

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

*Ophe.* At home, my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

*Ophe.* O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

*Ham.* If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monst'ers you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

*Ophe.* O heauenly Powers, restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet*

*Ophe.* O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most delect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels tangled out of tune, and harsh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

*Enter King, and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule? O're which his Melancholly sits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose Will be some danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination

Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something fetled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well. But yet do I beleue The Origin and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*? You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisdome best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so: Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vie all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

*Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vles it. Go make you readie.

*Exit Players.*

*Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Guildenstjerne.*

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

*Pol.* And the Queene too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make hast.

*Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

*Both.* We will my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio.*

*Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*?

*Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

*Hora.* O my deere Lord.

*Ham.* Nay do not thinke I flatter: For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits

To