had found,
Nor in sooth was he loth to own here that he stood
upon friendly ground.

Down they sat them, both wife and husband, and
many a gracious maid,
And many a knight might find there (if in sooth he
such treasure prayed,) 520
From sweet lips sweet words of comfort—If for
wooing such knight were fain,
Then from many a maid who sat there no hatred
his prayer would gain,
No true woman shall e'er be wrathful if a true man
for help shall pray,
For ever the right she holdeth to yield, or to say
him 'Nay,'
And if labour win joy for payment then such
guerdon shall true love give— 525
And I speak but as in my lifetime I have seen
many true folk live—
And service sat there by rewarding, for in sooth
'tis a gracious thing
When a knight may his lady hearken, for joy shall
such hearing bring.

And Feirefis sat by King Arthur, nor would either
prince delay
To the question each asked the other courteous
answer to make straightway— 530
Quoth King Arthur, 'May God be praised, for He
honoureth us I ween,
Since this day within our circle so gallant a guest
is seen,
No knight hath Christendom welcomed to her
shores from a heathen land

Whom, an he desired my service, I had served
with such willing hand!

Quoth Feirefis to King Arthur, 'Misfortune hath
left my side, 535

Since the day that my goddess Juno, with fair
winds and a favouring tide,

Led my sail to this Western kingdom! Methinks
that thou bearest thee

In such wise as he should of whose valour many
tales have been told to me;

If indeed thou art called King Arthur, then know
that in many a land

Thy name is both known and honoured, and thy
fame o'er all knights doth stand.' 540

Quoth Arthur, 'Himself doth he honour who thus
spake in my praise to thee

And to other folk, since such counsel he won of
his courtesy

Far more than of my deserving—for he spake of
his kindly will.

Yea, in sooth shall my name be Arthur, and the
tale would I hearken still

Of how to this land thou camest, if for *love's* sake
thou bearest shield, 545

Then thy love must be fair, since to please her
thou ridest so far afield!

If her guerdon be not withholden then love's
service shall wax more fair,

Else must many a maid win hatred from the
knight who her badge doth bear!'

'Nay, 'twas otherwise,' quoth the heathen; 'Now
learn how I came to thee,

I led such a mighty army, they who guardians of
Troy would be, 550

And they who its walls besieged, the road to my
hosts must yield—

If both armies yet lived, and lusted to face me on
open field,
Then ne'er might they win the victory, but shame
and defeat must know
From me and my host, of a surety their force
would I overthrow!—
And many a fight had I foughten, and knightly
deeds had done, 555
Till as guerdon at length the favour of Queen
Sekundill' I won.
And e'en as her wish so my will is, and her love to
my life is guide,
She bade me to give with a free hand, and brave
knights to keep at my side,
And this must I do to please her; and I did even as
she would,
'Neath my shield have I won as vassals full many
a warrior good, 560
And her love it hath been my guerdon—An
Ecidemon I bear
On my shield, even as she bade me, at her will I
this token wear.
Since then, came I e'er in peril, if but on my love I
thought
She hath helped me, yea, Jupiter never such
succour in need hath brought!

Quoth Arthur, 'Thy gallant father, Gamuret, he
hath left thee heir 565
To the heart that on woman's service thus loveth
afar to fare.
Of such service I too can tell thee, for but seldom
hath greater deeds
Been done for a woman's honour, or to win of her
love the meed,
Than were done for the sake of the Duchess who
sitteth beside us here.
For her love many gallant heroes have splintered
full many a spear, 570

Yea, the spear-shafts were e'en as a forest! And
many have paid the cost
Of her service in bitter sorrow, and in joy and high
courage lost!

And then the tale he told him of the fame that
Gawain had found,
And the knights of the host of Klingsor, and the
heroes who sat around,
And of Parzival, his brother, how he fought fierce
combats twain, 575
For the sake of Gramoflanz' garland, on Ioflanz'
grassy plain;
'And what other have been his ventures, who
never himself doth spare
As thro' the wide world he rideth, that shall he
himself declare;
For he seeketh a lofty guerdon, and he rideth to
find the Grail.
And here shall it be my pleasure that ye twain,
without lack or fail, 580
Shall tell me the lands and the peoples against
whom ye shall both have fought.'
Quoth the heathen, 'I'll name the princes whom I
here as my captives brought':

'King Papyrus of Trogodjénté, Count Behantins of
Kalomedénté,
Duke Farjelastis of Africk, and King Tridanz of
Tinodent;
King Liddamus of Agrippé, of Schipelpjonte King
Amaspartins, 585
King Milon of Nomadjentesin, of Agremontein,
Duke Lippidins;
Gabarins of Assigarzionté, King Translapins of
Rivigatas,
From Hiberborticon Count Filones, from
Sotofeititon, Amincas,
From Centrium, King Killicrates, Duke Tiridé of
Elixodjon,

And beside him Count Lysander, from
 Ipopotiticon. 590
 King Thoaris of Orastegentesein, from
 Satharhjonté Duke Alamis,
 And the Duke of Duscontemedon, and Count
 Astor of Panfatis.
 From Arabia King Zaroaster, and Count
 Possizonjus of Thiler,
 The Duke Sennes of Narjoclin, and Nourjonté's
 Duke, Acheinor,
 Count Edisson of Lanzesardin, Count Fristines of
 Janfusé, 595
 Meiones of Atropfagenté, King Jetakranc of
 Ganpfassasché,
 From Assagog and Zassamank princes, Count
 Jurans of Blemunzîn.
 And the last, I ween, shall a Duke be, Affinamus
 of Amantasîn!'

'Yet one thing for a shame I deemed it—In my
 kingdom 'twas told to me
 Gamuret Angevin, my father, the best of all
 knights should be 600
 That ever bestrode a charger—Then so was my
 will and mind,
 That, afar from my kingdom faring, my father I
 thought to find;
 And since then strife hath been my portion, for
 forth from my kingdoms twain
 A mighty host and powerful 'neath my guidance
 hath crossed the main,
 And I lusted for deeds of knighthood; if I came to
 a goodly land, 605
 Then I rested not till its glory paid tribute into
 mine hand.
 And thus ever I journeyed further—I won love
 from two noble queens,
 Olympia and Klauditté; Sekundillé the third hath
 been.

And well have I served fair women!—Now first
must I learn to-day
That my father is dead! My brother, the tale of thy
ventures say.' 610

And Parzival quoth, 'Since I seek it, The Grail, in
full many a fight,
Both far and near, have I striven, in such wise as
beseems a knight,
And my hand of their fame hath robbed them who
never before might fall—
If it please ye the tale to hearken, lo! here will I
name them all!'

'King Schirniel of Lirivoin, and his brother of
Avendroin, King Mirabel, 615
King Piblesun of Lorneparz, of Rozokarz, King
Serabel,
Of Sirnegunz, King Senilgorz, and Strangedorz of
Villegarunz,
Rogedal the Count of Mirnetalle and Laudunal of
Pleyedunz.
From Semblidag King Zyrolan, from Itolac
Onipreiz,
From Zambron the Count Plenischanz, and Duke
Jerneganz of Jeropleis, 620
Count Longefiez of Teuteleunz, Duke Marangliess
of Privegarz,
From Lampregun Count Parfoyas, from Pictacon
Duke Strennolas;
Postefar of Laudundrehte, Askalon's fair king,
Vergulacht,
Duke Leidebron of Redunzehte, and from
Pranzile Count Bogudaht,
Collevâl of Leterbé, Jovedast of Arl, a Provençal,
625
Count Karfodyas of Tripparûn, all these 'neath my
spear must fall.
In knightly joust I o'erthrew them the while I the
Grail must seek!

Would I say those I felled in *battle*, methinks I
o'er-long must speak,
It were best that I here keep silence—Of those
who were known to me,
Methinks that the greater number I here shall have
named to ye!' 630

From his heart was he glad, the heathen, of his
brother's mighty fame,
That so many a gallant hero 'neath his hand had
been put to shame,
And he deemed in his brother's honour he himself
should have honour won,
And with many a word he thanked him for the
deeds that he there had done.

Then Gawain bade his squires bear hither (yet e'en
as he knew it not) 635
The costly gear of the heathen, and they held it
was fair I wot.
And knights alike and ladies, they looked on its
decking rare,
Corslet, and shield, and helmet, and the coat that
was blazoned fair.
Nor narrow nor wide the helmet—And a marvel
great they thought
The shine of the many jewels in the costly robe
inwrought, 640
And no man I ween shall ask me the power that in
each did dwell,
The light alike and the heavy, for I skill not the
tale to tell;
Far better might they have told it, Heraclius or
Hercules
And the Grecian Alexander; and better methinks
than these
Pythagoras, the wise man, for skilled in the stars
was he, 645
And so wise that no son of Adam I wot well might
wiser be.

Then the women they spake, 'What woman so e'er
thus hath decked this knight
If he be to her love unfaithful he hath done to his
fame despite.'
Yet some in such favour held him, they had been
of his service fain—
Methinks the unwonted colour of his face did
their fancy gain! 650
Then aside went the four, Gawain, Arthur,
Gramoflanz, and Parzival,
(And the women should care for the heathen,
methinks it would please them well.)

And Arthur willed ere the morrow a banquet, rich
and fair,
On the grassy plain before him they should
without fail prepare,
That Feirefis they might welcome as befitting so
brave a guest. 655
'Now be ye in this task not slothful, but strive, as
shall seem ye best,
That henceforth he be one of our circle, of the
Table Round, a knight.'
And they spake, they would win that favour, if so
be it should seem him right.
Then Feirefis, the rich hero, he brotherhood with
them sware;
And they quaffed the cup of parting, and forth to
their tents would fare. 660
And joy it came with the morning, if here I the
truth may say,
And many were glad at the dawning of a sweet
and a welcome day.

Then the son of Uther Pendragon, King Arthur, in
this wise spake:
For Round Table a silk so costly, Drianthasmé, he
bade them take—
Ye have heard how it once was ordered, afar on
Plimizöl's plain, 665

How they spread them there a Round Table, in
such wise was it spread again—
'Twas cut in a round, and costly it was, and right
fair to see,
And on the green turf around it the seats of the
knights should be.
It was even a goodly gallop from the seats to the
Table Round,
For the Table's self it was not, yet the likeness
they there had found. 670
And a cowardly man might shame him to sit there
with such gallant knights,
And with sin would his food be tainted since he
ate it not there of right.

Thro' the summer night 'twas measured, the ring,
both with thought and care,
And from one end unto the other with pomp they
the seats prepare.
And the cost were too great for a poor king, as
they saw it in noontide light, 675
When the trappings, so gay and costly, shone fair
in the sun-rays bright.
Gramoflanz and Gawain would pay it, the cost,
since within their land
He was but a guest, King Arthur, tho' he dealt
with a generous hand.

And the night, it seldom cometh but, as it is wont,
the sun
Bringeth back the day and the daylight when the
hours of the night are run; 680
And e'en so it befell, and the dawning was clear
and calm and bright,
And many a flowery chaplet crowned the locks of
many a knight;
And with cheeks and lips unpainted saw ye many
a lovely maid,
And, if Kiot the truth hath spoken, knight and
lady they were arrayed

In diverse garb and fashion, with head-gear both
high and low, 685
As each in their native country their faces were
wont to show—
'Twas a folk from far kingdoms gathered and
diverse their ways were found—
If to lady a knight were lacking she sat not at the
Table Round,
But if she for knightly service had promised a
guerdon fair,
She might ride with her knight, but the others,
they must to their tents repair. 690

When Arthur the Mass had hearkened, then
Gramoflanz did they see
With Gowerzein's Duke and Florant; to the king
came the comrades three,
And each one a boon would crave here, for each
of the three was fain
To be one of the good Round Table, nor this grace
did they fail to gain.
And if lady or knight would ask me who was
richest of all that band, 695
Who sat as guests in the circle, and were gathered
from every land,
Then here will I speak the answer, 'twas Feirefis
Angevin,
But think not from my lips of his riches a further
tale to win.

Thus in festive guise, and gaily, they rode to the
circle wide,
And often to maid had it chanced (so closely the
guests must ride) 700
Were her steed not well girthed she had fallen—
with banners waving high
From every side of the meadow to each other the
groups drew nigh;
And a Buhurd fair was ridden without the Table
Round,

And in courtly guise and skilful no man rode
 within its bound;
 There was space without for the chargers, and
 they handled their steeds with skill, 705
 And rode each one against the other till the ladies
 had looked their fill.

Then in order fair they seat them when 'twas time
 for the guests to eat,
 And cup-bearer, steward, and butler, they bethink
 them as shall be meet,
 How, courteous, to do their office—No lack of
 food had they,
 And many a maid was honoured as she sat by her
 knight that day. 710
 And many thro' fond heart's counsel had been
 served by knightly deed—
 And Feirefis, and the Waleis, to the maidens they
 gave good heed,
 And they looked on the one and the other, and a
 fair choice was theirs, I ween,
 For never on field or meadow may the eye of man
 have seen
 So many sweet lips and fair faces as shone there
 at the Table Round, 715
 And the heathen was glad for their beauty, and the
 joy that his heart had found.
 Now hail to the hour that cometh, and the tidings
 they soon shall hear
 From the welcome lips of a maiden who draweth
 the host anear;
 For a maiden came towards them, and her raiment
 was fair to see,
 And e'en as in France the custom so 'twas
 fashioned right cunningly. 720
 Her mantle was costly velvet, and blacker, I ween,
 its hue
 Than the coat of a sable jennet; and with gold was
 it woven thro'

With turtle-doves, all shining, the badge of the
Grail were they.
And they looked and they marvelled at her as
toward them she made her way,
For swiftly she came, and her head-gear was high
and white, her face 725
With many a veil was shrouded, and her features
no man might trace.

Then with even pace and seemly she rode o'er the
turf so green,
And saddle and reins and trappings were costly
enow I ween;
And they let her within the circle—Now she who
would tidings bring
No fool was she, but wise maiden—So rode she
around the ring, 730
And they showed her where sat King Arthur, nor
her greeting should fail that day,
In French was her speech, and in this wise the
monarch she fain would pray;
They should wreak not on her their vengeance for
the words that she spake of yore,
But hearken unto her message since welcome the
news she bore.
And the king and the queen she pleaded to give
unto her their aid, 735
That she failed not to win from the hero the grace
that she fain had prayed.

Then to Parzival she turned her, since his place by
the king's was found,
And she stayed not, but down from her charger
she sprang swiftly unto the ground,
And with courteous mien, as beseemed her, fell
low at the hero's feet,
And, weeping, she prayed that in friendship her
coming he now would greet, 740
And forget his wrath against her, and forgive her
without a kiss.

And they joined to her prayer their pleadings,
King Arthur and Feirefis.
Of a sooth Parzival must hate her, yet he
hearkened to friendship's prayer,
And of true heart and free forgave her—Tho' I say
not the maid was fair,
Yet methinks she was honour-worthy—Then
swiftly she sprang upright, 745
And thanked those who had won her pardon for
the wrong she had done the knight.
Then she raised her hand to her head-gear, were it
wimple or veil, no less
Was it cast on the ground, and all men knew
Kondrie, the sorceress.
And they knew of the Grail the token and the
badge that the maiden bare,
And all men I ween must marvel—Her face it was
e'en as fair 750
As man and maiden saw it when to Plimizöl's
banks she came,
Of her countenance have I told ye, and to-day was
it still the same,
And yellow her eyes as the topaz, long her teeth,
and her lips in hue
Were even as is a violet, that man seeth not *red*
but *blue!*

Yet methinks had her will been evil she had borne
not the head-gear rare 755
That aforetime, on Plimizöl's meadow, it had
pleasured the maid to wear.
The sun it had worked no evil, if its rays thro' her
hair might win
Yet scarce had they shone so fiercely as to darken
one whit her skin.

Then courteous she stood, and she spake thus, and
good were her words to hear,
In the self-same hour her tidings came thus to the
listening ear; 760

'Oh! well is thee, thou hero, thou Gamuret's son so
fair,
Since God showeth favour to thee whom
Herzeleide of old did bear.
And welcome is he, thy brother, Feirefis, the
strange of hue,
For the sake of my Queen Sekundillé, and the
tidings that erst I knew
Of the gallant deeds of knighthood that his valiant
hand hath done, 765
For e'en from the days of his childhood great fame
for himself he won!'

And to Parzival she spake thus, 'Now rejoice with
a humble heart,
Since the crown of all earthly blessings
henceforward shall be thy part,
For read is the mystic writing—The Grail, It doth
hail thee king,
And Kondwiramur, thy true wife, thou shalt to thy
kingdom bring, 770
For the Grail, It hath called her thither—Yea, and
Lohengrin, thy son,
For e'en as thou left her kingdom twin babes thou
by her hadst won.
And Kardeiss, he shall have in that kingdom a
heritage rich I trow!
And were no other bliss thy portion than that
which I tell thee now—
That with true lips and pure, thou shalt greet him,
Anfortas the king, again, 775
And thy mouth thro' the mystic question shall rid
him of all his pain,
For sorrow hath been his portion—If joy's light
thro' thy deed shall shine
On his life, then of all earth's children whose bliss
shall be like to thine?'

Seven stars did she name unto him in Arabic, and
their might,

Right well Feirefis should know it, who sat there,
 both black and white. 780
 And she spake, 'Sir Parzival, mark well the names
 that I tell to thee,
 There is Zevâl the highest planet, and the swift
 star Almustri;
 Almaret and the shining Samsi, great bliss unto
 thee they bring,
 Alligafir is fifth, and Alketer stands sixth in the
 starry ring;
 And the nearest to us is Alkamer; and no dream
 shall it be, my rede, 785
 For the bridle of heaven are they, to guide and to
 check its speed,
 'Gainst its swiftness their power, it warreth—Now
 thy sorrow is passed away,
 For far as shall be their journey, and far as shall
 shine their ray.
 So wide is the goal of thy riches and the glory
 thine hand shall win,
 And thy sorrow shall wane and vanish—Yet this
 thing It holds for sin, 790
 The Grail and Its power, It forbids thee unlawful
 desire to know,
 And the company of sinners henceforth must thou
 shun, I trow;
 And riches are thine, and honour, but from these
 shall thy life be free—
 Now thy youth was by sorrow cherished, and her
 lesson she taught to thee,
 But by joy she afar is driven, for thou hast thy
 soul's rest won, 795
 And in grief thou o'er-long hast waited for the joy
 that is now begun.'

Nor seemed ill to the knight her tidings—Thro'
 joy must his eyelids know
 A rain of crystal tear-drops from a true heart's
 overflow.

And he quoth, 'If thou speakest, Lady, the thing
 that indeed shall be,
 If God as his knight doth claim me, and they are
 elect with me, 800
 My wife and my child, then I wot well, tho' a
 sinful man am I,
 God looketh with favour on me, and hath dealt
 with me wondrously!
 Of a sooth hast thou here repaid me for the grief
 thou on me hast brought,
 Yet I deem well thy wrath had spared me save that
 evil myself had wrought,
 Nor to bliss was I then predestined—but thou
 bringest such tidings fair 805
 That my sorrow hath found an ending—And these
 arms do thy truth declare,
 For when by the sad Anfortas I sat in
 Monsalväsich' hall,
 Full many a shield I looked on that hung fair on
 the castle wall,
 And with turtle-doves all were blazoned, such as
 shine on thy robe to-day.
 But say, to the joy that awaits me, when and how
 may I take my way, 810
 For I would not there were delaying?' Then she
 quoth, 'Lord and master dear,
 But *one* knight alone shall ride with thee; choose
 thou from these warriors here
 And trust thou to my skill and knowledge to guide
 thee upon thy way,
 For thy succour Anfortas waiteth, wouldst thou
 help him, make no delay!'

Then they heard, all they who sat there, how
 Kondrie had come again 815
 And the tidings she bare; and teardrops fell soft
 like a summer's rain
 From the bright eyes of Orgelusé, since Parzival
 should speak

The words that should heal Anfortas, nor that
healing be long to seek.
Then Arthur, the fame-desirous, spake to Kondrie
in courtesy,
'Now, Lady, wilt ride to thy lodging? Say, how
may we care for thee?' 820
And she quoth, 'Is she here, Arnivé, what lodging
she shall prepare,
That lodging shall well content me till hence with
my lord I fare;
If a captive she be no longer, then fain would I see
them all,
The queen, and the other ladies, whom Klingsor,
in magic thrall,
For many a year hath fettered'—Then they lifted
her on her steed, 825
Two knights, and unto Arnivé did the faithful
maiden speed.

Now the feast drew nigh to its ending—By his
brother sat Parzival,
And he prayed him to be his comrade, nor his
words did unheeded fall,
For Feirefis spake him ready to Monsalväsich'
Burg to ride—
In the self-same hour upstood they, the guests, o'er
the ring so wide, 830
And Feirefis prayed this favour from Gramoflanz,
the king,
If in sooth he should love his cousin of that love
he would token bring;
'Both thou and Gawain, ye must help me, whether
princes or kings they be,
Or barons, or knights, none betake them from this
field till my gifts they see.
Myself had I shamed if I rode hence and never a
gift should leave, 835
And the minstrel-folk they shall wait here till they
gifts from my hand receive.

And Arthur, this thing would I pray thee, seek that
 none of these knights disdain,
Tho' lofty their birth, a token of friendship from
 me to gain;
For the shame, on thyself shalt thou take it—one
 so rich shall they ne'er have known—
Give me messengers unto the haven that the
 presents to all be shown!" 840

Then they sware them unto the heathen that no
 man of them should depart
From the field till four days were ended, and the
 heathen was glad at heart,
And wise messengers Arthur gave him, who
 should forth to the haven fare—
Feirefis took him ink and parchment, and a letter
 he bade them bear,
Nor the writing, I ween, lacked tokens of his hand
 from whom it came, 845
And seldom methinks a letter such goodly return
 might claim!

Then soon must the messengers ride hence—
 Parzival stood the host before,
And in French did he tell the story from
 Trevrezent learnt of yore,
How the Grail, throughout all ages, may never by
 man be known,
Save by him whom God calleth to It, whose name
 God doth know alone. 850
And the tale shall be told in all lands; no conflict
 may win that prize,
And 'tis vain on that Quest to spend them, since
 'tis hidden from mortal eyes!"

