

ording to this, he was at fifty-three a portly but not at all corpulent man, with a high forehead, a head somewhat bald, a small aquiline nose, and a well formed mouth and chin. . . . (It) was originally coloured after life and had hazel eyes and auburn hair and beard. These traits were afterward obliterated by a coat of white paint."

Beneath the bust is the famous inscription :

"Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem ;
Terra tegit, populus caret, Olympvs habet.
Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast ?
Read if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast
Within this monument Shakspeare with whome
Quick Nature dide : whose name doth deck this Tombe
Far more than cost : See all, that he hath writt
Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt."

Within the altar rails are the graves of William Shakspeare and his wife ; of their daughter Susannah and her husband, Dr. John Hall ; and of Thomas Nashe, Shakspeare's grandson, in whom the issue died.

But enough of Shakspeare's tomb. It is the living Shakespeare we are with to-day. So we pass out of the church to follow

"the whining schoolboy,
With his satchel and shining morning face,
Creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school."

Of his school days we know little. But there is the "Guild Chapel and Grammar School," where he learned his "small Latin and less Greek" and where, no doubt, some disappointed dominie mourned over the fact that the bright faced lad thought more of frolics than of books. Innocent lamb that would have taught this lion how to roar ! We must not, however, halt at the school to moralize on what might have been, if William had been a good little boy and eventually an Oxford Don : for we are following him now thro' the fields as he sings his way along

"with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino."

For he is bound for Shottery, where Anne lives with Richard, her father. It is "spring time, the only pretty ring time, when birds do sing, hey ding a ding"—a time when, all poets agree, the lover is abroad in the land.