

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and care: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my *Swissers*, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
Eates not the flas with more impitious hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?