

2377

So all those warriors fated by hand of death lay strewn,  
And e'en the queen full lofty in pieces eke was hewn.  
Dietrich and royal Etzel at length to weep began,  
And grievously they mournéd kinsmen slain and many a man.

2378

Who late stood high in honor now in death lay low,  
And fate of all the people weeping was and woe.  
To mourning now the monarch's festal tide had passed,  
As falls that joy to sorrow turneth ever at the last.

2379

Nor can I tell you further what later did befall,  
But that good knights and ladies saw ye mourning all,  
And many a noble squire, for friends in death laid low.  
Here hath the story ending, —that is the Nibelungen woe.