



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

Spectator, this Lifes Shaddow is ; To see
The truer image and a livelier be
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weepe ; So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

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

What neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Vnder a starre-ypointing Pyramid ?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy Name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument :
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delpbicke Lines with deepe Impression tooke
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.