

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a liggè, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bison* rehume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancker in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping. vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee le haue a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare