

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Lord.* The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment  
*Laertes*, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* Shee well instructs me.

*Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene  
in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not  
thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

*Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as  
would perhapes trouble a woman.

*Hora.* If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their  
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in  
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,  
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,  
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes,  
let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion,  
King, Queene, and ill the State, Foiles, daggers,  
and Laertes.*

*King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,  
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,  
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht  
With a sore distraction, what I haue done  
That might your nature, honor, and exception  
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,  
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.  
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be sane away,  
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,  
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,  
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. If be so,  
*Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged,  
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,  
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,  
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts  
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house