

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?  
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,  
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for her ielfe. For thou hast bene  
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.  
A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards  
Hath 'rane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,  
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,  
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,  
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him  
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a Play to night before the King,  
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance  
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.  
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,  
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule  
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,  
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,  
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:  
And my Imaginations are as foule  
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,  
For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:  
And after we will both our iudgements ioine,  
To censure of his seeming.

*Hora.* Well my Lord.  
If he steale ought the while this Play is Playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polsnius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,  
Guildesterne, and other Lords attendant with  
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish  
March. Sound a Flourish.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.  
Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cosin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate  
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these  
words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once  
i'th' Vniuersity, you say?

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

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll:  
*Brutus* kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a  
Casse there. Be the Players ready?

*Rosin.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Qu.* Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ha.* No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

*Pol.* Oh ho, do you marke that?

*Ham.* Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

*Ophe.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

*Ophe.* I thinke nothing, my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

*Ophe.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Ophe.* You are merrie, my Lord?

*Ham.* Who I?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Oh God, your onely Tigge-maker: what should  
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-  
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two  
Houres.

*Ophe.* Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,  
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-  
neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a  
great mans Memorie, may out-lieue his life halfe a yeare:  
But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall  
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsie, whole  
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

*Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.*

*Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embrac-  
ing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto  
him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck.  
Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him  
a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his  
Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and  
Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and  
makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or  
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.  
The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the  
Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile,  
but in the end, accepts his loue.* *Exeunt*

*Ophe.* What meanes this, my Lord?

*Ham.* Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes  
Mischeefe.

*Ophe.* Belike this shew imports the Argument of the  
Play?

*Ham.* We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players  
cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

*Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

*Ham.* I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not  
you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it  
meanes.

*Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the  
Play.

*Enter Prologue.*

*For vs, and for our Tragedie,*

*Heere stooping to your Clemencie:*

*We begge your hearing Patientlie.*

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

*Ophe.* 'Tis briefe my Lord.

*Ham.* As Womans loue.

*Enter King and his Queene.*

*King.* Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,  
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground:  
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,  
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,  
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands  
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

*Bap.* So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone  
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.  
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,  
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,  
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,  
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:  
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In