

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER  
JOHN**

**THE WORKS OF  
FRANCIS  
BEAUMONT AND  
JOHN FLETCHER IN  
TEN VOLUMES**

Francis Beaumont

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

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**Beaumont F.**

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## Содержание

NOTE	6
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP	8
TO THE READER	9
The Stationer to the Readers	11
To the Stationer	13
IN MEMORY OF Mr. JOHN FLETCHER	14
On Mr John Fletcher, and his Workes, never before published	16
On Mr Fletchers Works	17
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	18

**Francis Beaumont**  
**The Works of Francis Beaumont and**  
**John Fletcher in Ten Volumes / Volume I**

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

Never printed before, | And now published by the Authours | Originall Copies. | *Si quid habent veri Vatum præsagia, 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which is referred to as the First Folio throughout the present edition, contained all the authors' previously unpublished plays (34) except *The Wild-Goose Chase*, which, at the date of the Folio, was supposed to be lost.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:—

*Felicis ævi ac Præsulis 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 æterni 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 *variæ 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.*

## 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 Councill: And our Singular Good Lord.

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

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

*But directed by the example of some, who once steered in our qualitie, and so fortunately aspired to choose your Honour, 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 Mounsiour, 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\_ Tragicall Age where the Theater hath been so much out-ailed, congratulate thy owne happinesse, that in this silence of the Stage, thou hast a liberty to reade these inimitable Playes, to dwell and converse in these immortall Groves, which were only shewd our Fathers in a conjuring glasse, as suddenly removed as represented, the Landscrap is now brought home by this optick, and the Presse thought too pregnant before, shall be now look'd upon as greatest Benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of witt and words \_to this Derivation.

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 swear they cannot be exprest by the same hands, but both are so excellently wrought, you must confesse none, but the same hands, could worke them.

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

Infinitely more might be said of these rare Copies, but let the ingenuous Reader peruse them & he will finde them so able to speake their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces well understood will prove a\_ Preface to the

*rest, and if the Reader can fast the best wit ever trod our English Stage, he will be forced himselfe to become a breathing Panegerick \_to them all.*

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

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

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

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

*JA. SHIRLEY.*

## The Stationer to the Readers

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

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 *Chargeableness* of this Work; for those who own'd the *Manuscripts*, too well knew their value to make a cheap estimate of any of these Pieces, and though another joyn'd with me in the *Purchase* and Printing, yet the *Care & Pains* was wholly mine, which I found to be more then you'l easily imagine, unlesse you knew into how many hands the 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 enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have Printed Mr. *Fletcher's* workes by themselves, because

single & alone he would make a *Just Volume*: But since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to seperate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say (though it be a knowne Truth) that these *Authors* had not only High unexpressible gifts of *Nature*, but also excellent *acquired Parts*, being furnished with Arts and Sciences by that liberall education they had at the *University*, which sure is the best place to make a great Wit understand it selfe; this their workes will soone make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. Beaumonts picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no enquirie in those *Noble Families* whence he was descended, as also among those Gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the *Inner Temple*: the best Pictures and those most like him you'll finde in this *Volume*. This figure of Mr. *Fletcher* was cut by severall Originall Pieces, which his friends lent me, but withall they tell me, that his unimitable Soule did shine through his countenance in such *Ayre* and *Spirit*, that the Painters confessed, it was not easie to expresse him: As much as could be, you have here, and the *Graver* hath done his part. What ever I have scene of Mr. *Fletchers* 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 joyn'd in one could buy  
(If priz'd aright) so true a Library  
Of man: where we the characters may finde  
Of ev'ry Nobler and each baser minde.  
Desert has here reward in one good line  
For all it lost, for all it might repine:  
Vile and ignobler things are open laid,  
The truth of their false colours are displayed:  
You'l say the Poet's both best Judge and Priest,  
No guilty soule abides so sharp a test  
As their smooth Pen; for what these rare men writ  
Commands the World, both Honesty and Wit.*

*GRANDISON.*

## IN MEMORY OF Mr. JOHN FLETCHER

*Me thought our Fletcher weary of this croud,  
Wherein so few have witt, yet all are loud,  
Unto Elyzium fled, where he alone  
Might his own witt admire and ours bemoane;  
But soone upon those Flowry Bankes, a throng  
Worthy of those even numbers which he sung,  
Appeared, and though those Ancient Laureates strive  
When dead themselves, whose raptures should survive,  
For his Temples all their owne bayes allows,  
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 Æneas next begun,  
Whose God-like forme and tongue so soone had wonne;  
That Queene of Carthage and of beauty too,  
Two powers the whole world else were slaves unto,  
Urging that Prince for to repaire his faulte  
On earth, boldly in hell his Mistresse sought; [-The Maides Tragedy.-]  
But when he Amintor saw revenge that wrong,  
For which the sad Aspasia sigh'd so long,  
Upon himselfe, to shades hasting away,  
Not for to make a visit but to stay;  
He then did modestly confesse how farr  
Fletcher out-did him in a Character.  
Now lastly for a refuge, Virgill shewes  
The lines where Corydon Alexis woes;  
But those in opposition quickly met [-The faithfull Shepherdesse.-]  
The smooth tongu'd Perigot and Amoret:  
A paire whom doubtlesse had the others seene,  
They from their owne loves had Apostates beene;  
Thus Fletcher did the fam'd laureat exceed,  
Both when his Trumpet sounded and his reed;  
Now if the Ancients yeeld that heretofore,  
None worthyer then those ere Laurell wore;  
The least our age can say now thou art gon,*

*Is that there never will be such a one:  
And since t' expresse thy worth, our rimes too narrow be,  
To help it wee'l be ample in our prophesie.*

*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:*

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