

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All giuen to mine care.

*King.* But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke  
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,  
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)  
Before my daughter told me, what might you,  
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,  
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,  
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,  
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,  
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,  
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,  
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,  
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her  
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,  
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,  
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:  
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,  
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,  
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,  
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,  
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,  
And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*Quee.* It may be very like.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,  
That I have positively said, tis so,  
When it proou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;  
If circumstances leade me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.