

# **The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher in Ten Volumes eBook**

## **The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher in Ten Volumes by Francis Beaumont**

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# Page 1

## PHILIP

Earle of Pembroke and Mountgomery:

Baron Herbert of Cardiffe and Sherland,

Lord Parr and Ross of Kendall; Lord Fitz-Hugh,

Marmyon, and Saint Quintin; Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter; and one of His Majesties most Honourable Privie Councill: And our Singular Good Lord.

*My Lord, There is none among all the Names of Honour, that hath A more encouraged the Legitimate Muses of this latter Age, then that which is owing to your Familie; whose Coronet shines bright with the native luster of its owne Jewels, which with the accesse of some Beames of Sydney, twisted with their Flame presents a Constellation, from whose Influence all good may be still expected upon Witt and Learning.*

*At this Truth we rejoyce, but yet aloofe, and in our owne valley, for we dare not approach with any capacity in our selves to apply your Smile, since wee have only preserved as Trustees to the Ashes of the Authors, what wee exhibit to your Honour, it being no more our owne, then those Imperiall Crownes and Garlands were the Souldiers, who were honourably designed for their Conveyance before the Triumpher to the Capitol.*

*But directed by the example of some, who once steered in our qualitie, and so fortunately aspired to choose your Honour, joynd with your (now glorified) Brother, Patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet Swan of Avon SHAKESPEARE; and since, more particularly bound to your Lordships most constant and diffusive Goodnesse, from which, wee did for many calme yeares derive a subsistence to our selves, and Protection to the Scene (now withered, and condemned, as we feare, to a long Winter and sterilitie) we have presumed to offer to your Selfe, what before was never printed of these Authours.*

*Had they beene lesse then all the Treasure we had contrasted in the whole Age of Poesie (some few Poems of their owne excepted, which already published, command their entertainment, with all lovers of Art and Language) or were they not, the most justly admir'd, and beloved Pieces of Witt and the World, wee should have taught our selves a lesse Ambition.*

Be pleased to accept this humble tender of our duties, and till we faile in our obedience to all your Commands, vouchsafe, we may be knowne by the\_ Cognizance and Character of

MY LORD,



Your Honours most bounden

*John Lowin Richard Robinson Eyloerd Swanston Hugh Clearke Stephen Hammerton  
Joseph Taylor Robert Benfeild Thomas Pollard William Allen Theophilus Byrd.*

TO THE READER.



## Page 2

*Poetry is the Child of Nature, which regulated and made beautifull by Art, presenteth the most Harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the Dramaticall is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent Abilities, which should waite upon the\_ Composer; who must have more then the instruction of Libraries which of it selfe is but a cold contemplative knowledge there being required in him a Soule miraculously knowing, and conversing with all mankind, inabling him to expresse not onely the Phlegme and folly of thick-skin'd men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the Aire and insinuations of the Court, the discipline and Resolution of the Soldier, the Vertues and passions of every noble condition, nay the councells and charailers of the greatest Princes.*

This you will say is a vast comprehension, and hath not hapned in many Ages. Be it then remembered to the Glory of our owne, that all these are Demonstrative and met in\_ BEAUMONT & FLETCHER, *whom but to mention is to throw a cloude upon all former names and benight Posterity; This Book being, without flattery, the greatest Monument of the Scene that Time and Humanity have produced, and must Live, not only the Crowne and sole Reputation of our owne, but the stayne of all other Nations and Languages, for it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this Paper in all the Lines, this being the Authentick witt that made Blackfriars an Academy, where the three howers spectacle while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, were usually of more advantage to the hopefull young Heire, then a costly, dangerous, forraigne Travell, with the assistance of a governing Mounsieur, or Signior to boot; And it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the Time, whose Birth & Quality made them impatient of the sower wayes of education, have from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely employed Students, while these Recreations were digested into Rules, and the very Pleasure did edifie. How many passable discoursing dining witts stand yet in good credit upon the bare stock of two or three of these single Scenes.*

And now Reader in this\_ Tragical Age where the Theater hath been so much out-ailed, congratulate thy owne happinesse, that in this silence of the Stage, thou hast a liberty to reade these inimitable Playes, to dwell and converse in these immortall Groves, which were only shewd our Fathers in a conjuring glasse, as suddenly removed as represented, the Landscrap is now brought home by this optick, and the Presse thought too pregnant before, shall be now look'd upon as greatest Benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of witt and words to this Derivation.



## Page 3

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch and by such insinuating degrees that you shall not chuse but consent, and & go along with them, finding your self at last grown insensibly the very same person you read, and then stand admiring the subtile Trackes of your engagement. Fall on a Scene of love and you will never believe the writers could have the least roome left in their soules for another passion, peruse a Scene of manly Rage, and you would sweare they cannot be exprest by the same hands, but both are so excellently wrought, you must confesse none, but the same hands, could worke them.

*Would thy Melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at\_ Democritus himselfe, and but reading one piece of this Comick variety, finde thy exalted fancie in Elizium; And when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excesse of delight may too much dilate thy soule,) thou shalt meete almost in every leafe a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow so powerfully wrought high by the teares of innocence, and wronged Lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weepe into the streame, and yet smile when they contribute to their owne ruines.*

Infinitely more might be said of these rare Copies, but let the ingenuous Reader peruse them & he will finde them so able to speake their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces well understood will prove a\_ Preface to the rest, and if the Reader can fast the best wit ever trod our English Stage, he will be forced himselfe to become a breathing Panegerick to them all.

Not to detaine or prepare thee longer, be as capritious and sick-brain'd, as ignorance & malice can make thee, here thou art rectified, or be as healthfull as the inward calme of an honest\_ Heart, Learning, and Temper can state thy disposition, yet this booke may be thy fortunate concernement and Companion.

It is not so remote in Time, but very many Gentlemen may remember these Authors & some familiar in their conversation deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talke a Comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their Lives. What I have to say is, we have the precious\_ Remaines, and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they Lived a Miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more specially concerne these Authors and their workes is told thee by another hand in the following Epistle of the\_ Stationer to the Readers.

*Farwell, Reade, and feare not thine owne understanding, this Booke will create a cleare one in thee, and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a Charity to thy selfe, and at the same time forgive thy friend, and these Authors humble admirer,*



JA. SHIRLEY.

The Stationer to the Readers.

*Gentlemen*, before you engage farther, be pleased to take notice of these Particulars. You have here a *New Booke*; I can speake it clearely; for of all this large Volume of *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A *Collection of Playes* is commonly but a *new Impression*, the scattered pieces which were printed single, being then onely Republished together: 'Tis otherwise here.



## Page 4

Next, as it is all New, so here is not any thing *Spurious* or *impos'd*; I had the Originals from such as received them from the Authours themselves; by Those, and none other, I publish this Edition.

And as here's nothing but what is genuine and Theirs, so you will finde here are no *Omissions*; you have not onely All I could get, but All that you must ever expect. For (besides those which were formerly printed) there is not any Piece written by these *Authours*, either Joyntly or Severally, but what are now publish'd to the World in this *Volume*. One only Play I must except (for I meane to deale openly) 'tis a *COMEDY* called the *Wilde-geese Chase*, which hath beene long lost, and I feare irrecoverable; for a *Person of Quality* borrowed it from the *Actours* many yeares since, and (by the negligence of a Servant) it was never return'd; therefore now I put up this *Si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meetes with it, shall be thankfully satisfied if he please to send it home.

Some *Playes* (you know) written by these *Authors* were heretofore Printed: I thought not convenient to mixe them with this *Volume*, which of it selfe is entirely New. And indeed it would have rendred the Booke so Voluminous, that *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* would have found it scarce manageable, who in Workes of this nature must first be remembered. Besides, I considered those former Pieces had been so long printed and re-printed, that many Gentlemen were already furnished; and I would have none say, they pay twice for the same Booke.

One thing I must answer before it bee objected; 'tis this: When these *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were presented on the Stage, the *Actours* omitted some *Scenes* and *Passages* (with the *Authour's* consent) as occasion led them; and when private friends desir'd a Copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they *Acted*. But now you have both All that was *Acted*, and all that was not; even the perfect full Originals without the least mutilation; So that were the *Authours* living, (and sure they can never dye) they themselves would challenge neither more nor lesse then what is here published; this *Volume* being now so compleate and finish'd, that the Reader must expect no future Alterations.

For *literall Errours* committed by the Printer, 'tis the fashion to aske pardon, and as much in fashion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this also I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vaine to mention the *Chargeableness* of this Work; for those who own'd the *Manuscripts*, too well knew their value to make a cheap estimate of any of these Pieces, and though another joyn'd with me in the *Purchase* and Printing, yet the *Care & Pains* was wholly mine, which I found to be more then you'l easily imagine, unlesse you knew into how many hands the Originals were dispersed. They are all now happily met in this Book, having escaped these *Publike Troubles*, free and unmangled. Heretofore when Gentlemen desired but a Copy of any of these *Playes*, the meanest piece here (if any may be called Meane where every one is Best) cost them more then foure times the price you pay for the whole *Volume*.

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I should scarce have adventured in these slippery times on such a work as this, if knowing persons had not generally assured mee that these *Authors* were the most unquestionable Wits this Kingdome hath afforded. Mr. *Beaumont* was ever acknowledged a man of a most strong and searching braine; and (his yeares considered) the most *Judicious Wit* these later Ages have produced; he dyed young, for (which was an invaluable losse to this Nation) he left the world when hee was not full thirty yeares old. Mr. *Fletcher* survived, and lived till almost fifty; whereof the World now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have Printed Mr. *Fletcher's* workes by themselves, because single & alone he would make a *Just Volume*: But since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to seperate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say (though it be a knowne Truth) that these *Authors* had not only High unexpressible gifts of *Nature*, but also excellent *acquired Parts*, being furnished with Arts and Sciences by that liberall education they had at the *University*, which sure is the best place to make a great Wit understand it selfe; this their workes will soone make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. Beaumonts picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no enquirie in those *Noble Families* whence he was descended, as also among those Gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the *Inner Temple*: the best Pictures and those most like him you'll finde in this *Volume*. This figure of Mr. *Fletcher* was cut by severall Originall Pieces, which his friends lent me, but withall they tell me, that his unimitable Soule did shine through his countenance in such *Ayre and Spirit*, that the Painters confessed, it was not easie to expresse him: As much as could be, you have here, and the *Graver* hath done his part. What ever I have scene of Mr. *Fletcher's* owne hand, is free from interlining; and his friends affirme he never writ any one thing twice: it seemes he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his owne braine; to shape and attire his *Notions*, to adde or loppe off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firme and immutable as if ingraven in Brasse or Marble. But I keepe you too long from those *friends* of his whom 'tis fitter for you to read; only accept of the honest endeavours of

*One that is a Servant to you all*

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.  
*At the Princes Armes in*  
*St Pauls Church-yard. Feb.\_ 14th 1646.*

To the Stationer.



## Page 6

*Tell the sad World that now the lab'ring Presse  
Has brought forth safe a Child of happinesse,  
The Frontis-piece will satisfie the wise  
And good so well, they will not grudge the price.  
'Tis not all Kingdomes joyn'd in one could buy  
(If priz'd aright) so true a Library  
Of man: where we the characters may finde  
Of ev'ry Nobler and each baser minde.  
Desert has here reward in one good line  
For all it lost, for all it might repine:  
Vile and ignobler things are open laid,  
The truth of their false colours are displayed:  
You'l say the Poet's both best Judge and Priest,  
No guilty soule abides so sharp a test  
As their smooth Pen; for what these rare men writ  
Commands the World, both Honesty and Wit.*

GRANDISON.

