

## Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,  
And that his soule may be as damnd and black  
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,  
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

*King.* My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe  
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Pol.* A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,  
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene  
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,  
Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile wait you, feare me not,  
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?

*Ger.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,  
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse  
Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me,  
Helpe how.

*Pol.* What how helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

*Pol.* O I am slaine.

*Ger.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I knowe not, is it the King?