

To make this a complete edition of Shakespeares plays
 "Pericles," and the "Two Noble Kinsmen" should be
 thrust in, the last wrote by him and whether if he
 wrote not the greater part of that play he never wrote
 a line.



A Catalogue of all the Comedies,
 Histories, and Tragedies contained
 in this Booke.

Fol. 1.	1. T he Tempest. Verona.	The life of King Henry the 5.	Fol. 69
20.	2. The two Gentlemen of	The first part of K. Henry the 6.	96
39.	3. The Merry Wives of Windsor.	The 2 part of K. Henry the 6.	120
61.	4. Measure for Measure.	The 3 part of K. Henry the 6.	147
85.	5. The Comedy of Errors.	The Tragedie of Richard the 3.	173
101.	6. Much adoe about Nothing.	The famous history of Henry 8.	205
122.	7. Loves Labour's lost.		
145.	8. Midfommers nights Dreame.		
163.	9. The Merchant of Venice.		
185.	10. As you like it.		
208.	11. The taming of the Shrew.		
230.	12. All's well that ends well.		
255.	13. Twelse night, or what you will.		
277.	14. The Winters Tale.		

Histories.

Fol. 1.	The life and death of K. John.		
23.	The life & death of K. R. the 2.		
46	The life and death of K. H. 4.		
74.	The second part of K. H. the 4.		

THE

William Shakespeare



THE
 Tragicall Historie of
BORIS

and the demise of Europe.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning
 heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.

BORIS: In thousand pages tablaid
 trees his Ruppert Murdoch wrote
 what wissh he had, for Britten
 and its spouse.

But was it really dreams he had his Mirror
 minions write in murror pages?

For is it not that when one in The Mirror
 looked one sees the opposite of what is true?
 Where left is right & right is wrong - a
 maze of rancor rage and riddles simple men
 can read but neuer comprehend? Or is it
 not for simple man that there is a scam to
 understand?

When hope and progress a carnual reflectron
 make. Where what the angry masses think is
 true might just as well be fake!

O how this Island longs for he who perished
 in the sea. T was he that, burdened
 by the scars of Poland, wanted Europe to
 be free. The nemesis of Murdoch publish-
 er of European paper news. Oh Maxwell,
 you were just as dangerous a man, but now
 that you are gone, all counterweight has
 unished like something that unishes real-
 ly quickly.

If our Island a ship it was, and papers were

its beacons, than lost of course we are, &
 now we drift away from Europe's shores.

Oh what a fool I was to think that all was
 play. In Brussels streets I joked the jesters
 way. Wrote farces to amuse and earn Mur-
 doch's minions pay. But jesters jump &
 curse & swear but seldom do they matter.
 T was not a plan I had, but just a part I
 played. Like actors in a tragedy, they have
 no say in what they speak. On stage they
 play the song but in life they are but weak.

BREXIT.

ENTER MICHAEL GROVE:

T is in the past he lives. That fool who
 thought that once we were a team. But
 what, I ask, a team does make, but tempo-
 rary parts?

For does the wood of which a boat is
 made, not stay afloat after the boat has
 reached its shore?

When on the beach a raft is made of what
 a boat once was, a part is now in different
 float.

We are in small wat Europe was.
 A dream that ran its course.

For all the wood a boat can make, but
 only one its helm.