

Vpon the Lines and Life of the
Famous Scenicke Poet, Master

W. SHAKESPEARE.

T Hose hands, which you so clapt, goe now and wring
You Britaines brave; for done are Shake-speares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth to ring.
Dry'd is that Veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phoebus Cloudes his Rayes:
That Corpe'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 scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the Grave,
(Deaths publique Tying-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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