

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y^t be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie,

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I. or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

E

You