The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will slappe him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Maiesty and skill.
When we have done, we will no more appeare.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Hoydenferne.
Friends, go, joyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius flaine,
And from his mother clothe hee dragned him,
Goe seek him out speake fayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this.
Come Gertrude, we le call vp our wifhes friends,
And let them know both what wee meanes to do.
And what vs timely done.
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As lenell as the Cannon to his blanke,
Transport his pownder that may smite our name,
And hit the wondrful syre. O come away,
My soule is full of distresse and dismay.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz and others.

Ham. Safely frownd, but safely, what saye, who calls on Hamlet?
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust where it is kyn.

Ros. Tell vs where is that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not deceue it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep my cownteine and not mine owne besides
to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that jokes vp the King's cownteine, his rewarde, his
authorites, but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he
keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be
laft swallowed, when he needs what you have gleansd, it is but squee-
fing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiuy speech sleepe in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs
to the King.