And for Parzival and his brother the maidens must
 mourn that day,
Farewell they were loth to bid them—Ere the
 heroes rode on their way

Thro' the armies four they gat them, and they
prayed leave from each and all, 855
And joyful, they took their journey, well armed
'gainst what might befall.
And the third day hence to Ioflanz from the
heathen's host they brought
Great gifts, so rich and costly, men ne'er on such
wealth had thought.
Did a king take of them, his kingdom was rich for
evermore—
And to each as beseemed his station the precious
gifts they bore, 860
And the ladies, they had rich presents, from Triant
and Nouriente—
How the others rode I know not, but the twain,
they with Kondrie went!

BOOK XVI

LOHENGRIN

ARGUMENT

Book XVI. tells of the sorrow of Anfortas and his knights; how he prayed them to kill him, and how he would fain have withheld his eyes from the light of the Grail; of the coming of Parzival and Feirefis, and of the healing of Anfortas.

How Parzival set forth to meet his wife on the shores of Plimizöl; and how Trevrezent confessed to having spoken falsely in order to withhold him from the Quest.

Of the joyful meeting of Parzival and Kondwiramur; and how Kardeiss was proclaimed king of Brobarz, Waleis, Norgals, and Anjou; and how Parzival with Kondwiramur and Lohengrin rode to Monsalväsich. How on their way they found Siguné dead, and buried her by her lover.

Of the great feast at Monsalväsich; and how Feirefis failed to behold the Grail, and of his love for Répanse de Schoie. How Feirefis was baptized, and wedded Répanse de Schoie; how the twain set forth for Feirefis' kingdom, and of their son, Prester John. Of Lohengrin and the Duchess of Brabant; how he was sent to her aid from Monsalväsich, and dwelt with her in peace till she asked the question which drove him forth.

The poet blames Chrétien de Troyes for having done the tale a wrong; it was Kiot who taught the song aright, to its very end. He, Wolfram of Eschenbach, will speak no more of it, but he prays that all good and gracious women will praise him for his song, since he sang it to pleasure a woman.

BOOK XVI

LOHENGRIN

Now Anfortas and his Templars they suffered
sore grief and pain,
N And their true love in bondage held him, since
he prayed them for death in vain;
And in sooth death had been his portion, save
they wrought that the Grail he saw—
From the might of Its mystic virtue fresh life
must he ever draw.

Then he spake to the knights of Monsalväsich, 'Of
a sooth, were ye true of heart, 5
Ye had pitied ere this my sorrow, how long shall
pain be my part?
If reward ye would have as deserving, then God
give ye payment fair,
For ever was *I* your servant since the days that I
harness bare.
Atonement in full have I made here for aught I
have done of wrong
To ye, e'en tho' none had known it, and my
penance endureth long! 10
If ye would not be held unfaithful, by the helmet
and shield I bore,
And the bond of our common knighthood, release
me from bondage sore!
For this of a truth must ye grant me, if ye do not
the truth disdain,
I bare *both* as a knight undaunted, and fame thro'
my deeds did gain.
For hill and vale have I ridden, and many a joust
have run, 15
And with sword-play good from my foemen much
hatred methinks, I won.
Yet with ye doth that count for little! Bereft of all
joy am I;
Yet, cometh the Day of Judgment, my voice
would I lift on high,
And in God's sight, I, one man only, at the last
will accuse ye all,

If freedom ye fail to give me, and to Hell shall ye
surely fall! 20
For in sooth ye should mourn my sorrow—From
the first have ye seen the thing,
And ye know how it came upon me—Now I
profit ye not as king,
And all too soon will ye think so, when thro' me
ye have lost your soul—
Alas! why thus ill-entreat me? Ere this had I been
made whole!

And the knights from his grief had freed him, save
they hope from the word must draw 25
That Trevrezent spake of aforetime, and that writ
on the Grail he saw.
And once more would they wait his coming
whose joy there had waxen weak,
And the hour that should bring them healing from
the question his lips should speak.

Then the king of a wile bethought him, and fast
would he close his eyes,
And four days long so he held them, when the
knights, in their 'customedwise, 30
Before the Grail would bear him, if he said them
or yea, or nay;
But his weakness so wrought upon him, as before
the shrine he lay,
That his eyelids he needs must open, and against
his will must live,
For the Grail held death far from him and fresh
life must Its vision give.

And so was it with Anfortas till the day when
Parzival 35
And Feirefis his brother, rode swift to
Monsalväsich' hall;
And the time was near when the planet, its course
in high heaven run,

Mars or Jupiter, glowing wrathful, its station had
well-nigh won,
And the spot whence it took its journey—Ah!
then was an evil day
That wrought ill to the wound of Anfortas, and the
torment would have its way; 40
And maiden and knight must hearken as the
palace rang with his cries,
And the help that no man might give him he
besought with despairing eyes,
For past all aid was he wounded, and his knights
could but share his grief—
Yet the tale saith he drew ever nearer who should
bring him alone relief.

Then oft as the bitter anguish in its bondage the
hero held, 45
The taint of the wound to banish, the hall was
with sweetness filled,
For before him they spread on the carpet
Terebinth, and odours fair
Of aromatic spices and sweet woods filled the
scented air.
Teriak and precious Ambra, and methinks that
their smell was sweet—
Cardamom, Jeroffel, Muscat, lay broken beneath
the feet 50
Where'er one set foot on the carpet; and e'en as
each footstep fell
Their perfume arose, and their freshness, of the
venom o'ercame the smell.
And his fire was of Lignum aloe, as methinks ye
have heard afore—
Of the horny skin of the viper had they fashioned
the pillars four
That stood 'neath his couch—'Gainst the venom
must his knights on the cushions strew 55
Powder of roots so precious, whose healing scent
they knew.

Well stuffed, but unsewed, was the covering
 against which the monarch leant,
 And the silk and the mattress 'neath it were of
 Palmât of Nouriente.
 And the couch itself was yet richer, with many a
 precious stone
 Was it decked, nor were others found there save
 the rarest of jewels alone; 60
 And by Salamanders woven were the cords which
 the bed did bind,
 Yea even the fastening 'neath it—Yet no joy might
 Anfortas find.
 The couch on all sides was costly, (no man shall
 contend I ween
 That he in the days of his lifetime a richer shall
 e'er have seen,)
 'Twas precious alone from the virtue of the jewels
 and their magic power, 65
 Would ye learn their names, then hearken, for we
 know them unto this hour.

Carbuncle and Balas ruby, Silenite, and
 Chalcedony,
 Gagatromeus, Onyx, Coral, and Bestion, fair to
 see.
 And there too were Pearl and Opal, Ceraunius and
 Epistites,
 Jerachites, Heliotropia, Panterus, Agate, and
 Emathites. 70
 Antrodragma, Praseme, and Saddae, Dionisia and
 Celidon,
 Sardonyx and red Cornelian, Jasper and Calcofon.
 Echites, Iris, Gagates, and Lyncurium, with many
 more,
 Asbestos and Cecolithus, and Jacinth, that rich
 couch bore.
 Galactida, Orites, Enydrus, and Emerald, glowing
 green, 75
 Absist and Alabanda, and Chrysolect had ye seen.

Hiennia, Sapphire, Pyrites, and beside them, here
and there,
Turquoise, and Lipparèa, Chrysolite, and Ruby
fair—
Paleisen, Sardius, Diamond, Chrysoprasis, and
Malachite,
Diadoch, Peanite, and Medus with Beryl and
Topaze bright. 80

And many they taught high courage, and others
such virtue knew
That healing skill they taught men, and fresh life
from their power they drew.
And many their strength won from them, if aright
they might use their art,
And therewith would they tend Anfortas whom
they loved with a faithful heart—
And great grief had he brought his people, yet joy
soon his lot shall be— 85

To Terre de Salväsch from Ioflanz he rideth to
speak him free,
Parzival, with the maid and his brother, nor in
truth did I ever hear
The distance these three had journeyed ere they
drew to the Burg anear;
But conflict had been their portion had Kondrie
not been their guide,
But afar from all strife did she hold them, and in
peace on their way they ride. 90

So came they at length to an outpost—Then
swiftly towards them sped
Many Templars well armed and mounted, and
right soon they the truth had read,
And they knew by the guide that succour at last to
their walls should draw,
And the Captain he spake out gladly as the Turtle-
doves he saw
Gleam fair on Kondrie's vesture, 'Now an end
hath it found, our grief, 95

With the sign of the Grail he cometh who shall
bring to our king relief,
The knight we have looked and have longed for
since the dawn of our sorrow's day—
Stand ye still, for great gladness cometh, and our
mourning is past away!

Feirefis Angevin would urge him, his brother, to
joust to ride,
But Kondrie, she grasped his bridle, lest conflict
should there betide, 100
And the maiden, true but unlovely, spake thus
unto Parzival,
'Shield and banner, thou sure shouldst know them,
of the Grail are these heroes all,
And ready to do thee service.' Then out spake the
heathen bold,
'If so it shall be, from battle mine hand may I well
withhold.'

Then Parzival prayed that Kondrie would ride
forward, the knights to meet, 105
And she rode, and she spake of the gladness that
neared them with flying feet.
And, one and all, the Templars sprang straightway
unto the ground,
And from off their head the helmet in the self-
same hour unbound,
And Parzival they greeted, and they were in his
greeting blest,
And Feirefis they welcomed as befitted a noble
guest. 110
And then with the twain to Monsalväsich the
Templars they took their way;
Though they wept, yet methinks that gladness was
the fount of their tears that day.

And a countless folk they found there, many grey-
haired knights and old,

And pages of noble bearing, and of servants, a
host untold.
And sad were the folk and mournful, whom their
coming might well rejoice, 115
And Parzival and his brother they welcomed with
friendly voice,
And kindly did they receive them, without, in the
palace court,
At the foot of the noble stairway, and the knights
to the hall they brought.

And, e'en as was there the custom, a hundred
carpets round,
Each one with a couch upon it, were spread there
upon the ground; 120
And each couch bare a velvet covering, and
methinks, if the twain had wit,
The while that the squires disarmed them 'twould
pleasure them there to sit.
And a chamberlain came towards them, and he
brought to them vesture fair,
And each should be clad as the other, and many a
knight sat there.
And they bare many precious vessels of gold,
(none I ween was glass,) 125
And the twain they drank, and upstood them to
get them to Anfortas.

And this have ye heard of aforetime, how he lay,
for he scarce might sit,
And the couch and its goodly decking, forsooth
have ye read of it.
And the twain did Anfortas welcome with
gladness, and yet with grief,
And he spake, 'O'er-long have I waited tho' I win
from thine hand relief; 130
But a while ago didst thou leave me in such wise,
art thou true of heart,
And thinkest to aid my sorrow, thou must have in
repentance part.

If e'er men have praised thy valour, then be thou
to my woe a friend,
And pray of these knights and maidens that death
may my torment end;
If *Parzival* men shall call thee, then forbid me the
Grail to see 135
Seven nights and eight days, and I wot well my
wailing shall silenced be!
Nor further I dare to warn thee—Well for thee if
thou help canst bring!
A stranger shall be thy comrade, and I think it an
evil thing
That thus he doth stand before me, say wherefore
no thought dost take
For his comfort, and bid him seat him?' Then
Parzival, weeping, spake: 140

'Now say where the Grail It lieth? If God's mercy
He think to show,
And it be o'er His wrath the victor, this folk, they
shall surely know!'
Then three times on his knee he bowed him in the
Name of the Trinity,
And three times he prayed that the sorrow of
Anfortas should ended be,
Then he stood upright, and he turned him to the
monarch, and thus he spake: 145
'*What aileth thee here, mine uncle?*' He who
Lazarus from death did wake,
And by the mouth of His saint, Sylvester, a dead
beast to life did bring,
Wrought healing and strength on Anfortas—and
all men beheld the king,
And what French folk shall know as '*Florie*' it
shone on his face so fair,
And Parzival's manly beauty was but as the empty
air! 150
Yea, Vergulacht, Askalon's monarch, and
Absalom, David's son,

And all who the dower of beauty as their
 birthright shall e'er have won—
E'en Gamuret, as men saw him draw near unto
 Kanvoleis,
So wondrous fair to look on—they were naught
 unto all men's eyes
When matched with the radiant beauty that forth
 from his bitter woe 155
He bare, the King Anfortas—such skill God doth
 surely know!

No choice was there for the Templars since the
 writing upon the Grail
Had named unto them their ruler, and Parzival did
 they hail
Their king and their lord henceforward; and I
 ween ye in vain would seek
Would ye find two men as wealthy, if of riches I
 here may speak, 160
As Parzival and his brother, Feirefis Angevin—
And many a proffered service the host and his
 guest did win.

I know not how many stages queen Kondwiramur
 had made
On her journey towards Monsalväsich, nor, joyful,
 her steps delayed,
For already the truth had been told her, and a
 messenger tidings bare, 165
And she knew that her grief was ended and her
 gladness had blossomed fair.
And led by her uncle, Kiot, and by many a hero
 bold,
Had she come unto Terre de Salväsich and the
 wood where they fought of old;
Where in joust Segramor had fallen, and her lord
 did her likeness know
In the threefold blood-drops mystic, on the white
 of the drifted snow. 170

And there should Parzival seek her, and tho'
 toilsome and rough the way
Yet never a gladder journey had he ridden than he
 rode that day!

Then a Templar tidings brought him, 'E'en as doth
 her rank beseem
Full many a knight so courteous rideth hither
 beside the queen.'
Then Parzival bethought him, with the knights of
 the Holy Grail 175
To Trevezent did he ride first, and he told him the
 wondrous tale;
From his heart was the hermit joyful that it thus
 with Anfortas stood,
Nor death was his lot, but the question brought
 rest to the hero good.
And he quoth, 'Yea, God's power is mighty—Who
 doth at His Council sit?
Who hath known of His strength the limit? What
 Angel hath fathomed it? 180
God is Man, and the Word of His Father; God is
 Father at once and Son,
And I wot thro' His Spirit's working may succour
 and aid be won!'

Then Trevezent quoth to his nephew, 'Greater
 marvel I ne'er may see
Than that thou by thy wrath hast won blessing,
 and th' Eternal Trinity
Hath given thee thy desiring! Yet aforetime in
 sooth I lied, 185
For I thought from the Grail to bring thee, and the
 truth I from thee would hide.
Do thou for my sin give me pardon, henceforth I
 thy hand obey,
O my king, and son of my sister!—Methinks that
 I once did say
That the spirits cast forth from Heaven thereafter
 the Grail did tend

By God's will, and besought His favour, till their
penance at last did end. 190
But God to Himself is faithful, and ne'er doth He
changing know,
Nor to them whom I named as forgiven did He
ever forgiveness show.
For they who refuse His service, He Himself will,
I ween, refuse,
And I wot they are lost for ever, and that fate they
themselves did choose.
And I mourned for thy fruitless labour, for ne'er
did the story stand 195
That the Grail might by man be conquered, and I
fain had withheld thine hand;
But with *thee* hath the chance been other, and thy
prize shall the highest be,
But since God's Hand doth give It to thee, turn
thine heart to humility.'

Quoth Parzival to his uncle, 'I would see her I
ne'er might see
For well-nigh five years—When together we
dwelt she was dear to me, 200
And no whit less dear shall she now be! Yet thy
counsel I fain would hear
So long as death fail to part us, thou didst help me
in need so drear!
Now I ride to my wife, since she cometh to meet
me upon my way,
By Plimizöl's banks doth she wait me, and leave I
from thee would pray.'

And the good man bade 'God speed him,' and he
rode thro' the dusky night, 205
And his men knew the woodland pathways—In
the early morning light
He found that which brought him gladness; full
many a tent stood fair,
From out the kingdom of Brobarz many banners
were planted there,

With many a shield beneath them—there lay
princes from out his land,
And Parzival fain would ask them where the tent
of the queen might stand? 210
If her camp lay apart from the others? Then they
showed him where she should be,
And a goodly ring around her of tents did the hero
see.
And Duke Kiot of Katelangen, he had risen ere
dawn of day,
And he looked on the band of riders who came by
the woodland way.

And tho' grey was the light of the morning, yet, as
the host nearer drew, 215
Kiot saw the Dove on their armour, and the arms
of the Grail he knew;
And the old man sighed as he thought him of
Schoysiané, his lovely bride,
How he won her in bliss at Monsalväsich, and how
she untimely died.
Towards Parzival he stepped him, and he bade
him a greeting fair;
By a page he bade the queen's Marshal a lodging
meet prepare 220
For the knights who had there drawn bridle—in
sooth 'twas a gallant band—
Then to the queen's dressing-chamber he led
Parzival by the hand,
('Twas a small tent made of buckram,) and there,
in the waxing light,
His harness they take from off him ere he pass to
his lady's sight.

And the queen she knew naught of his coming—
her twin sons beside her lay, 225
Lohengrin and Kardeiss; and their father,
methinks he was glad that day!
There he found them slumbering sweetly, in a tent
both high and wide,

And many a lovely lady lay sleeping on either
side.
Then Kiot, he drew the covering from the queen,
and he bade her wake,
And look, and laugh, and be joyful, and her love
to her arms to take; 230
And she looked up and saw her husband; and
naught but her smock she bare,
The covering she wrapt around her, and sprang
swift on the carpet fair,
Kondwiramur, the lovely lady—and Parzival held
her tight,
And they say that they kissed each other, the
queen and her faithful knight.
'Thou joy of my heart! Good Fortune hath sent
thee again to me,' 235
She quoth, and she bade him welcome, 'Now in
sooth I should wrathful be,
Yet have I no heart for anger! Ah! blest be the
dawn and the day
That this dear embrace hath brought me, which all
sorrow must drive away.
For now at last have I found thee, whom my heart
hath desired so long,
And grief in my heart is vanquished, and sighing
is turned to song.' 240

And now from their sleep they wakened, both
Lohengrin and Kardeiss,
Naked they lay on their pillows, and fair in their
father's eyes,
And, joyful, Parzival kissed them whom he never
had seen before—
Then at Kiot's courteous bidding the babes from
the tent they bore,
And Kiot, he bade the maidens to get them from
out the tent, 245
And they greeted their lord, long absent, ere yet
on their way they went.

Then he bade the queen care for her husband, and
the maidens from thence he led,
And the curtains they drew together, for as yet
was the night scarce sped.

Now if blood and snow had robbed him of his
senses and wit of yore,
(In this self-same spot its message the snow to his
true heart bore,) 250
For such sorrow she well repaid him,
Kondwiramur, his wife—
Nor elsewhere had he sought love's solace in
payment for love's fierce strife,
Tho' many their love had proffered—I ween that
in bliss he lay,
And converse sweet, till morning drew nigh to the
middle day.

And the army, they rode together, on the Templars
had they gazed, 255
And their shields in jousts were piercèd, and with
many a sword-blow grazed;
And each knight he wore a surcoat of silk or of
velvet rare,
And their feet were shod with iron, nor harness
beside they bare.

Nor longer they cared to slumber—Then the
queen alike and king
Arose, and e'en as they bade him, a priest the
Mass would sing; 260
And closely they thronged together, that army,
brave and good,
Who in their queen's day of peril her shield 'gainst
Klamidé stood.
Then, the benediction given, his men greeted
Parzival,
Many gallant knights and worthy, their true words
from true lips must fall.

From the tent they take the hangings, and the king
 spake, 'Say which is he, 265
 Of my boys, who henceforward ruler of your folk
 and your land shall be?'
 And further he spake to the princes, 'Both Waleis
 and Norgal's land,
 And their towns, Kingrivals and Kanvoleis, by his
 birthright shall serve his hand,
 With Béalzenan and Anjou, should he grow unto
 man's estate;
 And thither shall ye fare with him, and shall there
 on his bidding wait. 270
 Gamuret was he called, my father, and he left
 them to me, his heir,
 But I, by God's grace, have won me an heritage
 yet more fair!
 Since the Grail shall be mine, I bid ye your fealty
 to swear anew
 To my child, ere this hour be ended, if your hearts
 shall to me be true!'
 And of right goodwill they did this—Ye saw
 many proud banners wave, 275
 And two little hands the tenure of many a wide
 land gave.
 And there did they crown Kardeiss king; and,
 when many a year had flown,
 Kanvoleis, and Gamuret's kingdom they needs
 must his lordship own—
 And then by Plimizöl's water did they measure a
 circle wide
 That there a feast might be holden ere again on
 their way they ride. 280
 Nor long at the board they tarried; no longer the
 host might stay,
 The tents were struck, with their child-king they
 wended their homeward way.

 And many a maid and vassal must bid to their
 queen Farewell

In such wise that they made loud mourning, and
many a teardrop fell.
And Lohengrin and his mother did the Templars
take in their care, 285
And with them to the Burg of Monsalväsich again
on their journey fare.
Quoth Parzival, 'Once in this woodland an
hermitage did I see,
And thro' it a rippling brooklet flowed swift on its
way so free;
If ye know where it stands ye shall show me.' His
comrades swift answer gave,
They knew one; 'There dwells a maiden, and she
weeps o'er her true love's grave; 290
A shrine of all goodness is she—Our road it doth
lead that way,
And her heart is ne'er free from sorrow.' 'That
maid will we see to-day,'
Quoth Parzival, and the others, as he willed, so
they thought it good,
And onward they spurred their chargers, and rode
thro' the lonely wood.

And they found, in the dusk of the evening, on her
knees Siguné dead, 295
And the queen wept for bitter sorrow—Then they
brake thro' unto the maid;
Parzival, for the sake of his cousin, bade them
raise of the tomb the stone,
There, embalmed lay Schionatulander, nor long
should he lie alone,
For beside him they laid the maiden, who in life
to him true love gave
In such wise as beseemed a maiden, and they
closed o'er the twain the grave. 300
And she wept for her uncle's daughter, the queen,
with a faithful heart;
Schoysiané, the dead maid's mother, had shown
her a mother's part,

And had cared for her in her childhood, and
therefore she sorrow knew:
And Parzival's aunt, too, was she, if the tale Kiot
read be true.

Kiot knew not the death of his daughter, he was
guardian to King Kardeiss— 305
(Nor my tale like the bow shall be bended, but
straight as an arrow flies,)
They delayed not upon their journey, to
Monsalväsich they came by night,
And the hours Feirefis must wait them sped swift
in their joyful flight.
And they lighted many a taper, 'twas as flamed all
the woodland wide,
And a Templar of Patrigalt, armèd, by the queen's
bridle rein did ride; 310
And broad and wide was the courtyard, and many
a host stood there,
And they welcomed the queen, and a greeting to
their lord and his son they bare;
And they bore Lohengrin to his uncle, Feirefis,
who was black and white,
And the babe turned aside nor would kiss him—as
children oft do from fright!

