

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hor. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
He visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, sonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Opheliabhis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefic
And conuay, in alsistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Oph. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,