

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sit do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke

Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter, Ofelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Ofe. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Jewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is slicht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclasp his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies: