This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ **Make non-commercial use of the files** We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ **Refrain from automated querying** Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ **Maintain attribution** The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ **Keep it legal** Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
HAMLET
By William Shake-speare,
1603;

HAMLET
By William Shakespeare,
1604:

Being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by SAMUEL TIMMINS.

"Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this.”

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL.
M,DCCC,LX.
Printed by Josiah Allen, jun., Birmingham.
TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., &c.,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JOSIAH ALLEN, jun.

January, 1860.
Note to the Reader.—The Printer begs to state, for the information and satisfaction of the reader, that the most scrupulous care has been exercised in the production of this volume; that the old-fashioned and mis-spellings, printers' blunders (which might, perhaps, be wrongly attributed to the present edition), the punctuation, &c., of the Originals have been minutely copied throughout; and that marginal references are given to the parallel passages where the quarto texts are so transposed that they could not be printed face to face.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

ERRATA.
Page 51 I, line 12—for “not,” read “nor.”
Page 66 I—omit first three lines; given on previous page.
Page II 18, line 23—for “than,” read “then.”
Page II 30, line 2—for “aught,” read “ought.”

In the references, page 39 I—for “II 37,” read “II 36;”
and page II 43—for “33 I,” read “34 I.”

wonderful tragedy is exceedingly obscure. Shakespeare, unlike Ben Jonson, took no trouble about his marvellous dramas; and it was not till seven years after his death that the collected edition of his works appeared. Heminge and Condell, the editors of this folio of 1623, caution their “great variety of readers” against “divers stol’n and surreptitious copies” previously published, and profess to have printed their edition from “papers” in which they “scarce received from him a blot.” The folio, however, is carelessly edited and badly printed, and we are indebted to some of these “stol’n and surreptitious copies” for some noble passages which would otherwise have been irrecoverably lost. Among these early quartos, most of which are very scarce, the first edition of Hamlet was till recently unique. It bore the date of 1603, and became the property of the late Duke of Devonshire in 1825, along with twelve other scarce old plays. The volume, which formerly
belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, was bought by Payne and Foss for 180l., sold to the Duke for 250l., and is now estimated to be worth 400l. A reprint of the Hamlet, very carefully and accurately made, was published in 1825, but without the last leaf, which was deficient in the original, and this leaf was not supplied till 1856, when a second copy of the play was discovered by Mr. M. W. Rooney of Dublin. This copy, which had the last leaf perfect, but wanted the title page, was bought by Mr. Rooney from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr. Rooney sold the pamphlet to Mr. Boone for 70l., from whom Mr. J. O. Halliwell bought it for 120l., and it is now deposited in the British Museum.

Critics, of course, differ very widely as to the real date and history of this famous quarto. Mr. Payne Collier thinks it was probably printed from shorthand notes, revised by an inferior dramatist: others consider that it is, as far as it goes, a correct copy of the first version of the famous play: while nearly all agree that the date upon the title page gives no clue to the real date when the play was first written and performed. The contemporary literature affords four passages showing that a play called Hamlet was known before 1598, but no trace is found of any other Hamlet than that which bears Shakespeare's name; and it is therefore a reasonable assumption that this drama, bearing the date 1603, may have been a recognized work of Shakespeare, publicly performed several years before that date, and "surreptitiously" printed in that year. This would allow the further inference that the subject was a favourite one with Shakespeare, and that about the beginning of the seventeenth century he revised his early drama, and "enlarged it to almost as much again as it was." As the evidence is so very scanty, and the limits of this preface will not permit a discussion of probabilities, I must refer the reader to the remarks of Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. Staunton, and to an article in the Edinburgh Review (lxxx, 377—384), in which the question is fairly and fully discussed, and record my own conviction that both the texts now republished are most valuable, the first as
a "rough-hewn" draft of a noble drama (written probably 1587-1589, "diverse times acted by His Highness's servants" till 1602, when it was "entered" for publication, and soon afterwards "enlarged"), and "shaped," as it appears in the second quarto, by the divine bard's maturer mind.

The 1604 quarto is also scarce, only three copies being known. One belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, another to Lord Howe, and the other to Mr. Huth, junior, of London. The history of the Devonshire copy is not publicly known, that of Lord Howe formerly belonged to Charles Jennens, Esq., and Mr. Huth's copy was discovered by Mr. Howard Staunton in the library of Mr. Plumer of Selkirk, and for which, with a folio of 1623, and 1632, Mr. Huth paid 200l., leaving about 165l. as the cost of the quarto Hamlet. All these copies are perfect and extremely valuable, not only as giving the text "enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie," but as containing many passages of extreme beauty not found in the earlier quarto. A glance at the pages of this reprint will show how large are the additions, and how singularly interesting is the collation of the two texts. Whatever theory may be adopted as to their origin or date, their rarity is remarkable and their literary value great, since (in the words of Mons. F. V. Hugo, who has recently translated both versions into French) they afford us a "comparaison insinuement curieuse, en ce qu'elle nous permet de pénétrer jusqu'au fond la pensée du poète, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail."

The extreme rarity and value of these two quartos has kept them almost out of the reach of the great world of Shakespeare-scholars; but the late Duke of Devonshire liberally ordered fac-similes to be made, and forty copies were issued under the superintendence of Mr. Payne Collier, and prefented to various public libraries and eminent literary men. Even these, however, are too scarce to reach the great mass of readers; and the present volume (in which the pages on the right hand side are exact copies of the Second Quarto, page for page) is offered to the literary world as a careful and accurate reprint of the two scarce and valuable original
editions; the First Quarto (occupying the left hand side) being so
spaced out that the passages which are parallel face those of the
second edition, and thus the development of the characters, and
the changes of the text may be readily examined and compared.

