Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

T Hose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phoebus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* have,
All those he made, would scarse make one to this:
Where *Fame,* now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

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