

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
A&A's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens'd, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ts writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencibly in grieffe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?