

Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
 Make you to rauell all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madnesse.
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a Paddocke, from a Bar, a Gibbe,
 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
 No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
 Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
 What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing:
 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
 Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
 These profound heaues
 You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
 Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
 And in his brainish apprehension killes
 The vnseene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
 It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
 His Liberty is full of threats to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
 It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the Owner of a foule disease,
 To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
 Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
 Among a Minerall of Mettels base
 Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
 The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
 But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
 We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
 Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
 Ho *Guildenstern*:

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
 And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
 Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
 Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
 Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
 And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?
 Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.*

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleuee it.

Rosin. Beleuee what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
 plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
 Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 best seruice in the end. He keepees them like an Ape in
 the corner of his iaw, first mou'd to be last swallowed,
 when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-
 zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a
 foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
 and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
 with the body. The King, is a thing —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
 after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
 Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
 Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
 Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
 And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
 But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
 This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
 Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
 By desperate appliance are releued,
 Or not at all. *Enter Rosinocrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
 pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Ho, *Guildenstern*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
 taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
 is your onely Emperor for diet. We eat all creatures else
 to fat vs, and we eat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
 and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
 but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.