

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
V Who like not in their iudgement, but they eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and cuen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applayance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
V Ve cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasur.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots. your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* V What doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse