

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shoves, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophancly, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the soole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten thē.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man.

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.