

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

*S*Pectator, *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, VV. SHAKESPEARE.

*W*Hat neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,  
*The labour of an Age, in piled stones*  
*Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be bid*  
*Under a starre-y pointing 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 whil'st to th'shame of slow-endavouring Art*  
*Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,*  
*Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,*  
*Those Delphicke 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.*

John Milton. --  
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