

Prince of Denmark.

feede a the ayre.

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

*Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact there?

*Cor.* My lord, I did act *Julius Casar*, I was killed in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute parte of him,

To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

*Queene* Hamlet come sit downe by me.

*Ham.* No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (tractiue:

To lay my head in your lappe?

*Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?

*Ham.* Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

*Enter in a Dumb Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.*

*Ofel.* What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

*Ham.* This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

*Ofel.* What doth this meane my lord?

*Ham.* you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

*Ofel.* Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

*Ham.* I, or any shew you'le shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all

*Pro.* For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

*Ham.* I'll a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

*Ofel.* T'is short my Lord.

*Ham.* As womens loue.

*Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.*

*Duke* Full fortie yeares are past. their date is gone,