

Dédicace de Love's Triumph

Auteur : Cooke, Edward

[Voir la transcription de cet item](#)

Les folios

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

5 Fichier(s)

Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *Love's Triumph, or, The Royal Union*

Auteur de la pièce Cooke, Edward

Date 1678

Lieu d'édition Londres, Royaume-Uni

Éditeur

- James, Thomas
- Leach, William

Langue Anglais

Source [Internet Archive](#)

Analyse

Type de paratexte Dédicace

Genre de la pièce Tragédie

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)

Contributeurs

- Borfotina, Adelina (Stagiaire)
- Lochert, Véronique (Responsable de projet)

Mentions légales Véronique Lochert (Projet Spectatrix, UHA et IUF) ; EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle). Licence Creative Commons Attribution - Partage à l'Identique 3.0 (CC BY-SA 3.0 FR)

Citer cette page

Cooke, Edward Dédicace de *Love's Triumph* 1678.

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

Consulté le 14/02/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

<https://eman-archives.org/Spectatrix/items/show/1898>

Copier

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

TO
HER HIGHNESS
The Most Illustrious
MARY,
Princess of Orange,
&c.

May it please Your Highness ,



The knowledge I have of my own weakness in things of this nature, together with that awful Respect which ought to be had in all such near approaches to Sacred Majesty, might very reasonably have dash'd in me the first thoughts of this extream presumption of lifting up my eyes to Your Highness; and so in truth those considerations had: but that I was reliev'd by the power of that excessive Clemency, which has ever appear'd most Familiar in You, and which indeed seems to be Natural and Hereditary to all of the Royal Circle.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis from that, Madam, I hope to obtain of Your Highness my Pardon, for [otherwise] so inexcusable an Arrogance; since it was Your infinite Goodness that gave me leave in this mean triflē to pay You the Religion of my Zeal.

Be pleas'd then to receive this Poem (an absolute stranger to the World, being never yet seen upon the publick Theatre.) with that Tenerosity and Grace You are always ready to bestow upon the Unfortunate and Fair: and such Your Highness knows were Oroondates and Statira, who now being forc'd again from the peaceful Shades of their happy Retirement, do throw themselves at Your Princely Feet, with the Reverence and Humility of Idolaters, devoutly begging their Protection might be in Your Highness's Umbrage, as in the only place where they can best be secur'd from the envy, if I may not venture to say, malice of persecuting Censors: being sure that no outrages dare then be committed upon them by any of the most malignant, when once Your Highness shall please to take upon You the interest of their preservation.

For so Illustrious; Madam, and highly eminent is Your Birth (being derived from the first Prince of the Royal Blood, and from the only Brother to the best and greatest Monarch in the World) that You naturally inspire into all people the extremity of an universal Submission and Respect: that Veneration which they with constraint do yield to others, they, out of an impatient eagerness to acquit themselves of their duty, do voluntarily pay to Your Highness, and with an Ambition commensurate to nothing upon Earth, except it be Your Supreme Quality, they are daily striving to sacrifice their Hearts and utmost Faculties upon that Altar.

But, Madam, besides the great advantage of Your Royal Birth, Your Highness is endowed with so vast a number of excelling Charms, as that they cannot be lookt upon without dazzling and adoration, even by those who are themselves most Adorable: There is in Your Highness's Looks, such a Shine and Lustre of Beauty, as is not to be resembled by any thing below a Divinity; and as the brightness and glory of it, like

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Sun, delights and refreshes the eyes of all Mankind; so also You have mixt with it such a Fierceness and grand Air of Majesty, that, like a Divinity too, you cannot be beheld without fear and trembling. This, Madam, is the Unanimous Suffrage of all the Happy world that have yet been blest with a Sight of Your Incomparable Perfections. Every way your Beauty is triumphant; there is such a sweet composure of greatness and delicacy in your eyes, that You equally make all hearts to languish and consume in their devotion to You.

But Your Highness hath not only the attractions of Birth and Beauty to support Your Empire (though where e're those Beams are scattered, they i^z joyn Obedience) but you have also the extreameſt Virtue to continue its duration; that Virtue, Madam, of pure and unſpotted Innocence, Honour, and Goodness, which (joyn'd to the happiness of Your Flouriſhing Youth) brings You as near to the Reſemblance of Heaven, as it is poſſible for any thing of humanity ever to think to attain.

And yet, Madam, these are not all the Blessings for which you ought to be rever'd: Such Birth, Beauty, and Virtue were never intended only for a private enjoyment: therefore the moſt infinite Wise and Indulgent Heaven, has been pleasd to make on purpose a Person of peculiar Charms to be fitting for You; and for the laſt completion of happiness, ſaw nothing more worthy than to contract the greatest Union that ever was, between the two moſt Illuſtrious Houses of York and Nassau, in the Persons of your Highness, and the Great Prince of Orange; two ſuch Gloriouſ Characters, as that the laſt Account of Romantick Story has never yet preſum'd to ſay, were match'd together.

Both your Divine and Goodly Qualities are ſo numerouſ, and yet united, that, like a Deity, you can never be ador'd but in all your Attributes: And, Madam, both of you muſt continually expect to receive the Prayers and Wishes of all Mankind, for the renew'd Acceſſions of your, if poſſible, more flouriſhing Felicities.

B:.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But, Madam, Heaven has not only been consulting to make You, and your Prince happy; it has likewise been considering the happiness of the whole Kingdom of E N G L A N D, as also that of all the High and Mighty Neighbour-States in this Affair: We are in some measure sharers of your Glory; and (if your Highness will bear with me in the Expression on the general behalf) will not give you the whole Monopoly of it; no, our Hearts must have the privilege of rejoicing too; for the lighting of this Nuptial Torch is such a Blessing bestow'd upon us all, as is incapable of Addition: and nothing in the World can dare to pretend to any equality with it, unless it be the greatness of that Joy, which every moment grows new, and increases more upon us.

For Your Highness is joyned to a Prince, that seems, as it were, to be divested of his Humanity; he is so God-like in his Vertues, and all his Actions; a Prince of such dazzling Brightness in his Glory and Renown, as is impossible to be express'd, except we set down what ever is accounted excellent, and that He is. A Prince that knew how to Conquer, before the World could reasonably imagine he was capable of weilding His Sword. His Countenance is so Martial, that it plainly expresses the great Courage he hath, not to know what Fear is in himself; and yet can strike a General Dread and Consternation in others; so that he needs not be obliged to the use of Arms to Conquer his Enemies, for he can easily gain the Vittory over them when ere he pleases but to employ the Terror of his Looks. But yet withal, He has such Grace-full and Winning Charms, as none is able to behold him without Admiracion. Such Justness and Regularity, is in his Shape and Mien, such Sweetness in his Motions, and such a Generous Condescension in all His ways; that he does not so much make to himself Slaves by the Force of His Valour, as he does cause all Hearts to become Tributary to him by His Obliging and Familiar Address.

But,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But, Madam, I find how insufficient I am to speak of either of your Princeley Virtues as I ought, and therefore fear I have already too much offended your Highness in what I have said of them, being so vastly inferior to their particular Merit, that, methinks, this small Attempt has made me guilty of a very high profanation. The Honour of so extraordinary an Employment ought to be reserved for some more happy Genius, that can ascend to your Excellencies, and my temerity would not be excusable, if I did not bound it with my earnest Prayers for both your present and eternal Felicities; being

Of Your HIGHNESS,

The most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

EDWARD COOKE.