

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night, Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe grieffe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard.*

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secreet come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,