

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show followes:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leanes him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leanes him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere slooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs agame count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are, so ficke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former slate,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.