

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i' st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?

Ofel. Something touching the prince *Hamlet*.

Cor. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnto Prince *Hamlet*, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution.
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

Ofel. And withall, such earnest vowes.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tending thus you'l tender mee a foole.

Ofel. I shall obay my lord in all I may.

Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
" For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
" Refuse his tokens, both of them are keys
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire:
Come in *Ofelia*; such men often proue,
" Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i' st?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

Mar. No, t'is strucke.