

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.

Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this same?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ophelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. *exit.*

Cor. And here *Ophelia*, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnscene.

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accurled damn'd.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore?

The