

*Prince of Denmark.*

But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.

Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember

Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,

And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,

If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,

Let me see.

The rugged *Pyrus*, like th'arganian beast:

No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:

O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered

With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,

Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,

Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,

Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire *Pryam* seekes:

So goe on.

(accent.

*Cor.* Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

*Play.* Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,

His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,

Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

*Pyrus* at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,

Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde

Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

*Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,

Or else he sleepe, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

*Play.* But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

*Cor.* Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

*Play.* All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,

And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket

And a kereher on that head, where late the diademe stode,

Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,

Would