

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus and Gylldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruillous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir ?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord,

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak 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 ?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.