

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiffion ; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the fuperuife no leaſure bated,
No nor to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hor. I't ſo poſſible ?

Ham. Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiffion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiffs doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruiſe, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeald ?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,