

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Rof.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke aduancement.

*Rof.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

*Guy.* O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

*Ham.* I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

*Guy.* My lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you,

*Guy.* Beleeue me I cannot.

*Ham.* I doe beseech you.

*Guy.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

*Guy.* But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

*Ham.* Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe; call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

*Pol.* By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

*Pol.* It is backt like a Wezell.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then.