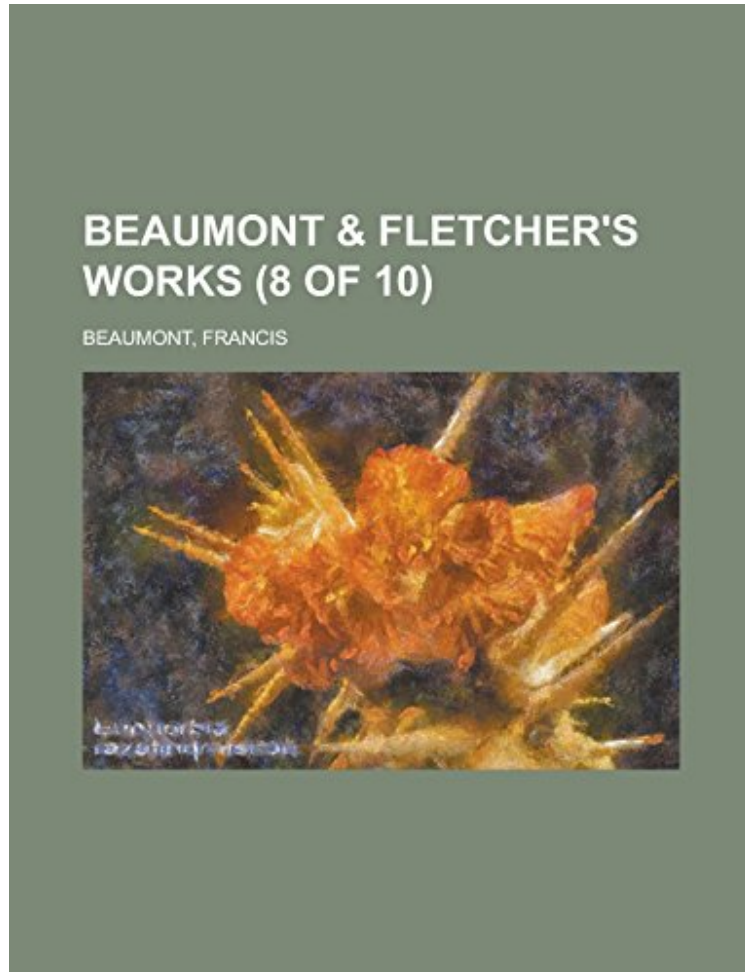


## Beaumont Fletcher's Works (8 of 10)

*Francis Beaumont*  
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2013-09-13Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 9.69 x .30 x 7.44l, .58 #File Name: 1236721934140 pages | File size: 63.Mb

**Francis Beaumont : Beaumont Fletcher's Works (8 of 10)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Beaumont Fletcher's Works (8 of 10):

Excerpt: ...of this his riding weeds From off the orient Sun of his best cloaths; I'll pluck one Boot and spur off. Long. I another. Bew. I'll pluck his Jerkin off. Ser. Sit down my Lord; Both his spurs off at once good Longavile, And Bewford, take that Scarfe off, and that Hat, Doth not become his largely sprouting fore-head. Now set your gracious foot to this of mine, One pluck will do it, so, off with the other. Lon. Loe, thus your servant Longavile doth pluck The trophy of your former gentry off. Off with his Jerkin Bewford. Ser. Didst thou never see A nimble footed Taylor stand so in his stockings, Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his Jerkin off, To dance a Jigg? Pg 198 Enter Jaques. Lon. Here's his man Jaques come, Booted and ready still. Jaq. My Mistriss staves; Why how now Sir? What do's your

Worship mean, To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off. Gent. My slippers, Jaques. Lon. O thou mighty Duke, Pardon this Man, That thus hath trespassed in ignorance. Gent. I pardon him. Lon. His Graces slippers, Jaques. Ja. Why what's the matter? Lon. Foot-man, he's a Duke: The King hath rais'd him above all his Land. Ja. I'll to his Cozen presently, and tell him so; O what a dung-hill Countrey rogue was I. Exit Jaques. Enter Wife. Ser. See, see, my Mistriss. Lon. Let's observe their greeting. Wife. Unto your will, as every good Wife ought, I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready. Gent. O Wife, I am not worthy to kiss the least Of all thy toes, much less thy Thumb, Which yet I would be bold with; all thy counsel Hath been to me Angelical, but mine to thee Hath been most dirty, like my mind: Dear Duchess I must stay. Wife. What are you mad, to make me Dress, and undress, turn and wind me, Because you find me plyant? said I not The whole world should not alter me, if once I were resolv'd? and now you call me Duchess: Why what's the matter? Gent. Loe a Knight doth kneel. Wife. A Knight? Gent. A Lord. Pg 199 Wife. A Fool. Gent. I say doth kneel an Earl, a...