

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'll be resolued.

king Let him goe *Gertrud*, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe *Gertrud*, that your father is murdered,
T'is true, and we most sory for it
Being the chiefest pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilment but by blood.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnessse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
I't possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia*?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
And there's pansy for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.