

Prince of Denmarke.

*Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.*

Fort. Where is this bloody fight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? *(land,*

Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leifure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis