

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnscene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule discafe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,