



The Triumph Of Death

No longer mourn for me when I
am dead
Than you shall hear the surly
sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I
am fled
From this vile world, with vilest
worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line,
remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love
you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts
would be forgot
If thinking on me then should
make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this
verse
When I perhaps compounded am
with clay
Do not so much as my poor
name rehearse,
But let your love even with my
life decay;
Lest the wise world should look
into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am
gone.