

Prince of Denmarke.

To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a scene what I haue scene, see what I see. *exit.*

King Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
He try him cuery way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*

Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Yea very well, y^e are a fishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:

For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges.
All which sir, I most potently belecue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue.
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?