

Dédicace de Pompey

Auteur : Philips, Katherine

Voir la transcription de cet item

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

2 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

[famille de la dédicataire](#), [jugement](#)

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce*Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Philips, the matchless Orinda, to which is added Monsieur Corneille's Pompey & Horace, Tragedies, with several other Translations out of French*

Auteur de la pièceCorneille, Pierre

Date1667

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ÉditeurHerringman, Henry

LangueAnglais

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- Tragédie

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<https://eman-archives.org/Spectatrix/items/show/1876>

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Notice créée par [Adelina Borfotina](#) Notice créée le 01/07/2024 Dernière modification le 03/12/2025

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Countess of C O R K.

M A D A M,

AS some untimely Flow'r, whose bathful Head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is rescu'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
To share that Light with which he gilds the Day,
So this Translation, of strict Eyes afraid,
With conscious Blushes, would have sought a Shade,
When your resistless Pow'r did Orders give,
Thus to recall the tim'rous Fugitive,
Which, to your Breath, must all her Being own,
Thrive when you Smile, and Wither if you Frown.

Yet from Submission this Assurance grows,
That you'll protect the Person you expose,
Who more delight from such a Shelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to desire Applause,
And your Indulgence would, much rather, chuse,
Than to be Favourite to ev'ry Muse.

For

For even they request to wait on you,
Who can best judge, and best reward them too,
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of most Illustrious and most Innocent,
Under your Beams their faint Ideas sink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the Humble, and the Brave, are met,
To shew what's truly, and what's only Great;
And all the *Clifford's* Fame in you does shine,
The greatest Honour of the noblest Line:
To whom your debt of Splendor you have paid,
And that (and more) to After-times convey'd,
In such a Race, as must those Wonders do,
That none could Act but they, Inspire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praise excel,
So does your Mercy all injurious Zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing else is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your Goodness will it self outshine,
If it can pardon this Address of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heav'n enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might destroy.

THE