

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

King Have you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?

For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,