

Prince of Denmarke.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.

Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

King Make haste and finde him out.

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'll warrant you hee'll stay till you come.

King Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewell: for *England* hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To *England* is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of *England*,
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,