

I be I rageate of Hamlet

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If nor from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are