

*Ham.* Sir, a whole History.

*Guild.* The King, sir.

*Ham.* I sir, what of him?

*Guild.* Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

*Ham.* With drinke Sir?

*Guild.* No my Lord, rather with choller.

*Ham.* Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

*Guild.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affayre.

*Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce.

*Guild.* The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guild.* Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guild.* What, my Lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

*Rosin.* Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

*Ham.* Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

*Rosin.* She desires to speake with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

*Rosin.* My Lord, you once did loue me.

*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Rosin.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke Aduancement.

*Rosin.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

*Ham.* I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

*Enter one with a Recorder.*

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

*Guild.* O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

*Ham.* I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

*Guild.* My Lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guild.* Beleeue me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guild.* I know no touch of it, my Lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the Stoppes.

*Guild.* But these cannot I command to any vtterance of harmony. I haue not the skill.

*Ham.* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Polon.* My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

*Polon.* By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Me thinks it is like a Weazell.

*Polon.* It is back'd like a Weazell.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale?

*Polon.* Verie like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

*Polon.* I will say so.

*Exit.*

*Ham.* By and by, is easily said. Leau me Friends: 'Tis now the verie witching time of night, When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter businesse as the day Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother: Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome: Let me be cruell, not vnaturall, I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none: My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites. How in my words someuer she be shent, To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

*Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildenstjerne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs, To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The termes of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

*Guild.* We will our selues prouide: Most holie and Religious feare it is To keepe those many many bodies safe That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

*Rosin.* The single And peculiar life is bound With all the strength and Armour of the minde, To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more, That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount, To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles, Each small annexment, pettie consequence Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage; For we will Fetter's put vpon this feare,

pp

Which