

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Quee.* What would she haue?

*Gen.* She speaks much of her father, sayes she heares  
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,  
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt  
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,  
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue  
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,  
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,  
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought  
Though nothing sure, yet much vnshappily.  
*Hora.* Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew  
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,  
Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Quee.* 'T'o my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,  
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,  
'So full of artlesse ieaalousie is guilt,  
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

*Oph.* Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

*Quee.* How now *Ophelia*?

*shee sings.*

*Oph.* How should I your true loue know from another one,  
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

*Quee.* Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you, nay pray you marke,  
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.  
O ho.

*Quee.* Nay but *Ophelia*.

*Oph.* Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

*Enter King.*

*Quee.* Alas looke heere my Lord.

*Oph.* 'Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which beweept to the ground did not go  
With true loue showers. *Song.*

*King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

*Oph.* Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,  
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.  
God beat your table,