

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. He poysons him for his estate.

King Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. The king rises, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

Ham. What, frightened with false fires?

Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngalled play,

For some must laugh, while some must weepe,

Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.

Ham. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Ross. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Ross. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot.

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You