

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

*Ham.* How dooes the Queene?

*King.* Shee sounds to see them bleed.

*Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,  
The drinke the drinke, I am poysned.

*Ham.* O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,  
Treachery, seeke it out.

*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,  
No medicin in the world can doe thee good,  
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,  
The treacherous instrument is in my hand  
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise  
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie  
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,  
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

*Ham.* The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

*All.* Treason, treason.

*King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Heare thou incestious damned Dane,  
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?  
Follow my mother.

*Laer.* He is iustly ferued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,  
Exchange forgiuennesse with me noble *Hamlet*,  
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,  
Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;  
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.  
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death  
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,  
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,  
Thou livest, report me and my cause a right  
To the vnsatisfied.

*Hova.* Neuer believe it;  
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,  
Heere's yet some liquer left.

*Ham.* As th'art a man  
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O,