

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Since happy time ioynd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Ruunes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome please mine care,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutchesse O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

Dutchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kills the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutchesse Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke T'is deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-
ous time with sleepe.

Dutchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
in it?

Ham.