

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword,
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death,

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should sayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
I were better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me seee,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drown'd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did the make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daíses, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M.

Clambring