

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher in Ten Volumes

Volume I.

Beaumont and Fletcher

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THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

In ten volumes

Vol. I

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584

Died 1616

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JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579

Died 1625

THE MAIDS TRAGEDY

PHILASTER

A KING, AND NO KING

THE SCORNFUL LADY

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

THE TEXT EDITED BY

ARNOLD GLOVER, M.A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND THE INNER TEMPLE

NOTE.

The first collected edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher was published in 1647, in folio (12 1/2 ins. x 8 1/8 ins. is the measurement of the copy used for the purpose of collation). The title-page runs thus:--

Comedies | and | Tragedies |

|written by { Francis Beaumont }
{ And } Gentlemen. |
{ John Fletcher }

Never printed before, | And now published by
the Authours | Originall Copies. | _Si quid habent
veri Vatum praesagia, vivam.|London_, | Printed for
Humphrey Robinson, at the three _Pidgeons_, and for |
Humphrey Moseley at the _Princes Armes in St Pauls_.

This collection, which is referred to as the First Folio throughout the present edition, contained all the authors' previously unpublished plays (34) except _The Wild-Goose Chase_, which, at the date of the Folio, was supposed to be lost. The dedicatory epistles, commendatory poem, and Catalogue of Plays, prefixed to the First Folio, are reprinted in the preliminary pages at the end of this Note (pp. ix--lvii).

The second collected edition appeared in 1679 in folio (14-3/8 ins. x 8-1/4 ins.); a reprint of the title-page is given on p. lix of the present volume. This collection, referred to henceforth as the Second Folio, contained (i) all the plays included in the First Folio, (ii) _The Wild-Goose Chase_, which had been published in folio in 1652, (iii)

all the other then known plays of the authors which had been published previously to 1679.

William Marshall's portrait of John Fletcher faces the title-page of both folios with the following inscription engraved underneath:--

Felicitis aevi ac Praesulis _Natus; comes_ Beaumontis; _sic, quippe
Parnassus_, biceps; FLETCHERUS _unam in Pyramida furcas agens. Struxit
chorum plus simplicem Vates Duplex; Plus duplicem solus: nec ullum
transtulit; Nec transferendus: Dramatum aeterni sales, _Anglo _Theatro,
Orbe, Sibi, superstites_.

FLETCHERE, facies absqz vultu pingitur; Quantus! vel umbram _circuit
nemo tuam._

J. Berkenhead.

Later collected editions of the works were published in 1711 (7 vols.); 1750, edited by Lewis Theobald, Thomas Seward and J. Simpson (10 vols.); 1778, edited by George Colman (10 vols.); 1812, edited by Henry Weber (14 vols.); 1843, edited by Alexander Dyce (11 vols.). It is unnecessary to refer in detail to these later editions which, very widely as they differ among themselves, agree in presenting an eclectic text, a text formed partly by a collation of the various old editions and partly by the adoption of conjectural emendations. During the progress of work upon the present issue another edition has been announced, under the general editorship of Mr A. H. Bullen, and the first volume was published last year. It follows the lines of its predecessors in presenting a modernised text, giving 'a fuller record than had been given by Dyce of *_variae lectiones_*,' and pleading, in its prospectus, that, 'for the use of scholars, there should be editions of all our old authors in old spelling.'

The objects of the present edition, in accordance with the scheme of the series of ENGLISH CLASSICS of which it is a part, are to provide (i) a text in which there shall be no deviation from that adopted as its basis, in the matter of spelling, punctuation, the use of capitals and italics, save as recorded, and to give (ii) an apparatus of variant readings as an Appendix, comprising the texts of all the early issues, that is to say, of all editions prior to and including the Second Folio. Within these limits, and apart from mere variations in spelling and punctuation, every variation, whether deemed important or not, is recorded in the Appendixes to these volumes.

