

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hether to doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are outs, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If she should
breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrapp, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murder doone in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled Jade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lucianus,
Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue