Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Master William Shakespeare, and his VVorkes.

Pettator, this Life's Shaddow is; To see
The truer image and a livelier he
Turne Reader. But observe his Comickke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weep; So when thou finds't two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule arise;
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, VV. SHAKESPEARE.

What neede my Shakespeare for his honoour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones
Or that his hallow'd &elegies should be hid
Vnder a starre-pointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What need'st thou such dull witnessse of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument:
For whils't to thy frame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines with deepe Imression tooke
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcker'd in such Pompe dost lie
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.