

Dédicace de Cyrus

Auteur : Banks, John

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Les folios

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4 Fichier(s)

Mots clés

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Informations éditoriales

Titre complet de la pièce *Cyrus the Great, or The Tragedy of Love, as it is acted at the Theatre in Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, by His Majesty's Servants*

Auteur de la pièce Banks, John

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Informations sur la notice

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TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
THE
Princess ANNE
OF
DENMARK.

Madam,

I Confess I am so transported at the Honour You have done this poor Play, that I know not in what Terms to pay my Devotion to Your Highness ; I am not insensible too of my own Unworthiness , and that it is a Presumption even in the best of this Kind, to think to gain Admittance into the Closet

A 2

of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of so Great a Princess ; But when I consider that no Present, of what Value soever, can be made suitable to One of Your Illustrious Character, It gives me Encouragement to hope this Trifle may not be less Acceptable to Your Royal Goodness, than a Pitcher of Water was to the Great Monarch of the World, from the Hands of a Mean Soldier. 'Twere Prophaneness in me any longer to divert with my rude Pen Your Divine Thoughts and Precious Moments, that are still imploy'd Above, in imploring Blessings for the Nation, and more prophane to sully the Chrystal Mirrour of so many Incomparable Virtues with the coarse Breath of Mortal Praise.

I most humbly ask Leave then to withdraw from a Subject so much above my Capacity and Merit ; (a Task fit only for the Angels You converse with,) and pray my Muse may have the Happiness to conclude, who groans to be deliver'd of her Duty, in these Homely, but Heartty Thanks.

Accept,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Accept, *Great Princess*, this small Offering,
This humble Mite I to your Treasure bring,
The poor mean Present of a bended Muse,
Amidst the Heaps of all the Wealthier *Jews*,
A banish'd Play that tedious Years had mourn'd,
Blest with your favour, by your Smiles return'd,
Writ and design'd for this Immortal Grace,
E're my then happier * *Favourite* took place;
But tho' the Younger first the Blessing had,
This brings no less Devotion that has stay'd :
The grateful Peasant thus before he's stor'd,
Gives his first Fruits of Plenty to his Lord.
Since this had never liv'd but for your sake,
'Tis just I give you what your self did make :
For the Great *Cyrus* being but a Child,
And in his Cradle destin'd to be kill'd,
Your Highness his Divine *Panthea* now,
Has rais'd him both to Empire and to You.
The God of Love, who in the Scene departs,
Bequeaths to You his Quiver and his Darts,
And, what is more, his Title to all Hearts.
Whilst at your Feet, the mighty Monarch lays
His conquer'd Crowns, as humbly I the Bays.
Happy was He that Presence to ingage,
That chear'd the World, and brought to Life the Stage,
Where the sad Muses, since they lost their Queen,
Ne'er till that Day did tune their Songs agen..
The ravish'd Crowds ador'd You as You rode,
Like Spring in *April* coming first abroad.
My humble Muse, then, that did groveling lye,
Soar'd like an Eagle through the Vaulted Sky,
Forgot

* *Earl of*
Essex.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Forgot the Disappointments that she had,
Rav'd with fierce Joy, and ran with Pleasure mad :
n of Two Labours of her Brain, this *Play* the third,
Jaite Through Spite and Envy were the Stage debarr'd, }
Cast and ne'er Try'd, Condemn'd and never Heard. }
Thus droop'd your Poet, saw his Laurels stain'd,
Or robb'd by Others who more favour gain'd ;
But time he hopes, and Pity in your Breast,
Will bring 'em both to Life, as this is blest.

Your Royal Highness's

most humble, most devoted,

and most obedient Servant,

J. Banks.

P R O-