

Prince of Denmarke.

We boarded them a the way : they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (SHe?)

Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vncke, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture : but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leauē to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When *Roffios* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,