

fashion, and so be-ratted the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

*Rosin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cusses in the Question.

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guild.* Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

*Ham.* Do the Boyes carry it away?

*Rosin.* I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

*Ham.* It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

*Flourish for the Players.*

*Guild.* There are the Players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

*Guild.* In what my deere Lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hearke you *Guildenstjerne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

*Rosin.* Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

*Ham.* I will Prophecie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. When *Rosinus* an Actor in Rome—

*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.

*Ham.* Buzze, buzze.

*Pol.* Vpon mine Honor.

*Ham.* Then can each Actor on his Ass—

*Polon.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

*Ham.* O *Iephtha* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

*Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire Daughter, and no more,

The which he loued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my Daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th'right old *Iephtha*?

*Polon.* If you call me *Iephtha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

*Ham.* Nay that followes not.

*Polon.* What followes then, my Lord?

*Ha.* Why, As by lot, God wor: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

*Enter foure or five Players.*

Y're welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neeter Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a trait of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

*1. Play.* What speech, my Lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cuniarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play: well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phraze, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it lue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus* The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the bellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandfire *Priam* seekes.

*Pol.* Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

*1. Player.* Anon he findes him,

Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles Repugnant to command: vnequall match, *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vnnerved Father fals. Then senselesse *Illium*, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoope to his Bace, and with a hideous crash Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to sticke:

So