

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

IN REDUCED FACSIMIL

FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF

1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.



NEW YORK:

FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS, 18 & 20 ASTOR PLACE.

1887.



To the memory of my beloved,
The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

what he hath left vs.

Draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
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 unto thy praise:
For feeblest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and wrgeth 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 proesse against them, and indeed
About 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 aliuo 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 iudgment were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farra thou didst 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 Eſchilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccunius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To liue againe, to heare thy Buskins tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Let vs see thee alone, for the comparifon

Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
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 warme
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
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 lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy 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 sweate,
(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 corned, 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 slight's upon 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 dropping Stage;
Which, since thy slight frō hence hath mourn'd like night,
And despaire's day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.