

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ieloufie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More grieffe to hide, then hate to ytter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Gyldenstjerne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Gyldenstjerne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so natored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather