

Prince of Denmarke.

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleecue it:
But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue scene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetic?

Marc. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.*

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
You said you had a sute what i't *Leartes*?

Lea. My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,