IN MEMORY OF Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

*Me thought our Fletcher weary of this croud, Wherein so few have witt, yet all are loud,  
Unto Elyzium fled, where he alone Might his own witt admire and ours bemoane; But  
soone upon those Flowry Bankes, a throng Worthy of those even numbers which he  
sung, Appeared, and though those Ancient Laureates strive When dead themselves,  
whose raptures should survive, For his Temples all their owne bayes allowes, Not  
sham'd to see him crown'd with naked browes; Homer his beautifull Achilles nam'd,  
Urging his braine with Joves might well be fam'd, Since it brought forth one full of  
beauties charmes, As was his Pallas, and as bold in Armes; [-King and no King.-] But  
when he the brave Arbases saw, one That saved his peoples dangers by his own, And  
saw Tigranes by his hand undon Without the helpe of any Mirmydon, He then confess'd  
when next hee'd Hector slay, That he must borrow him from Fletchers Play; This might  
have beene the shame, for which he bid His Iliades in a Nut-shell should be hid: Virgill  
of his AEneas next begun, Whose God-like forme and tongue so soone had wonne;  
That Queene of Carthage and of beauty too, Two powers the whole world else were  
slaves unto, Urging that Prince for to repaire his faulte On earth, boldly in hell his  
Mistresse sought; [-The Maides Tragedy.-] But when he Amintor saw revenge that  
wrong, For which the sad Aspasia sigh'd so long, Upon himselfe, to shades hasting  
away, Not for to make a visit but to stay; He then did modestly confesse how farr  
Fletcher out-did him in a Character. Now lastly for a refuge, Virgill shewes The lines  
where Corydon Alexis woes; But those in opposition quickly met [-The faithfull  
Shepherdesse.-] The smooth tongu'd Perigot and Amoret: A paire whom doubtlesse  
had the others seene, They from their owne loves had Apostates beene; Thus Fletcher  
did the fam'd laureat exceed, Both when his Trumpet sounded and his reed; Now if the*



*Ancients yeeld that heretofore, None worthyer then those ere Laurell wore; The least our age can say now thou art gon, Is that there never will be such a one:*

And since t' expresse thy worth, our rimes too narrow be, To help it wee'l be ample in our prophesie.



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H. HOWARD.

On Mr John Fletcher, and his Workes, never before published.

*To flatter living fooles is easie slight: But hard, to do the living-dead men right. To praise a Landed Lord, is gainfull art: But thanklesse to pay Tribute to desert. This should have been my taske: I had intent To bring my rubbish to thy monument, To stop some crannies there, but that I found No need of least repaire; all firme and sound. Thy well-built fame doth still it selfe advance Above the Worlds mad zeale and ignorance, Though thou dyedst not possesst of that same pelfe (Which Nobler soules call durt,) the City wealth: Yet thou hast left unto the times so great A Legacy, a Treasure so compleat, That 'twill be hard I feare to prove thy Will: Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still How so vast summes of wit were left behind, And yet nor debts nor sharers they can finde. 'Twas the kind providence of fate, to lock Some of this Treasure up; and keep a stock For a reserve untill these sullen daies: When scorn, and want, and danger, are the Baies That Crown the head of merit. But now he Who in thy Will hath part, is rich and free. But there's a Caveat enter'd by command, None should pretend, but those can understand.*

HENRY MODY, Baronet.

## ON

Mr Fletchers Works.

*Though Poets have a licence which they use As th' ancient priviledge of their free Muse; Yet whether this be leave enough for me To write, great Bard, an Eulogie for thee: Or whether to commend thy Worke, will stand Both with the Lawes of Verse and of the Land, Were to put doubts might raise a discontent Between the Muses and the — I'le none of that. There's desperate wits that be (As their immortall Lawrell) Thunder-free; Whose personall vertues, 'bove the Lawes of Fate, Supply the roome of personall estate: And thus enfranchis'd, safely may rehearse, Rapt in a lofty straine, [their] own neck-verse. For he that gives the Bayes to thee, must then First take it from the Militarie Men; He must untriumph conquests, bid 'em stand, Question the strength of their victorious hand. He must act new things, or go neer the sin, Reader, as neer as you and I have been: He must be that, which He that tryes will swear [t] is not good being so another Yeare.*

*And now that thy great name I've brought to [this], To do it honour is to do amisse, What's to be done to those, that shall refuse To celebrate, great Soule, thy noble Muse? Shall the poore State of all those wandring things, Thy Stage once rais'd to Emperors and Kings? Shall rigid forfeitures (that reach our Heires) Of things that only fill with cares and feares? Shall the privation of a friendlesse life, Made up of contradictions and strife? Shall He be entitie, would*

*antedate His own poore name, and thine annihilate? Shall these be judgements great enough for one That dares not write thee an Encomion?*



## Page 8

*Then where am I? but now I've thought upon't,  
I'll praise thee more then all have ventur'd on't. I'll take thy noble Work (and like the  
trade Where for a heap of Salt pure Gold is layd) I'll lay thy Volume, that Huge Tome of  
wit, About in Ladies Closets, where they sit Enthron'd in their own wills; and if she bee A  
Laick sister, shee'l straight flie to thee: But if a holy Habit shee have on, Or be some  
Novice, shee'l scarce looks upon Thy Lines at first; but watch Her then a while, And you  
shall see Her steale a gentle smile Upon thy Title, put thee neerer yet, Breath on thy  
Lines a whisper, and then set Her voyce up to the measures; then begin To blesse the  
houre, and happy state shee's in. Now shee layes by her Characters, and looks With  
a stern eye on all her pretty Bookes. Shee's now thy Voteresse, and the just Crowne  
She brings thee with it, is worth half the Towne.*

*I'll send thee to the Army, they that fight  
Will read thy tragedies with some delight, Be all thy Reformadoes, fancy scars, And pay  
too, in thy speculative wars.*

*I'll send thy Comick scenes to some of those  
That for a great while have plaid fast and loose; New universalists, by changing shapes,  
Have made with wit and fortune faire escapes.*

*Then shall the Countrie that poor Tennis-ball  
Of angry fate, receive thy Pastorall, And from it learn those melancholy straines Fed the  
afflicted soules of Primitive swaines. Thus the whole World to reverence will flock Thy  
Tragick Buskin and thy Comick Stock; And winged fame unto posterity Transmit but  
onely two, this Age, and Thee.*

THOMAS PEYTON.  
*Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.*

## VERSES

### ON THE

Deceased Authour, Mr John Fletcher,  
his Plays; and especially, *The Mad Lover*.

*Whilst his well organ'd body doth retreat, To its first matter, and the formall heat  
Triumphant sits in judgement to approve Pieces above our Candour and our love: Such  
as dare boldly venter to appeare Unto the curious eye, and Criticke eare: Lo the Mad  
Lover in these various times Is pressed to life, t' accuse us of our crimes. While  
Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ Such lasting Monuments of naturall wit? Others  
might draw: their lines with sweat, like those That (with much paines) a Garrison  
inclose; Whilst his sweet fluent veine did gently runne As uncontrold, and smoothly as  
the Sun. After his death our Theatres did make Him in his own unequald Language*



*speake: And now when all the Muses out of their Approved modesty silent appeare,  
This Play of Fletchers braves the envious light As wonder of our eares once, now our  
sight. Three and fourfold blest Poet, who the Lives Of Poets, and of Theaters survives!  
A Groome, or Ostler of some wit may bring His Pegasus to the Castalian spring; Boast  
he a race o're the Pharsalian plaine, Or happy Tempe valley dares maintaine: Brag at  
one leape*



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*upon the double Cliffe (Were it as high as monstrous Tennariffe) Of farre-renown'd Parnassus he will get, And there (t' amaze the World) confirme his state: When our admired Fletcher vaunts not ought, And slighted everything he writ as naught: While all our English wondring world (in's cause) Made this great City eccho with applause. Read him therefore all that can read, and those That cannot learne, if y' are not Learnings foes, And wilfully resolved to refuse The gentle Raptures of this happy Muse. From thy great constellation (noble Soule) Looke on this Kingdome, suffer not the whole Spirit of Poesie retire to Heaven, But make us entertains what thou hast given. Earthquakes and Thunder Diapasons make The Seas vast roare, and irresistlesse shake Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose; So in these things there's musicke in the close: And though they seem great Discords in our eares, They are not so to them above the Spheares. Granting these Musicke, how much sweeter's that Mnemosyne's daughter's voyces doe create? Since Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Ayre consent To make an Harmony (the Instrument, Their man agreeing selves) shall we refuse The Musicke which the Deities doe use? Troys ravisht Ganymed doth sing to Jove, And Phoebus selfe playes on his Lyre above. The Cretan Gods, or glorious men, who will Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill, Best Poet of thy times, or he will prove As mad as thy brave Memnon was with love.*

ASTON COKAINE, Baronet.

Upon the Works of BEAUMONT,  
and FLETCHER.

*How Angels (cloyster'd in our humane Cells) Maintaine their parley, Beaumont-Fletcher tels; Whose strange unimitable Intercourse Transcends all Rules, and flyes beyond the force Of the most forward soules; all must submit Untill they reach these Mysteries of Wit. The Intellectuall Language here's exprest, Admir'd in better times, and dares the Test Of Ours; for from Wit, Sweetnesse, Mirth, and Sence, This Volume springs a new true Quintessence.*

JO. PETTUS, Knight.

On the Works of the most excellent Dramatick Poet, Mr. *John F[letcher]*, never before Printed.

*Haile\_ Fletcher, welcome to the worlds great Stage; For our two houres, we have thee here an age In thy whole Works, and may th' Impression call The Pretor that presents thy Playes to all: Both to the People, and the Lords that sway That Herd, and Ladies whom those Lords obey. And what's the Loadstone can such guests invite But moves on two Poles, Profit and Delight, Which will be soon, as on the Rack, confest When every one is tickled with a jest: And that pure Fletcher, able to subdue A Melancholy more then Burton knew. And though upon the by, to his designes The Native may learne English from his lines, And th' Alien*



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*if he can but construe it, May here be made free Denison of wit. But his maine end does drooping Vertue raise, And crownes her beauty with eternall Bayes; In Scaenes where she inflames the frozen soule, While Vice (her paint washt off) appeares so foule; She must this Blessed Isle and Europe leave, And some new Quadrant of the Globe deceive: Or hide her Blushes on the Affrike shore Like Marius, but ne're rise to triumph more; That honour is resign'd to Fletchers fame; Adde to his Trophies, that a Poets name (Late growne as odious to our Moderne states As that of King to Rome) he vindicates From black aspertions, cast upon't by those Which only are inspir'd to lye in prose. And\_, By the Court of Muses be't decreed, What graces spring from Poesy's richer seed, When we name Fletcher shall be so proclaimed, As all that's Royall is when Caesar's nam'd.*

ROBERT STAPYLTON Knight.

To the memory of my most honoured kinsman, Mr. *Francis Beaumont*.

*I'le not pronounce how strong and cleane thou writes, Nor by what new hard Rules thou took'st thy Flights, Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine Before they can make up six words of thine, But this I'le say, thou strik'st our sense so deep, At once thou mak'st us Blush, Rejoyce, and Weep. Great Father Johnson bow'd himselfe when hee (Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd he envy'd thee\_. Were thy\_ Mardonius arm'd, there would be more Strife for his Sword then all Achilles wore, Such wise just Rage, had Hee been lately tryd My life on't Hee had been o'th' Better side, And where hee found false odds, (through Gold or Sloath) There brave Mardonius would have beat them Both.*

*Behold, here's FLETCHER too! the World ne're knew Two Potent Witts co-operate till You; For still your fancies are so wov'n and knit, 'Twas FRANCIS FLETCHER, or JOHN BEAUMONT writ. Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't To call poore Godds and Goddesses to do't; Nor made Nine Girles your Muses (you suppose Women ne're write, save Love-Letters in prose) But are your owne Inspirers, and have made Such pow'rfull Sceanes, as when they please, invade. Tour Plot, Sence, Language, All's so pure and fit, Hee's Bold, not Valiant, dare dispute your Wit.*

GEORGE LISLE Knight.

On Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER'S* Workes.

