

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.  
 Last, and as much containing as all these,  
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,  
 Keepest on his wonder, keepest himselfe in clouds,  
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare  
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,  
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,  
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne  
 In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,  
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places,  
 Giues me superfluous death. *A Noyse within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Qu.* Alacke, what noyse is this?

*King.* Where are my Switzers?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

*Mes.* Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riorous head,

Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props of euery word,

They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.

*Qu.* How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

*Noyse within. Enter Laertes.*

*King.* The doores are broke.

*Laer.* Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

*All.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou wilde King, giue me my Father.

*Qu.* Calmely good *Laertes*.

*Laer.* That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  
 Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow  
 Of my true Mother.

*King.* What is the cause *Laertes*,

That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:

There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peepe to what it would,

As little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus Incens'd? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

*Laer.* Where's my Father?

*King.* Dead.

*Qu.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.

To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.

Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd

Most thoroughly for my Father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My Will, not all the world,  
 And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,  
 They shall go farre with little.

*King.* Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie  
 Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,  
 That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,  
 Winner and Loofer.

*Laer.* None but his Enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then,

*La.* To his good Friends, thus wide Ile open my Armes:

And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,

Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why now you speake

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.

That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,

And am most sensible in greefe for it,

It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce

As day do's to your eye.

*A noyse within. Let her come in.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Laer.* How now? what noyse is that?

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,  
 Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,

Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:

Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loues.

*Ophe.* They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

*Laer.* Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-  
 uenge, it could not moue thus.

*Ophe.* You must sing downe a-downe, and you call  
 him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is  
 the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothings more then matter.

*Ophe.* There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.  
 Pray loue remember: and there is Paeonies, that's for  
 Thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-  
 brance fitted.

*Ophe.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's  
 Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it  
 Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew  
 with a difference. There's a Daycie, I would giue you  
 some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-  
 ed: They say, he made a good end;

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.*

*Laer.* Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:  
 She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

*Ophe.* And will be not come againe,

And will be not come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

*Exeunt Ophelia*

*Laer.* Do you see this, you Gods?

*King.* *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,  
 Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make