But gaily he laughed, the heathen—Then they gat
them from out the court, 315
When first the queen had dismounted, who joy
with her coming brought—
And they led the guests so noble, where, with
many a lady fair,
Both Feirefis and Anfortas awaited them on the
stair.
Répanse de Schoie, and from Greenland,
Garschiloie, the fair of face,
Florie of Lünel, the bright-eyed, rich were they in
maiden grace. 320
There she stood, than a reed more graceful, to
whom beauty nor truth should fail,

The daughter of Reil's lord, Jernis, as Anflisé the
maid they hail;
And of Tenabroc, maid Clarischanz, sweet was
she, and bright to see,
And so slender her shape, I think me, an ant's
scarce might slighter be.

Feirefis stepped toward his hostess, and he kissed
her e'en as she bade, 325
And a kiss did she give Anfortas, for she joyed
that his woe was stayed.
Feirefis by the hand must lead her where her
husband's aunt she found,
Répanse de Schoie, and she kissed her, and the
maidens who stood around,
And her lips that were red aforetime thro' kissing
grew yet more red,
(And sorely I ween doth it grieve me, that this
labour, I, in her stead, 330
Might not here have taken on me, for weary in
sooth was she;)
Then her maids by the hand they take her, and
they lead her in courteously.

And the knights, in the hall they waited, that with
countless tapers bright
Was decked, on the walls they sparkled, and burnt
with a steady light,
For a solemn feast they made ready, when the
Grail should be shown to all; 335
For it was not on every feast-day, that they bare It
thro' the hall,
But on high festivals only—When nearer their aid
should draw,
On that even when joy forsook them, and the
bleeding spear they saw,
'Twas then, that the Grail might help them, that It
thus thro' the hall was borne—
Yet Parzival asked no question, and left them of
joy forlorn— 340

But now, in joy and gladness, might they look on
the Grail again,
For at last was their mourning ended, and their
sorrow was pierced and slain!

When the queen her riding garment had put off,
and decked her hair,
She came in such garb as beseemed her, in the
light of the tapers fair;
And Feirefis stepped to meet her, and he took her
by the hand, 345
And no man gainsaid his fellow, that in this, or in
other land,
None might speak of a fairer woman! And rich
was the garb she wore,
A silk by a skilled hand woven, such as Sarant
had wrought of yore,
And with cunning and skill had fashioned in
Thasmé, the paynim town—
Feirefis Angevin, he led her thro' the palace hall
adown, 350
And the three great fires they burnt there with
Lignum aloe sweet;
And more there were by forty, both carpets alike
and seats,
Than the time when Parzival sat there and looked
on the wondrous Grail,
But one seat above all was costly, nor the host to
his place should fail.
And Feirefis, and Anfortas, they should sit there
beside the king— 355
And, courteous, they did them service, who the
Grail to the hall should bring.

Aforetime methinks ye heard it, how they to
Anfortas bare
The Grail, even so would they do now 'fore the
child of King Tampentäre,
And Gamuret's son—The maidens, no longer they
make delay,

Five-and-twenty in rightful order they wend thro'
the hall their way. 360
And Feirefis gazed on the first maid, with her
sweet face and waving hair,
And she pleased him well, yet the others who
followed were yet more fair;
And costly and rich their garments, and lovely
each maiden's face,
But Répanse de Schoie, who followed, was first in
her maiden grace,
And the Grail, so men have told me, might be
borne by her hands alone; 365
Pure was her heart, and radiant as sunlight her fair
face shone.

Did I tell ye of all the service—how many did
water pour,
And the tables they bare, (I wot well far more
than they had of yore,)
How discord fled from the palace; how the cars
on their circuit rolled,
With their freight of golden vessels, 'twere long
ere the tale were told. 370
For the sake of speed would I hasten—with
reverence from the Grail
Each took of the fowl of the forest, wild or tame,
nor their drink should fail;
Each took wine or mead as it pleased him, Claret,
Morass, or Sinopel;
At Pelrapär 'twas far other, as Gamuret's son
might tell!

Then the heathen would know the wonder—What
hands did these gold cups fill 375
That stood empty here before him? The wonder, it
pleased him still!
Then answered the fair Anfortas, who sat by the
heathen's side,
'Seest thou not the Grail before thee?' But Feirefis
replied,

'Naught I see but a green Achmardi, that my Lady
but now did bear,
I mean her who stands before us with the crown
on her flowing hair, 380
And her look to mine heart hath piercèd—I
deemed I so strong should be
That never a wife nor a maiden my gladness
should take from me;
But now doth it sore displease me, the love I may
call mine own—
Discourteous indeed I think me to make unto thee
my moan
When I never have done thee service! What
profits my wealth, I trow, 385
Or the deeds I have done for fair women, or the
gifts that I gave but now,
Since here I must live in anguish! Nay, Jupiter,
thou wast fain
I should ride here, didst hither send me to torment
of grief and pain?'

And the strength of his love, and his sorrow,
turned him pale where he erst was light—
Kondwiramur, she had found a rival in this
maiden's beauty bright— 390
In her love-meshes did she hold him, Feirefis, the
noble guest,
And the love that he erst had cherished he cast it
from out his breast.
What recked he of Sekundillé, her love, and her
land so fair,
Since she wrought on him woe so bitter, this
maiden beyond compare?
Klauditté, and Sekundillé, Olympia, and many
more, 395
Who in distant lands had repaid him with love for
his deeds of yore,
What cared he now for their kindness? It seemed
but a worthless thing

To Gamuret's son, the heathen, great Zassamank's
noble king!

Then he saw, the fair Anfortas, his comrade in
pain so sore,
(For the spots in his skin waxed pallid, and heavy
the heart he bore,) 400
And he spake, 'Sir Knight, it doth grieve me if
thou dost for my sister mourn,
No man for her sake hath sorrowed since the day
that the maid was born.
No knight for her joust hath ridden; to none doth
she favour show;
But with me did she dwell at Monsalväsich, and
hath shared in my bitter woe,
And it somewhat hath dimmed her beauty, since
she seldom hath joyful been— 405
Thy brother is son to her sister, he may help thee
in this I ween.'

'If that maiden shall be thy sister,' quoth Feirefis
Angevin,
'Who the crown on her loose locks weareth, then
help me her love to win.
'Tis she that my heart desireth—What honour
mine hand hath won
With shield and spear in Tourney, for her sake
hath it all been done, 410
And I would she might now reward me! The
Tourney hath fashions five,
And well known unto me is each one, nor against
knightly rule I strive.
Spear in rest 'gainst the foe have I ridden; I have
smitten him from the side;
His onslaught have I avoided; nor to fair joust
have failed to ride
In gallop, as should beseem me; I have followed
the flying foe— 415
Since the shield, it hath been my safeguard, such
sorrow I ne'er may know

As that which to-day besets me—I have fought
with a fiery knight
At Agremontein, I bare then a shield of Asbestos
bright,
And a surcoat of Salamander, else sure had I there
been burned;
And in sooth my life have I perilled, and my fame
have I dearly earned. 420
Ah! would but thy sister send me to battle for
love's reward,
In strife would I do her bidding, and her fame and
mine own would guard.
And ever my heart fierce hatred to my god Jupiter
shall bear,
If he make not an end of my sorrow, and give me
this maiden fair!

Of the twain, Frimutel was the father, and
therefore Anfortas bore 425
E'en such face and such form as his sister—Then
the heathen, he looked once more
On the maiden and then on her brother—What
they bare him of drink or meat
No morsel he ate, yet he sat there as one who
made feint to eat.

Then to Parzival spake Anfortas, 'Sir King, it doth
seem to me
That thy brother, who sitteth by me, he faileth the
Grail to see!' 430
And Feirefis spake that he saw naught, nor knew
what It was 'the Grail';
And they hearkened his words, the Templars, and
a marvel they deemed the tale.
And Titurel needs must hear it, in his chamber the
old king lay,
And he quoth, 'If he be a heathen, then such
thought shall he put away
As that eyes unbaptized may win them the power
to behold the Grail! 435

Such barriers are built around It, his sight to the
task shall fail.'

Then they bare to the hall these tidings, and the
host and Anfortas told
How that which the folk did nourish, Feirefis, he
might ne'er behold,
Since from heathen eyes It was hidden, and they
prayed him to seek the grace
Of Baptism, by its virtue he should win him in
Heaven a place. 440

'If I, for your sake, be baptized, will that help me
to win my love?'
Spake Gamuret's son, the heathen—'As a wind
shall all sorrows prove,
That wooing or war shall have brought me, to the
grief that I now must feel!
If long or short the time be since I first felt the
touch of steel,
And fought 'neath a shield, such anguish ne'er
hath fallen unto my share, 445
And tho' love should, I ween, be hidden, yet my
heart would its grief declare!'

'Of whom dost thou speak?' quoth the Waleis, 'Of
none but that lady bright,
Who is sister to this, thy comrade—If thou, as a
faithful knight,
Wilt help me to win the maiden, I will give her
with kingly hand
Great riches, and men shall hail her as queen over
many a land!' 450
'If to Baptism thou wilt yield thee,' spake the host,
'then her love is thine,
(And as *thou* I right well may hail thee, since the
Grail and Its realm are mine,
And our riches methinks are equal)'—Quoth
Feirefis Angevin,

'Then help me to bliss, my brother, that the love of
thine aunt I win.
And, if Baptism be won by battle, then help me to
strife I pray, 455
That I, for sweet love's rewarding, may do service
without delay.
And mine ear well doth love the music when the
spear-shafts in splinters break,
And the helmet rings clear 'neath the sword-thrust,
and the war-cry the echo wakes.'

Then Parzival laughed out gaily, and Anfortas, he
laughed yet more,
'Nay, nay,' quoth the host, 'such blessing is no
guerdon for deeds of war. 460
I will give unto thee the maiden, by true Baptism's
grace and power,
But the god and the love of a heathen shalt thou
leave in the self-same hour;
And to-morrow, at early dawning, will I give to
thee counsel true,
Whose fruit shall be seen in the crowning of thy
life with a blessing new!'

Now Anfortas, before his sickness, in many a
distant land 465
Had won him fair fame, for Love's sake, by the
deeds of his knightly hand.
And the thoughts of his heart were gentle, and
generous he was and free,
And his right hand had won full often the guerdon
of victory;
So they sat in the wondrous presence of the Grail,
three heroes true,
The best of their day, and the bravest that sword-
blade in battle drew. 470

An ye will, they enough had eaten—They,
courteous, the tables bare

From the hall, and as serving-maidens, low bent
they, those maidens fair.
And Feirefis Angevin saw them as forth from the
hall they passed,
And in sorrow and deeper anguish I ween was the
hero cast.
And she who his heart held captive, she bare from
the hall the Grail, 475
And leave did they crave of their monarch, nor his
will to their will should fail.

How the queen, herself, she passed hence; how
men did their task begin;
Of the bedding soft they brought him who for
love's pain no rest might win;
How one and all, the Templars, with kindness
would put away
His grief, 'twere too long to tell ye—speak we
now of the dawning day. 480

In the light of the early morning came his brother,
Parzival,
With the noble knight Anfortas, and in this wise
the tale they tell;
This knight who to love was captive, proud
Zassamank's lord and king,
They prayed, of true heart, to follow, and they
would to the Temple bring,
And before the Grail they led him—And there had
they bidden stand 485
The wisest men of the Templars—knights and
servants, a goodly band,
Were there ere the heathen entered: the Font was a
ruby rare,
And it stood on a rounded pillar that of Jasper was
fashioned fair,
And of old Titurel, he gave it, and the cost was
great I ween—
Then Parzival spake to his brother, 'This maid
wouldst thou have for queen, 490

Then the gods thou hast served henceforward thou
 shalt for her sake forswear,
 And ever thine arms, as a true knight, 'gainst the
 foes of the true God bear,
 And, faithful, still do His bidding'—'Yea, aught
 that may win my love,'
 Quoth the heathen, 'I'll do right gladly, and my
 deeds shall my truth approve.'
 Now the Font, toward the Grail had they turned it,
 filled with water, nor hot nor cold, 495
 And a priest by its side did wait them, and grey-
 haired he was, and old;
 He had plunged 'neath baptismal waters full many
 a paynim child,
 And he spake to the noble heathen, and gentle his
 speech and mild—
 'If thy soul thou wouldst wrest from the Devil,
 thou shalt serve Him who reigns on high,
 And Threefold is He, yet but One God for aye is
 the Trinity. 500
 God is Man, and the Word of His Father, God is
 Father at once and Son,
 And alike shall the twain be honoured, and the
 Spirit with them is One!
 In the Threefold Name shall it cleanse thee, this
 water, with Threefold might,
 And from shadow of heathen darkness shalt thou
 pass into Christian light.
 In water was He baptized, in Whose likeness was
 Adam made, 505
 And each tree from the water draweth its sap, and
 its leafy shade.
 By water all flesh is nourished, and all that on
 earth doth live,
 And the eyes of man are quickened, such virtue
 doth water give;
 And many a soul it cleanseth, till it shineth so
 pure and white
 That the angels themselves in heaven methinks
 shall be scarce so bright!' 510

To the priest then he spake, the heathen, 'If it
bringeth me ease for woe
I will swear whatsoever thou biddest—If reward in
her love I know,
Then gladly I'll do His bidding—Yea, brother, I
here believe
In the God of my love, and for her sake all other
gods I'll leave,
(For such sorrow as she hath brought me I never
have known before,) 515
And it profiteth naught Sekundillé the love that to
me she bore,
And the honour that she hath done me—All that
shall have passed away—
In the Name of the God of my father would I fain
be baptized to-day!'

Then the priest laid his hands upon him, and the
blessing baptismal gave,
And he did on the chrisom vesture, and he won
what his soul did crave, 520
For e'en as he was baptized they made ready the
maiden mild,
And for christening gift they gave him King
Frimutel's lovely child.

From his eyes had the Grail been hidden ere
baptismal waters bright
Had passed o'er his head, but henceforward, 'twas
unveiled to his wondering sight,
And, e'en as the rite was over, on the Grail they
this writing read; 525
'The Templar whom God henceforward to a
strange folk should send as head,
Must forbid all word or question of his country, or
name, or race,
If they willed he aright should help them, and they
would in his sight find grace.
For the day that they ask the question that folk
must he leave straightway'—

Since the time that their king, Anfortas, so long in
his anguish lay, 530
And the question o'er-long awaited, all questions
but please them ill,
The knights of the Grail, and no man doth
question them with their will.

Then, baptized, Feirefis the Christian to Anfortas
made urgent prayer,
He should ride with him to his kingdom, and his
riches with him should share;
But, with courtesy, Anfortas to the knight and his
prayer said 'Nay, 535
Naught shall hinder the willing service that to
God I would give alway;
'Tis a goodly crown, the Grail crown, thro' pride
was it lost to me,
Henceforth do I choose as my portion a life of
humility,
And riches and love of women shall be strangers
unto my heart—
Thou ledest with thee a fair wife, henceforth
shall it be her part 540
With true love to reward thy service, as to women
is fit and fair,
But I for the love of mine Order henceforward
mine arms will bear;
For the Grail and Its service only I many a joust
will ride,
But I fight never more for women—thro' a woman
did ill betide!
Yet no hatred I bear to women, high courage and
joy they give 545
Unto men, tho' I won but sorrow while I did in
their service live.'

But yet, for the sake of his sister, Feirefis rested
not to pray
That Anfortas should journey with them, but ever
he said them nay.

Then he prayed Lohengrin should fare with him,
but the mother, she willed it not;
And King Parzival spake, 'In the service of the
Grail hath he part and lot, 550
And my son, he is pledged to the Order, and a
faithful heart and true
Must he bear in the holy service—God grant him
the will thereto!'

Then in joy and in fair diversion, till eleven days
were o'er,
Feirefis abode at Monsalväsich, on the twelfth
would he ride once-more,
He would lead his wife, this rich man, to his army
that yet did wait 555
His coming, and Parzival sorrowed for the brother
he won so late,
And mourned sore when he heard the tidings—
Then counsel he took straightway,
And a goodly force of the Templars did he send
with them on their way,
Thro' the woodland paths should they guide them
—Anfortas, the gallant knight,
Himself fain would be their escort—sore wept
many maidens bright. 560

And new pathways they needs must cut them to
Karkobra's city fair—
Then Anfortas, he sent a message to him who was
Burg-grave there;
And he bade him, if aye of aforetime rich gifts
from his hand he won
To bethink him, that so this service of true heart
by him be done;
His brother-in-law with his lady, the king's sister,
he now must guide 565
Thro' the wood Lœhprisein, where the haven afar
lieth wild and wide—
For now 'twas the hour of parting, nor further the
knights must fare,

But Anfortas, he spake to Kondrie, and he bade
her the message bear.
Then from Feirefis, the rich man, the Templars
leave did pray,
And the courteous knight and noble rode hence on
his homeward way. 570

And the Burg-grave no whit delayed him, but he
did e'en at Kondrie's word,
And gave welcome fair and knightly to the folk
and their noble lord.
Nor might Feirefis grow weary of his stay, at the
dawn of day,
With many a knight as escort, they guided him on
his way.
But I know not how far he had ridden, nor the
countries his eyes had seen 575
Ere he came once more to Ioflanz, and its
meadow, so fair and green.

And some of the folk yet abode there—and
Feirefis fain had known,
In the self-same hour, the tidings of whither the
host had flown;
For each one had sought his country, and the road
that full well he knew—
King Arthur to Camelot journeyed with many a
hero true— 580
Then he of Tribalibot hastened, and his army he
sought once more,
For his ships lay yet in the haven, and they
grieved for their lord full sore
And his coming brought joy and courage to many
a hero bold—
The Burg-grave and his knights from Karkobra he
rewarded with gifts and gold—
And strange news did they tell unto Kondrie, for
messengers sought the host, 585
Sekundillé was dead; with the tidings they many a
sea had crossed.

Then first in her distant journey did Répanse de
Schoie find joy,
And in India's realm hereafter did she bear to the
king a boy;
And *Prester John* they called him, and he won to
himself such fame
That henceforward all kings of his country were
known by no other name. 590
And Feirefis sent a writing thro' the kingdoms
whose crown he bore,
And the Christian Faith was honoured as it never
had been of yore.
(And Tribalibot was that country which as *India*
here we know.)
Then Feirefis spake to Kondrie, and he bade her
his brother show
(Who reigneth in far Monsalväsich) what had
chanced unto him, the king, 595
And the death of Queen Sekundillé—and the
tidings the maid did bring;
And Anfortas was glad and joyful to think that his
sister fair,
Without or strife or conflict, the crown of those
lands might bear.

Now aright have ye heard the story of the children
of Frimutel,
Five they were, and three are living, and death
unto two befell. 600
And the one was Schoysiané, who was pure in the
sight of God,
And the other was Herzeleide, and falsehood her
soul abhorred;
And the sword and the life of knighthood,
Trevrezent, he had laid them down
For the love of God, and His service, and the hope
of a deathless crown.
And the gallant knight, Anfortas, pure heart and
strong hand he bore, 605

And well for the Grail he joustèd, but for women
he fought no more.
And Lohengrin grew to manhood, and cowardice
from him flew,
And his heart yearned for deeds of knighthood, to
the Grail he did service true.

Would ye further hear the story? A maiden, in
days of yore,
Whose heart was free from falsehood, the crown
of a fair land bore— 610
Her heirdom was rich and noble, and lowly and
pure her heart,
And no taint of earthly longing had found in her
soul a part.
And wooers she had in plenty, of crownèd kings, I
ween,
And princes, whose race and kingdom fit mate for
her own had been.
Yet so humble she was, the maiden, she thought
not of earthly love— 615
And the counts of her realm waxed wrathful,
since no pleading her soul could move,
And their anger raged hot against her that she
gave not her maiden hand
To one who should be fit ruler o'er her folk, and
her goodly land.
In God was her trust, whatever men might in their
anger speak,
And guiltless, she bare the vengeance her folk on
her head would wreak. 620
But she called of her land the princes, and they
journeyed from far and near,
From many a distant country, the will of their
queen to hear.
And she sware she would have no husband, and
no man as her lord would own
Save him whom God's Hand should send her, his
love would she wait alone.

Of the land of Brabant was she princess—From
Monsalväsche he came, the knight 625
Whom God at His will should send her, and his
guide was a swan so white.
He set foot in her land at Antwerp, and she knew
that her heart spake true,
And gallant was he to look on, and all men the
hero knew
For a noble knight and manly, and his face, it was
wondrous fair,
And his fame was in every kingdom where men
did his deeds declare. 630
And a wise man he was, free-handed, with never a
doubting heart,
And faithful and true, and falsehood it found in
his life no part.

A fair welcome the princess gave him—now list
ye unto his rede,
Rich and poor stood there around him, and they
gave to his words good heed,
And he spake thus, 'My Lady Duchess, if thou
wilt not mine hand refuse, 635
But wilt have me for lord and husband, for thy
sake I a kingdom lose—
But hearken to what I pray thee, ask thou never
who I may be,
And seek not to know my country, for so may I
abide with thee.
In the day thou dost ask the question of my love
shalt thou be bereft—
Take thou warning, lest God recall me to the land
which erewhile I left.' 640
Then she pledged her faith as a woman that her
love, it should ne'er wax less,
She would do e'en as he should bid her, and never
his will transgress
So long as God wit should give her—Her love did
he win that night,

And Lord of Brabant and its Duchess they hailed
him with morning light.

And the marriage feast was costly, and many a
knight the land 645
That of right should be his, as vassal, must take
from his princely hand.
For he gave ever righteous judgment, and many a
gallant deed
Of knighthood he did, and, valiant, he won of fair
fame his meed.
Fair children were born unto them—The folk of
Brabant yet know
Of the twain, how he came unto them, and
wherefore he thence must go, 650
And how long he dwelt among them ere her
question broke the spell,
And drove him forth, unwilling, for so shall the
story tell.
The friendly swan, it sought him, and a little boat
did bring,
And he sailed thence, and left as tokens his sword,
and his horn, and ring.
So *Lohengrin* passed from among them, for in
sooth this gallant knight 655
Was Parzival's son, and none other, if the tale ye
would know aright.
By water-ways he sought it, the home of the Grail,
again—
And what of the lovely duchess who longed for
her lord in vain?
Why drove she hence her true love? since he bade
her be warned of yore,
And forbade her to ask the question when he
landed on Brabant's shore— 660
Here Herr Erec should speak, for, I think me, he
knoweth the tale to tell
Of revenging for broken pledges, and the fate that
such speech befell!

If Chrétien of Troyes, the master, hath done to this
tale a wrong,
Then *Kiot* may well be wrathful, for he taught us
aright the song,
To the end the Provençal told it—How
Herzeleide's son the Grail 665
Did win, as was fore-ordained when Anfortas
thereto did fail.
And thus, from Provence, the story to the German
land was brought,
And aright was it told, and the story doth lack in
its ending naught.
I, Wolfram of Eschenbach, think me that here-of
will I speak no more—
Of Parzival's race, and his kindred, of that have I
told afore; 670
To the goal of his bliss have I brought him—he
whose life such an end shall gain,
That his soul doth not forfeit Heaven for sins that
his flesh shall stain,
And yet, as true man and worthy, the world's
favour and grace doth keep
Hath done well, nor hath lost his labour, nor his
fame shall hereafter sleep!
And if good and gracious women shall think I be
worthy praise, 675
Since I tell to its end my story, then joyful shall be
my days.
And since for the love of a woman I have sung it,
this song of old,
I would that, in sweet words gentle, my guerdon
by her be told!

APPENDICES

EXCURSUS A WOLFRAM'S SOURCE

In examining into the source whence Wolfram derived this poem, it may be well to restate briefly the problem as indicated in the Preface. We may take it as an acknowledged fact, disputed by none, that for the bulk of his work, from the commencement of Books III. to XIII., and inclusive of part of the latter, Wolfram drew from a French source; he himself says that this source was the poem of 'Kiot the Provençal,' and, while acquainted with the work of Chrétien de Troyes, he distinctly avows his preference for Kiot over Chrétien, saying that Chrétien had told the story wrongly, for which Kiot might well be wrathful with him. From this we gather that, granting the existence of the two French versions, Kiot's had preceded Chrétien's.

The difficulties in the way of accepting Wolfram's own definite statement are twofold: first, that no trace of such a poem, or such a poet, exists (which in itself is not an insuperable difficulty); second, and more serious, that we do possess the poem of Chrétien de Troyes, and that it presents such striking features of similarity to Wolfram's version that it is clear that if one were not the source of the other, there is a common source at the root of both.

Now, of Chrétien's source he only tells us that Count Philip of Flanders gave him the book in which he found this story of Perceval and the Grail, but of the author of the book he says no word. Of Kiot's source, Wolfram tells us that the story of the origin of the Grail was found in a MS. at Toledo, written in Arabic by a heathen astronomer, Flegetanis; and it also appears, from a passage in Book VIII. p. 238, that the story of Parzival was contained in the same MS. That Kiot then sought through the chronicles of various countries for some

confirmation of the tale, and finally found the record of the Grail kings in the chronicles of Anjou.

Of the sources thus variously given, the book possessed by Count Philip of Flanders, the Arabic MS. of Flegetanis, the Chronicles of Anjou, and Kiot's poem founded upon these two last, the Chronicles of Anjou alone remain to us; do they throw any light on the question or not? It has long been asserted that they do *not*, and it is true that they contain no record of the Grail kings, nor, though King Arthur is mentioned, and treated as an historical personage, do we find any mention of Mazadan, Gamuret, Herzeleide, and Parzival under the same names; but it also seems equally clear that the writer of the *Parzival* knew the Chronicles of Anjou, and in the case of each of the characters mentioned above it is not difficult to trace a distinct correspondence between what is recorded in the *Parzival* and real personages and events of Angevin history. (A reference to Appendix A, vol. i., 'on the Angevin allusions' will show how close in some cases this parallel is.) Now we find that the greater number of these allusions are contained in the earlier part of the poem, Books I., II., and III., some of the most striking, *e.g.* the account of the origin of the Angevin House; the parallel between Gamuret and Fulk V.; and the introduction of Herzeleide, being in the two first books; *i.e.* that part of the poem peculiar to Wolfram's version is also the part of the poem richest in indications of a knowledge of Angevin history.

The fact that Wolfram has an introduction, and a completion, to the Perceval legend which agree perfectly one with the other, and are not found elsewhere, naturally leads to the inference that he either had a source other than Chrétien, or that he invented the books himself; which latter Simrock claims to have been the case. In a case of this kind, where there is an utter lack of external testimony to help us, we can only judge from the internal evidence of the work itself, and here we are met at the outset by the startling phenomenon of a poem, ascribed to the invention of a *German* poet, abounding in allusions to a contemporary *French* line of princes, and evidently designed for the glorification of that house. It is perfectly true that the princely family in question had risen to a

point of greatness that resulted in their dominating for some years European politics, but, in the absence of any testimony connecting Wolfram with the House of Anjou, we are at least entitled to ask how he possibly came to give such a colour to his poem. It is impossible to avoid being perplexed by such questions as these; how did Wolfram come to be so familiar with the early history of the Angevin counts? If he wished to glorify any reigning prince why did he not choose a German, say Hermann of Thuringia, rather than lead to the suspicion that he wished to compliment a house represented at the time *he* wrote by its very worst and weakest descendant, John of Anjou and England? Why did he lay the adventures of his hero's father in the East, and bring into the story the curious and enigmatic personality of Feirefis, and, having invented him, give him a name of undoubted *French* origin? And even if we pass over the difficulties of the first two books we are met by other questions just as puzzling, *e.g.* why did Wolfram, who had so high an idea of fidelity to his source, and who blamed so strongly the leading poet of his day for the fault of departing from his supposed model, represent the Grail and the dwellers in Its castle in the light in which he did? There is no parallel to his Grail-stone or the 'Templeisen' throughout the whole Grail literature, and we cannot escape from the alternative of admitting that if Wolfram did not invent all this he found it in a source unknown to us.

The problem of the Grail has been attempted to be solved by the hypothesis of a misunderstanding of Chrétien de Troyes, this solution is of course *possible*, but it must be admitted that it has the appearance rather of an ingenious evasion than an explanation of a difficulty, and it holds good for nothing beyond the bare presentment of the Grail as a *stone*. The Angevin problem, on the other hand, has so far never been solved at all, and only its removal hinted at by the suggestion that Walter Mapes was the author of Wolfram's source, which of course admits that Wolfram *had* a source other than Chrétien, and therefore by implication throws doubt on the above suggested explanation of the Grail which is based on the supposition that Chrétien, and Chrétien alone, was the source of Wolfram's information. In fact, so long as we refuse to

admit the truth of Wolfram's own explicit statements, so long shall we find the interpretation of the *Parzival* beset with innumerable difficulties, the attempted explanation of one part of the problem only rendering the remaining portion more obscure; but if we will accept it as possible that Wolfram gave a correct account of the source of his poem, and, divesting our minds of all preconceived ideas in favour of this or that theory, carefully examine the indications afforded by the poem itself, we may find that there *is* a solution which will meet, more or less fully, all the difficulties which beset the question. Now, as remarked above, when Wolfram wrote his poem the power of the Angevin House was beginning to decline, the date assigned to the *Parzival*, with which date all the internal evidences agree, is within the first fifteen years of the thirteenth century, a period exactly corresponding to the reign of John, and it may be the first two or three years of that of his successor Henry III., and it was during the fatuous misgovernment of these princes that the edifice so carefully built up by the early Angevin counts fell to pieces. Works in glorification of any special house or kingdom are not, as a rule, written during that house or kingdom's period of decadence, rather during its time of growth and aggrandisement, and we find as a fact that the events which led to the accession of an Angevin count to the throne of England 'stirred up, during the early years of Henry Fitz-Empress' reign, a spirit of patriotic loyalty which led more than one of his subjects to collect the floating popular traditions of his race, and weave them into a narrative which passed for a history of the Angevin counts.' (Cf. *England under the Angevin Kings*, vol. ii. p. 195.) It is therefore to this period rather than to a later date, *i.e.* to Wolfram's source rather than to Wolfram himself, that historical testimony would bid us assign the Angevin allusions. History also forbids us to assume that *Chrétien* could have been the source of Wolfram's information; Chrétien was of Troyes, in Champagne, therefore an adherent of the House of Blois who were hereditary foes of the Angevin counts, and not without reason, as the latter were most undesirable neighbours, and never lost a chance of increasing their dominions at the expense of their fellow-princes. At one time or another, either by marriage or by conquest, they annexed all the surrounding estates (though

they grasped considerably more than they could permanently hold), and after the marriage of Henry Fitz-Empress with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the heiress of Poitou and Guyenne, and of his son Geoffrey with Constance of Brittany, the whole of the coast-line of France belonged to the Angevin possessions. It was not surprising that princes of such an acquisitive nature should have many enemies, and when Henry's sons rebelled against him they were not without friends to back them up, among them, apparently, was the very Count Philip of Flanders from whom Chrétien received the book from whence he drew his poem. If then Wolfram in his first two books was following a French poet, that poet was *not* Chrétien.

But if the Angevin counts had many foes they had also many adherents, not only in Europe but in the East, their connection with which dated back to the reign of Fulk Nerra, or Fulk the Palmer. It was not to a member of an unknown house that Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, in 1129 sent an invitation to become his son-in-law and successor; nor did Fulk, when he left Anjou for Jerusalem, go alone—we are expressly told that he took a large army with him. Fulk himself died in 1142, but he left sons who succeeded him, so that the Angevin rule in the East did not end with his death.

Is it then impossible, or even improbable, that this 'Kiot the Provençal' of whom Wolfram speaks was an adherent of the House of Anjou, who had followed their fortunes in the East, and who, coming under the spell of the Grail myth in its connection with the Perceval legend, remodelled the story, probably then still in a rough and transitional form, in accordance with his own personal experiences and prepossessions? Do not all the indications afforded by the poem favour this theory? Such a man would have been thoroughly familiar with the legends that had gathered round the early Angevin princes, as well as with the historical facts connected with their successors; he would have come into contact with the Order of the Knights Templars in a land where they were in deed, and not merely in name, guardians of the Faith; he would be familiar with many a legend of precious stones, the favourite talisman of the East, and would know the special virtue ascribed to each; above all, he would have seen

before him in a concrete form the contest between faith and unbelief, darkness and light, Christianity and Heathendom, a black race and a white, which forms at least one of the leading ideas in the interpretation of the poem.

In fact, if we will allow the existence of such a writer as a travelled Angevin might well have been, we shall find all the principal problems of the *Parzival* admit of a rational explanation. Even the central puzzle, Wolfram's representation of the Grail, is explicable on such an hypothesis. We know how very vague Chrétien's account of the Grail is; how much in the dark he leaves us as to Its outward form, Its influence, and Its origin. A writer *before* Chrétien is scarcely likely to have been more explicit; what more likely than that a man long resident in the East, and familiar, as has been said above, with Eastern jewel talismans and the legends connected with them, when confronted with this mysterious Grail, of which no definite account was given, yet which apparently exercised a magical life-sustaining influence, should have jumped to the conclusion of Its, at least partial, identity with the precious stones of the power of which he had heard so much?

And in connection with this it is worthy of note that Wolfram represents the Grail as lying on a *green* Achmardi; in other versions of the Grail romances it is red, or white, samite that we find mentioned as veiling the relic. Throughout the poem we find *green* constantly mentioned, *e.g.* Gamuret's equipment, the robes of the Grail maidens and of Gramoflanz, the cross over Gamuret's grave, Trevrezent's shrine or reliquary; all these allusions seem to point to the writer's familiarity with green as a royal and sacred colour, a knowledge which could only have been gained in the East. Nor, as mentioned in note to Book IX., is the description of the Grail the only instance of a mystical influence being attributed to a precious stone, but throughout the whole poem the constant mention of gems, and, in special instances, of the virtue they possess, is one of the marked peculiarities of the poem, and one of the features which differentiate it from Chrétien's version.

That Wolfram had a model for these earlier books, and one that he was following closely, appears from the description he

gives in two places of Kaillet's armour; in Book I. we find '*do rekande ich abr wol dinen strûs, ame schilde ein sarapandra test,*' and in Book II. '*stît dîn strûs noch sunder nest? Du solt din sarapandra test gein sinem halben grîfen tragen,*' where in both instances it is distinctly implied that Kaillet had *two* badges, an ostrich on his helmet and a snake's head on his shield, which is, to say the least, extremely unlikely. What seems to be really meant is that Kaillet carried the figure of the entire bird on his helmet, and a representation of its head on his shield; the likeness in the shape of the latter to a snake's head has often been commented upon, and the ostrich, from its curious head and neck, has been known as 'the serpent bird.' It seems clear that here at least Wolfram was following another description, and one which he did not altogether understand.

As to the conclusion to be drawn from the proper names which occur in such profusion throughout the poem, this question has been so fully treated by Bartsch (cf. vol. i. Appendix B) that it would be superfluous to discuss it here; and the correspondence between the Titurel poems and the Parzival, which argues a common source for both, has also been adequately discussed, but the addition of the arguments to be derived from the correspondence existing between Wolfram's Angevin allusions and the facts of Angevin history, seems to put it beyond doubt that there is a strong body of evidence in support of Wolfram's own statement that he had a French source other than Chrétien de Troyes; and, if we admit that he spoke the truth so far, it seems only logical to believe that he was also speaking the truth when he gave the name of the author of his source as '*Kiot the Provençal.*'

EXCURSUS B

RELATION OF WOLFRAM TO CHRÉTIEN

In explanation of the striking agreement which exists between the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach and that part of *Li Conte del Graal* which we owe to Chrétien de Troyes, three solutions may be suggested: (a) That Chrétien was the source of Wolfram; (b) That Chrétien and Wolfram both drew from a common source, that source, if Wolfram is to be believed,

being Kiot; (c) That Chrétien, who wrote before Wolfram, drew from a source anterior to Wolfram, which source was also used by Kiot.

For reasons already stated we may dismiss (a) without further argument, and accept Wolfram's statement as to the existence of a French poem other than Chrétien's; but the question as to the relationship existing between these two poems, whether the one was directly the source of the other (as Wolfram seems to have supposed), or whether both represent a common source, requires to be carefully examined.

The principal difference between the *Parzival* and the *Conte del Graal* is in the Introduction, which is missing entirely in Chrétien, whose account of Perceval's father and of his death is at variance with all the other versions, and has been supplemented by a later Introduction, more in harmony with what seems to have been accepted as the original form of the story, *i.e.* with the fact of the death of the hero's father *before* his birth, and the flight of the *widowed* mother into the woods. Now, it is of course quite possible, it is even highly probable, that Chrétien, had he known a version of the story such as Wolfram gives, would have rejected it on account of its connection with the House of Anjou, but we cannot base any argument on the absence of this introduction, since Chrétien left his poem unfinished at a point before the close connection between the first two books and the ending of the story becomes apparent in Wolfram. Had Chrétien lived to complete his work we should have then been in a better position to judge whether he knew Kiot's poem and deliberately set it on one side, or whether he was following another version.

Closely as the two poems agree, it is noticeable that, in more than one instance, Chrétien's version of an incident is more in harmony with the story as told in other members of the Grail cycle than is Wolfram's; *e.g.* Parzival's visit to the court of King Arthur, and Gawain's adventure in the Château Merveil, both of which have been fully treated in the Notes. It is curious also that in the three versions of the story most closely agreeing, the *Conte del Graal*, *Parzival*, and *Peredur*, we find the bleeding lance and the sword in each, while for the 'Grail' talisman we have variously, an enigmatic object of gold set

with precious stones, a stone, and a bleeding head on a dish; this variation seems to point to the conclusion that the lance and sword, and not the 'Grail,' were the original features of the story; and accordingly we find in Chrétien that it is the lance, and not the Grail, which Gawain goes to seek; and the lance is also treated at greater length than is the Grail.

If Wolfram and Chrétien were drawing from the same source it seems strange that it is in the work of that one of the two who avowedly places a high value on adherence to the traditional form of the story that we miss just these archaic features.

Again, Wolfram and Chrétien differ very decidedly in their presentment of the Grail knights and their organisation; if so striking and effective a feature existed in a source common to both, it is difficult to understand why Chrétien omitted it; he could have had no such grudge against the Order of Templars as he would reasonably have against the House of Anjou, and it is equally difficult to believe that if it was *not* in the source, Wolfram departed from his avowed principle of fidelity so far as to introduce it.

We also find the same ideas introduced in a different context; thus, when Perceval leaves his mother to go out into the world, among her counsels the French poet includes, '*Preudom ne forconselle nie celui ki tient sa compagnie*'; in Wolfram we have no such phrase, but when Parzival arrives at Gurnemanz's Castle we find him saying, '*Mîn muoter saget al wâr, Alt mannes rede stêt niht se vâr,*' which in the Parzival she did *not* say. It is evident that in the two versions counsel and application have become separated, and in this case again it seems more probable that the counsel would originally have been given without the application, as by Chrétien, than *vice versa* as by Wolfram. On the other hand, Mr. Nutt points out in his *Studies* that Perceval's recognition of the knights as *angels* is quite at variance with his mother's representation of armed men as *devils*, whereas in the *Parzival* the whole episode is clear and consistent. Here the French poet has evidently dropped out something, and there are other instances, such as the names of Gurnemanz's sons, in which the German poem seems to have followed an older tradition.

But on the whole, a careful comparison of the two poems seems to show that Wolfram's version is further removed from the original form of the story than is Chrétien's, and that therefore the probability is that the common basis of the two poems was a work known to the two *French* poets.

In support of this theory it may be noted as a curious fact that while *Chrétien* avowedly bases his poem on a book given to him by the Count of Flanders, *Wolfram's* poem really contains more references to Flanders than Chrétien's does. Thus we have several allusions to Lambekien, Duke of Brabant; Brandelidelein of Punturtois figures prominently both in the second and in the later books, and his city 'Der Wazzervesten stat von Punt' (*punt=pont=bridge*) is suspiciously like Bruges; to say nothing of the connection of the Lohengrin story with Brabant and Antwerp. It has been pointed out already by critics that Gerbert, one of Chrétien's continuators, has the same connection of the Grail winner with the knight of the swan, which seems to indicate that the stories were not first connected by the *German* poet (Gerbert also connects with the Swan Knight with the Deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre, an Oriental and Crusading feature quite in harmony with what has been suggested with regard to Wolfram's French source).

On the whole, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the source of Kiot's poem was identical with the book delivered to Chrétien by the Count of Flanders; and the connection between Wolfram and Chrétien is that of a source from which Chrétien drew at first, Wolfram at second hand, Wolfram's medium having treated the legend with far more freedom and boldness than was common at that date.

EXCURSUS C

THE INTERPRETATION AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF THE POEM

The question of the interpretation to be placed upon the *Parzival* is one of the most important parts of the problem under discussion. As a rule it has been treated apart from the question of the *source*, for critics have been pretty generally unanimous in declaring that whatever the authority followed as

to the story, its employment as a medium of ethical edification was due to Wolfram and to Wolfram alone. But a careful examination of the poem seems to indicate that not only were the first germs of a spiritual interpretation due to another and older writer, but also that a very close and important connection exists between the interpretation and the source, as alleged by Wolfram himself.

Now, whether we are treating of the source or of the inner signification of the poem, one of the most important elements in the question is the character of Feirefis. That this curious personality is as closely connected with the inner, as with the outer, development of the story many critics have readily admitted, and therefore the question of the *origin* of the character becomes one of no little importance. If we can prove that Feirefis is beyond doubt the invention of Wolfram, then we have a strong argument for believing that the ethical teaching is also entirely Wolfram's; but if the evidence points the other way, and is in favour of the theory that Feirefis is an integral part of the original French source, then there is strong ground for believing that the semi-allegorical treatment of the subject was also part of Kiot's scheme. Simrock feels this so strongly that he advances the close connection of Feirefis alike with the *grund-idee* of the poem and the first two books to prove that Wolfram *must* have written those books, since to him alone the moral teaching can be due.

But is the evidence in favour of the German authorship of these books? Is it not, as we have shown in the discussion of the Angevin allusions, distinctly *against* such a conclusion? And here we must not overlook the fact that the *Angevin* parentage is insisted on far more strongly in the case of Feirefis than in that of his brother; it seems indeed as if the elder brother were regarded specially as the son of his father, from first to last he is 'Feirefis Angevin,' whereas Parzival is regarded more as the son of the mother through whom he is connected with the mystic race of the Grail-kings, and bears throughout the title of 'Waleis,' his mother's, not his father's, land.

A close study of the poem seems to show that it came into Wolfram's hands an organic whole; in spite of the strong

individuality of the German poet which has stamped itself on every page, in spite of the constant personal allusions, of the characteristic form into which he has remoulded the story, we feel that he has never lost sight of the original conception, but, even while working out his own interpretation, has allowed the thread of his source to run unbroken, if not untangled, to the end. And with that thread Feirefis is closely inwoven; it is at the critical moment of Parzival's life, when the conventional faith in God as the All-wise Ruler of the world, which has been sufficient for his boyhood, fails him, that the hero first learns the existence of his unknown brother, Feirefis Angevin; from that point onward, whenever the story will admit of an allusion to Feirefis, either directly, or indirectly through his love Sekundillé, that allusion is introduced, so that as we draw towards the end of the poem the mind is not unprepared for the appearance of Feirefis himself, and the combat which is the last, as it is the most desperate, of Parzival's trials. The breaking of the sword of Ither of Gaheviess, as well as the exceptional nature of the conflict itself, is a distinct indication of a special significance attached to the incident, and one is not surprised to find that the conclusion of Parzival's probation and his election to the Grail kingdom follow closely upon it. It is impossible to believe that a personality so strange as that of Feirefis, so closely connected with the hero of the poem, and brought into special prominence at the turning-points of his career, means nothing at all; and this when we have the contrast between Doubt and Steadfastness, Darkness and Light, Black and White directly insisted upon.

