

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

*Rosin.* He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,  
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

*Guild.* Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloofe:  
When we would bring him on to some Confession  
Of his true state.

*Qu.* Did he receiue you well?

*Rosin.* Most like a Gentleman.

*Guild.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Rosin.* Niggard of question, but of our demands  
Most free in his reply.

*Qu.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Rosin.* Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players  
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,  
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy  
To heare of it: They are about the Court,  
And (as I thinke) they haue already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties  
To heare, and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart, and it doth much content me  
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,  
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on  
To these delights.

*Rosin.* We shall my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*King.* Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there  
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)  
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnsene  
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,  
And gather by him, as he is behaued,  
If 't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.  
That thus he suffers for.

*Qu.* I shall obey you,

And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish  
That your good Beauties be the happy cause  
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues  
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,  
To both your Honors.

*Ophe.* Madam, I wish it may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye  
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,  
That shew of such an exercise may colour  
Your lonelinessse. We are oft too blame in this,  
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,  
And pious Action, we do surge o're  
The diuell himselfe.

*King.* Oh 'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?  
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art  
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,  
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.  
Oh heauie burthen!

*Pol.* I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe  
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,  
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame: I, there's the rub,  
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,  
Must giue vs pause. There's the respect  
That makes Calamity of so long life:  
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make  
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare  
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne  
No Traveller returns, Puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flye to others that we know not of.  
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution  
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their Currants turne away,  
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

*Ophe.* Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

*Ophe.* My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,  
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.  
I pray you now, receiue them.

*Ham.* No, no, I neuer giue you ought.

*Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,  
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:  
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde  
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha: Are you honest?

*Ophe.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty  
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

*Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce  
then your Honesty?

*Ham.* I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner  
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the  
force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likenesse.  
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it  
prooffe. I did loue you once.

*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleued me. For vertue  
cannot so innoculate our old Stocke, but we shall rellish  
of it. I loued you not.

*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou  
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,  
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-  
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very prou'd, re-  
uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,  
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue  
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fel-

Fel-