

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation  
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,  
If you opposd them; fir this report of his  
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* *Laertes* was your father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,  
A face without a hart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,  
There liues within the very flame of loue  
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,  
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We should doe when we would: for this would change,  
And hath abatements and delayes as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,  
And then this should is like a spend thrifts sigh,  
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th' vicer,  
*Hamlet* comes back, what would you vndertake  
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his thraot i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeede should murder sanctuarise,  
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall knowe you are come home,  
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together  
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

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