The original ethical idea seems to have been simple enough; the sin of lack of faith in God, which mars an otherwise steadfast character. Feirefis shows, in a concrete form, the contrast sketched in the opening lines of Book I., and Parzival's final conflict with his parti-coloured brother signified the final victory over Doubt which rendered him worthy to win the Grail. The idea of working some such *motif* into the story may very likely have arisen from a wish to supply a better and more adequate reason for Parzival's interview with the Hermit, an episode which, as the *Parzival* shows, is capable of far finer treatment than it has received in

any other version. (It must not be forgotten that Parzival's passionate outbreak and defiance of God is found nowhere else, and that the duty of trust in God and reliance upon Him in the hour of trouble has been distinctly part of his early teaching, and that there too the 'black and white' contrast has been insisted upon.) The idea thus first suggested, the circumstances of a residence in the East, where such a conflict between light and darkness was actually being carried on, determined the form into which it should be cast. It is extremely difficult to understand how *Wolfram*, if he only possessed the Perceval legend in an incomplete form, conceived the idea of supplementing it in this special manner; but if *Kiot* be responsible for the first introduction of the religious idea, as he was of the Angevin, the problem becomes perfectly easy, his conception of the struggle in the soul of man was simply a reflection of the struggle as he saw it in the world.

(It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that no princes of the day were more strongly affected by the Crusading spirit, or more closely connected with the East than the Angevin princes; and that to assume on the part of one of their followers the familiarity with Crusading ideas which is here ascribed to 'Kiot' is to do little more than state a commonplace fact of history.)

But that the idea of the poem has, in a measure, undergone a change, and that the *Parzival* in its present shape owes much to the genius of the man who, probably attracted by the ethical turn Kiot had given to the story, took it into his own hands, and, remodelling it, sent it forth to the world a heritage for all generations, may readily be granted. No careful reader of the poem can fail to feel that the interpretation is a double one; that if there are passages which seem to treat of Faith and Doubt only as they affect the position of the soul towards God, there are others which as clearly treat of the same questions as affecting man's relation to his fellow-men; in which faith is interpreted in its widest sense as a loyal fulfilment of *all* obligations, social as well as religious; and that all this is summed up and expressed in the inculcation of loyalty to the dictates of the knightly order in their highest form.

Occasionally these two ideas obviously clash, as when in Book IX. Trevrezent tells Parzival that the Grail cannot be won by human effort, and asks, 'Wilt thou force thy God with thine anger?' and in Book XVI. practically takes back his words and admits that this is what Parzival *has* done. The true solution of the puzzle seems to be neither in interpreting the poem exclusively as an allegory of the struggle in the soul of man, nor exclusively as a confession of faith in the knightly order as a means of salvation, but rather in admitting that the poem sets forth *both* these views, and that the lines of thought cross and recross and overlie one another according as Wolfram reproduced the ideas of the older poet, or overlaid them with his own.

And if we will believe in the real personality of 'Kiot,' we may find that the religious teaching of the poem gains a new significance; deeply religious it undoubtedly is, full of a profound trust in God, a deep conviction of the individual relationship existing between the soul and its Maker, and a simple acceptance of the elementary doctrines of Christianity, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and Its extension through the initial Sacrament of Baptism; but with all this there is a complete absence of ecclesiasticism, and a lack of features familiar to us in other works of the day.

It is very curious that, constantly as Baptism is insisted upon as essential to salvation, the equal necessity for the Second Great Sacrament of the Faith is passed over. It is perfectly true that Wolfram's knights attend Mass, and that Mass is apparently celebrated with regularity, but here their obligation seems to end; never once do we hear of one of his knights communicating, even Gamuret, when dying, though he receives absolution, does not receive the viaticum (the account of Vivians' death in *Willehalm* seems to show that elsewhere Wolfram, in common with other writers of the day, *did* acknowledge this necessity). Again, though Parzival comes to the Hermit's cell on Good Friday, and spends fourteen days in his company, confessing and receiving absolution, we have no mention of the Easter Communion in the German poem, though we have in the French. In Book X. the wounded knight, whom Gawain succours, asks to be helped to a *spital* that his

wounds may be attended to; in Chrétien's version he expresses his fear of dying unabsolved and uncommunicated, and would seek a Hermit who lives near at hand for that purpose. And this difference between the two versions meets us at every turn; *Chrétien* abounds in allusions to the hours of prayer; if he wishes to indicate the time when any special event happens he mentions that it is just after Prime, or between Tierce and Noon; Perceval says that if he finds his mother he will make her a veiled nun, and the mother's counsels in the French poem are emphatic on the subject of Perceval's religious duties, which Wolfram wholly omits; Chrétien's characters constantly invoke the saints, which Wolfram's knights never do; when Parzival is in imminent danger of death it is to his wife, and not to a patron saint, that he looks for aid. Wolfram is always a religious poet, but, if we compare his other important poem the *Willehalm* with the *Parzival*, we cannot help feeling that the former is decidedly more in harmony with the thought of his day, and less curiously 'modern' in tone than the latter. It is difficult to resist the conviction that some of the special peculiarities of the *Parzival* are due to Wolfram's source quite as much as to Wolfram himself.

It is a commonplace of history that one effect of the contact between heathen and Christian races brought about by the Crusades was the awakening of a spirit of tolerance between the brave men on either side. In a day when manly strength and courage were accounted of such value it was impossible that the existence of such qualities on the side of the heathen should not, in the opinion of many, go far to counterbalance their lack of Christianity; and it is certain that among those long resident in the East such tolerance eventually led to laxity in matters both of faith and practice. It was such laxity that was the ostensible reason for the fall of the Knights Templars. In the case of a poem, which otherwise gives indication of familiarity with Oriental custom and tradition, is it unreasonable to suggest that its peculiarities of religious treatment, its freedom from petty ecclesiastical details, the breadth and tolerance of its views, and the far more human ideal of virtue which it presents, may, at least in part, be due to

the influence of the Crusading spirit which we know did, on the whole, make in these directions?

To sum up the entire question, the drift of the internal evidence of the *Parzival* seems to indicate that the author of Wolfram's source was a warm partisan of the House of Anjou, sometime resident in the East, familiar with the History of the House whose fortunes he followed, and with much curious Oriental legend, and thoroughly imbued with the broader views of life and religion inspired by the Crusades. That he wrote his poem *after* 1172 seems most likely from the connection between England, Anjou, and Ireland noted in Book IX.; on the other hand, the parallel existing between the early history of Henry Fitz-Empress and that of the hero of the *Parzival* seems to show that he intended a compliment to that prince, which would fix the year of Henry's death, 1189, as the *terminus ad quem*. The probabilities are that it would be written earlier, before the troubles of Henry's later years. What we know of the extent of the Angevin rule and influence at that date renders it quite possible for us to believe that the writer was by birth a Provençal. That the source of the poem bore a strong affinity to the source of Chrétien's *Conte del Graal* is certain, and the many Flemish allusions give colour to the supposition that it may have been identical with that source.

If we grant the correctness of the Angevin allusions to be found in the earlier parts of the poem, we must logically grant that these two first Books, and as a consequence the latter part of the poem which agrees with them, are due to the French source rather than the German redaction; that it was Kiot who introduced the characters of Gamuret, Belakané, Feirefis, and Lähelein; and that to Kiot is due the first germ of the ethical interpretation amplified by Wolfram. It was probably in a great measure owing to the unecclesiastical nature of Kiot's teaching, and the freedom with which he handled the Grail myth, that his work failed to attain the popularity of Chrétien's. When the Grail legend was once definitely stamped with the traditional-Christian character which it finally assumed and retained, the semi-pagan character of Kiot's treatment would cause his version to be regarded with disfavour by the monkish compilers of his day. It is probably owing to the accident of

Maude's first husband having been Emperor of Germany that this particular presentment of the story found its way into that country; it may well be that it is, indirectly, to that very Angevin element that has for so long perplexed critics that we owe its preservation! As regards the Grail problem itself, it therefore seems most probable that in Wolfram's *Parzival* we have no really independent version of the Grail myth, such as may be taken into consideration by scholars when constructing a scientific theory of its development; but simply an interesting specimen of one form which, in the period of its translation from a pagan to a Christian symbol, it temporarily assumed, that form being entirely coloured and determined by the personality of the writer.

EXCURSUS D THE WORKS OF WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH

Besides the *Parzival*, Wolfram's longest and, from every point of view, most important work, we possess seven songs belonging to the class known as Tage-or Wächter-Lieder; thus called because the secret lovers, who have indulged their passion during the hours of night, are warned by the call of the watchman from the ramparts of the approach of day and of the hour of parting. Though Wolfram made in these songs a concession to the lax morality of his day, the concluding lines of one of them clearly show how far superior to such unlawful passion he held the love of wedded wife and husband, such love as he has immortalised in *Kondwiramur* and *Parzival*. Beside these songs, we have the poems dealing with the loves of Siguné and Schionatulander, and classed together under the name of *Titirel*. Whether these are complete in themselves, and intended to serve as an explanatory addition to the *Parzival*, or whether they are fragments of an unfinished poem, does not very clearly appear; in any case they indicate a source identical with that of the *Parzival*.

Willehalm, Wolfram's other great epic poem, in nine books, deals with the history of William of Orange, a contemporary of Charlemagne, whose story belongs to this cycle of French

Romance. The poem is clearly derived from the old French *Chanson de Geste, Aliscans*, and is originally founded on the prolonged struggle between the Saracen and Christian power in the South of France, a struggle which for poetical purposes has been condensed into two battles of Aliscans, or Alischanz, in the first of which the Christians are defeated, while in the second they are victorious. Whether this poem, too, is or is not unfinished, is a matter of debate among critics; judging from Wolfram's method in the *Parzival*, the fact that he leaves the fate of his hero 'Rennewart' in uncertainty, and does not even reveal the secret of his parentage and close connection with William's wife, seems to indicate that he did not finish the poem. *Willehalm* abounds in references to the *Parzival*, and in similar turns of thought and expression, and has some passages of great beauty. The *Titurel* is also written in a more elaborate metre than the other poems, and some doubt has been expressed as to which of these two represents Wolfram's latest work. The style of both is more finished than that of the *Parzival*, but they are both inferior alike in depth of thought and human interest to this, the greatest work of Germany's greatest mediæval poet.

NOTES

NOTES

BOOK X

Hero meets with wounded knight and maiden. Is warned of the perils of the way.

Meets with a lovely lady, whom he woos and is repulsed by her with mockery. Is insulted by a squire of hideous aspect, and his charger is stolen by the wounded knight.

Comes to a river on the further side of which is a castle, and fights with a knight who is riding his own horse. Is entertained by the boatman.

Chrétien, who gives all the incidents in corresponding sequence.

Introduction, lines 1-19. In Book X. the poet returns to Gawain, taking up the story at the point at which he dropped it in Book VIII. The corresponding book in Chrétien commences very abruptly, making no further mention of the challenge between Gawain and Kingrimursel (Guigambresil) or of Gawain's search for the Grail (or Lance). It is doubtful whether the passage beginning with line 15 really refers to traditional adventures ascribed to Gawain, and omitted here, or whether it is merely introduced in order to soften down the abrupt transition from the story of Parzival to that of Gawain. From the fact that, both here and in Chrétien, this incident of Gawain's meeting with the wounded knight follows immediately after Parzival's interview with the hermit, it seems certain that a similar sequence existed in the source common to both; on the other hand, in line 804, Wolfram seems to be referring to a definite version of the Gawain episode, which certainly differed from Chrétien's. Here, as elsewhere, in the absence of any *external* evidence, it is not possible to speak with certainty.

Page [1](#), line 5—'*At Schamfanzon he challenged Gawain.*' Cf. Book VIII. p. 239.

Page [1](#), line 9—'*The murder, Count Ekunât did it.*' Cf. Book VIII. p. 236 and Book III. p. 99.

Page [4](#), line 29—'*Kamilla.*' A reference to the *Aeneid* of Heinrich von Veldeck, where Kamilla, the daughter of Turnus, is represented as defending Laurentium against the Trojans, and being slain on the field of battle. Cf. Book XII. p. 52.

Page [4](#), lines 39, 40—'*On her knee she bore a knight.*' This incident occurs under exactly the same circumstances in Chrétien, there, too, Gawain comes to the rescue of the knight by arousing him from his stupor, though the surgery, of which Wolfram gives so curious an account, finds no parallel in the French poem. The reader will not fail to notice the likeness between this incident and Parzival's meeting with Siguné, in Book III. As will be pointed out later Wolfram evidently intended a parallel, or a contrast, between his two heroes.

Page [5](#), line 63—'*Lischois Giwellius.*' This name, again, seems to be a misunderstanding of a French original, in Chrétien the knight is not named, the passage; '*li Orgueilleus de la roce à l'estroite voie, qui garde les pors de Galvoie*' in which some critics have found the origin of the name, seems rather to refer to the knight overthrown by Gawain in Book XII. and named Florand by Wolfram. *Here* there is a distinct identity between the knight now referred to and him who fights with Gawain later (p. [20](#)); in Chrétien the knight who opposes Gawain is the nephew of the wounded man, and therefore can scarcely be the guardian of the '*bogue de Galvoie*' who overthrows him. Later on Wolfram uses a French expression to indicate where the knight in question was wounded, *Av estroite mâvoié*, which distinctly indicates a *ford* rather than a *ravine* as in Chrétien (translated Perilous Ford, p. [13](#)), and the whole incident, carefully examined, decidedly points to a French source, *other* than Chrétien.

Page [5](#), line 74—'*Spake o'er it spells of healing.*' As all students of folk-lore are well aware, a belief in the virtue of certain formula of words for the healing of bodily ailments was at one time practically universal, and indeed, in certain

districts, a belief in them exists to this day. In vol. ii. of *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie* (part I.), a number of such spells, collected from old German MSS. are given; among them will be found one for checking the flow of blood, and another for the closing of a wound.

Page [5](#), line 77—'*Logrois*,' French Logres. In Malory we have Logris, which has been identified with Loegria, or Saxon Britain.

Page [6](#), line 90—'*Orgelusé*.' This name, like Orilus, is a misunderstanding of a French original. Chrétien calls the lady 'L'Orgueilleuse de Logres,' and it evidently stood so in Wolfram's source. This incident of a knight proffering his services to, and riding with, a lady who repays him with mockery, and finds food for mirth in his misfortunes, seems to have been a favourite theme with mediæval writers. Malory gives two such adventures, one of which, that of La Cote Male Taile and the damsel Maledisant, is, curiously enough, connected with the Castle *Orgulous*. The adventure as recounted by Chrétien closely parallels the German version, but the latter is told at greater length, and the lady appears to decidedly more advantage; her mockery, though biting, is more in the vein of a courtly lady, and, what we should not expect to find, there is far more lightness of touch and 'malice,' in the French sense of the word, about the German than about the French poet. The little touch on p. [9](#), lines 192, 193 (If a woman ye thus behold), is lacking in Chrétien, and is decidedly in keeping with the dry humour of Wolfram, who, in spite of his respect for women, delights in a sly hit at feminine weaknesses. The very curious adjuration of the old knight, on the same page, 'May He who made salt the sea,' seems, according to Bartsch, to be frequent in old French literature, '*Qui fit la mer salée*,' but does not occur at all in Chrétien, who here simply has 'Dieu le Souverain Père.'

Page [10](#), line 235—'*Malcréature*.' This squire appears in Chrétien, but is not connected in any way with Kondrie, though it may be noted that the description given of him in the French poem agrees far more closely with Wolfram's description of the Grail Messenger than the latter does with Chrétien's *Maiden*. Bartsch says that the curious account of

this strange people 'rests on Talmudic tradition, and is repeated in many mediæval writings, Latin, German, and Romance.' In Wolfram's poem of *Willehalm* he introduces a strange 'horned' people who come from the banks of the Ganges, and who speak with no human tongue. Chrétien has nothing corresponding to this wild story, nor is his squire named.

Page [12](#), line 274—'*Anfortas*.' This is the first indication that the lady in whose service Anfortas received his incurable wound was Orgelusé. Cf. Book IX. p. 275. The story is more fully told in Book XII. p. 65.

Page [12](#), line 281—'*I wot well e'en Dame Jeschuté, etc.*' Cf. Book V. p. 145.

Page [13](#), line 311—'*A spital shall stand near by*.' Chrétien's knight wishes to be taken to a *Hermit* that he may confess and receive the sacrament. The incident is a good illustration of the different tone of the two poems: Chrétien's is deeply imbued with the ecclesiasticism of his day, and abounds in references to hours of prayer, religious services, and invocation of saints, all of which are lacking in Wolfram's version, which, nevertheless, is far more thoroughly pervaded with the religious *spirit*.

Page [14](#), line 349—'*Is it thou, O Urian?*' In Chrétien the name of the knight is Griogoras. Urian appears to be the same name as Friam, which we meet with later on, Book XIII. p. 92. The main outline of his story is the same in the French as in the German poet, but there are some significant points of divergence. In Chrétien we have no mention of the trial before the king, nor of the death-sentence; Gawain appears to have punished the knight on his own account, and his anger is therefore more intelligible, especially as Chrétien gives an additional touch of ignominy to his punishment, '*les Il mains liès au dos*'; and we hear nothing of the special right of message-bearer, by outraging which Urian broke 'the peace of the land.' The *incident* itself is a common one with mediæval writers, but it is generally treated lightly, and the punishment, as a rule, was a money fine. It seems as if the more serious manner in which the episode is treated by Wolfram were to be accounted for by the maiden's official position. Throughout the

poem there are frequent allusions to the manners, customs, and modes of government of his day, and, where Chrétien seems to give us simply a world of romance, Wolfram seems to aim at investing his story with reality by surrounding it with the atmosphere of the time in which he lived.

The indignation expressed by Orgelusé (line 417) is peculiar to Wolfram's version, and seems somewhat out of keeping with the general laxity of her conduct.

Page [18](#), line 465—'*Amor and Cupid.*' Amor and Cupid were regarded by the poets of the Middle Ages as two separate gods, both being the children of Venus.

The fine passage, lines 480-496, is an eloquent exposition of Wolfram's belief in the superiority of lawful love over the mere earthly passion, too often unlawful, sanctioned, if not encouraged, by the prevailing licence accorded to *Minne-Dienst*. Throughout this poem Wolfram is a steadfast upholder of the binding nature of the marriage vow; Parzival's fidelity to his wife is held to be a virtue sufficient to cancel any other sin of which he may be guilty; cf. Book IX. p. 270, where Trevrezent's words are a sufficient commentary on the rarity of such fidelity in those days. At the same time Wolfram accepts the prevailing ideal, and it must be noted that it was he, and not a poet of laxer principles, such as Gottfried von Strasbourg, who first brought into vogue the *Wächter-lieder*, the very essence of which is that the love to which they give eloquent voice is an unlawful love, and must be indulged in secrecy and under the cover of night.

Page [19](#), line 506 and *seq.*—'*A Castle so fair and stately.*' This is Château Merveil, mentioned by Kondrie, Book VI. p. 181.

Page [22](#), line 598—'*Gringuljet.*' Chrétien explains how Lischois Giwellius comes to be in possession of Gawain's horse; he is, according to the French poet, the nephew of the wounded knight Griogoras, who has sent him to attack Gawain, and has given him the horse stolen from that hero for the purpose. For the meaning of the name, cf. vol i. Appendix B. The previous history of the steed has been alluded to twice, Books VII. p. 196 and IX. p. 272. In the latter passage Trevrezent recognises Parzival's horse, also a Grail steed, by

the dove on its saddle, here the badge is branded on the horse itself. The fight between Lischois and Gawain is told at much greater length here.

Page [24](#), line 661—'*This right was his o'er the meadow.*' The tribute due to the Ferryman is also related in Chrétien, where Gawain evades it in the same manner.

Page [26](#), line 729—'*Klingsor.*' The magician, lord of the Château Merveil, has not been named before; he is identical with the 'clerk who all magic knew,' cf. Book II. p. 39. Chrétien has not this character at all; the castle, according to him, was built by 'I. sages clers d'astrenomie,' who came there with King Arthur's mother, but there is no indication that the lady eloped with him, nor does he play any part in the story. The origin of the name seems to be uncertain; in the poem of the *Wartburg-krieg*, already alluded to (note to Book VI.), Klingsor appears as a magician from Hungary, and Simrock thinks that here his name is derived from Klingsære, a singer or minstrel, and that Wolfram was weaving into his poem an old legend illustrative of the power of song. San Marte derives the name from an old French word *clincher*, and thinks it indicative of the sensual character ascribed to the magician, and that the character is of French origin. Merlin is, of course, the Arthurian magician, and appears as such in Chrétien's continuators, but there is no sign of him in the *Parzival*, nor can the incidents related of Klingsor be paralleled in the history of Merlin.

Page [27](#), line 774—'*Bené.*' The part assigned to this character in Wolfram is important, the maiden does not appear in Chrétien's version, *here* she plays an active part as confidant of Itonjé, Gawain's sister, in her love affair with King Gramoflanz and acts as messenger between the lovers. Some critics have derived her name from a misunderstanding of Chrétien's phrase, *que bençois soit votre ostu*, spoken by Gawain to the boatman, and, of course, such a phrase *may* have stood in Wolfram's French source, but, as he certainly did not borrow the character from Chrétien, it seems scarcely likely that he borrowed the name.

Page [28](#), lines 785-790—'*Purslain and lettuce*.' The dish was apparently a kind of salad. Wolfram makes an ingenious use of the mention of vinegar to impress upon his readers the folly of speaking untruly, and incidentally shows that the use of rouge was not unknown in his day.

[Gawain's adventures with the Proud Lady (Orgelusé) and at the Castle of Wonders form, perhaps, the most confused and perplexing portion of the poem, while they also bear obvious marks of age and of freedom from the Christian symbolism which has so profoundly affected the 'Grail' legend as a whole. 'The Proud Lady' seems to be a composite creation; the characteristics of a courtly lady of the day having been grafted on to an originally supernatural conception. According to this latter, she was a water-fairy (note that Gawain meets her by the side of a spring, Book X. p. 6), mistress of a magic garden, in which are held captive the mortals whom she incites to a perilous venture, *i.e.* the crossing of the stream which separates this from the other world, and the bringing thence a branch plucked from a tree growing there. This adventure is of course only to be achieved by the best knight in the world, the hero, namely, of the episode, and to urge him to it she uses every species of raillery. When the hero has performed the task she gladly yields herself his. This incident, in itself a straightforward and intelligible one to which many parallels might easily be adduced from romantic and heroic literature, is, however, crossed and blended with another adventure of the same hero, the achieving the feats of the Wonder Castle, and thereby overcoming its magician builder.

