

## Dédicace de *Love in a Wood*

Auteur : Wycherley, William

Voir la transcription de cet item

### Les folios

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

3 Fichier(s)

### Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *Love in a Wood, or, St. James's Park, a Comedy*

Auteur de la pièce Wycherley, William

Date 1672

Lieu d'édition Londres, Royaume-Uni

Éditeur

- Herringman, Henry
- Macock, John

Langue Anglais

Source [Internet Archive](#)

### Analyse

Type de paratexte Dédicace

Genre de la pièce Comédie

### Les relations du document

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.

### Informations sur la notice

Edition numérique Véronique Lochert (Projet Spectatrix, UHA et IUF) ; EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle)

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Mentions légales Véronique Lochert (Projet Spectatrix, UHA et IUF) ; EMAN

## Citer cette page

Wycherley, William Dédicace de *Love in a Wood* 1672.

Véronique Lochert (Projet Spectatrix, UHA et IUF) ; EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle).

Consulté le 19/01/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

<https://eman-archives.org/Spectatrix/items/show/1885>

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

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TO HER  
G R A C E  
THE  
Dutcheſs  
OF  
C L E A V L A N D.

MADAM,

**A**LL Authors whatever in their Dedications are Poets ; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who ſtands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art ; otherwiſe, I ſhou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play : I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more admirers than you have already ; yet I can do my ſelf the honour to let the world know, I am the greateſt you have ; you will pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition ; for Poets, let them paſs in the world never ſo much, for mo-deſt, honeſt men, but begin praiſe to others, which con-cludes in themſelves ; and are like Rooks, who lend people money, but to win it back again, and ſo leave them in debt to 'em for nothing ; they offer Laurel and Incenſe to their Hero's, but wear it themſelves, and perſume themſelves. This is true, Madam, upon the honeſt word of an Author,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

who never yet writ Dedication ; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publicly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the favours I have receiv'd from you : This, I say, is the Poets Gratitude, which in plain English, is only Pride and Ambition ; and that the world might know your Grace did me the honour to see my Play twice together ; yet perhaps my Enviars of your Favour will suggest 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification ; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Graces Favours lessen'd, or rather, my reputation ; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play ; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poets heart. 'Tis a sign your Grace understands nothing better, then obliging all the world, after the best and most proper manner ; But, Madam, to be obliging to that excess as you are, (pardon me, if I tell you, out of my extreame concern, and service for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and may be very incommode to you ; for Civility makes Poets as troublesom, as Charity makes Beggars ; and your Grace will be hereafter as much pester'd with such scurvy Offerings as this, Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions : And, Madam, take it from me, no man with Papers in's hand, is more dreadful then a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations ; Your Grace sure did not well consider what you did, in sending for my Play ; you little thought I wou'd have had the confidence to send you a Dedication too : But, Madam, you find I am as unreasonable, and have as little conscience, as if I had driven the Poetick trade  
longer

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

longer then I have, and ne're consider you had enough of the Play ; but (having suffer'd now so severely) I beseech your Grace, have a care for the future, take my Counsel, and be (if you can possible) as proud, and ill-natur'd, as other people of Quality, since your quiet is so much concern'd, and since you have more reason then any to value your self ; for you have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it so) which others of your Sex, but think they have ; that Generosity in your Actions, which others of your quality, have only in their Promises ; that Spirit, Wit, and Judgment, and all other qualifications, which fit Hero's to command, and wou'd make any but your Grace proud. I begin now elevated by my Subject, to write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet ; yet the integrity of an Historian ; and I cou'd never be weary, nay, sure this were my only way, to make my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation of people then they are. In Fine, speaking thus of your Grace, I shou'd please all the world but you ; therefore I must once observe, and obey you. against my will, and say no more, then that I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, and most

humble Servant,

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.