*So shall we joy, when all whom Beasts and Wormes Had turned to their owne substances and formes, Whom Earth to Earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire, Wee shall behold more then at first intire As now we doe, to see all thine, thine owne In this thy Muses Resurrection, Whose scattered parts, from thy owne Race, more wounds Hath suffer'd, then Acteon from his hounds; Which first their Braines, and then their Bellies fed, And from*



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*their excrements new Poets bred. But now thy Muse intraged from her urne Like Ghosts of Murdred bodyes doth returne To accuse the Murderers, to right the Stage, And undeceive the long abused Age, Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy Wit Gives not more Gold then they give drosse to it: Who not content like fellons to purloyne, Adde Treason to it, and debase thy Coyne.*

*But whither am I strayd? I need not raise Trophies to thee from other Mens dispraise; Nor is thy fame on lesser Ruines built, Nor needs thy juster title the foule guilt Of Easterne Kings, who to secure their Raigne, Must have their Brothers, Sonnes, and Kindred slaine. Then was wits Empire at the fatall height, When labouring and sinking with its weight, From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprong Like petty Princes from the fall of Rome. When\_ JOHNSON, SHAKESPEARE, and thy selfe did sit, And sway'd in the Triumvirate of wit— Yet what from JOHNSONS oyle and sweat did flow, Or what more easie nature did bestow On SHAKESPEARES gentler Muse, in thee full growne Their Graces both appeare, yet so, that none Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins But mixt like th'Elemcnts, and borne like twins, So interweav'd, so like, so much the same, None this meere Nature, that meere Art can name:*

*'Twas this the Ancients meant, Nature and Skill  
Are the two topps of their Pernassus Hill.*

J. DENHAM.

Upon Mr. John Fletcher's Playes.

*Fletcher, to thee, wee doe not only owe  
All these good Playes, but those of others too:  
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage,  
Credits the last and entertaines this age.  
No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine  
Could purchase Robes to make themselves so fine:  
What brave Commander is not proud to see  
Thy brave Melantius in his Gallantry,  
Our greatest Ladyes love to see their scorne  
Out done by Thine, in what themselves have worne:  
Th'impatient Widow ere the yeare be done  
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her Gowne:  
I never yet the Tragick straine assay'd  
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid:  
And when I venture at the Comick stile  
Thy Scornfull Lady seemes to mock my toile:  
Thus has thy Muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd  
Our Sport in Playes, by rendring it too hard.  
So when a sort of lusty Shepheards throw  
The barre by turns, and none the rest outgoe*



*So farre, but that the best are measuring casts,  
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;  
But if some Brawny yeoman, of the guard  
Step in and tosse the Axeltree a yard  
Or more beyond the farthest Marke, the rest  
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.*

EDW. WALLER.

To FLETCHER Reviv'd.



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*How have I been Religious? what strange Good Ha's scap't me that I never understood? Have I Hell guarded Haeresie o'rethrowne? Heald wounded States? made Kings and Kingdomes one? That Fate should be so mercifull to me, To let me live t'have said I have read thee. Faire Star ascend! the Joy! the Life! the Light Of this tempestuous Age, this darke worlds sight! Oh from thy Crowne of Glory dart one flame May strike a sacred Reverence, whilst thy Name (Like holy Flamens to their God of Day) We bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray. Bright Spirit! whose AEternall motion Of Wit, like Time still in it selfe did runne; Binding all others in it and did give Commission, how far this, or that shall live: Like Destinie of Poems, who, as she Signes death to all, her selfe can never dye. And now thy purple-robed Tragoedie, In her imbroiderd Buskins, calls mine eye, Where brave Ateius we see betrayed, [-Valentinian-] T'obey his Death, whom thousand lives obeyed; Whilst that the Mighty Foole his Scepter breakes, And through his Gen'rals wounds his owne dooms speaks, Weaving thus richly Valentinian The costliest Monarch with the cheapest man. Souldiers may here to their old glories adde, [-The Mad Lover.-] The Lover love, and be with reason mad: Not as of old, Alcides furious, Who wilder then his Bull did teare the house, (Hurling his Language with the Canvas stone) 'Twas thought the Monster roar'd the sob'rer Tone.*

*But ah, when thou thy sorrow didst inspire [-Tragi-comedies.-] With Passions, blacke as is her darke attire, Virgins as Sufferers have wept to see [-Arcas.-] So white a Soule, so red a Crueltie; [-Bellario.-] That thou hast grieved, and with unthought redresse, Dri'd their wet eyes who now thy mercy blesse; Yet loth to lose thy watry Jewell, when [-Comedies.-] Joy wip't it off, Laughter straight sprung't agen.*

*[-The Spanish Curate.-]*

*Now ruddy-cheeked Mirth with Rosie wings,  
Fanns ev'ry brow with gladnesse, whilst she sings*

*[-The Humorous Lieutenant.-]*

*Delight to all, and the whole Theatre A Festivall in Heaven doth appeare: Nothing but Pleasure, Love, and (like the Morne) [-The Tamer Tam'd.-] Each face a generall smiling doth adorne. [-The little french Lawyer.-]*

*Heare ye foule Speakers, that pronounce the Aire  
[The custom of the Countrey-]*

*Of Stewes and Shores, I will informe you where And how to cloathe aright your wanton wit, Without her nasty Bawd attending it. View here a loose thought said with such a grace, Minerva might have spoke in Venus face; So well disguis'd, that t'was conceiv'd by none But Cupid had Diana's linnen on; And all his naked parts so vail'd, th' expresse The Shape with*



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*clouding the uncomlinesse; That if this Reformation which we Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee, The Stage (as this work) might have liv'd and lov'd; Her Lines; the austere Skarlet had approv'd, And th' Actors wisely been from that offence As cleare, as they are now from Audience.*

*Thus with thy Genius did the Scaene expire,  
Wanting thy Active and inliv'ning fire, That now (to spread a darknesse over all,) Nothing remains but Poesie to fall. And though from these thy Embers we receive Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live, That we dare praise thee, blushlesse, in the head Of the best piece Hermes to Love e're read, That We rejoyce and glory in thy Wit, And feast each other with remembering it, That we dare speak thy thought, thy Acts recite: Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.*

RICH. LOVELACE.

## On Master JOHN FLETCHERS

Dramaticall Poems.

*Great tutelary Spirit of the Stage! FLETCHER! I can fix nothing but my rage Before thy Workes, 'gainst their officious crime Who print thee now, in the worst scaene of Time. For me, uninterrupted hadst thou slept Among the holly shades and close hadst kept The mistery of thy lines, till men might bee Taught how to reade, and then, how to reade thee. But now thou art expos'd to th' common fate, Revive then (mighty Soule!) and vindicate From th' Ages rude affronts thy injured fame, Instruct the Envious, with how chast a flame Thou warmst the Lover; how severely just Thou wert to punish, if he burnt to lust. With what a blush thou didst the Maid adorne, But tempted, with how innocent a scorne. How Epidemick errors by thy Play Were laught out of esteeme, so purged away. How to each sence thou so didst vertue fit, That all grew vertuous to be thought t' have wit. But this was much too narrow for thy art, Thou didst frame governments, give Kings their part, Teach them how neere to God, while just they be; But how dissolved, stretcht forth to Tyrannie. How Kingdomes, in their channell, safely run, But rudely overflowing are undone.*

*Though vulgar spirits Poets scorne or hate;  
Man may beget, A Poet can create.*

WILL. HABINGTON.

Upon Master FLETCHERS Dramaticall Workes.

*What? now the Stage is down, darst thou appeare Bold FLETCHER in this tottr'ing Hemisphear? Yes; Poets are like Palmes which, the more weight You cast upon them, grow more strong & streight, 'Tis not love's Thunderbolt, nor Mars his Speare, Or Neptune's angry Trident, Poets fear. Had now grim BEN bin breathing, 'with what rage,*



*And high-swolne fury had Hee lash'd this age, SHAKESPEARE with CHAPMAN had  
grown madd, and torn Their gentle Sock, and lofty Buskins worne, To make their Muse  
welter up to the chin In blood; of faigned Scenes no need had bin, England*



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*like Lucians Eagle with an Arrow Of her owne Plumes piercing her heart quite thorow,  
Had bin a Theater and subject fit To exercise in\_ real truth's their wit: Tet none like  
high-wing'd FLETCHER had bin found This Eagles tragick-destiny to sound, Rare  
FLETCHER'S quill had soar'd up to the sky, And drawn down Gods to see the tragedy:  
Live famous Dramatist, let every spring Make thy Bay flourish, and fresh\_ Bourgeons  
bring: And since we cannot have Thee trod o'th' stage, Wee will applaud Thee in this  
silent Page.*

JA. HOWELL. P.C.C.

On the Edition.

*Fletcher (whose Fame no Age can ever wast;  
Envy of Ours, and glory of the last)  
Is now alive againe; and with his Name  
His sacred Ashes wak'd into a Flame;  
Such as before did by a secret charme  
The wildest Heart subdue, the coldest warme,  
And lend the Lady's eyes a power more bright,  
Dispensing thus to either, Heat and Light.  
He to a Sympathie those soules betrai'd  
Whom Love or Beauty never could perswade;  
And in each mov'd spectatour could beget  
A reall passion by a Counterfeit:  
When first Bellario bled, what Lady there  
Did not for every drop let fall a teare?  
And when Aspasia wept, not any eye  
But seem'd to weare the same sad livery;  
By him inspired the feigned Lucina drew  
More streams of melting sorrow then the true;  
But then the Scornfull Lady did beguile  
Their easie griefs, and teach them all to smile.  
Thus he Affections could, or raise or lay;  
Love, Griefe and Mirth thus did his Charmes obey:  
He Nature taught her passions to out-doe,  
How to refine the old, and create new;  
Which such a happy likenesse seem'd to beare,  
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.  
Yet All had Nothing bin, obscurely kept  
In the same Urne wherein his Dust hath slept,  
Nor had he ris' the Delphick wreath to claime,  
Had not the dying sceane expired his Name;  
Dispaire our joy hath doubled, he is come,  
Thrice welcome by this Post-liminium.*



*His losse preserved him; They that silenc'd Wit,  
Are now the Authours to Eternize it;  
Thus Poets are in spight of Fate revived,  
And Playes by Intermission longer liv'd.*

THO. STANLEY.

On the Edition of Mr *Francis Beaumonts*, and Mr *John Fletchers PLAYES* never printed before.

I Am *amaz'd*; and this same *Extacye* Is both my *Glory* and *Apology*. *Sober Joyes are dull Passions*; they must beare Proportion to the *Subject*: if so; where *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* shall vouchsafe to be *That Subject*; *That Joy* must be *Extacye*. *Fury* is the *Complexion of great Wits*; The *Fooles Distemper*: Hee, thats *mad by fits*, Is wise so too. It is the *Poets Muse*; The



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*Prophets God: the Fooles, and my excuse. For (in Me) nothing lesse then Fletchers Name Could have begot, or justify'd this flame. Beaumont } Fletcher } Return'd? methinks it should not be. No, not in's Works: Playes are as dead as He. The Palate of this age gusts nothing High; That has not Custard in't or Bawdery. Folly and Madnesse fill the Stage: The Scaene Is Athens; where, the Guilty, and the Meane, The Foole 'scapes well enough; Learned and Great, Suffer an Ostracisme; stand Exulate. Mankind is fall'n againe, shrunke a degree, A step below his very Apostacye. Nature her Selfe is out of Tune; and Sicke Of Tumult and Disorder, Lunatique. Yet what World would not cheerfully endure The Torture, or Disease, t' enjoy the Cure? This Booke's the Balsame, and the Hellebore, Must preserve bleeding Nature, and restore Our Crazy Stupor to a just quick Sence Both of Ingratitude, and Providence. That teaches us (at Once) to feele, and know, Two deep Points: what we want, and what we owe. Yet Great Goods have their Ills: Should we transmit To Future Times, the Pow'r of Love and Wit, In this Example: would they not combine To make Our Imperfections Their Designe? They'd study our Corruptions; and take more Care to be Ill, then to be Good, before. For nothing but so great Infirmitie, Could make Them worthy of such Remedy. Have you not scene the Suns almighty Ray Rescue th' affrighted World, and redeeme Day From blacke despaire: how his victorious Beame Scatters the Storme, and drownes the petty flame Of Lightning, in the glory of his eye: How full of pow'r, how full of Majesty? When to us Mortals, nothing else was knowne, But the sad doubt, whether to burne, or drowne. Choler, and Phlegme, Heat, and dull Ignorance, Have cast the people into such a Trance, That feares and danger seeme Great equally, And no dispute left now, but how to dye. Just in this nicke, Fletcher sets the world cleare Of all disorder and reformes us here. The formall Youth, that knew no other Grace, Or Value, but his Title,*



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and his *Lace, Glasses himselfe*: and in *this faithfull Mirrour, Views, disaproves, reformes, repents his Errour*. The *Credulous, bright Girle*, that *beleeves all Language*, (in *Othes*) if *Good, Canonicall*, Is *fortifi'd, and taught, here, to beware Of ev'ry specious bayte*, of *ev'ry snare Save one*: and *that same Caution takes her more, Then all the flattery she felt before*. She finds her *Boxes*, and her *Thoughts betray'd By the Corruption of the Chambermaide*: Then *throwes her Washes and dissemblings By; And Vowes nothing but Ingenuity*. The *severe States-man quits his sullen forme Of Gravity and bus'nesse*; The *Luke-warme Religious his Neutrality*; The *hot Braine-sicke Illuminate his zeale*; The *Sot Stupidity*; The *Souldier his Arreares*; The *Court its Confidence*; The *Plebs their feares*; *Gallants their Apishnesse and Perjurie*, *Women their Pleasure and Inconstancie*; *Poets their Wine*; the *Usurer his Pelfe*; The *World its Vanity*; and *I my Selfe*.

