

Moriaen, V.409-489

	Daventure doet ons gewach:	The adventure tells us:
410	Des margens, alst was dach,	in the morning, as it became day,
	Voren si wech alle beide	they both rode off
	Menege wustine, menege heide	across many wastelands, many heaths
	Ende hoge berge ende dale	and tall mountains and valleys
	Om te vindene Perchevale;	to find Perchevael.
415	Maer dat pine jegen spoet:	But those efforts were unsuccessful:
	Sine mochtens niet wesen vroet.	they could not find out anything about him,
	Des hadden si menech swaer verdrach.	which gave them many deep sorrows.
	Ende recht opten negenden dach	And right on the ninth day,
	Quam een ridder jegen hen gereden	a knight came riding towards them
420	Op een ors van sconen leden,	on a horse with beautiful limbs,
	Ende wel gewapent daer toe.	and he was well armed too.
	Hi was al sward, ic segt u hoe:	He was all black, I will tell you how:
	Sijn hoeft, lichame ende hande	his head, body and hands
	Was al sward, sonder sine tande;	were all black, except his teeth;
425	Ende wapine ende scilt, sekerlijc,	and certainly, his armour and shield
	Was al enen moer gelijk,	were like those of a Moor,
	Ende also sward also een raven.	and as black as a raven.

	Hi dede sijn ors serre draven	He made his horse trot fast
	Ende lopen sere mettien.	and immediately gallop.
430	Doen hi die ridders hadde versien,	When he had spotted the knights,
	Tirst dat hise hadde gemoet,	as soon as he had noticed them
	Ende deen den andere gegroet,	and one greeted the other,
	Sprac hi te Lancelote saen:	he spoke thus to Lanceloet:
	“Riddere, nu doet mi verstaen	‘Knight, now explain to me
435	Van ere dinc, die ic begere,	one thing that I desire to know,
	Oft wacht u jegen min spere;	or guard yourself from my spear.
	Ic wille weten die waerhede.	I want to know the truth.
	Ic sal u secgen minen sede:	I shall tell you what my ways are:
	Wat riddere daer ic come an,	I do not part with any knight I come across,
440	Al ware hi starker dan vif man,	neither out of fear nor wrath,
	Ende ict wiste wel te voren,	even if he is stronger than five men
	In liet dor vaer no dor toren,	and even if I know this,
	In soude jegen hem vechten,	without fighting against him,
	Ofte hi soude mi berechten.	unless he informs me.
445	Bericht mi, ridder, bi uwer trouwen,	Inform me, knight, by your faith
	(Anders maget u wel berouwen)	(or else you might well regret it),
	Die beste waerheit die gi wet,	of the best truth you know
	Die ic u sal vragen, ende nine let.”	about what I shall ask you, and leave nothing out.’

	Doe seide min her Lanceloet:		Then my lord Lanceloet said:
450	“Ic ware mi vele liver doet		‘I would much rather be dead
	Dan mi een ridder dwingen soude		than be forced by a knight
	Van dies ic doen nine woude.		to do something that I do not want.
	Die lachter en gesciet mi heden:		This humiliation will not happen to me today.
	Oft gi wilt, volget uwer seden,		Follow your ways if you want,
455	Ic vechte houder dat ict late		I prefer to fight than to allow them,
	Om te velle uwe onmate;		to put an end to your excesses;
	Want in begere niet den vrede.		for I do not desire peace.
	Ic wille noch heden u onsede		I want to end your immoral ways this very
	Vellen, oft ic sterve inden wille.”		day, even if I die in my resolve.’
460	Die swerte hi en hilt niet stille,		The black one, who was angry at Lanceloet,
	Die op Lancelote was erre:		did not hold still:
	Hi omhaelde sinen loep verre		he took a long running start
	Ende verrechte sijn spere,		and straightened his spear,
	Alsoe die te vechtene hevet gere.		like one who desires to fight.
465	Mijn her Walewein hilt besiden		My lord Walewein stayed to the side
	Daer die andere souden striden,		of where the others would fight
	Ende pensde in sinen moet,		and thought in his mind,
	Alsoe die hovesch was ende vroet,		as one who was courtly and wise,
	Dattet ware dorperhede		that it would be foolishness

470	Ende geens goets ridders sede, Datmen enen ridder verlode Ende meer dan een man bestode, Hine sage dat an sijn leven ginge: Dan ward tijt dat hijt anevinge	and no good knight's ways for more than one man to defeat a knight together seeing that their life was not at stake: there was still time then for him to begin
475	Ende stonde sinen vrient te staden, Oft hine te sere sage verladen. Hier bi hilt Walewein al stille Else een die vechten nine wille, Noch breken die gerechte wet;	and stand at his friend's side if he saw Lanceloet too overwhelmed. Walewein stayed there completely still, as one who does not want to fight nor break the just law;
480	Nochtan waende Walewein bet Dat ware die duvel dan een man Daer si waren comen an, Maer dat hine horde nomen Gode Men had hem niet mogen ontstriden ode	yet Walewein would have thought that this man that had come up to them was the Devil if he had not heard him call God's name. He would not have been easily defeatable if
485	Hine ware die duvel oft sijn geselle Ende ware comen uter hellen, Omdat sijn ors was so groet, Ende hi was merre dan Lanceloet, Ende daertoe sward, alsict seide.	he had been the Devil or his disciple and if he had come out of Hell, since his horse was so large, and he himself was bigger than Lanceloet, and black too, as I have said.