

*Prince of Denmarke.*

For out of doores he went without their helpe,  
And so did leaue me.

*Cor.* Madde for thy loue,  
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?

*Ofelia* I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,  
As you did charge me.

*Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:  
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast  
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort  
To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sorry  
That I was so rash: but what remedy?  
Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,  
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exunt.*

*Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.*

*King* Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet  
Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,  
It is most right, and we most sorry for him:  
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender  
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,  
That you will labour but to wring from him  
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.  
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull.

*Ros.* My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power  
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes  
Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound  
By loue, by ductie, and obedience.

*Guil.* What we may doe for both your Maiesties  
To know the grieffe troubles the Prince your sonne,  
We will indeuour all the best we may,  
So in all duetic doe we take our leaue.

*King* Thanks Guilderstone, and gentle Rosencraft.

*Que.* Thanks Rosencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

*Enter Corambis and Ofelia.*

*Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully  
Return'd from *Norway*.

*King* Thou still hast becne the father of good news.