

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :  
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

*King.* How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

*Ham.* Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

*Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off  
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,  
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids  
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,  
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,  
Passing through nature to eternitie.

*Ham.* I Maddam, it is common.

*Quee.* If it be

V Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,  
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother  
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke  
Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath  
No, nor the frutfull riuer in the eye,  
Nor the deiected haniour of the visage  
Together with all formes, moods, chapes of grieffe  
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,  
For they are actions that a man might play  
But I haue that wirhin which passes showe  
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

*King.* Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,  
To giue these mourning duties to your father  
But you must knowe your father lost a father,  
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound  
In filiall obligation for some tearme  
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer  
In obstinate condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieffe,  
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen  
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient  
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold  
For what we knowe must be, and is as common