Any attempt to consider the merits and beauties of the great
drama, or the critical value of these two editions, would be beyond
the purpose and limits of this preface; and I therefore propose
to give only the bibliography of Hamlet, with a few brief notes.
The task is difficult, and will necessarily be imperfect; for it has
been found impossible to include in the text all references to Hamlet,
except where the drama forms the special or a very prominent subject
of the book, or where, as in the list of German commentaries, the
references are not generally known. The list has been compiled with
great care from Wilson's and from Halliwell's Shakespeareana,
from Herr Karl Elze's Hamlet, from a MS. of my friend, Dr.
Ingleby, and from my own collection and notes. Its objects are
to show the greatness of the drama by the books it has brought forth,
and to form, as far as practicable, an index of the works (excluding
only three German and two English Travesties, and Pictorial
Illustrations) which have appeared on the literary, dramatic, and
personal history of this great drama. The folio editions (1623,
1632, 1664, 1685) are not mentioned in the list, nor the editions
of the complete works, in which, of course, the tragedy is contained.

To Mr. J. Allen, jun., of Birmingham, the printer of this
volume, the literary world is largely indebted for the admirable style
in which it is produced; and having carefully examined every page,
I have much pleasure in stating that it is a complete and faithful
reproduction of the original works.

Edgbaston, January, 1860.

SAM'L. TIMMINSS.
"HAMLET" BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ENGLISH EDITIONS OF "HAMLET."


The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. [I. James Roberts] for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1605.


The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1611. [Dr. Ingleby found, on careful collation, that the quartos of 1605, 1607, 1611 are not, as suggested by Mr. Rooney, the "same editions with different titles."]

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke. 4to. 1637.

The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. As it is now Acted at His Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by Andrew Clarke, for J. Martyn and H. Herringman, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at the Blue Anchor, in the tower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676. [In the possession of Dr. Ingleby; but not mentioned by Wilson or Halliwell.]

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1685.

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1688.

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1703.

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. Actg. Ed. 7vo. 1734.

The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Edited by "the accurate Mr. Hughes." (Theobald 1745. VIII, 119)


The TragiCall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Altered by J. P. Kemble. 8vo. London 1796, also 1800, 1804, 1815.


Press by William Nicol for Payne and Fose, Pall Mall. 1825. [A remarkably accurate reprint of the first-discovered copy, in which even the broken letters are reproduced.]


ENGLISH COMMENTARIES.

The Historie of Hamlet. London, R. Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier. 4to. 1608. [A reprint of the story, from Belle-Forest and Saxo Grammaticus, on which the drama is founded, apparently a popular book.]

Notices of the Play of Hamlet, by Dr. Drake. 1639.

Shakespeare Restored: or a specimen of the many errors, as well committed, as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this poet. By Mr. Theobald. London, 1726. [This, although the title does not say so, is entirely devoted to the play of Hamlet.]


Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Hamlet. 8vo. 1753.


Essays on Shakespeare’s Dramatic Characters, &c., &c., with additional observation on the character of Hamlet, by Wm. Richardson. 12mo. 1775 and 1788.

Essay on the Character of Hamlet, by the Rev. T. Robertson. 4to. 1786.


Observations on Hamlet, and the Motives which induced Shakespeare to fix on the Story of Amleth, Appendix to, being an attempt to prove that Shakespeare designed that Tragedy as an indirect censure on Mary Queen of Scots, by James Plumtre, M.A. 8vo. 1797.

Remarks on Mr. John Kemble’s Performance of Hamlet and Richard III, by the Author of Glenross. 8vo. 1802.


Popular and Classic Illustrations of Insanity (Essays and Orations), by Sir Henry Halford. 12mo. 1832. [Printed for private circulation, and very scarce, see Quarterly Review, xlix, 184:185.]


Shakespeare’s Hamlet: an attempt to find the way to a Great Moral Problem by a methodical analysis of the play, by Edward Strachey. London, 1848.


On the Character of Hamlet (Essays and Marginalia), by Hartley Coleridge. 1851. On the Meaning of the Word “Est!” in Hamlet, by H. K. S. Causton. 8vo. 1851. [An able defence of the “River” reference, but very scarce, and apparently withdrawn soon after publication, on account of its libellous character.]
An Essay on the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare, by Alfred Roffe. 18—.

Hamlet: An Attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an Accessory before the fact in the Murder of her first Husband. London. 8vo. 1856.

[A very curious pamphlet, in which the 1603 quarto text is shown to give important evidence of Gertrude’s innocence of her first husband’s death.]


[Unfortunately, in one edition, this “carefully-reprinted” ”last leaf” showed on collation no less than nineteen errors in twenty-five lines.]

Hamlet: A Psychological Study (Journal of Mental Science, vol. v., No. 27). (Reprinted in Dr. Bucknill’s Psychology of Shakespeare. 8vo.) 1859.


[A very extraordinary volume, showing that the “principal characters” are only “types of race”—Hamlet of the Teutonic; and that Shakespeare, if not a Welshman, must have been a Celt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

[These are necessarily so numerous that a complete list can scarcely be hoped for; and as much valuable material is buried in old volumes of literary journals, the compiler of this list will be glad to have the omissions supplied.]

