

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go  
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

*King.* Where is *Polonius*.

*Ham.* In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-  
ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your  
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you  
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

*King.* Go seeke him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come.

*K. Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety  
Which we do tender, as we deerely greue  
For that which thou hast done, must lend thee hence  
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,  
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,  
Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* I *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for  
England. Farewell deere Mother.

*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

*Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and  
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,  
for England. *Exit*

*King.* Follow him at foote,  
Tempt him with speed aboard:  
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.  
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done  
That else leanes on th'Affaire pray you make hast.  
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,  
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,  
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red  
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe  
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set  
Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full  
By Letters coniuring to that effect  
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,  
For like the Heddicke in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,  
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

*For.* Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,  
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*  
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March  
ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:  
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,  
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will doo't, my Lord.

*For.* Go safely on. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene and Horatio.*

*Qu.* I will not speake with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode  
will needs be pittied.

*Qu.* What would she haue?

*Hor.* She speaks much of her Father; saies she heares  
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,  
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue  
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,  
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,  
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

*Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with,  
For she may strew dangerous coniectures  
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.  
To my sicke soule (as finnes true Nature is)  
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,  
So full of Artlesse ieaalousie is guilt,  
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia distracted.*

*Ophe.* Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

*Qu.* How now *Ophelia*?

*Ophe.* How should I your true loue know from another one?  
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

*Qu.* Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

*Ophe.* Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

*Enter King.*

*Qu.* Nay but *Ophelia*.

*Ophe.* Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

*Qu.* Alas looke heere my Lord.

*Ophe.* Larded with sweet flowers:  
Which bewept to the graue did not go,  
With true-love showres.

*King.* How do ye, pretty Lady?

*Ophe.* Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was  
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but  
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

*King.* Conceit vpon her Father.

*Ophe.* Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when  
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To-morrow is *S. Valentines day*, all in the morning betime,  
And I a Maid at your Window to be your Valentine.  
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,  
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

*King.* Pretty *Ophelia*.

*Ophe.* Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

By gis, and by *S. Charity*,

Alacke, and sic for shame:

Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Sonne,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she bin thus?

*Ophe.* I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,  
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should  
lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,  
and so I thank you for your good counsell. Come, my  
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:  
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poysen of deepe greefe, it springs  
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,  
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,  
But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,  
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author  
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,  
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers  
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly  
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*  
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement.