

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peuisish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*.
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Queer. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnfore'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell,
And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florisb.*

*Exeunt all,
but Hamlet.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixe
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meerey that it should come thus

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But