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Hamlet (Garden at Elsinour) . xiv, 171

(Almost of) . xxvii, 483

(Gothic’s analysis) . . xiii, 433

(le Tourneur’s translation) li, 230

(Closing scene of) . . lxxi, 490

(Texts of) lxxx, 866-867, 370-371, 377-384

(Authorities of Saxo Grammaticus) lxxxii, 287

(Walley’s translation) lxxxiii, 57-58

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Hamlet (Story Saxo Grammaticus) ii, 291

(Speech of Gertrude) . xi, 178

(Causes of unfitness for French stage) . . xviii, 449

(Acted at Pittsburgh) . xxi, 151

(Ducis’ version) . . xxix, 46-47

(Criterion of madness) xli, 184-185

(Dr. Johnson) . lxix, 313-321

(Miscellaneous) x, 492; xvi, 185; xvii, 219; xx, 403; xxi, 391; xxvi, 398; xxviii, 98; xxix, 429

(Almost of) . li, 183-184

(History of Saxo Grammaticus) li, 461-462

BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.

Hamlet (Letters on) . . ii, 504

(Critique on) . . vi, 229

(Danish translation of) . . x, 174

(French version) . . xi, 449

(Ghost in) . . . . . . . xli, 782

(Inconsistency of) . . lxxxi, 35

(and Jaques compared) . xxiv, 558

(Almost of) . . . . . . . 585

(Mr. Young’s acting) . . . 559

(Retsch’s Illustrations) . . 668

(John Kemble’s acting) lxxi, 674

(Tragedy of) . . . . . . . lxxi, 398

(Alone for Ophelia) . . . 400

(and Goethe’s Faust) xxxvi, 236, 269

(Schroeder’s version) xxxvii, 242

(German Critics on) . . . 243

(Goethe on) . . . . . . . 246

(Tiek and Horn) . . . . . 247

(Compared with Romeo and Juliet) . . 523

(Garrick’s changes) . . xiv, 396

(Ducis’ French version) . xiv, 359

(Feigned Madness of) xvi, 449

(Play represented in) . . xlvii, 146

(Passages in) lxvi, 252, lxvii, 654-5
GERMAN EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare (mit Deutscher Übersetzung, Herausgegeben durch Dr. Friedrich Köhler). Leipzig, 1856.
Shakespeare's Hamlet, ein Tragödie in 5 Akten. Zurich, 1866.
Shakespeare's Hamlet, in Deutscher Übersetzung. London und Hamburg, 1834.
Shakespeare's Hamlet, Ein Trauerspiel, abgeändert von Hauffl (In der Sammlung neuer Wiener Schaupiele).

GERMAN COMMENTARIES.

Uber die Bedeutung der Shakespeare'schen Schicksalstragödie insbesondere entwickelt an Macbeth, Lear, und Hamlet. In den Wiener Jahrbüchern. Bd. 43.
FRENCH TRANSLATIONS AND COMMENTARIES.


Shakespeare et Addison mis en comparaison ou imitation en vers; des Monologues de Hamlet et de Caton par A. Duval. 1786.

Hamlet, Tragédie en cinq Actes. Imitée de l'Anglais par J. F. Ducis. 8vo. Paris, 1815. [A ludicrous attempt to "improve" Hamlet, and adapt it to the French stage.]

Shakespeare's Hamlet. Tragédie en 5 Actes, conformé aux representations données à Paris. 1827.

Hamlet en Anglais et en Français, avec la description du Costume, des Entrées et


Critique sur Hamlet (Mélanges par M. de Barante). 1835.


Hamlet. Traduit par Guizot.

Observations sur Hamlet, par Jäncke, Programm der höhern Bürgerschule zu Graudenz. 1853.


DANISH TRANSLATION.

Hamlet: a Danish Version, by Foersom. Copenhagen, 1807.

[See Blackwood's Magazine; x, 174.]

ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

Hamlet. 8vo. Firenze, 1814.

SPANISH TRANSLATION.

Hamlet, Traducida e ilustrada con la vida del autor y notas criticas, par Inarco Celenio. 4to. Madrid, 1798.
THE

Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diversie times acted by his Highnesse ser-

vants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Un-

iversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where

At London printed for N.I. and John Trundell.

1603.
THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sol'd at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetstreet. 1604.
The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully upon your watch,

2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

O farewell honest soldiers, who hath releued you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, give you good night.

Mar.
The Tragedie of

H A M L E T

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. YV Hose there?
FV Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selve.
Bar. Long liue the King, 
FV Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre, 
Bar. Tis now strooke twelffe, get thee to bed Francisco, 
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold, 
And I am sick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard? 
Fran. Not a moue stirring.
Bar. Well, good night: 
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus, 
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft. 

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there? 
Hora. Friends to this ground. 
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane, 
Fran. Giue you good night. 
Mar. O, farwell honetf souldiers, who hath relieu'd you? 
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night. 

Exit Fran. 

B. 

Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.
2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let believe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare Barnardo speake
of this.
2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that thus vfurps the state, in
Which the Maieftie of buried Denmarke did sometime
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.
2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor.
II ] [ 3 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha’s this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faiies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tuff, tuff, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond fame starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his courfe t’llume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the fame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
Hora. Most like, it borrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hora. What art thou that vsurpft this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometymes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this something more than fantasie? What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without the sensibile and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very armor he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated. So frownd he once, when in angry parle He finot the fleaded pollax on the yce, Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower, With Marshall stalke he pass'd through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not, But in the thought and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the land, And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon And foraine mart, for implements of warre, Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske Does not diuid the funday from the weeke: What might be toward that this sweaty march Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so, Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-Braffe of Norway, Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet, For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him, Did flay this Fortenbraffe, Who by a seale compact well ratified,by law And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His
Prince of Denmarke.

_Hora._ Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake. _Exit Ghost._
_Mar._ 'Tis gone and will not answere.
_Bar._ How now _Horatio_, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this somthing more then phantastie? What thinke you-ont?
_Hora._ Before my God I might not this believe, Without the sencible and true auouch Of mine owne eies.
_Mar._ Is it not like the King?
_Hora._ As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on, When he the ambitious _Norway_ combated, So frownd he once, when in angry parle He smot the flead pollax on the ice. Tis strange.
_Mar._ Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre, With martiall ftauke hath he gone by our watch.
_Hora._ In what perticular thought, to worke I know not, But in the groffe and scope of mine opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
_Mar._ Good now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes, Why this fame strikt and moft obseruant watch So nightly toiles the subiec{t of the land, And with such dayly coft of brazon Cannon And foraine marte, for implements of warre, Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward that this sweaty haft Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who ift that can informe mee?
_Hora._ That can I.
At leaft the whisper goes so; our laft King, Whose image euens but now appear'd to vs, Was as you knowe by _Fortinbraffe_ of Norway, Thereto prickt on by a moft emulate pride Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant _Hamlet_, (For so this fide of our knowne world esteemd him) Did slay this _Fortinbraffe_, who by a seald compa{t Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

B 2
His lands which he floode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:

Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inaproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Shart vp a ffight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprize,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desaigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbras
Of vnimprooned mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of lawleffe resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprise
That hath a flomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsory, those forefaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poft haft and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enfo;
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Iulius fell
The graues stod temtlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disaffters in the sunne; and the moiat starre,
Upon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomefday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of feare euents
As harbindgers proceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstratred
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile croffe it, though it blast me; stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou haft extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it Marcellus.

2. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesticall, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earley and thrill crowinge throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his found,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present object made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that seafon comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile croffe it though it blast mee: stay illusion, It spreads
If thou hast any found or vse of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eafe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasurie in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus. The cocke crows.
    Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
    Hor. Doe it will not stand.
    Bar. Tis heere.
    Hor. Tis heere.
    Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiestical
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
    Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe,
    Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and thrill founding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th’extraugant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.
    Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euery gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charmee

B 3
The Tragedie of Hamlet

So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

_Hor._ So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:
But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong _Hamlet: _for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

_Marc._ Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

_Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants._
Prince of Denmarke.

So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.

_Hora._ So haue I heard and doe in part believe it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young _Hamlet_, for vppon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you confent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

_Mar._ Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient.  _Exeunt._

_Florish._ Enter _Claudius_, King of Denmarke, _Gertrude_ he Queene,
_Counfaile_: as _Polonius_, and his Sonne _Laertes_,
_Hamlet_, _Cwm Alys_.

_Claud._ Though yet of _Hamlet_ our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in grieue, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wistes sorowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our felues:
Therefore our sometime Sitter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better widdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young _Fortinbras_,
Holding a weake suppofall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoign, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not failed to peffur vs with meffage

Importing
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbraffe,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good Cornelie, and you Voltemar
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your hafte commend your dutie.
   Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.
   King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now Leartes what's the newes with you?
You said you had a fute what i'ft Leartes?

Lea: My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may haue leaue to go againe to France,
For though the favoure of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

King Haue you your fathers leaue, Leartes?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
Prince of Denmarke

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbraffe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subie<ct>, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perfonall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now Laertes what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some fute, what ift Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce; what woldst thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more nature to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What woldst thou haue Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To showe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what faies Polonius?
Pola. Hath my Lord wrong from me my flowe leaue
By labourfome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seald my hard consent,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leave.

King With all our heart, Leartes fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leave.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What meanes these sad and melancholy moods?
For your intent going to Wittenberg,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you staye in Court,
All Denmarke hope our couin and deareste Sonne.

Ham. My lord, tis not the fable fute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauior in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,
But you must thinke your father loft a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reaons
Common course most certaine,
None lies on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que.
Prince of Denmarke.

I doe befeech you gie him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good Hamlet caft thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duft,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues muft die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be
VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customyr fuites of solembe blacke
Nor windie fuppiration of forft breath
No, nor the fruitfull rier in the eye,
Nor the deiectd hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
That can devote me trueley, thefe indee seeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passtes showe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To gie thefe mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father loft a father,
That father loft, loft his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious forrowe, but to perfeuer
In obstinate condelement, is a courfe
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly grieue,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
Abart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnnderstanding simple and vnscchoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common

As
Que. Let not thy mother loose her praier Hamlet,
Stay here with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.
King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the close des shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and fallied fleshe
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersal
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurde, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and think of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cofin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee staye with vs, goe not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you Madam,

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits similing to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shal tell.
And the Kings rosome the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. Florish. Exeunt all, but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too fallid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the everlafting had not fixt
His cannon gaineft easie slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, faire, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vies of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it merely that it should come thus

C.

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O God within two moneths; no not two: maried,
Mine vnkle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reafon would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,

Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe.