Roger L'Estrange.

## COMMENDATORY

On the Dramatick Poems of Mr JOHN FLETCHER.

*Wonder! who's here? Fletcher, long buried Reviv'd? Tis he! hee's risen from the Dead. His winding sheet put off, walks above ground, Shakes off his Fetters, and is better bound. And may he not, if rightly understood, Prove Playes are lawfull? he hath made them Good. Is any Lover Mad? see here Loves Cure; Unmarried? to a Wife he may be sure A rare one, For a Moneth; if she displease, The Spanish Curate gives a Writ of ease. Enquire The Custome of the Country, then Shall the French Lawyer set you free againe. If the two Faire Maids take it wondrous ill, (One of the Inne, the other of the Mill,) That th' Lovers Progressse stopt, and they defam'd; Here's that makes Women Pleas'd, and Tamer tamd. But who then playes the Coxcombe, or will trie His Wit at severall Weapons, or else die? Nice Valour and he doubts not to engage The Noble Gentl'man, in Loves Pilgrimage, To take revenge on the False One, and run The Honest mans Fortune, to be undone Like Knight of Malta, or else Captaine be Or th' Humerous Lieutenant: goe to Sea (A Voyage for to starve) hee's very loath, Till we are all at peace, to sweare an Oath, That then the Loyall Subject may have leave To lye from Beggars*



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*Bush, and undeceive The Creditor, discharge his debts; Why so, Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe. Oh could his Prophetesse but tell one Chance, When that the Pilgrimes shall returne from France. And once more make this Kingdome, as of late, The Island Princesse, and we celebrate A Double Marriage; every one to bring To Fletchers memory his offering. That thus at last unsequesters the Stage, Brings backe the Silver, and the Golden Age.*

Robert Gardiner.

To the *Manes* of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-writers, *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, upon the Printing of their excellent Dramatick Poems.

*Disdaine not Gentle Shades, the lowly praise Which here I tender your immortall Bayes. Call it not folly, but my zeale, that I Strive to eternize you that cannot dye. And though no Language rightly can commend What you have writ, save what your selves have penn'd; Yet let me wonder at those curious straines (The rich Conceptions of your twin-like Braines) Which drew the Gods attention; who admir'd To see our English Stage by you inspir'd. Whose chiming Muses never fail'd to sing A Soule-affecting Musicke; ravishing Both Eare and Intellect, while you do each Contend with other who shall highest reach In rare Invention; Conflicts that beget New strange delight, to see two Fancies met, That could receive no foile: two wits in growth So just, as had one Soule informed both. Thence (Learned Fletcher) sung the muse alone, As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone. In whom, as thou, had he outlived, so he (Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.*

*What though distempers of the present Age Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the Stage? You shall be gainers by't; it shall confer To th' making the vast world your Theater. The Presse shall give to ev'ry man his part, And we will all be Actors; learne by heart Those Tragick Scenes and Comicke Straines you writ, Un-imitable both for Art and Wit; And at each Exit, as your Fancies rise, Our hands shall clap deserved Plaudities.*

John Web.

To the desert of the Author in his most Ingenious Pieces.

*Thou art above their Censure, whose darke Spirits Respects but shades of things, and seeming merits; That have no soule, nor reason to their will, But rime as ragged, as a Ganders Quill: Where Pride blowes up the Error, and transfers Their zeale in Tempests, that so wid'ly errs. Like heat and Ayre comprest, their blind desires Mixe with their ends, as raging winds with fires. Whose Ignorance and Passions, weare an eye Squint to all parts of true Humanity. All is Apocripha suits not their vaine: For wit, oh fye! and Learning too; prophane! But Fletcher hath done Miracles by wit, And one*

*Line of his may convert them yet. Tempt them into the State of knowledge, and Happiness to read and understand.*



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*The way is strow'd with Lawrell, and ev'ry Muse Brings Incense to our Fletcher: whose Scenes infuse Such noble kindlings from her pregnant fire, As charmes her Criticke Poets in desire, And who doth read him, that parts lesse indu'd, Then with some heat of wit or Gratitude. Some crowd to touch the Relique of his Bayes, Some to cry up their owne wit in his praise, And thinke they engage it by Comparatives, When from himselfe, himselfe he best derives. Let Shakespeare, Chapman, and applauded Ben, Weare the Eternall merit of their Pen, Here I am love-sicke: and were I to chuse, A Mistris corrivall 'tis Fletcher's Muse.*

George Buck.

On Mr BEAUMONT.

(Written thirty years since, presently after his death.)

*Beaumont lyes here; and where now shall we have  
A Muse like his to sigh upon his grave?  
Ah! none to weepe this with a worthy teare,  
But he that cannot, Beaumont, that lies here.  
Who now shall pay thy Tombe with such a Verse  
As thou that Ladies didst, faire Rutlands Herse?  
A Monument that will then lasting be,  
When all her Marble is more dust than she.  
In thee all's lost: a sudden dearth and want  
Hath seiz'd on Wit, good Epitaphs are scant;  
We dare not write thy Elegie, whilst each feares  
He nere shall match that copy of thy teares.  
Scarce in an Age a Poet, and yet he  
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see,  
But quickly taken off and only known,  
Is in a minute shut as soone as showne.  
Why should weake Nature tire her selfe in vaine  
In such a peice, to dash it straight againe?  
Why should she take such worke beyond her skill,  
Which when she cannot perfect, she must kill?  
Alas, what is't to temper slime or mire?  
But Nature's puzled when she workes in fire:  
Great Braines (like brightest glasse) crack straight, while those  
Of Stone or Wood hold out, and feare not blowes.  
And wee their Ancient hoary heads can see  
Whose Wit was never their mortality:  
Beaumont dies young, so Sidney did before,  
There was not Poetry he could live to more,  
He could not grow up higher, I scarce know*



*If th' art it selfe unto that pitch could grow,  
Were't not in thee that hadst arriv'd the hight  
Of all that wit could reach, or Nature might.  
O when I read those excellent things of thine,  
Such Strength, such sweetnesse coucht in every line,  
Such life of Fancy, such high choise of braine,  
Nought of the Vulgar wit or borrowed straine,  
Such Passion, such expressions meet my eye,  
Such Wit untainted with obscenity,  
And these so unaffectedly exprest,  
All in a language purely flowing drest,  
And all so borne within thy selfe, thine owne,  
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon.  
I grieve not now that old Menanders*



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*veine*

*Is ruin'd to survive in thee againe;  
Such in his time was he of the same peece,  
The smooth, even naturall Wit, and Love of Greece.  
Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,  
Then all the Poets Athens ere brought forth;  
And I am sorry we have lost those houres  
On them, whose quicknesse comes far short of ours,  
And dwell not more on thee, whose every Page  
May be a patterne for their Scene and Stage.  
I will not yeeld thy Workes so meane a Prayse;  
More pure, more chaste, more sainted then are Playes,  
Nor with that dull supinenesse to be read,  
To passe a fire, or laugh an houre in bed.  
How doe the Muses suffer every where,  
Taken in such mouthes censure, in such eares,  
That twixt a whiffe, a Line or two rehearse,  
And with their Rheume together spaule a Verse?  
This all a Poems leisure after Play,  
Drinke or Tabacco, it may keep the Day.  
Whilst even their very idlenesse they thinke  
Is lost in these, that lose their time in drinkt.  
Pity then dull we, we that better know,  
Will a more serious houre on thee bestow,  
Why should not Beaumont in the Morning please,  
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?  
Who if my Pen may as my thoughts be free,  
Were scurrill Wits and Buffons both to Thee;  
Yet these our Learned of severest brow  
Will deigne to looke on, and to note them too,  
That will defie our owne, tis English stuffe,  
And th' Author is not rotten long enough.  
Alas what flegme are they, compared to thee,  
In thy Philaster, and Maids-Tragedy?  
Where's such an humour as thy Bessus? pray  
Let them put all their Thrasoes in one Play,  
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poore,  
All in a Circle of a Bawd or Whore;  
A cozning dance, take the foole away,  
And not a good jest extant in a Play.  
Yet these are Wits, because they'r old, and now  
Being Greeke and Latine, they are Learning too:  
But those their owne Times were content t' allow*



*A thirsty fame, and thine is lowest now.  
But thou shalt live, and when thy Name is growne  
Six Ages older, shall be better knowne,  
When th' art of Chaucers standing in the Tombe,  
Thou shalt not share, but take up all his roome.*

Joh. Earle.

## UPON Mr FLETCHERS

Incomparable Playes.

*The Poet lives; wonder not how or why Fletcher revives, but that he er'e could dye:  
Safe Mirth, full Language, flow in ev'ry Page, At once he doth both heighten and  
aswage; All Innocence and Wit, pleasant and cleare, Nor Church nor Lawes were ever  
Libel'd here; But faire deductions drawn from his great Braine, Enough to conquer all  
that's False or Vaine;*



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*He scatters Wit, and Sence so freely flings That very Citizens speake handsome things,  
Teaching their Wives such unaffected grace, Their Looks are now as handsome as their  
Face. Nor is this violent, he steals upon The yeilding Soule untill the Phrensie's gone;  
His very Launcings do the Patient please, As when good Musicke cures a Mad Disease.  
Small Poets rifle Him, yet thinke it faire, Because they rob a man that well can spare;  
They feed upon him, owe him every bit, Th'are all but Sub-excisemen of his Wit.*

J. M.

On the Workes of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, now at length printed.

