

# 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.

by William Shakespeare