The two episodes, originally told each for itself, coalesced owing to the personages in each being the same; for the Proud Lady is, I believe, far more intimately connected with the Wonder Castle than appears from Wolfram's poem; I suspect her, indeed, of being the magician's daughter. That the wedding of Gawain with Orgelusé should take place in the Château Merveil is at present almost the only trace remaining of the original connection, but that is decisive. For, as will be pointed out in Note to Book XI., the episode of the Wonder Castle must originally have ended in the hero's remaining there; he has won to the other world whence he cannot return,

but over which he rules, in company with its fair mistress. As it is, the reader cannot but feel that the winning of the Branch is an anti-climax after the achievement of the Castle of Wonders.

The true significance of the Proud Lady's garden has also been obscured in our poem; it may possibly at one time have been confused with the Wonder Castle, and might then be compared with the Garden of Joy which Merlin created for Ninian; there is indeed a strong temptation to compare Merlin and Ninian with Klingsor and Orgelusé, wide as the difference is between the two stories. But it is more probable that the Magic Garden belongs wholly to the Winning of the Branch feat, and that, like the remainder of this episode, it has suffered from contamination with the Wonder Castle story. (In connection with this it may be noted that in Chrétien, Gawain, after crossing the Perilous Ford, is not to pluck the branch of any one special tree, but to gather the flowers which he sees, '*A ces arbres et á ces prés.*' The idea of a *garden* seems to have been better preserved in the French than in the German poem.)

Another portion of the original story, the flyting of hero and heroine, has been completely remodelled by the twelfth century poets, in order to afford an exemplification of the current ideal of courtly love and lady-service; hence the complex character of the heroine, and the confused nature of the episode as related by Wolfram. It would be useless to seek in pre-twelfth century literature for an *exact* parallel to a situation so manifestly coloured to suit the prevailing social ideas of the time; but the episode must have some root in preceding literature, the special form of the social relation of man to woman which is the most marked feature of twelfth century literary art must stand in *some* relation to the past; and it is in the Irish heroic literature of the seventh to the eleventh centuries that we must seek for the origin of this feature.

In this literature we find a remarkable parallel to the whole Gawain-Orgelusé episode. 'The Wooing of Emer' by Cuchulainn is one of the most famous stories about the greatest Irish hero. Emer was the daughter of Forgall the Wily, the chief maiden of Ireland in all virtues and qualities, and therefore the only one whom Cuchulainn deemed worthy of

him. But she is by no means minded to take him at his own estimation; when he recounts his achievements, 'these are goodly fights of a tender boy,' says she, nor will she consent to see him until he perform certain definite feats. Moreover, her father is by no means anxious that she should marry, and to get rid of the wooer has him sent off with two companions on a perilous expedition to Skye. The first danger he encountered (I quote textually from the oldest version of the story, ascribed by the editor, Professor Kuno Meyer, to the eighth century) is 'some dreadful beast like a lion, which fought with him, but did him no harm, and the foul play of the youths who laughed at him' (*Revue Celtique*, vol. X. 44). Afterwards he has to make his way across the 'plain of ill-luck' on which men freeze, and by a narrow path over a glen, and a 'terrible stony height.' Cuchulainn of course comes safely through all these and other ventures, and carries off Emer, whom he weds. Here, then, we have the contemptuous attitude of the wooed maiden, her indication of feats to be performed before she can be won; and before the final marriage a series of incidents bearing no small resemblance to those which befall Gawain at the Wonder Castle.—ALFRED NUTT.]

BOOK XI

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

<p>Gawain, against the advice of the Boatman, visits Château Merveil, seats himself on the magic couch, and is assailed, first by unseen adversaries, then by a lion which he kills and ends the enchantments of the Castle.</p>	<p>Chrétien gives the incidents in the same order, but with some difference in details,</p>
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(There is a Castle of Wonders in 'Peredur,' but the adventures connected with it are quite different.)

The entire episode of the Magic Castle and Gawain's adventures therein is stamped with a weird, fantastic character, unlike the rest of the poem, and gives the effect of a Märchen introduced into the midst of a knightly epic. More than one

critic has pointed out the similarity between the tasks to be achieved by Gawain, before he becomes lord of the castle, and those which, in old folk-tales, fall to the lot of those who dare a venture to the shadowy under-world. Some of the features in the story, which will be noted as they occur, seem to distinctly indicate that such was the original nature of this episode, related with so much spirit by the German poet.

Page [34](#), line 107—'*He who at Nantes slew Prince Ither!*' Cf. Books VII. p. 218 and VIII. p. 242, and notes on these passages, where Wolfram's introduction of the chief hero of the poem, unmentioned in Chrétien's version, is commented upon. Some critics have drawn a contrast between the Château Merveil, with its magic lord, and the Grail Castle, with its wounded king, which are won respectively by the two heroes of the poem, and have seen in the castle of Klingsor the embodiment of the fleshly principle, opposed to the spiritual realm of the Grail. But Wolfram seems to have intended a *parallel* rather than a *contrast*. Klingsor, on the whole, is by no means a malicious character, and of the deadly antagonism between him and the Grail knights, which is the very essence of Wagner's *Parzival*, there is here no trace. If there is a contrast between spirit and sense in Wolfram's poem, it is rather to be found between the court and knighthood of Monsalväsch and that of King Arthur, and the latter monarch certainly embodies the world-principle far more than Klingsor does. Parzival's failure to ask the question here is quite in keeping with his general character and devotion to a single aim, but the introduction of the incident was doubtless intended to heighten the parallel between Monsalväsch and Château Merveil.

Page [35](#), line 125—'*Now arm thee for deadly warfare!*' In Chrétien's account the Boatman plays the same kindly part of adviser, and, further, accompanies Gawain to the palace and to the hall of the Lit-Merveil, but, as before noted, the part played by the daughter is omitted.

Page [36](#), line 162—'*A merchant with merchandise costly!*' In Chrétien this character is an 'Eskiékier,' rather a money-changer than a merchant. The story of the oath, and how it

came to be in the courtyard of the castle, is rally related in Book XII. p. 65.

Page [36](#), line 169—'*The Baruch of Bagdad*.' Cf. Book I. p. 9, and note on 'Rankulat.' The allusion to the Emperor of Greece shows that this was written after the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204.

Page [37](#), line 185—'*Plippalinòt*.' The Boatman is unnamed in Chrétien. The critics give no interpretation of the name.

Page [37](#), line 201—'*The Lechfeld*.' The Lechfeld is a wide plain near Augsburg between the rivers Werch and Lech, where the Hungarians were defeated in 955 by the Emperor Otho. Naturally, the courtyard of a castle could not be so large, and it seems probable that Wolfram was commenting humorously on the exaggerated description given in his source. Chrétien gives much the same account of the castle and its gorgeous decorations.

Page [38](#), line 220—'*The Lit-Merveil*.' Chrétien gives a more detailed description of the magic couch: it is of gold, with cords of silver, and bells hanging from the interlaced cords. It is apparently the peal of these bells, as the knight seats himself upon the couch, that gives warning of the intruder, and is the signal for the enchantments to begin. In Chrétien's account the attack by the five hundred unseen foes (Gawain has already been informed by the Boatman that five hundred knights guard the castle) follows immediately on the hero taking his seat on the couch, and the onslaught of the lion immediately on the cross-bows, so that the ordeal, as represented by Wolfram, is considerably more severe and prolonged than in the French version.

Page [40](#), line 299—'*A mighty lion*.' The encounter with the lion is the same in Chrétien; there, too, the lion's paw is smitten off by Gawain, and remains hanging to the shield. The remark in line 312 is quite in keeping with Wolfram's dry, quaint humour; such 'asides' are lacking throughout in the French poem.

Page [41](#), line 331—'*Mount Ribbelé*.' An allusion to Eilhart's *Tristan*, where Gymele, Isolde's maid, gives to Kahenis, who

should keep watch with her, a magic pillow on which he slumbers throughout the night, and is mocked in consequence.

Page 42, line 340—'Arnivé.' This is Arthur's mother, whose elopement with Klingsor has been mentioned, cf. Book II. p. 39. (Whether Arnivé went with Klingsor of her own free will, or whether she was constrained by magic art, does not clearly appear; from Book II. we should conclude the former, but the passage in Book XIII. pp. 89 and 90, reads as if she were not a free agent.) She has been named as one of the dwellers in Château Merveil, (Book VI. p. 189); how it was that Arthur, who had apparently spent some years in the search for his mother (cf. Book II. p. 39), failed to recognise her name when mentioned before him, is not explained. But the whole episode, as noted above, is so wild and fantastic, and so full of difficulties, that it seems most probable that it was not originally connected with the Arthurian legend, and has been only imperfectly fitted into the framework. In Chrétien, too, the queen is Arthur's mother, but she is much less prominent in the story, indeed from this point onwards the two versions diverge considerably. In Chrétien, Gawain is by no means seriously wounded; the Boatman, who seems to have awaited the issue of the adventure outside the castle, returns promptly and tells him that the enchantments are at an end, and Gawain is greeted by a train of pages, gaily dressed and playing flutes; and maidens, one of whom bears royal robes. Chrétien then introduces a very curious and archaic feature, to which Wolfram has no parallel; Gawain expresses his desire to leave the castle and hunt in the surrounding forest, but the Boatman tells him this is impossible; it is judged and decreed that whoever achieves the venture of the Château Merveil shall never leave the castle, '*Que jamais de cette maison n'istroit u fust tors u raison. Jamais n'istrés nul jor,*' at which Gawain is extremely angry. Nevertheless, he does leave the castle and no harm comes of it. The only explanation of this curious feature seems to be that this episode, as noted above, found its origin in the story of some hero's visit to the under-world, when his return to the world of the living depends on his fulfilment of certain conditions, e.g., that he should eat nothing during his stay in the land of shadows; Gawain certainly partakes of a

meal in the Magic Castle, which meal in Wolfram precedes, though in Chrétien it follows, his attempt to leave Château Merveil. Heinzel understands Chrétien's account of the arrival of the two elder queens in Terre de Merveil as meaning that they really were dead, and supernaturally revived; (Chrétien certainly does say of the elder queen, '*Qui fus mis en tière,*' but as he goes on to state that she brought all her riches with her into the country where she came, accompanied by her daughter, it is rather difficult to understand what he really does mean.) Mr. Nutt remarks, 'I think there can be no doubt that Klingsor's castle is a form of the other world, and that its inhabitants cease to live if they return to this world. There is a distinct parallelism in the original form of the legend between Parzival's winning the Grail Castle and Gawain's winning the Magic Castle. On this theory neither, of course, should come back to Arthur's court; the necessity of bringing them both into contact with Arthur again has obscured the significance of the story.'

Page [43](#), line 370—'*Ilinot the Breton.*' Arthur's son, alluded to in Book VII. p. 217, and note (which also explains the allusion to 'the mystic beasts' which seem to have been the badge of the royal Breton house). Ilinot's history is told at some length in Book XII. p. 50.

Page [44](#), line 422—'*Dictam, the herb of healing.*' San Marte says that this herb is mentioned by Cicero, Virgil, and Pliny, as possessing the power of drawing arrow-shafts from a wound. Wolfram, also, attributed this virtue to it, as he distinctly states in *Willehalm*, where he gives an account of his hero's wounds being dressed by his wife.

The allusion to Kondrie should be noted; it is another instance of the skill with which Wolfram connects all the threads of his story, and never loses sight of his main point.

BOOK XII

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

<p>Gawain overthrows a knight whom the Lady of Logrois brings to fight with him; crosses the Perilous Ford, and is challenged to single combat by a knight. Is rewarded by the love of Orgelusé, and returns in triumph to Château Merveil.</p>	Chrétien.
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Page [49](#), lines 5-18—'*Launcelot on the sword-bridge battled.*' This passage to line 18 contains numerous allusions to the knightly tales of the day, some of which have been previously referred to. Launcelot's fight with Meljakanz and subsequent freeing of Queen Guinevere is mentioned in Book VII. (pp. 205, 219 and Note).

The story of Garel and the lion is not known to us; he was the hero of a later poem by Pleier, but this adventure does not appear in it. Garel and Gaherjet we find again in Book XIII. p. 96, according to Chrétien they were Gawain's brothers, but Wolfram seems to regard them merely as kinsmen. (The fact that Wolfram knows only *one* brother, Beau-corps, whereas Chrétien mentions two, if not three, seems to indicate that he was here following a different source.) '*The Perilous Ford*' we shall meet with presently; and Erec and the venture of Schoiede-la-kurt have been alluded to in Book III. pp. 76 and 100, and Note; and Book VIII. p. 245.

The allusion to Iwein is taken from Hartmann's poem of that name, which relates that in the wood Briziljan (Broceliande) there was a spring beside which hung a golden basin; if any one drew water from the spring in this basin, and poured it upon a stone near by, a violent storm immediately arose which devastated the wood, and slew the game therein. As soon as the tempest was over the lord of the spring appeared in full armour and demanded satisfaction for the mischief done. Iwein withstands this venture, slays the knight, and eventually, by Lunete's counsel, marries his widow. Cf. Book V. p. 143, and Book IX. p. 252.

Page [50](#), lines 39-64—'*They yielded thee loyal service,*' etc. Mazadan, cf. Book I. p. 31 and Book VIII. 230 and Note. Ither of Gaheviess needs no further notice. Ilinot has already been

alluded to, Book VII. p. 217 and Book XI. p. 43. This is the first full account given of this prince, hitherto his fate has only been alluded to; we know nothing of this character, but it is quite evident from such passages as these, and Book VI. p. 171, that Wolfram was familiar with Arthurian romances other than those which have come down to us. Ilinot, being Arthur's son, was of course first cousin to Gawain; the relationship with Parzival is much more distant, and, though Arthur speaks of Parzival as his 'nephew,' the term must be taken in a much wider sense than we should now understand it; from Wolfram's own account Parzival cannot have been more than very distantly connected with the House of Pendragon.

Galoès and Gamuret, cf. Book II. pp. 46, 52, and 59.

The loves of Itonjé and Gramoflanz occupy a considerable part of the next two books. Surdamur was Gawain's sister, and married the Emperor of Greece, Alexander; their son was Cligés, the hero of Chrétien's poem of that name, in the early part of which the tale of their love is fully told. (Cf. Note to Book VI. '*Sir Klias*.') None of these allusions are to be found in Chrétien, whose books, as a rule, lack introductory passages; but, as noted in Book XI., from the conclusion of the Lit-Merveil incident onwards the two poems diverge widely in detail, though the outline of the story is identical.

Page [52](#), line 89—'*Arras*.' A town in Picardy, famous in the Middle Ages for its stuffs.

Page [52](#), line 97—'*A shining pillar*.' This magic pillar, of which a full account is given further on (lines 109 and 143), is peculiar to Wolfram's version. In Chrétien we have simply a watch-tower, from the windows of which Gawain can see the country. Later on we find the deadly fight between Parzival and Feirefis mirrored on this pillar, and the news of the encounter conveyed to Arthur's court before the arrival of the heroes.

Page [52](#), line 98—'*The coffin of Kamilla*.' Cf. Book X. p. 4 and Note. Heinrich von Veldeck gives a minute account of this coffin.

Page [52](#), line 101—'*Master Geometras*.' It is curious to find geometry thus personified. The same mistake has apparently been made by Heinrich von Veldeck, who makes Geometras the designer of Kamilla's coffin.

Page [53](#), line 119—'*Came the agèd queen Arnivé*.' According to Chrétien there are two queens, mother and daughter, and a maiden, daughter to the younger queen, who is named Clarissant. Gawain's mother he does not name at all, the old queen has her original name of Yguerne. In Chrétien the elder lady asks Gawain at once if he is one of King Arthur's knights, and questions him closely as to King Arthur, King Lot, and the sons of the latter; but apparently Gawain's curiosity is in no way aroused, and he makes no attempt to learn who the ladies are, though he makes a compact with the old queen that she shall not ask *his* name for seven days. The account, so humorously given by Wolfram of Arnivé's curiosity and unavailing attempts to discover Gawain's identity, is lacking in the French poet. It is difficult to understand how it is that *Gawain* has no suspicion of the real facts of the case till enlightened by Gramoflanz, but, as remarked above, the whole episode is mysterious and perplexing.

Page [54](#), line 174—'*The Turkowit*.' This seems to be the name for a lightly-armed soldier, an archer. This particular knight, we learn later, was captain of Orgelusé's night-watch, or body-guard; his name was Florand of Itolac; and he subsequently marries Sangivé, Gawain's mother.

Page [58](#), line 282—'*Tamris and Prisein*.' Tamris-Tamarisk, has been mentioned in Book VIII. (p. 242 and Note). Prisein has not been identified, Bartsch suggests Provençal *Bresil*.

Page [58](#), 294—'*The Perilous Ford*.' Wolfram's expression here is '*Ligweiz prelljus*,' evidently the French '*Li guex perelleus*.' Chrétien's description of the episode is much the same, but he represents Gawain as being well acquainted with the character of this venture, and of the fame that will accrue to the knight who achieves it. In the French poem there does not appear to be one tree in especial guarded by Guiromelans, but Gawain is bidden '*Quellir de ces flours que veés. A ces arbres et a ces prés*.'

Page [60](#), line 332—'*King Gramoflanz*.' This character has been already referred to in Book IX. p. 258. In Chrétien he is called Le Guiromelans, and Wolfram's name for him is undoubtedly derived from some such original (cf. Appendix B, vol. i.). The account of his meeting with Gawain differs in many respects in the French version; there his quarrel with Gawain seems to be much more of a personal matter, not only has King Lot slain his father, as here, but Gawain himself has slain seven of his kinsmen. Chrétien's description of the king's dress and appearance is far less gorgeous than is Wolfram's.

Page [60](#), line 340—'*Sinzester*.' Bartsch suggests that *Winchester* is here meant. In Book VI. we find Kondrie wearing a hat with plumes of 'the English peacock.'

Page [60](#), line 353—'*Eidegast*.' Cf. Book II. p. 39 and Note on '*The Tourney*.' In Chrétien Orgelusé's lover is not named but he has been slain by Guiromelans, and, as here, it is her desire for vengeance that has led her to urge Gawain to the venture; but in the French poem Orgelusé is a much less imposing personage, and her attempts at vengeance are of a less organised character.

Page [61](#), line 374—'*Yet alas! I have ne'er beheld her*.' Such instances of a knight vowing himself to the service of a lady whom he had never seen were by no means rare in mediæval times. (Cf. the well-known story of Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli.) In Chrétien, also, Guiromelans is the lover of Gawain's sister, whose name there is Clarissant. In the French poem Guiromelans gives a full history of all the queens, here he only states the identity of Itonjé, and Gawain apparently takes the rest for granted.

Page [62](#), line 419—'*Löver*.' This name has been mentioned in Book IV. p. 121. The derivation is uncertain, but in each instance Arthur's kingdom, as a whole, seems to be meant. The curious name 'Bems by the Korka' has exercised critics much; Chrétien has '*A Pentecouste est la cors le roi Artu en Orcanie*,' and *Korka* is evidently a form of Orcanie. Some have suggested that 'Bems bei' is a misunderstanding of Pentecouste (couste = *côte*), but the derivation seems far-fetched and

unsatisfactory; all that can be said with certainty is that the name points to a French source.

Page [62](#), line 425—'*Rosche Sabbin*.' This also seems to be derived from the French; Chrétien calls the castle 'Roche de Sanguin,' and Wolfram seems to have transferred the name to Gramoflanz' kingdom.

Page [64](#), line 471—'*True as the one-horned marvel*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 277, where the story of the Unicorn's love for a pure maiden is given. We learn from this passage that advantage was taken of its slumber to slay it.

Page [65](#), line 511—'*For the winning his death*.' Here we have a full explanation of the connection between Orgelusé and Anfortas. The tent given to the Lady of Logrois by Anfortas was, we learn from the *Willehalm* (which abounds in allusions to the *Parzival*), sent to that monarch by Queen Sekundillé as a love-token.

Page [66](#), line 547—'*And never a man beheld me*.' This account of Orgelusé's bargain with the knights who fought for her, and her relations with Parzival and Gawain, throws a most curious light on the conventionalities of the day. It is quite evident that Orgelusé in no way transgressed against the code of manners then prevailing, she is throughout treated as a great lady, and is well received at Court.

Though this is the only episode of the kind recounted, it is quite clear from Books XIV. pp. 130-131 and XVI. 173 that Orgelusé was not the only lady who had proffered her love to Parzival and been refused. (Those familiar with Wagner's *Parzival* will not need to have it pointed out to them what fine dramatic use he has made of the fact that it is Anfortas' love, and the indirect cause of his wound, who thus offers herself to Parzival. With wonderful skill Wagner has combined the characters of Kondrie and Orgelusé, thereby, in some ways, assimilating Kondrie more closely to the original form of the legend.)

Page [69](#), line 625—'*The Swallow*.' Bartsch says that this was an English harp, so called from the fact that the lower part of the frame was shaped like the fork of a swallow's tail.

Page [69](#), line 639—'*The Buhurd*.' Cf. Book II. Note on '*The Tourney*.' There is no trace of this formal knightly reception in Chrétien,—there the old queen receives them seated outside the castle, and the maidens dance and sing around them.

BOOK XIII

TRADITIONAL EVENTS

Feast at the Château Merveil; Gawain persuades his sister to confide her love-story to him. Arrival of Gawain's messenger at the Court of King Arthur.	Chrétien, whose poem ends abruptly in the middle of a line.
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(From this point onwards there is no resemblance between Wolfram's poem and any other known Romance of the Grail-cycle.)

Page [74](#), line 39—'*One lived of yore named Sarant*.' Cf. note to Book I. '*Silk of Orient*.' Bartsch identifies the name of the skilful weaver with that of an Asiatic people, probably the Chinese. Thasmé is named later on as part of Feirefis' kingdom. His battle-cry is 'Tabronit and Thasmé!' '*Akraton*,' cf. Book VIII. p. 230.

Page [75](#), line 66—'*Itonjé*.' This is the French name 'Idonie.' In Chrétien the maiden is named Clarissant, and Gawain wins her confidence in the same manner. Chrétien's share of the *Conte* ends so abruptly that we cannot tell how he intended to treat her love-story; here, it plays a considerable part in the development of the poem.

Page [77](#), line 147—'*Now the hour it was come*.' The account of the feast here given is very interesting from the light it throws on mediæval manners and customs. In those days it was very usual for two to eat from one plate, in fact, this was one of the rules of the Knights Templars; the reason assigned being that one brother might care for the other, and all share alike (cf. Feast at Monsalväsch, Book V. p. 136). On great occasions the principal guests seem to have had ladies assigned to them as their table companions (cf. Book VI. p. 178). One would

gather from this passage, and that in Book VI., that the lady of highest rank had the hostess for companion, thus we find Arnivé eating with Orgelusé, and Guinevere having a queen (probably Ekuba) for companion; while Kunnewaare is Arthur's table-mate, as here Itonjé is Gawain's.

