

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,  
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,  
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

*Ophe.* No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement  
I had not quored him. I feare he did but trifle,  
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my ieaiousie:  
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,  
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,  
As it is common for the yonger sort  
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,  
This must be knowne, w<sup>h</sup> being kept close might moue  
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrance, and Guilden-  
sterne Cum alijs.*

*King.* Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*.  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke  
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard  
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,  
Since not th<sup>e</sup> exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should bee  
More then his Fathers deatch, that thus hath put him  
So much from th<sup>e</sup> vnderstanding of himselfe,  
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,  
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:  
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time: so by your Companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,  
That open'd lies within our remedie.

*Q<sup>ue</sup>.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a-while,  
For the supply and profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rosin.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command  
Then to Entreatie.

*Guil.* We both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bene,  
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

*Q<sup>ue</sup>.* Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed Sonne.  
Go some of ye,

And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guil.* Heauens make our presence and our practises  
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

*Queene.* Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th<sup>e</sup> Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

*Pol.* Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,  
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure  
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found  
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

*King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th<sup>e</sup> Ambassadors,  
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

*King.* Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tels me my sweet *Queene*, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your Sonnes distemper.

*Q<sup>ue</sup>.* I doubt it is no other, but the maine,  
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

*Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:  
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

*Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:  
But better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greued,  
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests  
On *Fertinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,  
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th<sup>e</sup> assay of Armes against your Maiestie.  
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,  
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers  
So leui'd as before, against the Poleak:  
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,  
On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set downe.

*King.* It likes vs well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,  
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.  
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.  
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.  
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

*Pol.* This businesse is very well ended.  
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate  
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,  
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.  
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,  
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,  
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:  
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.  
But let that go.

*Q<sup>ue</sup>.* More matter, with lesse Art.

*Pol.* Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,  
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,  
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

Mad