

TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author, Master
VV. 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 Shakespeares; 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 beleeeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-doe
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy halfe-sword parlying [Yomans] 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.

WE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
We 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 act a second Part.
That's but an Exit of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

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