

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Such a report of singularitie,  
Will bring him on, although against his will.  
And lest that all should misse,  
I'll haue a potion that shall ready stand,  
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,  
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

*Lear.* Tis excellent, O would the time were come!  
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

*king* How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

*Queene* O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*  
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,  
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,  
The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,  
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,  
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she fate smiling,  
Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,  
Chaunting olde fundry tunes vncapable  
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,  
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,  
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

*Lear.* So, she is drownde:  
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,  
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,  
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,  
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. *exennt.*  
*enter Clowne and an other.*

*Clowne* I say no, she ought not to be buried  
In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

*Clowne* Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

*Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

*Clowne* No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,  
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:  
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

*Ergo*