

JOHN DONNE

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet,
W. Shakespeare.*

*What need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in pilèd stones
Or that his hallow'd Relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing Pyramid?*

*Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting Monument:*

*For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeav'ring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Those Delphic Lines with deep Impression took.*

*Then thou our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulchr'd in such pomp dost lie
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.*

*Second folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1632
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