

**Claudius.**

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us  
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;  
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you.  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

**Guildenstern.**

We will ourselves provide.  
Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many many bodies safe  
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

**Rosencrantz.**

The cesse of majesty Is a massy wheel,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,  
Each small annexment,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

**Claudius.**

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

**Rosencrantz.**

*[with Guildenstern]* We will haste us.

*Exeunt Gentlemen.*