*Great paire of Authors, whom one equall Starre Begot so like in Genius, that you are In  
Fame, as well as Writings, both so knit, That no man knowes where to divide your wit,  
Much lesse your praise; you, who had equall fire, And did each other mutually inspire;  
Whether one did contrive, the other write, Or one framed the plot, the other did indite;  
Whether one found the matter, th'other dresse, Or the one disposed what th'other did  
expresse; Where e're your parts betweene your selves lay, we, In all things which you  
did but one thred see, So evenly drawne out, so gently spunne, That Art with Nature  
nere did smoother run. Where shall I fixe my praise then? or what part Of all your  
numerous Labours hath desert More to be fam'd then other? shall I say, I've met a lover  
so drawne in your Play, So passionately written, so inflamed, So jealously intraged, then  
gently tam'd, That I in reading have the Person seene. And your Pen hath part Stage  
and Actor been? Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear To clap, when I a Captain do  
meet there, So lively in his owne vaine humour drest, So braggingly, and like himself  
express, That moderne Cowards, when they saw him plaid, Saw, blusht, departed guilty,  
and betraid? You wrote all parts right; whatsoe're the Stage Had from you, was seene  
there as in the age, And had their equall life: Vices which were Manners abroad, did  
grow corrected there: They who possess a Box, and halfe Crowns spent To learne  
Obscenenes, returned innocent, And thank you for this coznage, whose chaste Scene  
Taught Loves so noble, so reformed, so cleane, That they who brought foule fires, and  
thither came To bargaine, went thence with a holy flame. Be't to your praise too, that  
your Stock and Veyne Held both to Tragick and to Comick straine; Where e're you listed  
to be high and grave, No Buskin shew'd more solem[n]e, no quill gave Such feeling  
objects to draw teares from eyes, Spectators sate part in your Tragedies. And where  
you listed to be low, and free, Mirth turn'd the whole house into Comedy; So piercing  
(where you pleas'd) hitting a fault, That humours from your pen issued all salt. Nor  
were you thus in Works and Poems knit, As to be but two halfes, and make one wit; But  
as some things we see, have double cause, And*



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yet the effect it selfe from both whole drawes; So though you were thus twisted and  
 combind As two bodies, to have but one faire minde Yet if we praise you rightly, we must  
 say Both joyn'd, and both did wholly make the Play, For that you could write singly, we  
 may gesse By the divided peeces which the Presse Hath severally sent forth; nor were  
 gone so (Like some our Moderne Authors) made to go On meerely by the helpe of the  
 other, who To purchase fame do come forth one of two; Nor wrote you so, that ones part  
 was to lick The other into shape, nor did one stick The others cold inventions with such  
 wit, As served like spice, to make them quick and fit; Nor out of mutuall want, or  
 emptinesse, Did you conspire to go still twins to th' Presse: But what thus joy tied you  
 wrote, might have come forth As good from each, and stored with the same worth That  
 thus united them, you did joyne sense, In you 'twas League, in others impotence; And  
 the Presse which both thus amongst us sends, Sends us one Poet in a faire of friends.\_

Jasper Maine.

Upon the report of the printing of the Dramaticall Poems of Master *John Fletcher*,  
 collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.

*Though when all Fletcher writ, and the entire*

*Man was indulged unto that sacred fire,  
 His thoughts, and his thoughts dresse, appeared both such,  
 That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;  
 Who therefore wisely did submit each birth  
 To knowing Beaumont e're it did come forth,  
 Working againe untill he said 'twas fit,  
 And made him the sobriety of his wit;  
 Though thus he call'd his Judge into his fame,  
 And for that aid allow'd him halfe the name,  
 'Tis knowne, that sometimes he did stand alone,  
 That both the Spunge and Pencill were his owne;  
 That himselfe judged himselfe, could singly do,  
 And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too;*

*Else we had lost his Shepherdesse, a piece*

*Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece,  
 Where softnesse raignes, where passions passions greet,  
 Gentle and high, as floods of Balsam meet.  
 Where dressed in white expressions, sit bright Loves,  
 Drawne, like their fairest Queen, by milkie Doves;  
 A piece, which Johnson in a rapture bid  
 Come up a glorifi'd Worke, and so it did.*



*Else had his Muse set with his friend; the Stage*

*Had missed those Poems, which yet take the Age;  
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where  
Art, Language, Wit, sit ruling in one Spheare,  
Where the fresh matters soare above old Theames,  
As Prophets Raptures do above our Dreames;  
Where in a worthy scorne he dares refuse  
All other Gods, and makes the thing his Muse;  
Where he calls passions up, and layes them so,  
As spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;  
Where the free Author did what e're he would,  
And nothing will'd, but what a Poet should.*

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*No vast uncivill bulke swells any Scene,*

*The strength's ingenious, a[n]d the vigour cleane;  
None can prevent the Fancy, and see through  
At the first opening; all stand wondring how  
The thing will be untill it is; which thence  
With fresh delight still cheats, still takes the sence;  
The whole designe, the shadowes, the lights such  
That none can say he shelves or hides too much:  
Businesse growes up, ripened by just encrease,  
And by as just degrees againe doth cease,  
The heats and minutes of affaires are watcht,  
And the nice points of time are met, and snatcht:  
Nought later then it should, nought comes before,  
Chymists, and Calculators doe erre more:  
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,  
The inward substance, and the outward face;  
All kept precisely, all exactly fit,  
What he would write, he was before he writ.  
'Twixt Johnsons grave, and Shakespeares lighter sound  
His muse so steer'd that something still was found,  
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his owne,  
That 'twas his marke, and he was by it knowne.  
Hence did he take true judgements, hence did strike,  
All pallates some way, though not all alike:  
The god of numbers might his numbers crowne,  
And listning to them wish they were his owne.*

*Thus welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit*

*Durst yet produce, that is, what Fletcher writ.*

Another.

*Fletcher, though some call it thy fault, that wit  
So overflow'd thy scenes, that ere 'twas fit  
To come upon the Stage, Beaumont was faine  
To bid thee be more dull, that's write againe,  
And bate some of thy fire, which from thee came*



*In a cleare, bright, full, but too large a flame;  
And after all (finding thy Genius such)  
That blunted, and allayed, 'twas yet too much;  
Added his sober sponge, and did contract  
Thy plenty to lesse wit to make't exact:  
Yet we through his corrections could see  
Much treasure in thy superfluity,  
Which was so fil'd away, as when we doe  
Cut Jewels, that that's lost is jewell too:  
Or as men use to wash Gold, which we know  
By losing makes the streame thence wealthy grow.  
They who doe on thy worker severely sit,  
And call thy store the over-births of wit,  
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when  
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitfull Pen  
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay  
Out in one Scene what might well serve a Play;  
And hence doe grant, that what they call excesse  
Was to be reckon'd as thy happinesse,  
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide;  
Much did enrich the Stage, much flow'd beside.  
For that thou couldst thine owne free fancy binde  
In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd  
As to observe the rules of Art, which sway  
In the contrivance of a true borne Play:*



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*These workes proclaime which thou didst write retired  
From Beaumont, by none but thy selfe inspired;  
Where we see 'twas not chance that made them hit,  
Nor were thy Playes the Lotteries of wit,  
But like to Durers Pencill, which first knew  
The lawes of faces, and then faces drew:  
Thou knowst the aire, the colour, and the place,  
The simetry, which gives a Poem grace:  
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as doe  
Shew thou hadst wit, and Mathematicks too:  
Knewst where by line to spare, where to dispence,  
And didst beget just Comedies from thence:  
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,  
That they (their owne Black-Friers) unacted breath.  
Johnson hath writ things lasting, and divine,  
Yet his Love-Scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,  
Are cold and frosty, and exprest love so,  
As heat with Ice, or warme fires mixt with Snow;  
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,  
Which burne, and raigne in noble Lovers hearts,  
Hast cloath'd affections in such native tires,  
And so describ'd them in their owne true fires;  
Such moving sighes, suc[h] undissembled teares,  
Such charmes of language, such hopes mixt with feares,  
Such grants after denials, such pursuits  
After despaire, such amorous recruits,  
That some who sate spectators have confest  
Themselves transformed to what they saw exprest,  
And felt such shafts steale through their captiv'd sence,  
As made them rise Parts, and goe Lovers thence.  
Nor was thy stile wholly compos'd of Groves,  
Or the soft straines of Shepherds and their Loves;  
When thou wouldst Comick be, each smiling birth  
In that kinde, came into the world all mirth,  
All point, all edge, all sharpnesse; we did sit  
Sometimes five Acts out in pure sprightfull wit,  
Which flowed in such true salt, that we did doubt  
In which Scene we laught most two shillings out.  
Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lyes  
I'th Ladies questions, and the Fooles replies;  
Old fashioned wit, which walkt from town to town*



*In turn'd Hose, which our fathers call'd the Clown;  
Whose wit our nice times would obsceannesse call,  
And which made Bawdry passe for Comickall:  
Nature was all his Art, thy veine was free  
As his, but without his scurility;  
From whom mirth came unforced, no jest perplex,  
But without labour cleane, chast, and unvext.  
Thou wert not like some, our small Poets who  
Could not be Poets, were not we Poets too;  
Whose wit is pilfring, and whose veine and wealth  
In Poetry lyes meerely in their stealth;  
Nor didst thou feele their drought, their pangs, their qualmes,  
Their rack in writing, who doe write for almes,  
Whose wretched Genius, and dependent fires,  
But to their Benefactors dole aspires.*



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*Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thy selfe to praise  
Under thy friends names, or to purchase Bayes  
Didst write stale commendations to thy Booke,  
Which we for Beaumonts or Ben. Johnsons tooke:  
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he  
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.*

William Cartwright.

On Mr FRANCIS BEAUMONT (then newly dead.)

*He that hath such acutenesse, and such witt,  
As would aske ten good heads to husband it;  
He that can write so well that no man dare  
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:  
BEAUMONT is dead, by whose sole death appeares,  
Witt's a Disease consumes men in few yeares.*

RICH. CORBET. D.D.

**To Mr FRANCIS BEAUMONT (then living.)**

*How I doe love thee BEAUMONT, and thy Muse, That unto me do'st such religion use!  
How I doe feare my selfe, that am not worth The least indulgent thought thy pen drops  
forth! At once thou mak'st me happie, and unmak'st; And giving largely to me, more  
thou tak'st. What fate is mine, that so it selfe bereaves? What art is thine, that so thy  
friend deceives? When even there where most than praisest me, For writing better, I  
must envy thee.*

BEN: JOHNSON.

Upon Master FLETCHERS Incomparable Playes.

*Apollo sings, his harpe resounds; give roome, For now behold the golden Pompe is  
come, Thy Pompe of Playes which thousands come to see, With admiration both of  
them and thee, O Volume worthy leafe, by leafe and cover To be with juice of Cedar  
washt all over; Here's words with lines, and lines with Scenes consent, To raise an Act  
to full astonishment; Here melting numbers, words of power to move Young men to  
swoone, and Maides to dye for love. Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne there Swells  
with brave rage, yet comely every where, Here's a mad lover, there that high designe Of  
King and no King (and the rare Plot thine) So that when 'ere wee circumvolve our Eyes,*



*Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes, Ravish our spirits, that entranc't we see  
None writes lov's passion in the world, like Thee.*

ROB. HERRICK.

On the happy Collection of Master *FLETCHER'S* Works, never before PRINTED.

