

Prince of Denmarke.

in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. First *Leartes*, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes*.
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'll stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.

King Giue them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Haue all a laught, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none.

Heere they play.

Ham. Iudgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe.

They play againe.

Ham. Another. Iudgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.

King Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee

Queene Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King Giue him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'll haue another bowt first,
I'll drinke anone.

Queene Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinckes to thee.

Shee drinckes.

King Do not drinke *Gertred* : O'tis the poysoned cup!