

I he Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede
We must with all our Maiestie and skill
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyiameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poyfined shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not belecue it.

Ros. Belecue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he
keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but quee-
king you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.

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