*FLETCHER arise, Usurpers share thy Bayes,  
They Canton thy vast Wit to build small Playes:  
He comes! his Volume breaks through clouds and dust,  
Downe, little Witts, Ye must refund, Ye must.  
Nor comes he private, here's great BEAUMONT too,  
How could one single World encompasse Two?  
For these Co-heirs had equall power to teach  
All that all Witts both can and cannot reach.  
Shakespear was early up, and went so drest  
As for those dawning houres he knew was best;*



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*But when the Sun shone forth, You Two thought fit  
To weare just Robes, and leave off Trunk-hose-Wit.  
Now, now 'twas Perfect; None must looke for New,  
Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You;  
For Yours are not meere Humours, gilded straines;  
The Fashion lost, Your massy Sense remaines.  
Some thinke Your Witts of two Complexions fram'd,  
That One the Sock, th'Other the Buskin claim'd;  
That should the Stage embattaile all it's Force,  
FLETCHER would lead the Foot, BEAUMONT the Horse.  
But, you were Both for Both; not Semi-witts,  
Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never splits:  
Y'are not Two Faculties (and one Soule still)  
But th' Understanding, Thou the quick free Will;  
But, as two Voyces in one Song embrace,  
(FLETCHER'S keen Trebble, and deep BEAUMONTS Base)  
Two, full, Congeniall Soules; still Both prevail'd;  
His Muse and Thine were Quarter'd not Impal'd:  
Both brought Your Ingots, Both toil'd at the Mint,  
Beat, melted, sifted, till no drosse stuck in't,  
Then in each Others scales weighed every graine,  
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all againe,  
Stampt Both your Names upon't by one bold Hit,  
Then, then'twas Coyne, as well as Bullion-Wit.*

Thus Twinns: But as when Fate one Eye deprives,  
That other strives to double which survives:  
So\_ BEAUMONT dy'd: yet left in Legacy  
His Rules and Standard-wit (FLETCHER) to Thee.  
Still the same Planet, though not fill'd so soon,  
A Two-horn'd Crescent then, now one Full-moon.  
Joynt Love before, now Honour doth provoke;  
So th' old Twin-Giants forcing a huge Oake  
One slipp'd his footing, th' Other sees him fall,  
Grasp'd the whole Tree and single held up all.  
Imperiall FLETCHER! here begins thy Raigne,  
Scenes flow like Sun-beams from thy glorious Brain;  
Thy swift dispatching Soule no more doth stay  
Then He that built two Citties in one day;  
Ever brim full, and sometimes running o're  
To feede poore languid Witts that waite at doore,



*Who creep and creep, yet ne're above-ground stood,  
(For Creatures have most Feet which have least Blood)  
But thou art still that Bird of Paradise  
Which hath no feet and ever nobly flies:  
Rich, lusty Sence, such as the Poet ought,  
For Poems if not Excellent, are Naught;  
Low wit in Scenes? in state a Peasant goes;  
If meane and flat, let it foot Yeoman Prose,  
That such may spell as are not Readers grown,  
To whom He that writes Wit, shews he hath none.  
Brave Shakespeare flow'd, yet had his Ebbings too,  
Often above Himselfe, sometimes below;  
Thou Always Best; if ought seem'd to decline,*

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*'Twas the unjudging Rout's mistake, not Thine:  
Thus thy faire SHEPHEARDESSE, which the bold Heape  
(False to Themselves and Thee) did prize so cheap,  
Was found (when understood) fit to be Crown'd,  
At wont 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.*

*Some blast thy Works lest we should track their Walke  
Where they steale all those few good things they talke;  
Wit-Burglary must chide those it feeds on,  
For Plundered folkes ought to be rail'd upon;  
But (as stoln goods goe off at halfe their worth)  
Thy strong Sence pall's when they purloine it forth.  
When did'st Thou borrow? wkere's the man e're read  
Ought begged by Thee from those Alive or Dead?  
Or from dry Goddesses, as some who when  
They stuffe their page with Godds, write worse then Men.  
Thou was't thine owne Muse, and hadst such vast odds  
Thou out-writ'st him whose verse made all those Godds:  
Surpassing those our Dwarfish Age up reares,  
As much as Greeks or Latines thee in yeares:  
Thy Ocean Fancy knew nor Bankes nor Damms,  
We ebbe downe dry to pebble-Anagrams;  
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit  
Lost to behold this great Relapse of Wit:  
What strength remaines, is like that (wilde and fierce)  
Till Johnson made good Poets and right Verse.*

*Such boyst'rous Trifles Thy Muse would not brooke,  
Save when she'd show how scurvily they looke;  
No savage Metaphors (things rudely Great)  
Thou dost display, not butcher a Conceit;  
Thy Nerves have Beauty, which Invades and Charms;  
Lookes like a Princesse harness'd in bright Armes.*

*Nor art Thou Loud and Cloudy; those that do  
Thunder so much, do't without Lightning too;  
Tearing themselves, and almost split their braine  
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and cleane;  
Such gloomy Sense may pass for High and Proud,  
But true-born Wit still flies above the Cloud;  
Thou knewst 'twas Impotence what they call Height;  
Who blusters strong i'th Darke, but creeps i'th Light.*

*And as thy thoughts were cleare, so, Innocent;  
Thy Phancy gave no unswept Language vent;*



*Slauderst not Lawes, prophan'st no holy Page,  
(As if thy Fathers Crosier aw'd the Stage;)  
High Crimes were still arraign'd, though they made shift  
To prosper out foure Acts, were plagu'd i'th Fift:  
All's safe, and wise; no stiffe-affected Scene,  
Nor swoln, nor flat, a True Full Naturall veyne;  
Thy Sence (like well-drest Ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,  
Not all unlac'd, nor City-startcht and pinn'd.  
Thou hadst no Sloath, no Rage, no sullen Fit,  
But Strength and Mirth, FLETCHER'S*



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a Sanguin Wit.

*Thus, two great Consul-Poets all things swayd,  
Till all was English Borne or English Made:  
Miter and Coyfe here into One Piece spun,  
BEAUMONT a Judge's, This a Prelat's sonne.  
What Strange Production is at last displaid,  
(Got by Two Fathers, without Female aide)  
Behold, two Masculines espous'd each other,  
Wit and the World were born without a Mother.*

J. BERKENHEAD.

To the memorie of Master *FLETCHER*.

*There's nothing gained by being witty: Fame  
Gathers but winde to blather up a name.  
Orpheus must leave his lyre, or if it be  
In heav'n, 'tis there a signe, no harmony,  
And stones, that follow'd him, may now become  
Now stones againe, and serve him for his Tomb.  
The Theban Linus, that was ably skil'd  
In Muse and Musicke, was by Phoebus kill'd,  
Though Phoebus did beget him: sure his Art  
Had merited his balsame, not his dart.*

*But here Apollo's jealousy is seene,*

*The god of Physicks troubled with the spleene;  
Like timerous Kings he puts a period  
To high grown parts lest he should be no God.*

*Hence those great Master-wits of Greece that gave*

*Life to the world, could not avoid a grave.  
Hence the inspired Prophets of old Rome  
Too great for earth fled to Elizium.*

*But the same Ostracisme benighted one,*

*To whom all these were but illusion;  
It tooke our *FLETCHER* hence, Fletcher, whose wit  
Was not an accident to th' soule, but It;  
Onely diffused. (Thus wee the same Sun call,*



*Moving it'h Sphaere, and shining on a wall.)  
Wit, so high placed at first, it could not climbe,  
Wit, that ne're grew, but only show'd by time.  
No fier-worke of sacke, no seldome show'n  
Poeticke rage, but still in motion:  
And with far more then Sphericke excellence  
It mov'd, for 'twas its owns Intelligence.  
And yet so obvious to sense, so plaine,  
You'd scarcely thinke't allyd unto the braine:  
So sweete, it gained more ground upon the Stage  
Then Johnson with his selfe-admiring rage  
Ere lost: and then so naturally it fell,  
That fooles would think, that they could doe as well.*

*This is our losse: yet spight of Phoebus, we*

*Will keepe our FLETCHER, for his wit is He.*

EDW. POWELL.

Upon the ever to be admired Mr. JOHN FLETCHER and His PLAYES.

*What's all this preparation for? or why  
Such suddain Triumphs? FLETCHER the people cry!  
Just so, when Kings approach, our Conduits run  
Claret, as here the spouts flow Helicon;  
See, every sprightfull Muse dressed trim and gay  
Strews hearts and scatters roses in his way.*



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*Thus th'outward yard set round with bayes w'have seene,  
Which from the garden hath transplanted been:  
Thus, at the Praetor's feast, with needlesse costs  
Some must b'employd in painting of the posts:  
And some as dishes made for sight, not taste,  
Stand here as things for shew to FLETCHERS feast.  
Oh what an honour! what a Grace 'thad beene  
T'have had his Cooke in Rollo serv'd them in!  
FLETCHER the King of Poets! such was he,  
That earned all tribute, claimed all sovereignty;  
And may he that denye's it, learn to blush  
At's loyall Subject, starve at's Beggars bush:  
And if not drawn by example, shame, nor Grace,  
Turne o've to's Coxcomb, and the Wild-goose Chase.  
Monarch of Wit! great Magazine of wealth!  
From whose rich Banke, by a Promethean-stealth,  
Our lesser flames doe blaze! His the true fire,  
When they like Glo-worms, being touch'd, expire,  
'Twas first beleev'd, because he alwayes was,  
The Ipse dixit, and Pythagoras  
To our Disciple-wits; His soule might run  
(By the same-dream't-of Transmigration)  
Into their rude and indigested braine,  
And so informe their Chaos-lump againe;  
For many specious brats of this last age  
Spoke FLETCHER perfectly in every Page.  
This rowz'd his Rage to be abused thus:  
Made's Lover mad, Lieutenant humerous.  
Thus Ends of Gold and Silver-men are made  
(As th'use to say) Goldsmiths of his owne trade;  
Thus Rag-men from the dung-hill often hop,  
And publish forth by chance a Brokers shop:  
But by his owne light, now, we have descri'd  
The drosse, from that hath beene so purely tri'd.  
Proteus of witt! who reads him doth not see  
The manners of each sex of each degree!  
His full stor'd fancy doth all humours fill  
From th'Queen of Corinth to the maid o'th mill;  
His Curate, Lawyer, Captain, Prophetesse  
Shew he was all and every one of these;  
Hee taught (so subtly were their fancies seized)*



To Rule a Wife, and yet the Women pleas'd.  
*Parnassus is thine owne, Claime't as merit,  
Law makes the Elder Brother to inherit.*

G. Hills.\_

IN HONOUR OF Mr *John Fletcher.*

*So FLETCHER now presents to fame His alone selfe and unpropt name, As Rivers  
Rivers entertaine, But still fall single into th'maine, So doth the Moone in Consort shine  
Yet flowes alone into its mine, And though her light be joyntly throwne, When she  
makes silver tis her owne: Perhaps his quill flew stronger, when Twas weaved with his  
Beaumont's pen; And might with deeper wonder hit, It could not shew more his, more  
wit; So Hercules came by sexe and Love, When Pallas sprang from single Jove; He  
tooke his BEAUMONT for Embrace, Not to grow by him, and increase, Nor for support  
did with him twine, He*



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*was his friends friend, not his vine. His witt with witt he did not twist To be Assisted, but t' Assist. And who could succour him, whose quill Did both Run sense and sense Distill? Had Time and Art in't, and the while Slid even as theirs wh'are only style, Whether his chance did cast it so Or that it did like Rivers flow Because it must, or whether twere A smoothnesse from his file and care, Not the most strict enquiring nayle Cou'd e're finde where his piece did faile Of entyre onenesse; so the frame, Was Composition, yet the same.*

*How does he breede his Brother! and Make wealth and estate understand? Sutes Land to wit, makes Lucke match merit, And makes an Eldest fitly inherit: How was he Ben\_, when Ben did write Toth' stage, not to his judge endite? How did he doe what Johnson did. And Earne what Johnson wou'd have s'ed?*

Jos. Howe of Trin. Coll. Oxon.

Master *John Fletcher* his dramaticall Workes now at last printed.

I Could prayse *Heywood* now: or tell how long, *Falstaffe* from cracking Nuts hath kept the throng: But for a *Fletcher*, I must take an Age, And scarce invent the Title for one Page. Gods must create new Spheres, that should expresse The sev'rall Accents, *Fletcher*, of thy Dresse: The Penne of Fates should only write thy Praise: And all *Elizium* for thee turne to Bayes. Thou feltst no pangs of Poetry, such as they. Who the Heav'ns quarter still before a Play, And search the *Ephemerides* to finde, When the Aspect for Poets will be kinde. Thy Poems (sacred Spring) did from thee flow, With as much pleasure, as we reads them now. Nor neede we only take them up by fits, When love or Physicke hath diseased our Wits; Or constr'e English to untye a knot. Hid in a line, farre subtler then the Plot. With Thee the Page may close his Ladies eyes, And yet with thee the serious Student Rise: The Eye at sev'rall angles darting rayes, Makes, and then sees, new Colours; so thy Playes To ev'ry understanding still appeare, As if thou only meant'st to take that Eare; The Phrase so terse and free of a just Poise, Where ev'ry word ha's weight and yet no Noise, The matter too so nobly fit, no lesse Then such as onely could deserve thy Dresse: Witnessse thy Comedies, Pieces of such worth, All Ages shall still like, but ne're bring forth. Other in season last scarce so long time, As cost the Poet but to make the Rime: Where, if a Lord a new way do's but spit, Or change his shrugge this antiquates the Wit. That thou didst live before, nothing would tell Posterity, could they but write so well. Thy Cath'lick Fancy will acceptance finde, Not whilst an humours living, but Man-kinde. Thou, like thy Writings, Innocent and Cleane, Ne're practis'd a new Vice, to make one Scaene, None of thy Inke had gall, and Ladies can, Securely heare thee sport without a Fanne.