Of the 52 Plays in the Second Folio only 5 were published before the death of Beaumont and 9 before the death of Fletcher. The text has, therefore, given rise to a fruitful crop of conjectural emendations, but it has not been deemed a part of the editor's duty to garner them. Leaving these on one side, and desirous mainly of collecting every alternative reading in all the Quartos and in the two Folios, the text used in the preparation of the present edition, chosen after careful consideration, is that of the Second Folio, obvious printers' errors being corrected, recorded in the Appendix, and indicated in the text by the insertion of square brackets. This text is the latest with any pretence to authority, it includes all the plays, and it forms a convenient limit, beyond which no notice has been taken of alternative readings, and to which the variants, chronologically arranged from the earliest to the latest Quartos, can easily be referred. Some of the early Quartos no doubt offer better texts of some of the plays, especially in

the matter of verse and prose arrangement, and had it been intended to print one text, and one text only, unaccompanied by a full apparatus of variorum readings, something might be said in favour of a choice among the Quartos and Folios, selecting here and there, in the case of each play, the particular text that seemed the best. But such choice could only be an extension of the eclectic method that has been rejected in dealing with alternative readings, it seemed to be equally unscientific, and, in view of the material in the Appendixes, needless.

In common with all the Quartos and the First Folio the Second Folio has failings, which will be noted in due course, but these have been exaggerated, and against them may be set the advantages detailed in the address of 'The Booksellers to the Reader,' reprinted on p. lx.

It has been thought that it would be useful to students to give lists of the different arrangements of prose and verse that obtain in the different quartos, and these will be found in the Appendix after the variants of each play.

The remaining volumes of this edition will follow as soon as can be arranged.

* * * * *

The Syndics of the University Press have asked me to complete the work begun by Arnold Glover. It was a work greatly to his mind: he spent much labour upon it, being always keenly interested in critical, textual and bibliographical work in English literature; he welcomed a return to his earlier studies among the Elizabethans after five years given to the works of one of their most discerning critics; but he did not live to see the publication of the first volume of his new work. When he died in the January of this year, the text of volumes one and two had been passed for press, the material accumulated for the Appendixes to those volumes and the draft of the above 'Note' partly written. With the assistance of Mrs Arnold Glover, who had helped him in the laborious work of collation, I have checked and arranged this editorial material for press. I hope I have not let any error escape me which he would have detected.

A. R. WALLER.
CAMBRIDGE,
2 _August_, 1905.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

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 Councell: 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, _joyned 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.

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 remembred 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 immortal 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.

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 detain 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.

Next, as it is all New, so here is not any thing _Spurious_ or _impos'd_; I had the Originalls 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-goose 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 remembred. 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 Originalls 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 _Chargeablenesse_ 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 Originalls 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.

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 enjoyes 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.

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 joynd 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 reparaire 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_.

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 possest 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
I[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?

Then where am I? but now I've thought upon't,
I'lle prayse thee more then all have ventur'd on't.
I'lle take thy noble Work (and like the trade
Where for a heap of Salt pure Gold is layd)
I'lle 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 lookes
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'lle 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'lle 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 equall 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 _Fletcher's_ 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 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 _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'll 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'll_ 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 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'Elemcmts, 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.

_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 clowding 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 remaines 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 remembring 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_ 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 than 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 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.

Mankinde 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 feelee, 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 Infirmity,
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, and his Lace,
Glasses himselfe: and in this faithfull Mirroure,
Views, disaproves, reformes, repents his Errour.

The Credulous, bright Girl, 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.

COMMENTATORY

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 displeas,
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 Progresse _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_ Beggers 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
Happinesse to read and understand.
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 _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;
 _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 iraged, 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 exprest,
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 halves, and make one wit;
 But as some things we see, have double cause,
 And 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 joynd, and both did wholly make the Play,
 For that you could write singly, we may guesse
 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.

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:
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 unvest.
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.
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 varieties,
 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 encompassse 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;
 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 _remains.
 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're 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 Alwayes Best; if ought seem'd to decline,
 '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;
 Slaunderst 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 _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 _jealousie 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 owne 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.
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 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:
 Witnesse 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
 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 grieve 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 unparalelld 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 Occidental_ 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 plainely 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 himselfe 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 spelld, 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 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 hitti
(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 Councell 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 moisture 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 it had plummets hung on to suppress
It's too luxuriant growing mightnesse:
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 reign
 In Wits great Empire, absolute Sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS.

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 Witts 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 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; Forbear: e
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;
 _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 pompe, nor drudge,
 To beget_ Wit, _or manage it: nor trudge
 To Wit-conventions with Note-booke, to gleane
 Or steale some Jestes to foist into a Scene:
 He scorn'd those shifts. You that have known him, know
 The common talke 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 '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
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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.

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_] Fletcer.

p. lv, l. 19. 1st F _misprints_] ehe.

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