

*I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. — See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of byas,
By indirections find directions out;
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son: you have me, have you not?*

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord, —

Pol. Observe his inclination e'en yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. — How now, *Ophelia*? what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And