

## On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems.

*A Mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere  
And equall surface can make things appeare  
Distant a Thousand yeares, and represent  
Them in their lively colours just extent.  
To out run hasty time, retriue the fates,  
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lye  
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.  
In that deepe duskie dungeon to discern  
A royall Ghost from Churles; By art to learne  
The Physiognomie of shades, and give  
Them suddaine birth, wondring how oft they live.  
What story coldly tells, what Poets faine  
At second hand, and picture without braine  
Senselesse and soulesse shewes. To give a Stage  
(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,  
As Plato's yeare and new Scene of the world  
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.  
To raise our auncient Soveraignes from their herse  
Make Kings his subjects, by exchanging verse  
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
Joyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage:  
Yet so to temper passion, that our eares  
Take pleasure in their paine; And eyes in teares  
Both weepe and smile; fearefull at plots so sad,  
Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad  
To be abus'd, affected with that truth  
Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth  
At which we start; and by elaborate play  
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way  
Time past made pastrime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport---  
-----While the Plebeian Impe, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon  
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move  
A chilling pittie, then a rigorous love:  
To strike up and stroake downe, both joy and ire;  
To steere th'affections; and by heavenly fire  
Mould us anew. Stolne from our selves-----  
This and much more which cannot bee exprest,  
But by himselfe, his tongue and his own brest,  
Was Shakespeares freehold, which his cunning braine  
Improv'd by favour of the nine fold traine.*

*The*

The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene, the graund  
And lowder tone of Clio; nimble hand,  
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,  
The Silver voyced Lady, the most faire  
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.  
And she whose prayse the heavenly body chants.

These joyntly woo'd him, envying one another  
(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)  
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave  
Fresh greene and pleasant yellow, red most brave  
And constant blew, rich purple, & guiltelesse white

The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;  
Branch't and embroydred like the painted Spring  
Each leafe match't with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silke, there run  
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun;  
And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the choyce  
Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.  
Here hangs a mossey rocke; there playes a faire  
But chiding fountaine purled : Not the ayre  
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne  
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne,  
But fine materialls, which the Muses know  
And onely know the countries where they grow  
Now when they could no longer him enjoy  
In mortall garments pent; death may destroy  
They say his body, but his verse shall live  
And more then nature takes, our hands shall give.  
In a lesse volumne, but more strongly bound  
Shakespeare shall breath and speake, with Laurell crown'd  
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meate  
In a well-lyned vesture rich and neate.  
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him weare it  
For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his  
Endowments.

I. M. S.

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