

Prince of Denmark.

Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
I lou'de *Oselia* as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocodile? Ile doot:
Com'st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oosell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therefore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. *exiunt omnes.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. belceue mee, it grieues mee much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grieffe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him. but hee knowes not the Court.