

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossecraft.

Ham. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.

Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossecraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure.*

Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
Come, you were sent for.

Ross. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Ross. I thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.

What entertainment the Players shall haue,