

*Prince of Denmarke.*

You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon  
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,  
And diue into the secret of my soule.

Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd  
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument  
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not  
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

*Rof.* How a sponge my Lord?

*Ham.* I fir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings  
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes  
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,  
Do the king, in the end, best seruise,  
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,  
In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,  
Then swallows you: so when hee hath need  
Of you, t'is but squeeing of you,  
And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

*Rof.* Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

*Ham.* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

*Exit Rosencrafft and Gilderstone.*

*Enter Corambis*

*Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

*Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.

*Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.

*Cor.* T'is back't like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale.

*Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

*Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.

Good night Horatio.

*Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

*Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:

O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter

This soft bosome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.