

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose : you were sent for, and there is a kind of confesion in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall; bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guy. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiestlicall roose fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust : man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we cored them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shal be welcome, his Maiesttie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the Louer shal not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely : or the black verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.