

## Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt  
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,  
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight  
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,  
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,  
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits  
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

*Oph.* They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, *Song.*  
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doue.

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge  
It could not mooue thus.

*Oph.* You must sing a downe a downe,  
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,  
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.

*Oph.* There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-  
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for  
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,  
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasse, I would  
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,  
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

*Laer.* Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe  
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

*Oph.* And wil a not come againe, *Song.*  
And wil a not come againe,  
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,  
He neuer will come againe.  
His beard was as white as snow,  
Flaxen was his pole,  
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,  
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,  
God buy you.

*Laer.* Doe you this ô God.

*King.* *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieve,  
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,