

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake. though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashon of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his grieefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his grieefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
tere