

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The ſir King ha's wag'd with him ſix Barbary Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers or ſo: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on ſixe Barbary Horſes againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, hee ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you e'en ſo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee ſuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauty that I know the droſſie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yeſty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will ſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we deſie Augury; there's a ſpeciall Providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will bee now: if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-times?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagon of Wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard how I am puniſht
With ſore diſtraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaim was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away:

And when he's not himſelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlet's* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpoſ'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I haue ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill ſhall like a Starre i'th darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Oſricke*,
Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue ſcene you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Oſricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King ſhal drinke to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw
Richer then that, which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne.

Giue