Page [78](#), line 180—'*Ne'er was it night in her presence.*' Cf. Book II. p. 48.

Page [79](#), line 194—'*Thuringia.*' San Marte remarks on this passage that at this period music and song invariably went together, the one was necessary to the complete understanding of the other; separately, they were unintelligible. In many instances the lyrical poems of the day were wedded to dance music, the flowing graceful rhythm of which made it an appropriate vehicle for the illustration of poetry. The Thuringian Court being the centre of the literary life of the time many of these dances would naturally originate there; though it must not be supposed that dances *without* the accompaniment of song were not also known.

Page [81](#), line 262—'*Kancor, and Thèbit, and Trebuchet.*' San Marte says that Thèbit is Thabet Ben Korka, a famous Arabic physician, mathematician, and philosopher of the ninth century. Kancor is probably Kenkeh, an astronomer and physician of the same period. Trebuchet has been mentioned before. Cf. Book V. p. 144 and Note.

Page [81](#), 279—'*'Twas yet in the early morning.*' Chrétien gives no account of the delivery of the squire's message, but simply states that he finds Arthur and his knights plunged in grief at the prolonged absence of Gawain, and then breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence before they have learnt of his safety. From this point onward Wolfram's version is entirely independent of the *Conte del Graal*, but his poem shows no dislocation or contradiction, such as one would expect would have been the case had he been following a source that suddenly failed him; on the contrary, there is a far more complete harmony between all the parts of Wolfram's poem than we find in any other Romance of the cycle.

Page [82](#), lines 301-10—'*Meljanz de Lys.*' Cf. Book VIII. p. 239, and Introduction to Book X. and Note. If there was no

account of Gawain's intermediate adventures Wolfram is evidently anxious to make his hearers believe in the existence of such a record, by means of well-timed and appropriate allusions. The fact that the combat was to be in the presence of Meljanz de Lys is only casually mentioned in Book VIII. For the allusions to Kunnewaare, Jeschuté, and Ekuba cf. closing pages of Book VI. with the account of the dispersal of the company at Plimizöl. The whole passage is a proof of the care with which the poem has been constructed, and the details brought into harmony with each other.

Page [83](#), line 339—'*Brought he news of some gallant venture?*' Cf. Book VI. p. 176 and Note.

Page [87](#)-88, lines 466-506—'*His doings, Sir Knight, I to thee will tell.*' This history of the magician Klingsor, as noted in Book X., is found in Wolfram only, and the indications seem to point to a *French* source. Terre de Labûr is undoubtedly a French rendering of Terra di Lavoro, in Calabria. Kalot Enbolot is Kalota-Belota, a fortress on the south-eastern coast of Sicily, well known in the days of the Hohenstauffen. This location of Klingsor's kingdom in Southern Italy may have been introduced in order to lend a colour to his supposed relationship to Virgil, who by the twelfth century was firmly established in popular belief as a magician. The name Iblis, Bartsch refers to the Sicilian town Hybla; Ibert may be a form of the French Guibert. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in the lord of the Château Merveil, wounded as a punishment of unlawful love, we have a parallel to the King of Monsalväsch, whose wound is due to a similar cause. (A reference to the original German will show how close this resemblance is); as mentioned before, it seems to be a parallel, rather than a contrast, which Wolfram intended to draw between his two heroes. It may well be that in the original version of the story from which both Chrétien's and Wolfram's poems are derived the Gawain episodes were unfinished, and that in their original form Gawain, too, was brought to the Grail Castle, but to regard them as unfinished *here* seems a clear misunderstanding of the meaning of the poem. We are distinctly given to understand (p. [97](#), line 780) that Gawain's lot in life is finally settled, the Grail Quest, which was

originally in the Gawain story, has been quietly dropped, and this adventure of the Château Merveil has taken its place; an alteration which artistically can only be considered an improvement, as it clearly marks Gawain's position as secondary to Parzival. Whether the story of Klingsor was introduced for the purpose of emphasizing the parallel between Monsalväsch and Château Merveil it is difficult to say. Certainly, the incident of Parzival's missing the adventure of the Magic Castle, as he did that of Monsalväsch, by failing to ask the question must, as noted above, be due to this idea. With the end of this book Gawain's adventures are practically concluded; Wolfram promptly clears the stage for the winding-up of the history of his real hero, Parzival, by bringing the two knights into contact, when Gawain is naturally worsted, and takes the second place. Whether it be due to Wolfram or to his source, it is certain that the *Parzival* is far simpler in construction than the majority of the Grail Romances, in which the adventures of various heroes succeed each other with such bewildering rapidity and similarity of incident that it is difficult to tell who is the real hero of the tale!

Page [89](#), line 519—'*A child was born of a mother.*' A well-known mediæval riddle, which Wolfram might easily have derived from a German source.

Page [90](#), line 531—'*Of joy had I once full measure.*' It is somewhat curious that in Chrétien Gawain eulogizes *Guinevere* in similar terms. It rather looks as if the original passage had been the same in both instances, though it would be difficult to tell to which queen it originally referred.

Page [91](#), line 566—'*Maurin.*' This name occurs in the *Lancelot* of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, from which it was probably borrowed.

Page [92](#), line 601 *and seq.*—'*And either side had suffered.*' Garel and Gaherjet: cf. Note to Book XII. Iofreit, son of Idol: cf. Book V. p. 155 and Note. Though this character only plays an unimportant part in the poem, he is yet very frequently mentioned, it may be that in the original French source he was more prominent. Friam is probably the same name as Urian, in Book X. Vermandois and Nevers point to a French origin.

Page [94](#), line 658—'*Save the tent of Eisenhart only.*' Cf. Book I. p. 16 and Note. Tents seem to have been favourite love-gifts at this time, note the Booth in Books XI. and XII. given by Anfortas to Orgelusé, and, as we know from *Willehalm*, sent to that king in the first instance by Sekundillé.

Page [96](#), line 733—'*Meljanz of Lys.*' How Meljanz of Lys came to be there is not explained. It is worthy of note that in Book VII. we find the King of Lirivoin fighting against Meljanz, and taken captive by Parzival; *here* the men of Lirivoin are evidently on the same side.

Page [97](#), line 763—'*The wounds of Kay had been healed.*' Cf. Book VI. p. 169 and Note to Book III.

Page [99](#). line 819—'*A knight his bridle drew.*' This knight is, of course, Parzival, though how he came to be there is not explained. In the *Conte del Graal* Perceval does not appear on the scene for some time, and passes through a variety of wild and fantastic adventures before finally winning the Grail. The poem, as we possess it, is more than twice as long as Wolfram's.

[With reference to the Klingsor and Iblis story, it is noteworthy that Chrétien's first continuator relates a long story of King Carduel of Nantes and his reputed son Carados. The wife of King Carduel is beloved by a magician, Garahiet, who is in truth the father of Carados. The latter grows to manhood and goes to King Arthur's court to receive knighthood, there a stranger knight appears and offers to allow his head to be cut off provided the knight who accepts the challenge will submit to the same ordeal a year later. Carados accepts, and strikes off the head of the knight who picks it up and walks off. Returning after a year he finds Carados ready to fulfil his part of the bargain, and then acquaints him with the fact that he, and not Carduel, is in truth his father. Carados returns to the court of Carduel and tells him what he has learnt from the magician; the king in anger imprisons his wife in a tower; she is nevertheless still visited by her lover, whom the king eventually surprises and punishes in a manner appropriate to his crime. This story, in its outline, appears to be the basis of the Klingsor and Iblis episode, but it has been very freely

handled by the compiler, and, as suggested above, not improbably altered so as to draw out the parallel between Klingsor and Anfortas.

A feature of importance in this connection is that the episode of Carados and his magician father, a most famous story of the Arthurian cycle, is elsewhere invariably associated with *Gawain*; e.g. in the well-known Middle-English poem of 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,' and it is difficult to understand why, in a part of the poem specially devoted to the adventures of this knight, the French poet should have attributed this, one of his greatest and most famous feats, to another hero.

Here again we find a parallel in Irish literature; in the 'Fled Bricrend,' Bricriu's feast, the feat by which Cuchulainn establishes his claim to be regarded as the chief Ulster hero is precisely this one; though the French poem in making the magician the father of the hero seems to have retained an archaic trait which has disappeared from the, in point of redaction, centuries older Irish story. But from other Irish stories we know that Cuchulainn was the son of a god who is sometimes represented as carrying off the mortal mother to his fairy home, sometimes as visiting her in animal shape.

The foregoing facts warrant, I think, the conclusion that Gawain originally occupied in the Brythonic hero-saga of Arthur much the same position as Cuchulainn in the Goidelic hero-saga of Conchobor, both being par excellence *the* adventurous hero. Both, too, it should be noted, are sister's son to the king of the cycle; the same position being occupied by Diarmaid, *the* adventurous hero of the Finn or Ossianic cycle.

The nature of the connection between these cycles of romantic legend cannot be dealt with here. It is sufficient to show that in the French Arthurian poems of the twelfth century (which in one form or another undoubtedly form the basis of the *Parzival*) we have piecings together of originally disconnected narratives about separate heroes, many of which are found in more archaic form in the stories told of the Irish hero Cuchulainn and his compeers. In the process of piecing together, adjusting to the genealogical requirements of the cycle and to the social conceptions and literary modes of the

twelfth century, the early Celtic narratives suffered sadly as far as order and significance are concerned, though gaining immensely in other respects. The changes are of course greatest where such far-reaching new ideas as the symbolical representation of Christian doctrine, or the exemplification of lady-service, affect the original narrative.—ALFRED NUTT.]

BOOK XIV

Page [103](#), line 13—'*From Monsalväsich they came, the chargers.*' This fact that both Parzival and Gawain are riding Grail steeds is constantly insisted upon by Wolfram, and may be intended to emphasise the parallel obviously drawn between the two heroes. It does not seem very clear why Gawain, who here has nothing to do with Monsalväsich, should ride a Grail steed; if Wolfram took over the fact from his French source it may, perhaps, be a survival of Gawain's original connection with the Grail Castle, which, as noted above, has been dropped out of the German poem. The history of Gawain's charger has been told more than once, cf. Book VII. p. 196 and Book IX. p. 272. Parzival's horse is, of course, the one ridden by the Grail knight, cf. Book IX. p. 258.

Page [104](#), line 38—'*Poinzacleins.*' Bartsch considers that the name of this river points to a French source, and indicates the sloping nature of its banks, the old French word for which would be *aclins*, Provençal *aclis*.

Page [105](#), line 52—'*Punt, the water-locked city.*' *Punt* = *pont* = bridge; German *Brücke* or *Brügge*. The name of this town is decidedly suggestive of *Bruges*, and considering the fact that Chrétien confessedly derived his version of the story from a book given to him by the Count of Flanders, the frequent allusions throughout the poem to men of 'Punturtois' should not be ignored.

Page [105](#), line 57—'*Count Bernard of Riviers.*' A name of undoubtedly French origin. His father, Count Narant, has been mentioned in Book IV. p. 119. Uckerland is probably a misunderstanding for Outre-land.

Page [105](#), line 74—'*Ecidemon-woven*.' This is a curious passage, as we are distinctly told in Book XV. p. 136 that Ecidemon is an animal; and as such it is named in Book IX. p. 276 among the list of poisonous serpents. As we hear in Book XV. p. 136 that *Salamanders* wove the robe of Feirefis it is possible that the same power was ascribed to the Ecidemon. But the passage is somewhat ambiguous, and *here* a country, and not an animal, may be meant.

Page [107](#), line 127 *and seq.*—'*Killicrates*.' This name is of distinctly Greek origin. We find in Book XV. p. 154 that he was King of Centrium (which Bartsch identifies with the land of the Centaurs), and one of the princes conquered by Feirefis. In the same list of names we find Kalomedenté and Ipopotiticon; according to Bartsch the former name is a compound of Kálamos, and signifies Reed-land; the latter he suggests may be a variation of Hyperponticon, the land beyond the Pontus. Agatysjenté may perhaps be the same as Assigarzienté mentioned in Book XV. p. 136, as famous for its silks. '*Akraton*,' cf. Book VIII. p. 230.

Page [108](#), line 150—'*He cast from his hand his weapon*.' It is worth remarking how strongly Wolfram insists on this tie of brotherhood, both of arms, as here, and of blood, as in Book XV. To fight with one closely related by friendship, or one near of kin, is in his eyes a sin against one's *self*, one's own personality. Other writers of the cycle do not seem to consider such a combat, provided it were not to death, in so serious a light. The etiquette connected with the naming themselves by the knights should be noted; it was the right of the victor to demand the name of the vanquished. Here, Parzival has heard Gawain's name from the pages, and therefore makes no objection to revealing himself; in the next Book when Feirefis asks his name he refuses to give it, the combat between them is practically undecided, and he will not admit Feirefis's right to put the question. That Feirefis names himself is an act of courtesy on his part. This unwillingness to name themselves was probably originally connected with the idea of the identity of *name* and *person*—once so universal; to this day the superstition that it is unlucky to mention the name of a person exists among certain races, and circumlocution and nicknames

are employed to avoid the necessity for disclosing the real appellation of the individual referred to.

Page [110](#), line 237—'*In wrath spake the lips of Bené.*' We have already been told in Book X. p. 24, that the Ferryman, Bené's father, was of knightly birth, but it seems strange to find her addressing so powerful a monarch as King Gramoflanz in such discourteous terms. As noted before, the character of Bené and the part she plays are peculiar to Wolfram's version, and difficult of explanation.

Page [113](#), line 325—'*Yet, Sire, when I saw thee last.*' Cf. Book VI. p. 179, and Book XV. p. 158. Nevertheless, the other knights do not seem in any way to have held Parzival as really dishonoured; they receive and welcome him as one of their body, though he has *not* won the Grail, nor, so far, apparently expiated his sin in failing to put the question.

Page [114](#), line 339—'*He should eat without on the meadow.*' Cf. Book V. p. 154.

Page [115](#), line 402—'*Did women with wealth o'erburdened, etc.*' That gifts of armour and warlike trappings were usual on the part of the lady is evident from many passages, cf. Book II. p. 47 and Book XV. pp. 139, 147, 155.

Page [117](#), line 460—'*Affinamus of Clitiers.*' This knight has not been named before. The same name occurs in the list of princes overcome by Feirefis, Book XV. p. 154, but it is evidently a different individual. Bartsch suggests that the name is of Greek origin, Clitiers being derived from Clitorium.

Page [117](#), line 467—'*Then out spake King Lot's son gaily.*' Cf. p. [110](#), line 225.

Page [120](#), line 543—'*Thy sister Surdamur.*' Cf. Note to Book XII.

Page [121](#), line 587—'*Now greeting to whom I owe greeting.*' Bartsch remarks that this love-letter and that addressed by Anflisé to Gamuret, Book II. p. 44, are specially interesting as being almost the oldest specimens of love-letters in German literature.

Page [124](#), line 675—'*Beau-corps*.' Cf. Book VI. p. 183. From the passage on p. [114](#) it would seem as if Gawain had other brothers, as in most stories of the cycle he has, but Wolfram mentions none but Beau-corps.

Page [129](#), line 830 *and seq.*—'*Arthur gave maid Itonjé*.' It has been suggested that here Wolfram is indulging in sly mockery at the many weddings which, as a rule, wound up the mediæval romances. In the original tales the whole character of King Arthur and his court was far less stamped with the rigid morality we have learned to associate with them, and the somewhat indiscriminate promotion of love-affairs and marriages (cf. Book XV. p. 157) is quite in keeping with what we elsewhere read of the king. (See note to Book X. p. 204, for Mr. Nutt's remarks on the marriage of Gawain being celebrated at the Château Merveil, instead of at court.)

Page [130](#), line 869—'*But Parzival, he bethought him*,' etc. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that this presentment of Parzival as a married man, and absolutely faithful to his wife is quite peculiar to Wolfram's version of the story. Whether it is *entirely* due to the German poet we cannot now tell, but we meet with such constant instances of Wolfram's sense of the sanctity of the marriage vow, and the superiority of lawful, over unlawful, love, it seems most probable that it is to his genius we owe this, the most beautiful feature of the story. There is nothing answering to it either in Chrétien or his continuators, although in Gerbert the hero's successive failures are declared to be due to his forsaking Blanchefleur.

BOOK XV

Page [135](#), line 22—'*His armour a knight displayed*.' The riches of Feirefis and his costly raiment are dwelt upon at such length that one suspects that the aim of the poet was to exalt the importance of the House of Anjou; of which Feirefis, rather than Parzival, must here be considered the representative.

Page [136](#), line 31—'*Agremontein*.' Cf. Book IX. p. 284.

Page [136](#), line 42—'*Thopedissimonté*,' etc. This place has not been named before, and critics have not identified it with any

known name. Assigarzionté may, as suggested in Note to Book XIV., be the same as Agatyrsjenté. Thasmé we already know, Book XIII. p. 74 and Note.

Page [137](#), line 59—'*Parzival rode not lonely.*' The expression of an idea which seems to be a favourite one with Wolfram, cf. Book V. p. 139 and Book VIII. 242.

Page [137](#), line 81—'*As the lion-cub,*' etc. This fable, a belief in which was general in the Middle Ages, is also mentioned by Wolfram in his *Willehalm*.

Page [139](#), line 120—'*My brother and I are one body,*' etc. As remarked before, Wolfram has an extremely high idea of the binding nature of family relationships, cf. Book III. p. 97 and further on p. 145.

Page [139](#), line 121—'*Asbestos.*' Cf. Book IX. p. 281.

Page [139](#), line 138—'*Kaukasus.*' It is rather curious to find Sekundillé associated with Kaukasus, as we are elsewhere told that she was queen of Tribalibot, *i.e.* India. In Book X. p. 11 we are told that she had golden mountains in her kingdom, which may have suggested the connection.

Page [140](#), line 155—'*And the other, the precious jewels,*' etc. It has already been remarked (Note to Book IX.) that the attribution of strengthening virtue to precious stones, and the prominence given to them throughout the poem, is a special feature of the *Parzival*. In the next book we meet with a remarkable instance of this peculiarity.

Page [140](#), line 161—'*Kardeiss and Lohengrin.*' This is the first intimation we have of the existence of Parzival's sons; from Kondrie's speech on p. [159](#), he seems himself to have been unaware of their birth. We hear of Parzival sending the knights conquered by him to yield themselves captives to Kondwiramur (Book VII. p. 220 and Book VIII. p. 243), and she, therefore, would be in some degree aware of her husband's movements during the five years of separation; but we have no indication of his having received any message from her; and from the wandering life he led during these years (cf. Introduction to Book IX.), and the fact that he had no squire in attendance who could act as go-between, it seems

most probable that Parzival heard nothing of his wife throughout the entire time—a fact which makes his fidelity to her even more striking. *Kardeiss* was doubtless named after his mother's brother, whose death is referred to in Book VI. p. 167. *Lohengrin*, or as the name stands in the original, with an additional syllable, *Loherangrin*, has been derived from *Lothringen*, the German form Lorraine. If so, this may indicate the source of the story of the Swan-knight, which did not, of course, originally belong to the Grail legend.

Page [140](#), line 170—'*Pelrapär!*' seq. It is very curious that though Wolfram emphasizes the fact (p. [139](#)) that Parzival had regained his faith in God, yet it is not this faith which stands him in good stead in the hour of his greatest peril; neither is it his devotion to the Grail; but it is his loyal love for, and fidelity to, his wife that proves his salvation. If the aim of the poem were, as some critics contend, a purely religious one, then we should surely find that at the crucial moment of the hero's career religion, and not *Love*, would be the saving power. As it is, Parzival's words to Gawain, Book VI. p. 188, are abundantly borne out, and it *is* his wife, and no heavenly power, that acts as Guardian Angel. (The lines 170-71 are not of course to be taken literally, '*o'er kingdoms four*' is used in other old German poems as equivalent for '*a great distance*.' It is not to be supposed that Kondwiramur was in any sense, even mystically, aware of her husband's danger, though doubtless it is the conviction that her love for him is as steadfast as his for her that strengthens his arm.) Throughout this conflict between the two brothers it is love, in the twelfth century form of *Minne-Dienst*, which is regarded as the animating power on either side; though the fact that they are respectively Christian and heathen is insisted on by the poet, yet we do not find the conflict regarded as a struggle between the two religions, nor any sign given of the superiority of the God of the Christian to the heathen deities, in fact the same Divine Power is invoked to shield them both (p. [139](#)). It certainly seems here as if the *knightly* interpretation had, in a great measure, overborne the *ethical*. That there *was* an ethical signification attached to the episode seems evident, not only from the fact that this conflict with Feirefis, whose peculiar

parti-coloured appearance recalls so strongly the contrast between Doubt and Faith, drawn in the Introduction, is the last stage in Parzival's long expiation; but also from the fact of the breaking of Ither of Gaheviess' sword, of which special mention is made in lines 173 and *seq.* The poet evidently intends us to regard this as a token that Parzival's youthful sins have been atoned for, and there seems little doubt that the incident was introduced here for that purpose. That the sword here broken was originally the *Grail* sword, and that the change was made by Wolfram from the difficulty of reconciling that fact with previous statements (cf. Book IX. p. 252), as Simrock suggests, is most improbable, there would have been no reason for the *Grail Sword* breaking in this rather than in any other combat (accepting Chrétien's statement that the sword would break only in *one peril*; it had withstood considerably more than *one blow*), quite the contrary, as here Parzival is practically the Grail champion; but there is a deep significance in this shattering of the last token of the headstrong folly of his youth. It seems most probable that Wolfram found this incident in his source; and that the original meaning of the combat was to depict the last desperate struggle of the soul with Doubt, wherein by *steadfast resistance* (absolute conquest is not at once to be looked for) the sins of the past are wiped out, and the soul becomes finally worthy of reward.

