

Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

Digitale Sammlung der Badischen Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

**Illustrations of northern antiquities, from the earlier
Teutonic and Scandinavian romances**

Weber, Henry William

Edinburgh [u.a.], 1814

Adventure XXXV. - How the three kings spoke with Etzel and Chrimhilt of a
truce

[urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-161450](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-161450)

Haghen, whom he wounded in the head, and returned to his countrymen. But when he had rested a while he renewed the fight, and was killed by Haghen with a spear. Irnfried and Hawart, who went to revenge his death, were also slain by Folker and Haghen, and their knights shared the same fate.

ADVENTURE XXXV. HOW THE THREE KINGS SPOKE WITH ETZEL AND
CHRIMHILT OF A TRUCE.

"Be ye proud of mood, my champions," Haghen aloud did say;
"For aye the Huns shall rue that they brought us here this day;
Ever the feast shall they lament which the queen for us has dight:
What boots it now to Chrimhilt that she brought us here to fight?"

"Unlace ye now your helmets," so spake the champion;
"I, and my fellow, Folker, will shield you from the foen;
And if King Etzel's meiny dare try the combat bold,
I warn ye, noble gentlemen, your courage to unfold."

There many goodly kemps unlac'd their helmets good;
Down they sat them on the dead, (amongst the tide of blood,)
Whom they had done to death in the sturdy fight:
But soon of Etzel's noble guests fell many a hardy knight.

Before the evening-tide, King Etzel did command,
And so did Lady Chrimhilt, that the kemps of Hunnen-land
Graithe them for the battle: and straight before them stood,
Ready for the fight, twenty thousand champions good.

In the hall, and eke without, a fearfull fight was fought:
Dankwart, Haghen's brother, noble deeds he wrought;
To his enemies he leapt rathly through the door:
When they ween'd he had bled to death, he was hardier than before.

Ev'n till the night did sever them, they fought the fight of blood:
The guests defended them, as noble heroes should,

Against the champions of the Huns a full long summer's day :
Ho! how many a noble blade dead before them lay !

At the turn of summer¹ was done this murd'rous deed :
'Twas for the Lady Chrimhilt the champions bold did bleed :
There fell her nearest kindred, and many a man of fame ;
For which King Etzel never more knew nor joy nor game.

She never thought such battle fierce among them would be fought ;
For she had bent her mind all only to have brought
To the death the hero Haghen ; but while his blood she sought,
All this bloody mischief by the foul fiend was wrought.

Gunter and his brothers now issued before the hall, and demanded truce, which was refused to them by King Etzel. He was, however, willing to allow them to come out and rest from the fight, but Chrimhilt ordered her champions to drive them in, and set fire to the hall. The heroes of Burgundy, now reduced to six hundred, were driven to the last extremity. They had no means to quench the raging thirst caused by the fire, till, by the advice of Haghen, they drank the blood of their enemies.² Fortunately the hall-roof was arched, which prevented a general conflagration. They remained quiet till the morning, when they were attacked by twelve hundred Huns, allured by the offers of Chrimhilt, who were slain to the last man.

ADVENTURE XXXVI. HOW RUDIGER WAS SLAIN.—Rudiger was disconsolate to see such dreadful havoc among his friends. A Hun, who saw him standing unarmed, upbraided him with cowardice, but was struck dead to the ground by the hand of the margrave. Both Etzel and Chrimhilt used every prayer, and even fell on their knees, to persuade him to attack the Burgundians. Long did he deny their request, pleading his friendship for them, and the hospitality which they

¹ See the note on p. 170.

² This circumstance has been transferred, with considerable improvements, into the Danish ballad of Lady Grimild's Wrack, printed in this volume.