

*Ham.* You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

*Polon.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Polon.* You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

*Enter Rosincran and Guildenstjerne.*

*Rosin.* God saue you Sir.

*Guild.* Mine honour'd Lord?

*Rosin.* My most deare Lord?

*Ham.* My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildenstjerne*? Oh, *Rosincran*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

*Rosin.* As the indifferent Children of the earth.

*Guild.* Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

*Ham.* Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

*Rosin.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

*Guild.* Faith, her priuates, we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

*Rosin.* None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

*Guild.* Prison, my Lord?

*Ham.* Denmark's a Prison.

*Rosin.* Then is the World one.

*Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

*Rosin.* We thinke not so my Lord.

*Ham.* Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Rosin.* Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

*Guild.* Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meereley the shadow of a Dreame.

*Ham.* A dreame it selfe is but a thadow.

*Rosin.* Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

*Both.* Wee'l wait vpon you.

*Ham.* No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beateen way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonwer*?

*Rosin.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

*Guild.* What should we say my Lord?

*Ham.* Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

*Rosin.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserved loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

*Rosin.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

*Guild.* My Lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your seccricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

*Rosin.* My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

*Rosin.* To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

*Ham.* He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

*Rosin.* Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

*Ham.* How chanches it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

*Rosin.* I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

*Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

*Rosin.* No indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

*Rosin.* Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashi-