

Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter : haue, whilst she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-
phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase : but you shall heare these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I lose.*

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
leeue it. Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more about hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be : and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruits of my Aduice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faine know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extremitie for loue : very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Saryricall flauie saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme : and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleene ; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe : For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre :
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,

And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.