

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Casar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Bruus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie ?

Res. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap ?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters ?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord,

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I ?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Tigge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
sute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-lieue his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epiraph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.