

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No offence in the world, poyson iniest, poison in
King What do you call the name of the phy? (iest.

Ham. Moufe-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
Was the Dukes name, his wife *Bapista*,
Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.

Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.

Ofel. Ya're very pleasant my lord.

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-
ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

Ofel. Your iests are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately.

exit.

Ham.