But when Thy Tragicke Muse would please to rise



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In Majestie, and call Tribute from our Eyes; Like Scenes, we shifted Passions, and that so, Who only came to see, turned Actors too. How didst thou sway the Theatre! make us feele The Players wounds were true, and their swords, steele! Nay, stranger yet, how often did I know When the Spectators ran to save the blow? Frozen with griefe we could not stir away Untill the Epilogue told us 'twas a Play. What shall I doe? all Commendations end, In saying only thou wert BEAUMONTS Friend? Give me thy spirit quickly, for I swell, And like a raveing Prophetesse cannot tell How to receive thy Genius in my breast: Oh! I must sleepe, and then I'll sing the rest.

T. Palmer of Ch. Ch. Oxon.

Upon the unparalleld Playes written by those Renowned Twinnes of Poetry BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

What's here? another Library of prayse,  
 Met in a Troupe t'advance contemned Playes  
 And bring exploded Witt againe in fashion?  
 I can't but wonder at this Reformation,  
*My skipping soule surfets with so much good,  
 To see my hopes into fruition budd.  
 A happy Chimistry! blest viper, joy!  
 That through thy mothers bowels gnawst thy way!  
 Witts flock in sholes, and clubb to re-erect  
 In spight of Ignorance the Architect  
 Of Occidentall Poesye; and turne  
 Godds, to recall witts ashes from their urne.  
 Like huge Collosses they've together mett  
 Their shoulders, to support a world of Witt.  
 The tale of Atlas (though of truth it misse)  
 We plainly read Mythologiz'd in this;  
 Orpheus and Amphion whose undying stories  
 Made Athens famous, are but Allegories.  
 Tis Poetry has pow'r to civilize  
 Men, worse then stones, more blockish then the Trees,  
 I cannot chuse but thinke (now things so fall)  
 That witt is past its Climactericall;  
 And though the Muses have beene dead and gone  
 I know they'll finde a Resurrection.  
 Tis vaine to prayse; they're to themselves a glory,  
 And silence is our sweetest Oratory.  
 For he that names but FLETCHER must needs be*



*Found guilty of a loud hyperbole.  
His fancy so transcendently aspires,  
He shows himself a witt, who but admires.  
Here are no volumes stuf with cheverle sence,  
The very Anagrams of Eloquence,  
Nor long-long-winded sentences that be,  
Being rightly spell'd, but Witts Stenographie.  
Nor words, as voyd of Reason, as of Rithme,  
Only cesura'd to spin out the time.  
But heer's a Magazine of purest sence  
Cloathed in the newest Garbe of Eloquence.  
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veines  
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet-high straines.  
Lines like their Authours, and each word of it  
Does say twas writ b' a Gemini of Witt.  
How happie is our age! how blest our men!  
When such rare soules live themselves o're*



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agen.

*We erre, that thinke a Poet dyes; for this,  
Shewes that tis but a Metempsychosis.  
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER here at last we see  
Above the reach of dull mortalitie,  
Or pow'r of fate: thus the proverbe hitts  
(Thats so much crost) These men live by their witts.*

ALEX. BROME.

On the Death and workes of Mr JOHN FLETCHER.

*My name, so far from great, that tis not knowne, Can lend no praise but what thou'dst  
blush to own; And no rude hand, or feeble wit should dare To vex thy Shrine with an  
unlearned teare. I'de have a State of Wit convoked, which hath A power to take up on  
common Faith; That when the stocke of the whole Kingdome's spent In but preparative  
to thy Monument, The prudent Councill may invent fresh wayes To get new contribution  
to thy prayse, And reare it high, and equall to thy Wit Which must give life and  
Monument to it. So when late ESSEX dy'd, the Publicke face Wore sorrow in't, and to  
add mournfull Grace To the sad pomp of his lamented fall, The Common wealth  
served at his Funerall And by a Solemne Order built his Hearse. But not like thine, built  
by thy selfe, in Verse, Where thy advanced Image safely stands Above the reach of  
Sacrilegious hands. Base hands how impotently you disclose Your rage 'gainst  
Camdens learned ashes, whose Defaced Statua and Martyrd booke, Like an Antiquitie  
and Fragment looke. Nonnulla desunt's legibly appeare, So truly now Camdens  
Remaines lye there. Vaine Malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath Of fame shall  
speake his great Elizabeth! 'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath, Brittannia is  
the Tombe and Epitaph. Thus Princes honours: but Witt only gives A name which to  
succeeding ages lives. Singly we now consult our selves and fame, Ambitious to twist  
ours with thy great name. Hence we thus bold to praise. For as a Vine With subtle  
wreath, and close embrace doth twine A friendly Elme, by whose tall trunk it shoots  
And gathers growth and moysture from its roots; About its armes the thankfull clusters  
cling Like Bracelets, and with purple ammelling The blew-cheek'd grape stuck in its  
vernant haire Hangs like rich Jewells in a beauteous eare. So grow our Prayses by thy  
Witt; we doe Borrow support and strength and lend but show. And but thy Male wit like  
the youthfull Sun Strongly begets upon our passion. Making our sorrow teeme with  
Elegie, Thou yet unwep'd, and yet unprais'd might'st be. But th' are imperfect births;  
and such are all Produc'd by causes not univocall, The scapes of Nature, Passives  
being unfit, And hence our verse speakes only Mother wit. Oh for a fit o'th Father! for a  
Spirit That might but parcell of thy worth inherit; For but a sparke of that diviner fire  
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire; That Soules could be divided, thou  
traduce But a small particle of thine to us! Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didst  
sit But as a joynt-Commissioner in Wit; When*



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*it had plummets hung on to suppress It's too luxuriant growing mightinesse: Till as that tree which scornes to bee kept downe, Thou grewst to govern the whole Stage alone. In which orbe thy throng'd light did make the star, Thou wert th' Intelligence did move that Sphere. Thy Fury was composed; Rapture no fit That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in witt As men in a disease; thy Phansie cleare, Muse chast, as those frames whence they tooke their fire; No spurious composures amongst thine Got in adultery 'twixt Witt and Wine. And as th' Hermeticall Physitians draw From things that curse of the first-broken Law, That Ens Venenum, which extracted thence Leaves nought but primitive Good and Innocence: So was thy Spirit calcined; no Mixtures there But perfect, such as next to Simples are. Not like those Meteor-wits which wildly flye In storme and thunder through th' amazed skie; Speaking but th' Ills and Villanies in a State, Which fooles admire, and wise men tremble at, Full of portent and prodigie, whose Gall Oft scapes the Vice, and on the man doth fall. Nature us'd all her skill, when thee she meant A Wit at once both Great and Innocent.*

*Yet thou hadst Tooth; but 'twas thy judgement, not For mending one word, a whole sheet to blot. Thou couldst anatomize with ready art And skilfull hand crimes lockt close up i'th heart. Thou couldst unfold darke Plots, and shew that path By which Ambition climbed to Greatnesse hath. Thou couldst the rises, turnes, and falls of States, How neare they were their Periods and Dates; Couldst mad the Subject into popular rage, And the grown seas of that great storme asswage, Dethrone usurping Tyrants, and place there The lawfull Prince and true Inheriter; Knewst all darke turnings in the Labyrinth Of policie, which who but knowes he sinn'th, Save thee, who un-infected didst walke in't As the great Genius of Government. And when thou laidst thy tragicke buskin by To Court the Stage with gentle Comedie, How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd In rich variety, how neatly dress'd In language, how rare Plots, what strength of Wit Shin'd in the face and every limb of it! The Stage grew narrow while thou grewst to be In thy whole life an Exc'llent Comedie.*

*To these a Virgin-modesty which first met Applause with blush and feare, as if he yet Had not deserv'd; till bold with constant praise His browes admitted the unsought for Bayes. Nor would he ravish fame; but left men free To their owne Vote and Ingenuity. When His faire Shepherdesse on the guilty Stage, Was martir'd betweene Ignorance and Rage; At which the impatient Vertues of those few Could judge, grew high, cri'd Murther; though he knew The innocence and beauty of his Childe, Hee only, as if unconcerned, smil'd. Princes have gather'd since each scattered grace, Each line and beauty of that injur'd face; And on th'united parts breath'd such a fire As spight of Malice she shall ne're expire.*

*Attending, not affecting, thus the crowne Till every hand did help to set it on, Hee came to be sole Monarch, and did raign In Wits great Empire, absolute Sovereign.*

JOHN HARRIS.



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On MR. JOHN FLETCHER's ever to be admired Dramaticall Works.

*I've thought upon't; and thus I may gaine bayes,  
I will commend thee Fletcher, and thy Playes.  
But none but Wits can do't, how then can I  
Come in amongst them, that cou'd ne're come nigh?  
There is no other way, I'lle throng to sit  
And passe it'h Croud amongst them for a Wit.  
Apollo knows me not, nor I the Nine,  
All my pretence to verse is Love and Wine.*

*By your leave Gentlemen. You Wits o'th' age,  
You that both furnisht have, and judg'd the Stage.  
You who the Poet and the Actors fright,  
Least that your Censure thin the second night:  
Pray tell me, gallant Wits, could Criticks think  
There ere was solaecisme in FLETCHERS Inke?  
Or Lapse of Plot, or fancy in his pen?  
A happinesse not still alow'd to Ben!  
After of Time and Wit h'ad been at cost  
He of his owne New-Inne was but an Hoste.  
Inspired, FLETCHER! here's no vaine-glorious words:  
How ev'n thy lines, how smooth thy sense accords.  
Thy Language so insinuates, each one  
Of thy spectators has thy passion.  
Men seeing, valiant; Ladies amorous prove:  
Thus owe to thee their valour and their Love:  
Scenes! chaste yet satisfying! Ladies can't say  
Though Stephen miscarri'd that so did the play:  
Judgement could ne're to this opinion leane  
That Lowen, Tailor, ere could grace thy Scene:  
'Tis richly good unacted, and to me  
Thy very Farse appears a Comedy.  
Thy drollery is designe, each looser part  
Stuff's not thy Playes, but makes 'em up an Art  
The Stage has seldome seen; how often vice  
Is smartly scourg'd to checke us? to intice,  
How well encourag'd vertue is? how guarded,  
And, that which makes us love her, how rewarded?  
Some, I dare say, that did with loose thoughts sit,  
Reclaim'd by thee, came converts from the pit.  
And many a she that to he tane up came,  
Tooke up themselves, and after left the game.*

HENRY HARINGTON.



