TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Authour Maister
W. SHAKESPEARE.

S Hake-speare, *at length thy pious fellowes give*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; *ev'ry Line, each Verse*
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso *said,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half=Sword parlying Romans *spake,*
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, *thou canst never dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M.*W. Shake-speare.*

VV*EE wondred* (Shake-speare) *that thou went'st so soone*
From the Worlds=Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

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