Hor. The fame my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good even sirs:
But what is your affaire in Elsenoure?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truester
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in Elsenoure?

Hora.
Prince of Denmarke.

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Vifte her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Muft I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increafe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on’t; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those foues were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Niobe all teares, why the
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn’d longer, married with myUncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, o most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it tuffer of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elsmonoure?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak’t meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yeasternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With anattiue eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witneffe of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vaft and middle of the night.
Beene thus encountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poyn, exactly Capaapea
Appeares before them thrife, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare standes dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull fecresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
Prince of Denmarke.

My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
it was to my mothers wedding.
Indeede my Lord it followed hard yppon.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
dly furnisf forth the marriage tables,
I had met my dearest foe in heauen.
I had seene that day Horatio,
ser, me thinkes I see my father.
Where my Lord?
In my minde's eye Horatio.
I saw him once, a was a goodly King,
A was a man take him for all in all
ot looke yppon his like againe.
My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Faw, who?
My Lord the King your father.
The King my father?
Season your admiration for a while
n attent eare till I may deliuer
the witnes of these gentlemen
aruile to you.
For Gods loue let me heare?
Two nights together had these gentlemen
us, and Barnardo, on their watch
lead waft and middle of the night
hus encountred, a figure like your father
at poynyt, exactly Capacea
es before them, and with solemn march,
owe and slately by them; thrice he walkt
r oppreft and feare surprised eyes
his tronchions length,whil'st they diiftil'd
to gelly, with the act of feare
umbe and speake not to him ; this to me
dfull secresie impart they did,
with them the third night kept the watch,
as they had deliuered both in time
of the thing, each word made true and good,
parison comes : I knewe your father,

C 2

These
The Tragedie of Hamlet

These handes are not more like.
    Ham. Tis very strange.
    Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.
    Ham. Where was this?
    Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
    Ham. Did you not speake to it?
    Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hast,
It shrunkce in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.
    Ham. Indeed, indeed firs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
    All. We do my Lord.
    Ham. Armed say ye?
    All. Armed my good Lord.
    Ham. From top to toe?
    All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
    Ham. Why then saw you not his face?
    Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
    Ham. How lookt he, frowningly?
    Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
    Ham. Pale, or red?
    Hor. Nay, verie pal
    Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you.
    Hor. Most constantly.
    Ham. I would I had beene there.
    Hor. It would a much amazed you.
    Ham. Yea very like, very like, fearing it long?
    Hor. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
    Mar. O longer, longer.
    Ham. His beard was grised, no.
    Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A fable filuer.
Prince of Denmark.

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hoa. My Lord I did,
but anfwered made it none, yet once me thought
't lifted vp it head, and did address
't selfe to motion like as it would speake:
but euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
and at thefound it shrunkk in haft away
And vanisht from our fight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hoa. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hoa you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then saue you not his face.

Hoa. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hoa. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hoa. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hoa. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hoa. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hoa. While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hoa. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grie'd, no.

Hoa. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A tible fiuer'd.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ilespeake to it, if hell it selfe shoule gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither confealed this fight,
Let it be tenible in your silencce still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,
Gieue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues,lo fare you well,
Upon the platorme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile vifit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. exeunt.

Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then,fit still my foule, foule deeds will rife
Though all the world orewelme them to mens eies. Exit.

Enter Learst and Ofelia.

Learst. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard,
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince Hamlet makes a shew of loue
Beware Ofelia, do not truft his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't Ofelia, therefore keepe a loofe
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke agaime.

Hora. I warn’t it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe shoule gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Gieue it an vnderstanding but no tongue.
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelxe
Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honour. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit till my foule, fonde deedes will rife
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. Exit.

Enter Lertes, and Opheliabes Sister.

Lert. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sifter, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in aſſiſtante doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Lert. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not laſting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Lert. Thinke it no more.
For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this-temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you muſte feare,
Ophel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.
Lear. No, feare it not my deere Ophelia,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here Lear'tes? aboord, aboord, for shame,
Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not af vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The saftie and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his sayng deed, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may suftaine
If with too credent eare you lift his songs
Or loose your hart, or your chaft treasure open
To his vnmaiftred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The charieft maide is prodigall inough
If the vnmaske her buttie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclofed,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Showe me the steep and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Lae. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiyes vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a bord, a bord for shame,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The winde fits in the shouder of your faile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar;
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Grape them to thee with a hoope of steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entretaine,
"Of every new vnflieg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
"But not express in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclaims the man.
And they of France of the chiefe ranke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.
Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell Ofelia,

And remember well what I haue saide to you.     exit.
Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i'th Ofelia he hath saide to you?
Ofel. Somthing touching the Prince Hamlet.
Cor. Mary well thought on, tis giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence

Vnto
Prince of Denmarke.

The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion’d thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,
Grapple then vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnflsedge courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear’t that th’opposed may beware of thee,
Give every man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but refere thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not express’d in fancy;rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaims the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy
For loue oft loofes both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This above all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must folowe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:

Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.
Laer. Farwell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue sayd to you.

Ophel. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Pol. What ift Ophelia he hath sayd to you?
Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis tode me he hath very oft of late
Given priuate time to you, and you yourselfe
Have of your audience bene most free and bountious,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Oph. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I,tenders you may call them.

Oph. And withall, such earnest vowes.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden prefence,
Or tending thus you’l tender mee a foole.

Oph. I shall obay my lord in all I may.

