

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answer to that we exposde.

Ross. Yet wa. he so. nothing more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your selues will still be thankfull.

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*)

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.

Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

King What ist *Corambis*? (done,

Cor. Mary my good lord :his, soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?

King It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?

Queene With all my heart, soone will I send for him.

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*