



To the memory of my beloued,
The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

what he hath left vs.

DO draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Earne:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
Aboue th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art al'ue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didstst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Loane thee alone, for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shoue,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 when like Apollo he came forth to warne
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted bye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well tornd, and true-fild lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.