

## Prince of Denmarke.

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on him,  
Anon as patient as the female Doue  
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reason that you vse me thus?  
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himseife doe what he may  
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Weele put the matter to the present push:  
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,  
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,  
An hour of quiet thirtie shall we see  
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,  
You doe remember all the circumstance,

*Hora.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my harte there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,  
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,  
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well  
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs  
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vpfrom my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke  
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My