

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Leartes come, you dally with me,  
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.

*Lear.* If say you so? haue at you,  
He hit you now my Lord:

And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

*Ham.* Come on sir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,  
Learthes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*

*King* Looke to the Queene.

*Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.

*Ham.* Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

*Lords* How ist my Lord Leartes?

*Lear.* Euen as a coxcombe should,  
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:

*Hamlet,* thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,  
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.

Vnbated and inuenomed: thy mother's poysned,  
That drinke was made for thee.

*Ham.* The poysned Instrument within my hand?  
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:  
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

*Lear.* O he is iustly serued:

*Hamlet.* before I die, here take my hand,  
And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Learthes dies.*

*Ham.* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio,* fare thee well.

*Hor.* No, I am more an antike Roman.

Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

*Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,  
O fie *Horatio,* and if thou shouldst die,  
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?  
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,  
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio.*  
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:  
Farewel *Horatio,* heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*