To the memory of the deceased but ever-living *Authour* in these his *Poems*, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

*On the large train of Fletchers friends let me (Retaining still my wonted modesty)  
Become a Waiter in my ragged verse, As Follower to the Muses Followers. Many here  
are of Noble ranke and worth, That have, by strength of Art, set Fletcher forth In true  
and lively colours, as they saw him, And had the best abilities to draw him; Many more  
are abroad, that write, and looke To have their lines set before Fletchers Booke; Some,  
that have known him too; some more, some lesse; Some onely but by Heare-say, some  
by Guesse, And some, for fashion-sake, would take the hint To try how well their Wits  
would shew in Print. You, that are here before me Gentlemen, And Princes*



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*of Parnassus by the Penne And your just Judgements of his worth, that have Preserved this Authours mem'ry from the Grave, And made it glorious; let me, at your gate, Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late, And are unfit to enter. Something I Will deserve here: For where you versifie In flowing numbers, lawfull Weight, and Time, I'll write, though not rich Verses, honest Rime. I am admitted. Now, have at the Rowt Of those that would crowd in, but must keepe out. Beare back, my Masters; Pray keepe backe; Forbeare: You cannot, at this time, have entrance here. You, that are worthy, may, by intercession, Finde entertainment at the next Impression. But let none then attempt it, that not know The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe: All such must be excluded; and the sort, That onely upon trust, or by report Have taken Fletcher up, and thinke it trim To have their Verses planted before Him: Let them read first his Works, and learne to know him, And offer, then, the Sacrifice they owe him. But farre from hence be such, as would proclaim Their knowledge of this Authour, not his Fame; And such, as would pretend, of all the rest, To be the best Wits that have known him best. Depart hence all such Writers, and, before Inferiour ones, thrust in, by many a score, As formerly, before Tom Coryate, Whose Worke before his Praysers had the Fate To perish: For the Witty Coppies tooke Of his Encomiums made themselves a Booke. Here's no such subject for you to out-doe, Out-shine, out-live (though well you may doe too In other Spheres:) For Fletchers flourishing Bayes Must never fade while Phoebus weares his Rayes. Therefore forbear to presse upon him thus. Why, what are you (cry some) that prate to us? Doe not we know you for a flashy Meteor? And stil'd (at best) the Muses Serving-creature? Doe you comptroll? Y'have had your Jere: Sirs, no; But, in an humble manner, let you know Old Serving-creatures oftentimes are fit T'informe young Masters, as in Land, in Wit, What they inherit; and how well their Dads Left one, and wish'd the other to their Lads. And from departed Poets I can guesse Who has a greater share of Wit, who lesse. 'Way Foole, another says. I, let him raile, And 'bout his own eares flourish his Wit-flayle, Till with his Swingle he his Noddle breake; While this of Fletcher and his Works I speake: His Works (says Momus) nay, his Plays you'd say: Thou hast said right, for that to him was Play Which was to others braines a toyle: with ease He playd on Waves which were Their troubled Seas. His nimble Births have longer liv'd then theirs That have, with strongest Labour, divers yeeres Been sending forth [t]he issues of their Braines Upon the Stage; and shall to th' Stationers gaines Life after life take, till some After-age Shall put down Printing, as this doth the Stage;*



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*Which nothing now presents unto the Eye, But in Dumb-shews her own sad Tragedy.  
'Would there had been no sadder Works abroad, Since her decay, acted in Fields of  
Blood. But to the Man againe, of whom we write, The Writer that made Writing his  
Delight, Rather then Worke. He did not pumpe, nor drudge, To beget Wit, or manage it:  
nor trudge To Wit-conventions with Note-booke, to gleane Or steale some Jests to foist  
into a Scene: He scorn'd those shifts. You that have known him, know The common  
talk that from his Lips did flow, And run at waste, did savour more of Wit, Then any of  
his time, or since have writ, (But few excepted) in the Stages way: His Scenes were  
Acts, and every Act a Play. I knew him in his strength; even then, when He That was the  
Master of his Art and Me Most knowing Johnson (proud to call him Sonne) In friendly  
Envy swore, He had out-done His very Selfe. I knew him till he dyed; And, at his  
dissolution, what a Tide Of sorrow overwhelm'd the Stage; which gave Volleys of sighes  
to send him to his grave. And grew distracted in most violent Fits (For She had lost the  
best part of her Wits.) In the first yeere, our famous Fletcher fell, Of good King Charles  
who graced these Poems well, Being then in life of Action: But they dyed Since the  
Kings absence; or were layd aside, As is their Poet. Now at the Report Of the Kings  
second comming to his Court, The Bookes creepe from the Presse to Life, not Action,  
Crying unto the World, that no protraction May hinder Sacred Majesty to give Fletcher,  
in them, leave on the Stage to live. Others may more in lofty Verses move; I onely,  
thus, expresse my Truth and Love.*

RIC. BROME.

Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHERS workes.

*What meanes this numerous Guard? or do we come To file our Names or Verse upon  
the Tombe Of Fletcher, and by boldly making knowne His Wit, betray the Nothing of our  
Owne? For if we grant him dead, it is as true Against our selves, No Wit, no Poet now;  
Or if he be returnd from his coole shade, To us, this Booke his Resurrection's made, We  
bleed our selves to death, and but contrive By our owne Epitaphs to shew him alive.  
But let him live and let me prophesie, As I goe Swan-like out, Our Peace is nigh; A  
Balme unto the wounded Age I sing. And nothing now is wanting but the King.*

JA. SHIRLEY.

THE STATIONER.

*As after th' Epilogue there comes some one To tell Spectators what shall next be  
shown; So here, am I; but though I've toyld and vext, 'Cannot devise what to present 'ye  
next; For, since ye saw no Playes this Cloudy weather, Here we have brought Ye our  
whole Stock together. 'Tis new and all these Gentlemen attest Under their hands*



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'tis Right, and of the Best; *Thirty foure* Witnesses (without my taske) Y'have just so many *Playes* (besides a *Maske*) All good (I'me told) as have been *Read* or *Playd*, If this Booke faile, tis time to quit the Trade.

H. MOSELEY.

### POST[S]CRIPT.

We forgot to tell the *Reader*, that some *Prologues* and *Epilogues* (here inserted) were not written by the *Authours* of this *Volume*; but made by others on the *Revivall* of severall *Playes*. After the *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were wrought off, we were forced (for expedition) to send the *Gentlemens* Verses to severall Printers, which was the occasion of their different Character; but the *Worke* it selfe is one continued Letter, which (though very legible) is none of the biggest, because (as much as possible) we would lessen the Bulke of the Volume.

#### A CATALOGUE

of all the *Comedies* and *Tragedies* Contained in this Booke.

*The Mad Lover. The Spanish Curate. The little French Lawyer. The Custome of the Country. The Noble Gentleman. The Captaine. The Beggers Bush. The Coxcombe. The False One. The Chances. The Loyall Subject. The Lawes of Candy. The Lover's Progresse. The Island Princesse. The Humorous Lieutenant. The Nice Valour, or the Passionate Mad Man. The Maide in the Mill. The Prophetesse. The Tragedy of Bonduca. The Sea Voyage. The Double Marriage. The Pilgrim. The Knight of Malta. The Womans Prize, or the Tamer Tamed. Loves Cure, or the Martiall Maide. The Honest Mans Fortune. The Queene of Corinth. Women Plea'sd. A Wife for a Moneth. Wit at severall Weapons. The Tragedy of Valentinian. The Faire Maid of the Inne. Loves Pilgrimage. The Maske of the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, and the Inner Temple, at the Marriage of the Prince and Princesse Palatine of Rhene. Foure Playes (or Morall Representations) in one.*

### FIFTY

#### COMEDIES

### AND

#### TRAGEDIES.



## Written by

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

## AND

JOHN FLETCHER,

Gentlemen.

All in one Volume.

Published by the Authors Original Copies, the Songs to each Play being added.

*Si quid habent veri Vatum praesagia, vivam.*

LONDON,

Printed by J. Macock, for John Martyn, Henry Herringman, Richard Marriot,  
MDCLXXIX.



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THE

BOOK-SELLERS

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader, *The First Edition of these Plays in this Volume having found that Acceptance as to give us Encouragement to make a Second Impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as Correct as might be. And we were very opportunely informed of a Copy which an ingenious and worthy Gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleasure) to read over; wherein he had all along Corrected several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His Corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our Authors, and had been a Spectator of most of them when they were Acted in their life-time. This therefore we resolved to purchase at any Rate; and accordingly with no small cost obtain'd it. From the same hand also we received several Prologues and Epilogues, with the Songs appertaining to each Play, which were not in the former Edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this Edition you have the addition of no fewer than Seventeen Plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to Collect, and Print out 4to in this Volume, which for distinction sake are markt with a Star in the Catalogue of them facing the first Page of the Book. And whereas in several of the Plays there were wanting the Names of the Persons represented therein, in this Edition you have them all prefixed, with their Qualities; which will be a great ease to the Reader. Thus every way perfect and compleat have you, all both Tragedies and Comedies that were ever writ by our Authors, a Pair of the greatest Wits and most ingenious Poets of their Age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied Commendations.*

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encouraged to bring\_ Ben. Johnson's *two Volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakespear: both which are designed by*

Yours\_,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN. HENRY HERRINGMAN. RICHARD MARIOT.



[The Second Folio contained, between 'The Book-sellers to the Reader' and 'A Catalogue,' eleven only of the Commendatory verses prefixed to the First Folio. These were those signed by Edw. Waller (see p. xxiii), J. Denham (p. xxii), Ben. Johnson (p. xl), Rich. Corbet (p. xl), Joh. Earle (p. xxxii), William Cartwright's first lines (p. xxxvii, to 'Fletcher *writ*' on p. xxxviii), Francis Palmer (p. xlvii, '*I Could prayse Heywood,*' etc.), Jasper Maine (p. xxxv), J. Berkenhead (p. xli), Roger L'Estrange (p. xxviii), Tho. Stanley (p. xxvii).]



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A  
CATALOGUE  
Of all the  
COMEDIES and TRAGEDIES

Contained in this BOOK, in the same Order as Printed.

1 The Maids Tragedy.\* 2 *Philaster*; or, Love lies a bleeding.\* 3 A King or no King.\* 4 The Scornful Lady.\* 5 The Custom of the Country. 6 The Elder Brother.\* 7 The Spanish Curate. 8 Wit without Money.\* 9 The Beggars Bush. 10 The Humorous Lieutenant. 11 The Faithful Shepherdess.\* 12 The Mad Lover. 13 The Loyal Subject. 14 Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.\* 15 The Laws of *Candy*. 16 The False One. 17 The Little French Lawyer. 18 The Tragedy of *Valentinian*. 19 Monsieur *Thomas*.\* 20 The Chances. 21 *Rollo*, Duke of *Normandy*.\* 22 The Wild-Goose Chase. 23 A Wife for a Month. 24 The Lovers Progress. 25 The Pilgrim. 26 The Captain. 27 The Prophetess. 28 The Queen of *Corinth*. 29 The Tragedy of *Bonduca*. 30 The Knight of the Burning Pestle.\* 31 Loves Pilgrimage. 32 The Double Marriage. 33 The Maid in the Mill. 34 The Knight of *Maltha*. 35 Loves Cure; or, the Martial Maid. 36 Women pleased. 37 The Night Walker; or, Little Thief.\* 38 The Womans Prize; or, the Tamer tamed. 39 The Island Princess. 40 The Noble Gentleman. 41 The Coronation.\* 42 The Coxcomb. 43 Sea-Voyage. 44 Wit at several Weapons. 45 The Fair Maid of the Inn. 46 *Cupids* Revenge.\* 47 Two Noble Kinsmen.\* 48 *Thierry* and *Theodoret*.\* 49 The Woman-Hater.\* 50 The nice Valour; or, the Passionate Madman. 51 The Honest Man's Fortune.

*A Mask at Grays-Inn, and the Inner Temple; Four Plays, or Moral Representations.*

## APPENDIX.

*In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline. Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.*

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versa*: the original compositor's stock of each running low occasionally, he used the two signs somewhat indiscriminately. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos are recorded.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE. p. x, l. 8. 1st Folio *prints a comma after*] not.



TO THE READER. p. xi, l. 6. 1st F *omits the bracket*.

THE STATIONER TO THE READERS. p. xiv, l. 33. 1st F *prints]* confessed it,

COMMENDATORY VERSES. p. xvii, l. 33. 1st F *misprints]* theirs. l. 41. 1st F *misprints]*  
li. l. 42. 1st F *misprints]* hist.



## Page 39

p. xx, l. 34. 1st F *misprints*] Fle.

p. xxiii, l. 1. 2nd F] sprung.

p. xxvi, l. 21. 1st F *misprints*] Fletcher.

p. xxxvi, l. 10. 1st F *misprints*] solemue.

p. xxxvii, l. 39. 1st F *misprints*] aud. l. 43. 2nd F] delights.

p. xxxviii, l. 4. 2nd F] And these. l. 20. 2nd F *gives signature*] William Cartwright.

p. xxxix, l. 27. 1st F *misprints*] such.

p. xliii, l. 13. 2nd F] wert. l. 35. 2nd F] knowst.

p. xlvi, l. 33. 2nd F] receive the full god in. l. 35. 2nd F] Francis Palmer.

p. lii, l. 40. 1st F *misprints*] Fletcher.

p. lv, l. 19. 1st F *misprints*] ehe.