

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate  
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,  
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,  
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,  
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad :  
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,  
What ist but to be nothing els but mad,  
But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with lesse art.

*Pol.* Maddam, I swear I vse no art at all,  
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,  
And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,  
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,  
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defectiue comes by cause :  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus  
Perpend,  
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,  
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an iil phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

*Quee.* Came this from Hamlet to her ?

*Pol.* Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,  
*Doubt thou the starres are fire,* *Letter.*  
*Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,*  
*Doubt truth to be a lyer,*  
*But neuer doubt I loue.*

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon  
my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, *(Hamlet.*  
And more about hath his solicitings

As

E4r