Cor. Ophelia, receiue none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in Ophelia, such men often proue,
"Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand your selfe so clearely
As it behoues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betwenee you give me vp the truth,

Oph. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Unslit in such perrilous circumstancce,
Doe you believe his tenders as you call them?

Oph. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrafe
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Oph. My Lord he hath importun'd me with louver
In honorable fashioned.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Oph. And hath gien countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almooft all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Givings more light than heate, extinct in both
Even in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scater of your maiden prefence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you; in fewe Ophelia,
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueftments showe
But meeere imploratotors of vnholie suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

Haue
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ofei. I will my lord. exequunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites threwd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i’st?

Hor. I think it’lacks of twelue, Sound Trumpets.

Mar. No, t’is strucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowfe,
Keepe waffel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renifh downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuftome here?

Ham. I mary i’st and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a cuftome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obferuance.
Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to glue words or talke with the Lord _Hamlet_,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
_Oph_. I shall obey my Lord.  _Exeunt._

_Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus._

_Ham_. The ayre bites throndly, it is very colde.
_Hora_. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
_Ham_. What houre now?
_Hora_. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
_Mar_. No, it is frooke.
_Hora_. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the seafon,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke  _A flourish of trumpets_
What does this meane my Lord?  _and 2. pieces goes of._
_Ham_. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowfe.
Keepes wasfell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his drafts of Kennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
_Hora_. Is it a cuftome?
_Ham_. I marry ift.
But to my minde, though I am natiuue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuftome
More honourd in the breach, than the obeuerance.
This heavy headed reveale easit and weft
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinishe phrafe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchiuemts, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reasone,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauiue manners, that thefe men
Carrying I say the femp of one defect

_D_  Being
Enter the Ghost.

*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate steele,
Revivests thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

*Hor.* It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But do not goe with it.

*Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord.

*Ham.* It will not speake, then will I follow it.
Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censur take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

_Hora._ Looke my Lord it comes.
_Ham._ Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ft in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee _Hamlet_,
King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones.hearfed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuifites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we sooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? _Beckins._

_Hora._ It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

_Mar._ Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooved ground,
But doe not goe with it.

_Hora._ No, by no meanes.
_Ham._ It will not speake, then I will followe it.
_Hora._ Doe not my Lord.
_Ham._ Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reaon,
And driue you into madnesse : thinke of it.
Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.
Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.
Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rule, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.
Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this fort?
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.
Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?
Ghost Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomed for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as itselfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.
   Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
   And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your soueraingtie of reason,
And draw you into madness, thinke of it,
The very place puts toys of desperation
Without more motifie, into every braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.
   Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
   Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.
   Ham. Hold of your hands.
   Hora. Be rul’d, you shall not goe.
   Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. Exit Ghost and Hamlet.
   Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.
   Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
   Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
   Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
   Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

   Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,
   Ghost. Marke me.
   Ham. I will.
   Ghost. My hourie is almoast come
   When I to sulphruss and tormenting flames
   Must render vp myselfe.

   Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy liftning eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secretes of my prison house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and compounded locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quills vpnon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost Reuenge his soule, and moost vnnaturall murder :
Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the hightest degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine moost soule,beastly, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haftte me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldest thou be
Then the fat weeke which rootes it selfe in eafe
On Lethe wharffe : brieue let me be.

Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent ftung me; so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abide:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did ftung
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vnCLE! my vnCLE!

Ghost
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serues hearing
To what I shal unfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purgd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prifon houfe,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearfull Porphentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of fleth and blood, lift, lift, ô lift :
If thou didst euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghost. Reuenge his soule, and moost vnnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghost. Murther moest soule, as in the best it is,
But this moost soule, strange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haft me to know’t, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selue in easie on Lethe wharffe,
Wouldst thou not sturr in this; now Hamlet heare,
Ts gien out, that sleepeing in my Orchard,
A Serpent ftung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged procee of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ftung thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Vnkle?

Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
(with gifts,)
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Luft, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

In the after noone, upon my secure houre
Thy uncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesiluer, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
Ham. O God!
ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayerous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, eu'en with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To thofe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be muoued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinke I sent the morning ayre,
Brieve let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courfes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruft
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off eu'en in the blossomes of my finne,
Vnhuzled, disappoighted, ynanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
If thou haft nature in thee beare it not,

D 3
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But howsoever, let not thy heart
Confpire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.

I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectual fire:
Hamlet adue,adue,adue: remember me.    Exit

Ham. O all you hofte of heauen! O earth,what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?

Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,

All triuiall fond conceites

That euere youth, or else obeirance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernicious villaine,

Murderons,bawdy,smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At leaft I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.
So vnkle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lورد,my lورد.                        Enter. Horatio,
Mar. Lord Hamlet.                              and Marcellus.

Hor. Ill, lo,lo,ho,ho.
Mar. Ill,lo,lo,lo,ho,ho,ho,come boy, come.
Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar.
Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howfomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother aught, leave her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Glowerme shewes the matine to be neere
And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoist of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shall I couple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swifly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all truiuall fond records,
All lawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by heauen,
0 moft pernicious woman.
0 villaine, villaine, smyiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At leaft I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vnclle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.


Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it.
Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.
Both. I by heauen, my lord.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell you this.
Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Every man hath busines, and defires, fuch
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, we go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Ham. I am for they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrike but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.
For your defires to know what is betweene vs,
Or'emaifter it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What i'ft my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i’ft my noble Lord?
Hora. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reuale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you’le be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There’s neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee’s an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumference at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynyt you,
For every man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Their are but wilde and whirling words my Lord.
Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There’s no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honset Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremasfret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and soouldiers,
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What i’ft my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweart.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Nay upon my sword, indeed upon my sword.
Gho. Swear.

