

The Tragedie of Hamlet

In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieafts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,
As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou *Horatio*.
There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuert to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we haue scene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?)

King How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,