

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

S C E N E V.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently. — O, give me leave. —

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

How does my good lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, fir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one
pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god kissing carrion, —
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham.