

Prince of Denmarke.

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.
Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be brieft.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuert to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.

Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull *Ophelia*:
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.
My Lord, what doe you thinke of mee?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,