

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cufnage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.

Dooft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it sir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferant cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as t'were I can-
not tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most