

## Dédicace de Noah's Flood

Auteur : Ecclestone, Edward

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## Les folios

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

3 Fichier(s)

## Mots clés

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## Informations éditoriales

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Auteur de la pièce Ecclestone, Edward

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To Her GRACE the DUTCHESSE

OF  
Monmouth.



IS the greatest and chiefest aim (Madam)  
of most men, still to chuse out the Highest,  
Loveliest, and Fairest Objects as may best a-  
gree with their Intentions ; thus the Pious  
and Devout are in a perpetual contemplation  
of Heaven, thinking that the fittest place  
about which they can or ought to busie their Religious thoughts,  
the Glories of the one running in a just Parallel with the Me-  
ditations of the ocher : Now pardon me (Madam) if the  
Divine Perfections Providence has bestowed upon You, have  
made me thus boldly aspire to Dedicate this Poem to Your  
Grace, as being the only Person with whose Nature such Sa-  
cred History best accords ; and I must needs alledg too, Your  
Grace deserves the Name of Beautiful, and that not only for  
the Excellent Proportion and Lineaments of Body, as for the  
Intrinsick Perfections of Your Mind, and Vertues of Your  
Soul, which are so sweetly joyn'd, that You may justly Chal-  
lenge, to Your self, the Title of a visible Divinity : But my  
greatest fear is, lest while I address my self to Your Grace,  
like a mistaken Zealot, I should approach the true Deity with  
a wrong Worship.—What was said of Greece may be now  
confirm'd here, That all their Beauties there could make

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

But one *Venus* ; You, like that Goddess, bare away the Golden Prize, whilst all the rest stand, neglected, by, and envy at Your Glory ; therefore lest any should think I derogate from them, by giving You Your due Commendations, or at least You Your self should think I flatter, I must aver thus much in my own Defence, that Your Perfections are so Divinely rare, You exceed the very Name of Flattery, for what is Adulation in others, is but Your real Character ; and to diminish what I have said, would rather prove abusive than a fawning Speech : And I am so far from extinguishing others Lustre by Yours, that like the Sun, You rather distribute Your diffusive Beams on all inferior Lights, than take any Rays from them, and that too without diminution to Your self. Had Your Grace liv'd in the Old World, You would not only have made an addition to those that were sav'd in the Ark, but even have prevented the Destruction of the Whole : For so pious and sincere, so importunate are all Your Devotions, as what was spoke by the two Angels to Lot, would have been said to You, That they could not be destroy'd so long as You was there. Or, like *Astrea*, Your Grace must have been forc'd to have left the Confines of this World, and in a Cloud of Incense flown to Heav'n : Nor need we doubt, but, like her, ( being a Star on Earth ) You would have made as bright a Constellation there. So sweet and affable is all Your Conversation, so universal is Your Charity and Bounty, and so Charming are Your Smiles, that all who know You must admire You, and bless themselves that You are now alive, though in an Age almost as bad as that. As it was the general Custom amongst the Jews, to present their first Fruits to Heav'n, so I hope Your Grace will pardon this Ambition in me, for laying this my First-born fancy on your Altar, for without Your Protection, I may doubt the Insolence.



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Insolence of a Censorious Age. But so long as Your Seraphick Form guards the door of the Ark, I need not fear what the malice of a Hell of Criticks can do against it: but rather am assur'd by Your Patronage, to view it safely sayling through all their Storms to the happy Mount, where when they are all securely Landed, I shall not think them more happy than I am in subscribing my self,*

Madam,

Your Graces Most Humble,

Most Obèdient,

and Most Devoted Servant,

*Edward Ecclestone.*