To the Memory of Mr. W. Shakespeare.

We wonder (Shakespeare) that thou went’st so soon
From the World’s Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-

We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went’st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor’s Art,
Can dye, and live, to act a second Part.
That’s but an Exit of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

J. M.