An Exequy To his Matchlesse never to be forgotten Freind

Accept, thou Shrine of my Dead Saint!
Instead of Dirges this Complaint;
And, for sweet flowres to crowne thy Hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd Friend; whom Thou might'st see
Quite melted into Teares for Thee.

Deare Losse! since thy untimely fate
My task hath beene to meditate
On Thee, on Thee: Thou art the Book,
The Library whereon I look

Though almost blind. For Thee (Lov'd Clay!)
I Languish out, not Live the Day,
Using no other Exercise
But what I practise with mine Eyes.
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creepes about
To one that mournes: This, only This
My Exercise and bus'nes is:
So I compute the weary howres
With Sighes dissolved into Showres.

Nor wonder if my time goe thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast Benighted mee. Thy Sett
This Eve of blacknes did begett,
Who wast my Day, (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in teares,
Thou scarce hadst scene so many Yeeres
As Day tells Howres. By thy cleere Sunne
My Love and Fortune first did run;
But Thou wilt never more appeare
Folded within my Hemisphere:
Since both thy Light and Motion
Like a fledd Starr is fall'n and gone;
And 'twixt mee and my Soule's deare wish
The Earth now interposed is,
Which such a strangea Eclipce doth make
As ne're was read in Almanake.

I could allow Thee for a time
To darken mee and my sad Clime,
Wore it a Month, a Yeere, or Ten,
I would thy Exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourne,
So Thou wouldst promise to returne,
And putting off thy ashy Shrowd
At length disperse this Sorrowe's Cloud.

But woe is mee! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes. Never shall I
Be so much blest, as to descrie
A glimpse of Thee, till that Day come
Which shall the Earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce Feaver must calcine
The Body of this World, like Thine,
(My Little World!) That fitt of Fire
Once off, our Bodyes shall aspire
To our Soules' blisses: Then wee shall rise,
And view our selves with cleerer eyes
In that calme Region, where no Night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meane time, thou hast Hir Earth: Much good
May my harme doe thee. Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Hir longer Mine; I give thee all
My short liv'd right and Interest
In Hir, whome living I lov'd best:
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to Hir: and prethee look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcell of this Rarity,
Which in thy Caskett shrin'd doth ly:
See that thou make thy reck'ning streight,
And yeeld Hir back againe by weight;
For thou must Auditt on thy trust
Each Grane and Atome of this Dust:
As thou wilt answere Him, that leant,
Not gave thee, my deare Monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout hir shade
Black Curtaines draw, My Bride is lay'd.
Sleep on (my Love!) in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted.
My last Good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I Thy Fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sicknes must
Marry my Body to that Dust
It so much loves; and fill the roome
My heart keepes empty in Thy Tomb.
Stay for mee there: I will not faile
To meet Thee in that hollow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow Thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or Sorrowes breed.
Each Minute is a short Degree
And e'ry Howre a stepp towards Thee.
At Night when I betake to rest,
Next Morne I rise neerer my West
Of Life, almost by eight Howres' sayle,
Then when Sleep breath'd his drowsy gale.

Thus from the Sunne my Bottome steares,
And my Daye's Compasse downward beares.
Nor labour I to stemme the Tide,
Through which to Thee I swiftly glide.
'Tis true; with shame and grief I yeild
Thou, like the Vann, first took'st the Field,
And gotten hast the Victory
In thus adventuring to Dy
Before Mee; whose more yeeres might crave
A just precedence in the Grave.
But hark! My Pulse, like a soft Drum
Beates my Approach, Tells Thee I come;
And, sowe how're my Marches bee,
I shall at last sitt downe by Thee.

The thought of this bids mee goe on,
And wait my dissolution
With Hope and Comfort. Deare! (forgive
The Crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a Heart,
Till wee shall Meet and Never part.