

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuedcted,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him ith Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hor. I did very well note him.