

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my ducie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:
And I beleecue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,
Vpon our first he sent forth to suppress
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in brieve obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncke, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprife
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Wee'll reade and answer these his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night wee'll feast together:
Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*