

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene;

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And