

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.