

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And his sandall shoone.

White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,

Larded with sweete flowers,

That bewept to the graue did not goe

With true louers showers:

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his head a grasse Greene turffe,

At his heeles a stone.

*king* How i't with you sweete *Ofelia*?

*Ofelia* Well God yeeld you,

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,

I could not chuse but weepe:

And will he not come againe?

And will he not come againe?

No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,

And he neuer will come againe.

His beard as white as snowe:

All flaxen was his pole,

He is dead, he is gone,

And we cast away moane:

God a mercy on his soule.

And of all christen soules I pray God.

God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

*king* A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:

O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?

Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,

To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.

How now, what noyse is that?

*A noyse within. enter Leartes.*

*Lear.* Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

Speake, say, where's my father?

*king* Dead.

*Lear.* Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not

Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

*Queene* True, but not by him.

H

*Lear*