

## POLONIUS-HAMLET

**LORD POLONIUS**

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

**HAMLET**

Well, God-a-mercy.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Do you know me, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Not I, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Then I would you were so honest a man.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Honest, my lord!

**HAMLET**

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

**LORD POLONIUS**

That's very true, my lord.

**HAMLET**

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,--Have you a daughter?

**LORD POLONIUS**

I have, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

**LORD POLONIUS**

[Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Words, words, words.

**LORD POLONIUS**

What is the matter, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Between who?

**LORD POLONIUS**

I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

**LORD POLONIUS**

[Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

**HAMLET**

Into my grave.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Indeed, that is out o' the air.

*Aside*

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.--My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

**HAMLET**

You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

**LORD POLONIUS**

Fare you well, my lord.

**HAMLET**

These tedious old fools!