

The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'll prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you
finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and tosse me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he kills.

King. Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencrafts* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his natie home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but

Where