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

**Weber, Henry William**

**Edinburgh [u.a.], 1814**

Balade

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## BALADE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF THE ENGLISH POET GOWER.

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As Mr Weber has given in this volume (p. 8,) two translations from the German *Minnesänger*, or Love-poets, I have ventured, as a companion to Simon Dach's ditty, to attempt putting into an English dress, a very pretty *trouveur* "Balade" of the English poet Gower. It is the thirty-sixth in order, of the "Cinquante Balades" in the Marquis of Stafford's MS. of that poet; which it is hoped that nobleman, so distinguished for his good taste and liberality, will give to the world; as I believe no other copy of these very curious pieces exists. This, I doubt not, will be the wish of all men of taste, who have read the following account of them by the Historian of English Poetry: "They are tender, pathetic, and poetical; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has hitherto been usually seen. I know not if even any among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets.—Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of composition—although I must confess, there are some lines which I do not exactly comprehend."

The original will be found in Warton's History of English Poetry, among the "Addenda," and in the Life of Gower, in the second volume of Alexander Chalmers's edition of the English Poets.

## BALADE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF GOWER.

Now in this jolly time of May,  
 To Eden I compare the ground ;  
 While sings the Merle and Poppingay,\*  
 Green herb and tree bloometh around,  
 And all for Nature's feast are crown'd ;  
     Venus is Queen, all hearts obey,  
 And none to Love may now say Nay.

When this I see, and how her sway  
 Dame Nature over all extends ;  
 And all that lives, so warm, so gay,  
 Each after kind to other tends,  
 Till liking life and being blends ;—  
     What marvel, if my sighs bewray  
 That none to Love may now say Nay !

To nettles must the rose give way,  
 And Care and Grief my garland weave ;  
 Nor ever Joy dispense one ray  
 To cheer me, if my Lady leave  
 My love unblest, and me bereave

\* In this country the "popinjay" certainly adds very little to the melody of the groves ; but when the beautiful *golden jay*, which is common on the continent, condescends to sing, his notes, five or six in number, are remarkably sweet, full, and mellow ; and are the more to be prized, because he screams horribly at least ten times for once that he sings.

Of every hope to smile, and say,  
That none to Love may now say Nay.

Then go, and try her ruth to move,  
If aught thy skill, my simple lay;  
For thou and I too well approve,  
That none to Love may now say Nay.