

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'st, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Laer*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed