

In neither ought, or in extremity :

Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too :
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do :
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou—

Bap. Oh confound the rest :
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we breake :
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite varipe stickes on the Tree,
But fall vnshak en, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt :
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enuators with themselves destroy :
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament ;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend :
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night :
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy :
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne :
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleeper*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-

fence in'th world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how? Tropically :
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see anon : 'tis a knauish peece of worke : But what o'that ?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not : let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnring.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue :
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbonds.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-
uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him in'th Garden for's estate: His
name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light, Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleepe ;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes tutne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know : Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Pajocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come y Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.