

## Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,  
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,  
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,  
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,  
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,  
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,  
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

*King.* Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,  
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,  
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,  
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,  
For husband shalt thou.

*Quee.* O confound the rest,  
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,  
In second husband let me be accurst,  
None wed the second, but who kild the first.  
The instances that second marriage moue  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*Ham.* That's  
wormwood

*King.* I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,  
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,  
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,  
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,  
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,  
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.  
Most necessary tis that we forget  
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,  
What to our selues in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,  
The violence of eyther, grieffe, or ioy,  
Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,  
Where ioy most reuels, grieffe doth most lament,  
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,  
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,  
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:  
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,  
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.  
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,