

*Prince of Denmarke.*

For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.

*Lear.* Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

*Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:

I pray now, you shall sing a downe,  
And you a downe a, tis a the Kings daughter

And the false steward, and if any body

Aske you of any thing, say you this.

To morrow is saint Valentines day,

All in the morning betime,

And a maide at your window,

To be your Valentine:

The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,

And dup't the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide

Neuer departed more.

Nay I pray marke now,

By gisse, and by saint Charitie,

Away, and fie for shame:

Yong men will doo't when they come too't:

By cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed.

So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,

If thou hadst not come to my bed.

So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.

God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

*Lear.* Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,

My sister thus distracted:

Curfed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

*king* Content you good Leartes for a time,

Although I know your griefe is as a floud,

Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,

And thinke already the reuenge is done

On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

*Lear.* You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'll striue,

To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,