

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Quee.* So he dooes indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,  
By you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason falne thereon  
Let me be no afsistant for a state  
But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*  
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kising carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee  
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very  
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my  
Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old  
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes  
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plenti-  
fifull

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