

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Pol.* Give first admittance to th'embassadors,  
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

*King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found  
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine  
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

*Enter Embassadors.*

*King.* Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,  
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared  
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,  
But better lookt into, he truly found  
It was against your highnes, whereat greu'd  
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence  
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests  
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,  
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more  
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:  
Whercon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee.  
And his commision to imploy those souldiers  
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,  
With an entreatie heerein further shone,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your dominions for this enterprise  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set downe.

*King.* It likes vs well,  
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,  
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:  
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,  
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,  
Most welcome home.

*Exeunt Embassadors.*

*Pol.* This busines is well ended.

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