

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

*Hora.* So haue I heard and doe in part belicue it,  
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad  
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life  
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:  
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

*Florisb.* Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertradi* be *Queene*,  
*Counsaile*: as *Polonius*, and his *Sonne Laertes*,  
*Hamlet*, *Cum Alijs.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death  
The memorie be Greene, and that it vs befitted  
To beare our harts in grieffe, and our whole Kingdome,  
To be contracted in one browe of woe  
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him  
Together with remembrance of our selues:  
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our *Queene*  
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state  
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funerall, and with diridge in marriage,  
In equall scale waighing delight and dole  
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard  
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)  
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,  
Holding a weake supposall of our worth  
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame  
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage  
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message