

Prince of Denmarke.

So all was done without discouerie.

Queene Thanks be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

king Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King. Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

Lea. And how for this?

King Mary Leartes thus: I'll lay a wager,
Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspicion,
And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

King I'll warrant you, wee'le put on you