Page [141](#), line 195—'*Thro' fear shall I tell my name?*' Cf. Note to Book XIV. The courteous and knightly bearing of Feirefis, both here and on p. [142](#), should be noted. In everything but faith he is quite the equal of his Christian brother; indeed it must be admitted that, compared with either Feirefis or Gawain, *Parzival* gives the impression of being a much less courtly and polished figure. His character seems stamped throughout with a rugged simplicity and directness, quite in keeping with what we are told of his wild and lonely youth. It is noticeable, too, how very little, comparatively speaking, Parzival says; though all the speeches put into his mouth have an earnestness and depth of feeling which we do not find in the much more frequent utterances of Gawain. Wolfram's tolerant treatment of heathen, generally, has often been a subject of

remark by critics; and, with regard to Feirefis, the number of allusions to him which the *Willehalm* contains lead one to the conclusion that this character, in particular, was a favourite with the poet.

Page [141](#), line 202—'*How shall "Angevin" be thy title?*' The reader will probably by this time have noticed that, King of Anjou as Parzival is, he is never called an Angevin, but is invariably referred to as a 'Waleis,' his mother's country. It is his *mother's* kingdoms of which he has been deprived (cf. Book III. pp. 73, 80, 87), and this is really the first indication we have that he knows himself to be also lord of Anjou. Gamuret is alluded to, and gives his name as, Gamuret Angevin; Feirefis, is always Feirefis Angevin; but Parzival, the hero of the story and the real glory of his house, is not an Angevin but a 'Waleis.' This shows clearly that the *Angevin* element formed no part of the original Perceval legend, but that it has been grafted on to a previously existing Celtic basis.

Page [141](#), line 205—'*Béalzenan.*' Cf. Book V. p. 147 and Note.

Page [142](#), line 230—'*As written parchment.*' Ekuba did *not* say this in Wolfram's version, cf. Book VI. p. 186, possibly the simile was in the French source and has been dropped out. It is a curious idea to occur to a man who, like Wolfram, could not write; and it is also a curious speech to put into the mouth of one who, like Parzival, had been brought up in the desert, and deprived of the ordinary training due to his rank.

Page [143](#), line 241—'*Blest be Juno,*' etc. This ascription of Latin gods and goddesses to *all* the non-Christian races was not unusual in the Middle Ages; Apollo was the god most commonly thus transferred. It is rather curious though to find the mistake made in a poem so obviously tinged by Oriental influences as the *Parzival*. Wolfram, too, seems to have known that the Saracens had other gods, in *Willehalm* he names as such Apollo, Mahmet, and Tervigant.

Page [144](#), line 275—'*When King Eisenhart's life was run.*' Cf. Book I. p. 28.

Page [144](#), line 294—'*Till King Ipomidon.*' Cf. Book II. p. 59.

Page [146](#), line 353—'*From Château Merveil,*' etc. Cf. Book XII. p. 53.

Page [147](#), line 377—'*Saranthasmé.*' Cf. Book XIII. p. 74 and note.

Page [149](#), line 458—'*Wizsant.*' A haven on the coast of France, near Boulogne, much frequented at that time. Writers of the period frequently allude to it.

Page [153](#), line 583 and *seq.*, page [154](#), line 615 and *seq.* The list of kings conquered by Feirefis and Parzival contain some very perplexing names, the originals of which have evidently been corrupted in process of transmission from one language to another. Bartsch, who has devoted considerable time to the study of the proper names in the *Parzival*, has endeavoured, with varying success, to identify the majority; and the following suggestions are taken from his article on the subject, already quoted in Appendix B, of vol. i.

In the first list, that of the princes conquered by Feirefis, names of Greek origin are of frequent occurrence; thus Papyrus of Trogodjénté, Bartsch identifies as the king of the Troglodytæ; Liddamus of Agrippé was originally Laodamus of Agrippias; Tinodent, the island of Tenedos; Milon is, of course, a well-known Greek name, as is Kallicrates, here Killicrates, Filones of Hiberborticon is the Greek *Philon*; and it may be taken as a general rule that all the names ending in *on*, in this list, may be traced more or less directly to a Greek source. Possizonjus is a version of Poseidonios (having probably passed through a Latin medium); Atropfagenté is the land of the Androphagi, or Anthropophagi; Acheinor is the Greek *Archenor*.

In the list of the heroes conquered by Parzival we have, on the contrary, few classical names; Jeropleis, *i.e.* Hieropolis, seems to be almost the only example. The majority of the names appear to be of Romance origin, or at least to have passed through a Romance source. Thus Mirabel, the name of a place in Southern France, and Serabel, here the ending *bel* indicates the French origin; Villegarunz is the Prov. *Villagrana*; Jovedast of Arles, a Provençal, proclaims his own nationality.

It is probably no accident that this majority of classical names appear in the first list, that of Feirefis, since, as noted above, Greeks and Romans alike were classed by the mediæval writers as heathens, and they would see nothing incorrect in giving Saracens classical names, in the same way as they provided them with classical deities.

Page [154](#), line 608—'*Olympia and Klauditté.*' Here again we find the names of the three queens beloved by Feirefis of distinctly classical origin: Klauditté being a French derivation from Claudia. Sekundillé is the only queen of whom we hear elsewhere, the other two are mentioned by name only.

Page [155](#), line 643—'*Heraclius or Hercules.*' Heracles was the hero of a German poem of the twelfth century, which attributes to him a knowledge of the properties of precious stones. The Alexander here referred to is Alexander the Great; not the lover of Surdamur, mentioned in Books XII. and XIV. (cf. note to XII.)

Page [156](#), line 664—'*Driantasmé.*' Apparently a combination of Triande and Thasmé, cf. Book XIII. p. 74.

Page [158](#), line 723—'*With turtle-doves, all shining.*' Kondrie does not seem to have borne the badge of the Grail on her first visit (Book VI. p. 177); this, her second appearance, seems to bear more of an official character.

Page [158](#), line 741—'*Without a kiss.*' A kiss was the customary sign and seal of forgiveness (cf. Book V. 151, 152; Book VI. 177; Book XIV. 129), but Kondrie is fully aware of her repulsive appearance, and would, therefore, release Parzival from the fulfilment of a distasteful duty. It must be noted that, throughout the poem, Kondrie is in no sense represented as a malicious character. Her brother, Malcréature, on the contrary, seems to have been thoroughly evil-disposed, cf. Book X. p. 12.

Page [159](#), line 767—'*Now rejoice with a humble heart.*' Kondrie's announcement to Parzival appears, in some points, to be a direct contradiction of what we have already been told with regard to the promised healing of Anfortas. In Book IX. p. 278, Trevrezent distinctly says that the question must be

asked on the *first* night of the visit to the Castle; that no warning must be previously given; and that *if* the knight fulfils these conditions, then, and then only, will he become king of the Grail. Now Parzival apparently traverses all these conditions, he omits to ask the question on his first visit, he is told of the sin he has thereby committed, and on this, his second visit, is made well aware of what is expected of him (cf. lines 774 and *seq.*), while the Grail announces him as king *before* he has asked the question. It is true that no one tells him the exact words in which he is to put the query, but Parzival is well aware that he is to ask Anfortas the cause of his anguish, and it scarcely seems likely that the virtue of the question depends upon the form in which it is put. Are we to consider from Trevrezent's words, Book XVI. p. 171, that Parzival's valour and steadfastness of purpose have wrought a change in the Divine Counsels, and that the bliss which he had in his folly forfeited is to be granted to him on his fulfilment of the *spirit* of the Grail conditions, the fulfilment of the *letter* being dispensed with? The question is a perplexing one, and difficult to solve satisfactorily.

Page [160](#), line 779—'*Seven stars did she name unto him.*' The introduction of these Arabic names is decidedly curious in view of Wolfram's emphatic statement that the origin of the *Parzival* was an Arabic MS., though Bartsch remarks that the names in question were not necessarily derived from the source, there being still extant a German astronomical poem of the twelfth century which contains a number of Arabic names. Still it is strange that Wolfram's version should be as close as it is to the original form of the words, thus Zevâl is the Arabic *Zuhal*, Saturn; Almustri, *El-musteri*, Jupiter; Almaret, *El-mirrêk*, Mars; Samsi, *Shams*, the Sun; Alligafir and Alkamer cannot be exactly identified with the remaining two planets, Venus and Mercury, but seem to represent rather the names of two constellations, respectively called El-gafir and El-kidr. Alkamer is the moon, Arabic *El-kamer*.

Page [160](#), line 799—'*If thou speakest, Lady.*' The humility of this speech of Parzival's, contrasted with the indignant outbreak of wounded pride in Book VI. pp. 187, 188, is the most decisive proof which the poem affords of the spiritual

change which has passed over him, and of his fitness to become king of the Grail, a blessing which Anfortas has forfeited through lack of humility (cf. Book IX. p. 272 and Book XVI. p. 182).

Page [161](#), line 817—'*From the bright eyes of Orgelusé.*' Cf. Book XII. p. 65.

Page [162](#), line 861—'*Triant.*' Cf. Book XIII. p. 74. Nouriente = von ourient, *i.e.* Orient.

BOOK XVI

Page [165](#), line 5, *and seq.*—'*Then he spake to the knights of Monsalväsch.*' Those readers who are familiar with Wagner's *Parzival* will see in this speech of Anfortas to the knights, and his attempt to win death for himself by shutting his eyes to the Grail, the germ of the scene in the Grail Temple in Act III. of the Drama. It will be noted that *here* Anfortas does not injure any one but himself by this attempt at self-destruction. Titurel is still alive, cf. p. [178](#). It is noteworthy that the knights still await the advent of the promised Healer; though, as we gather from Trevrezent's speech, Book IX. p. 278, 'The knight, he hath come, and hath left us,' they were aware that *Parzival* was he, and had failed to fulfil his mission.

Page [166](#), line 49—'*Teriak.*' Cf. Book IX. p. 278, Ambra=Amber.

Page [167](#), line 67, *and seq.*—'*Carbuncle and Balas ruby,*' etc. It has before been remarked that the belief in the virtue of precious stones was very real and very general in the Middle Ages. Similar lists are given by various writers, Albertus Magnus among them; and San Marte remarks that, if this list is compared with mediæval writings, it will be found that the names have not been put together in a haphazard fashion, but that the special virtue ascribed to each stone has a direct bearing on Anfortas' sufferings. *Jewels*, in the strict sense of the term, these stones are not exclusively, *e.g.* we find Asbestos and Pyrites among the list; the expression 'precious stones' was freely construed in those days. The Latin equivalent of all these names can be found in writings of the

period, but it would scarcely be interesting to give a minute description and identification.

Page [169](#), line 119—'*And e'en as was there the custom.*' Cf. Book V. p. 132.

Page [169](#), line 130—'*O'er-long have I waited.*' Anfortas' speech to Parzival is curious; some critics have opined that he alone was not aware of the lately read Grail writing, and of Parzival's election to the Grail kingdom, and was, therefore, in doubt as to whether or not he was the destined Deliverer. But, if that were the case, how did he come not only to know Parzival's name, but to lay such stress upon it ('If *Parzival* men shall call thee, *then*, etc.'), *i.e.* 'If thou art indeed the chosen ruler of these knights, then exercise thine authority on my behalf.' We learn from Book IX. p. 271, that the *name* of the elect knights appeared on the Grail. If Anfortas had learnt it from Trevrezent, the only other source of information he could have had, he would have had no doubt of the identity of the promised Deliverer with the knight who had already paid an abortive visit to the Castle; as it is, he recognises him at once, but is in doubt whether he is the 'Parzival' named by the Grail. The meaning of his speech seems to be that Anfortas was unaware how far Parzival himself was acquainted with the *rôle* assigned to him, and feared to transgress the Grail's commandment, and risk the promised healing by saying too much.

Page [169](#), line 141—'*Now say where the Grail It lieth?*' It is remarkable that though Parzival is well aware of the nature of the question which he is to put to Anfortas, and of the happy results which will follow (p. [159](#)), yet he fully realises that this healing can only be brought about by the blessing of God; it is as God's Messenger, and not in his own power, that he speaks. He feels himself, and wishes the knights to regard him, merely as the instrument in God's hand; there is no trace of self-assertion or presumption in his action, the grace of humility has been fully won. The beautiful touch in lines 155-56 seems to show that to Anfortas, also, the long ordeal issued in distinct spiritual gain. It is worth noting that, from this point onwards, Anfortas is spoken of as a knight in the prime of life, worthy to be compared in skill and prowess with his nephew, Parzival,

and excelling him in physical beauty; whereas Trevrezent, who was considerably the younger (cf. Book IX. p. 275), is always spoken of as an old man. This is, of course, due to the youth-preserving powers of the Grail (cf. Book IX. p. 270), so Répanse-de-Schoie, who had been in the service of the Grail from her childhood, would have retained the appearance of a young girl, and there is nothing surprising, therefore, in Feirefis becoming enamoured of her beauty.

Page [178](#), line 147—'*By the mouth of His saint, Sylvester.*' An allusion to a well-known story told of S. Sylvester; how when he was defending Christianity against a Jew, in the presence of the Emperor Constantine, he restored to life, by the invocation of Christ, a steer which the Jew had slain by whispering the most Holy Name into its ear, but had failed to revivify by the same means.

Page [170](#), line 168—'*The wood when they fought of old.*' Cf. Book VI. p. 160 and *seq.* This reunion of Parzival and Kondwiramur on the very spot where he had been overcome by the mystic love-trance is a most poetical feature of Wolfram's version, and one found nowhere else.

Page [171](#), line 183—'*Greater marvel I ne'er may see.*' Cf. Book IX. p. 267. This passage, with its practical unsaying of much that Trevrezent has said in Book IX., is extremely difficult of explanation. That there is a distinct discrepancy, not to say contradiction, between the statements of Book IX. and those of Book XVI. is undoubtedly the fact; the most probable solution appears to be that suggested in Excursus C at p. [194](#) of this volume; *i.e.* the original interpretation, that of Kiot, was purely religious, and it was that which Wolfram in Book IX. was mainly following; he himself, however, had grafted another meaning on to that originally suggested, that of salvation by fidelity to the knightly ideal, the power of the *unverzagter mannes muot*. By the time Wolfram had reached the end of the poem, he found that his interpretation had dominated that of Kiot, he had practically made Parzival do that which Trevrezent says is impossible ('Wouldst thou force thy God with thine anger?' Book IX. p. 267. 'Thou by thy wrath hast won blessing'), and this passage seems to be an attempt to harmonise these two conflicting ideas. It is certainly

not easy of interpretation, for on the face of it, while Trevrezent is asserting the unchanging nature of God's decrees, as illustrated by the history of the rebel angels, he is also implying that Parzival himself has been the object of special and peculiar favour on the part of the Deity, and that the foreordained course of events has in his case been at least modified.

Page [172](#), line 213—'*Duke Kiot of Katelangen.*' Cf. Book IV. p. 107, and Book IX. p. 274.

Page [174](#), line 277—'*When many a year had flown.*' This is the only indication we have of the eventual recovery of Parzival's inheritance. From the emphasis laid upon the episode in Book III. one would have expected to find Parzival himself making some effort for the recovery of his kingdoms, but he never seems to have done so (cf. Notes to Book III. pp. 308, 309).

Page [174](#), line 302—'*Schoysiané, the dead maid's mother.*' In Wolfram's poem, *Titurel*, we find exactly the reverse of this statement; *i.e.* Siguné, whose mother died at her birth (as we are repeatedly told), was given into the care of the mother of Kondwiramur, and the two children were brought up together till Siguné was five years old, when Herzeleide persuaded Duke Kiot to transfer his daughter to her charge. How this discrepancy arose is not clear; Wolfram may perhaps have forgotten what he had said in *Titurel*, or he may have followed his French source.

Page [174](#). line 306—'*Nor my tale like the bow shall be bended.*' Cf. Book V. p. 137.

Page [175](#), line 310—'*A Templar of Patrigalt.*' Cf. Book II. p. 39.

Page [175](#), line 319—'*Garschiloie of Greenland.*' Cf. Book V. p. 144. Greenland here is not to be understood as the Greenland we know, but as part of Norway. The Grail maidens have not been individually named before, though the Countess of Tenabroc and the daughter of Jernis were mentioned in Book V. pp. 133, 134. Florie of Lünel may be the daughter of the Count of *Nonel* named in conjunction with Jernis.

Page [177](#), line 373—'*Claret, Morass, or Sinopel.*' Morass seems to have been a wine made from mulberries; Sinopel, wine mixed with sweet syrups.

Page [178](#), line 411—'*The Tourney hath fashions five.*' Cf. Note to Book II. 'The Tourney.'

Page [178](#), line 434—'*If he be a heathen.*' This inability of the unbaptized to behold the Grail, and the renewal of the power of the stone every Good Friday are the two most direct proofs of the Christian nature of the Talisman to be found in the poem. As remarked in Note to Book IX., Wolfram never seems really to connect the Grail with the Passion of our Lord.

Page [179](#), line 441—'*If I, for your sake, be baptizèd.*' It should be noted that Feirefis is not in the least influenced by any religious motive in seeking Baptism; throughout, as in the combat with Parzival in Book XV., it is *Love* that is his guiding impulse.

Page [181](#), line 501—'*God is Man,*' etc. Cf. p. [171](#) where Trevezent makes use of exactly the same words.

Page [181](#), line 506—'*Each tree from the water draweth,*' etc. This and the following lines are inscribed on the fountain erected in 1860 to the memory of the poet, in the market-place of Ober-Eschenbach.

Page [182](#), line 526—'*The Templar whom God henceforward.*' In the face of the antiquity of the Swan-knight legend, it is impossible to regard this as more than an ingenious attempt on the part either of Wolfram or of his French authority to account for Lohengrin's prohibition of the question, cf. Note on 'Lohengrin.'

Page [183](#), line 562—'*Anfortas, he sent a message.*' Cf. Book IX. p. 285.

Page [183](#), line 566—'*Læhprisein,*' Book VIII. and Note. 'Læhtamreis,' Book XII. and Note.

Page [183](#), line 580—'*Camelot.*' This is the only mention in this poem of the town so well known in other versions of the Arthurian legend.

Page [184](#), line 589—'*Prester John*.' The belief in a Christian kingdom in the East, ruled over by a king who was at the same time a priest was very widely spread in the Middle Ages, but it is very curious to find it thus connected with the Grail legend. Simrock takes this connection to be a confirmation of his theory, that the Grail myth was originally closely connected with St. John the Baptist. According to *Der jüngere Titurel*, a poem which, professedly written by Wolfram and long supposed to be his, is now known to be the work of a certain Albert von Scharffenburg, the Grail with its guardians, Parzival, Lohengrin, Kondwiramur, and all the Templars, eventually left Monsalväscher, and found a home in the domains of Prester John, but the story seems to be due rather to the imagination of the writer than to any real legendary source.

Page [184](#), line 610, *and seq.*—'The Lohengrin myth.' This legend of a supernatural benefactor or deliverer, who arrives at the land which he is to benefit in a boat, miraculously guided, and leaves it in the same way, is extremely widely spread, and may be regarded rather as the property of the Aryan race as a whole, than of one nation in particular. In its earliest forms, such as the legend of Scaef among the Anglo-Saxons, and Höni in the Faroe Isles, the hero is undoubtedly of divine origin, and the second of these seems to be the first in which the swan element is introduced. The original signification appears to be that of a 'year-myth,' symbolising the conflict between the seasons; the god of spring first overcoming, and then in his turn being overcome by, the power of winter. Bloete, in an article on the subject in the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*, explains the connection with the swan by the fact that this is a migratory bird, and that in the days when the lower part of the Rhine formed a marshy Delta, swans frequented these lowlands in large numbers on their way to, and from, their summer quarters in Northern Europe. In this way the birds were the heralds alike of the coming and of the departing light and warmth, and became associated with the embodied genius of spring and summer. It is certainly a curious fact that the legend of the Swan-knight in its developed form is distinctly to be traced to these countries. The original association with the god of light, Bloete thinks, was the work of Keltic fancy, and by them imparted to their Batavian successors in the lowlands of the Rhine. By the thirteenth century, the story had clothed itself in distinctly chivalric form, the hero was no longer a god, but a knight, and in this shape the legend became connected with the origin of more than one noble family of the day; notably with that of Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader. It is noticeable in this connection that Gerbert, one of the continuators of Chrétien, has a passage prophesying that of Perceval's race shall spring the 'Swan-knight and the Deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre.'

This passage, together with the fact that Wolfram connects Lohengrin with Brabant, seems to indicate that the German poet was not the first to connect the legend of the Swan-knight with that of the Grail, but found the story in his French source;

though he certainly gives the earliest version of the legend in the shape in which, through Wagner's *Lohengrin*, it is familiar to us to-day. A more prolonged and elaborate account of Lohengrin's adventures is given in *Der jüngere Titurel* already referred to; here the lady is the Duchess of Lizaborye, and the catastrophe is brought about by the advice of a treacherous maid, who persuades the Duchess that if she cuts off, roasts, and eats a portion of her husband's flesh, he will be unable to leave her. In pursuance of this intention, armed knights break into Lohengrin's chamber at night, and in the struggle with them, though overcoming his assailants, he is himself slain. The unhappy wife dies of grief, and the name of the country is changed from Lizaborye to Lothringen (Lorraine) in memory of Lohengrin. (Those familiar with the Wagner Drama will note the skill with which Wagner has combined these two versions of the legend.)

In the forbidden question we probably have a surviving testimony to the originally divine nature of the hero; it is a well-known feature of such legends that a mortal wife wedded to a divine husband may not inquire too closely into that husband's nature, *e.g.* the myths of Jupiter and Semele, and of Eros and Psyche. The question therefore probably belongs to the original form of the story, and the passage on p. [182](#) is merely, as suggested above, an ingenious attempt to explain a feature which puzzled the later compilers.

Page [186](#), line 661—'*Here Herr Erec should speak.*' An allusion to Hartmann's *Erec*, so often referred to. The hero forbids his wife to speak to him, she breaks the silence in order to warn him of an impending danger, and is punished by him for so doing.

Page [186](#), line 663—'*If Chrétien of Troyes,*' *etc.* Here for the first time Wolfram gives us clearly to understand that he knew Chrétien's Grail poem, but deliberately preferred to follow Kiot's version, to which he has made frequent allusions. If Wolfram's statement is to be accepted as it stands, we must perforce conclude that both the first two books and the last three (of which Chrétien has no trace) were in Kiot's poem, '*To the end, the Provençal told it.*' Certainly Wolfram himself does not wish us to consider that any part of the tale was due to his

own invention, but rather that he was throughout faithfully adhering to lines already laid down. The question of the connection between Chrétien and Wolfram will be found fully discussed in Excursus B.

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