

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him :
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Forrenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppressse
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe :
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?

You cannot speake of reason to the Dane

And lose your voyce ; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes* ?

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,

The head is not more natie to the hart

The hand more instrumentall to the mouth

Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What wold'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,

To showe my dutie in your Coronation ;

Yet now I must confesse, that duty done

My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce

And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius* ?

Polo. Hach my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue

By laboursome petition, and at last

Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,