The Ghost under the Stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,
Here consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Swear by my sword.
Gho. Swear.
Ham. Hic et ubique; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, fweare by my sword.

Gho. Swear.
Ham. Well said old Mole, can'tt worke in the earth?
so faft, a worthy Pioner, once more remove.
Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shal
How strange or odde soe I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shal thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shal
With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrafe,
As well well, wee know, or we could and if wee would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe you, sweare
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. Reft, reft, perturbed spirit, so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Vpon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to swear.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Hic, & oblique, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentleman
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Swere by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.
Ghost. Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can’t worke it’h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio
Then are dream’t of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shali thinke meet;
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shali
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrafe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe swear,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.
Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together.   Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne,
And this same mony with my blessing to him,
And bid him ply his learning good Montano.

Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,

I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,

At game, or drinkning, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'express his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And stille your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, o cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes Reynaldo.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wifely good Reynaldo,
Before you visite him, to make inquerie
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well saide, very well saide; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompaisme, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demandes will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may seacon it in the charge.
Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

What was I about to say,

*Mon.* He closeth with him in the consequence.
*Cor.* I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

Or at Tennis, I or drinking drunke, or entring
Of a howfe of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus sir doe wee that know the world, being men of reach,

By indirections, finde directions forth,

And
Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may feeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A fauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall affault.

Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affur'd
He closes with you in this conquence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then sir, doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the maffe I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the conquence.
Pol. At closes in the conquence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterdaie, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowfe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or fo foorth, see you now,
Your bairt of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,
By indirecctions find directions out,
So by my former lecture and adultery

Shall
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
    Mon. I haue my lord.
    Cor. Wel, fare you well commend mee to him.
    Mon. I will my lord.

    Cor. And bid him ply his musicke
    Mon. My lord I wil. exit.

Enter Ophelia;
    Cor. Farewel, how now Ophelia, what's the news with you?
    Oph. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
    Cor. Why what's the matter my Ophelia?

Of: O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Jewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolen away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooses vantide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfaст on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obieť.
Small while hee stooede, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holds my pulse till with a fighe
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.
Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
   Rey. My Lord, I haue.
   Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.
   Rey. Good my Lord.
   Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.
   Rey. I shall my Lord.
   Pol. And let him ply his musique.
   Rey. Well my Lord.          Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

   Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
   Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,
   Pol. With what i' th name of God?
   Oph. My Lord, as I was fowling in my closet,
          Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
          No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
          Ungartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
          Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
          And with a looke so pittious in purport
          As if he had been loofed out of hell
          To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
   Pol. Mad for thy loue?
   Oph. My lord I doe not know,
          But truly I doe feare it.
   Pol. What said he?
   Oph. He tooke me by the wricht, and held me hard,
          Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
          And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
          He falls to such pervfall of my face
          As a would draw it, long frayd he so,
          At laft, a little shacking of mine arme,
          And thrice his head thus waueing vp and downe,
          He rau'd a figh so pittious and profound
          As it did seeume to shatter all his bulke,
          And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
          And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
          Hee sem'd to find his way without his eyes,
          For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
          And to the laft bended their light on me.

   E 2          Pol.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Madde for thy loue,

What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?
Ophelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts
As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
To leave their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?

Letts to the King, this madness may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. exeunt.

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet

Hath loft the very heart of all his fence,
It is most right, and we most sory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euens as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,

That you will labour but to wring from him

The
Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures : I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and judgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but bestraw my Ielousie :
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caft beyond our felues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion ; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vter loue,
Come. Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,
Mowreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vfe you did prouoke
Our haffie sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it shou'd be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The cause and ground of his distemperanсie.
Doe this, the king of Denmarke shall be thankesfull,

Raf. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then vse perfwafions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by dutie, and obedience.
Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We willindeuour all the beset we may,
So in all dutie doe we take our leaue,
King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.
Que. Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.
Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
Return'd from Norway.
King Thou still haft beene the father of good news.
Cor. Haue I my Lord? I affure your grace,
I holde my dutie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my foueraigne King:
And I beleue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.
Queene God graunt he hath.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether aught to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opene lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not lining
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the fouercaigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guyl. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our felues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaundde.

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guyldenstere.

Quee. Thanks Guyldenstere, and gentle Rosencraus.
And I beseech you instantly to vifite
My too much changed fonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guyl. Heauen, make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.


Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th’embaffadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I affure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vifd to doe, that I haue found
The very caufe of Hamlets lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol.
Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?
Vol. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,
Upon our first he sent forth to suppreffe
His nephews leues, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieu'd,
That so his ficknesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrefts
On Fortenbraffe, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vnkle, neuer more
To giue the aflag of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde Norway overcame with ioy,
Giu'es him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commisision to employ those fouldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet paffe
Through your dominions, for that enterprize
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,

Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: goe to your reft, at night weele feaft togethier:
Right welcome home. exequit Ambassadors.
Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

Now
Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shal be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all your sones distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haftie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fist him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voliemand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews leuiies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gaine of the Pollace,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arreasts
On Portenbras, which he in breefe obeye,
Recieues rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcome with ioy,
Gues him threescore thoufand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commision to imploy thofe fouldiers
So leuied (as before) against the Pollace,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Anfwere, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feaste together,
Most welcome home. Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.
Now my Lord touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
  Queen Good my Lord be briefe.

  Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
  Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
  Is surest, we often loose:now to the Prince.
  My Lord, but note this letter,
  The which my daughter in obedience
  Deliuer'd to my handes.
  King Reade it my Lord.

  Cor. Marke my Lord,
  Doubt that in earth is fire,
  Doubt that the starres doe moue,
  Doubt trueth to be a liar,
  But doe not doubt I loue.
  To the beautifull Ofelia:

  Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince Hamlet.
My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maieftie should bee, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waift night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tedioufnes the lymmes and outward florifhes,
I will be briefe, your noble fonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ift but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leffe art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vfe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vfe no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains
That we find out the caufe of this effect,
Or rather say, the caufe of this defect,
For this effect deceituie comes by caufe:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this, now gather and furnifie,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idall, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white boforme, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam fay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the starres are fire,
Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But never doubt I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to recken
my grones, but that I loue thee beft, ô moft beft believe it, adew.
Thine euermore moft deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.
And more about hath his solicitations

As
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?
King  As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is unequall for your loue:

Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent herselfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus crost'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that unto a fast, then unto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that unto a madnesse,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King  Thynke you tis so?
Cor. How! so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide tis so, posituely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this fames?
Cor. Marry my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
Prince of Denmarke.

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiued his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine prooue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieffe your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or looke vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miftris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prescripps gauue her
That she should locke her self from her resorft,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repelled, a short tale to make,
Fell into a fadnes, then into a faft,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raues,
And all we mourn for.

King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positiuely said, tis so,
When it proued otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometymes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

There let Ofelia, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faille an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring vpon a booke.
Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. exit.
Cor. And here Ofelia, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shall be vnsene.

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there’s the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerafting Judge,
From whence no passenger euer retur’nd,
The vndiscovered country, at whose fight
The happy smile, and the accurfed damn’d.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol’d bear the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curst of the poore?
The widow being opprressed, the orphan wrong’d,
The taffe of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thoufand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pufles the braine, and doth confound the fence;
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ofel.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.
Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reaason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, Exit King and Queene.
Ile bord him pretently, oh give me leau, How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fidhmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thouand.
Pol. That’s very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kisising carrion. Haue you a daughter?
Pol. I haue my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i’th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to’t.
Pol. How fay you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fidhmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord.
Ham. Betweene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.
Ham. Slaunders sir; for the satiricall rogue fayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

tiful
[See p. II 45] Ofel. My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redelieuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.
    Ham. Are you faire?

* Ofel. My Lord.
    Ham. Are you honest?
    Ofel. What means my Lord?
    Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
    Your beauty shoulde admit no discource to your honesty.
    Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuilege than with honesty?
    Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
    Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
    This was sometimes a Paradox,
    But now the time gies it scope.
    I neuer gaue you nothing.
    Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
    And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
    As would haue moou’d the stoniest breast aliue,
    But now too true I finde,
    Rich gifts waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.
    Ham. I neuer loued you.
    Ofel. You made me beleuee you did.
    Ham. O thou shouldest not a beleued me!

[See p. II 46] Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldest thou
    Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

tifull lacke of wit, together with moost weake hams, all which sir [See p. 88 I] though I moost powerfully and potentlie believe, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madneffe, yet there is method in’t, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that’s out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneffe hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuere of. I will leuе him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leauе of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willinglie part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guyldesterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thse tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God faue you sir.

Guyl. My honor’d Lord.

Ros. My moft deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooist thou Guyldesterne?

A Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lye about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh moft true, she is a trumpet,

What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;

But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elfonoure?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halpseny:

were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-

on? come, come, deale iuftly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham.
[See p. II 48] But I could accuse myself of such crimes
It had been better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainful,
With more finnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what shold such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Believe none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.
Oph. O heauens secure him!
Ham. Wher's thy father?
Oph. At home my lord.
Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.
Oph. Help him good God.
Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.
Oph. Alas, what change is this?
Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wiemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.
Oph. Pray God restore him.
Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selves another,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to' th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [See p. 89 I] a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teache me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euен and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loft all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heaully with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiestical roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and mooing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angel in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smilling, you see me to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether they are comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not figh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the black verfe shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 46] You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures, Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance, A pox, tis fcuruy, Ile no more of it, It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages, All that are married but one,shall liue, The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe, To a Nunnery goe. exit.
Ofs. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this? The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him, All daft and splinterd thence, O woe is me, To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. exit.

[See p. II 47] King Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, Enter King and Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Corambs.
Cor. We, something it is: my Lord, content you a while, I will myselfe goe feele him: let me worke, Ile try him euery way: see where he comes, Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. exit King.

[See p. II 34] Now my good Lord, do you know me? Enter Hamlet.
Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fifhmonger.
Cor. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenn thousand.
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?
Ham. Words, words.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both ways.

Rof. I think their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City; are they so followed.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, give twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. 

A Florish.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elfonoure, your hands come then, th'apprtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairely outwards, shoud more appear like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand faw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you Guyldestere, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Rof. Happly he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, you say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when Rosius was an Actor [See p. 41 I]

in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeudible.
Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,
[See p. II 34]
That olde men have hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which sir, I most potently beleue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Ham. Into my graue.
Cor. By the maffe that’s out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.
Ham: You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. exit.
Gil. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. What, Gilderftone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elsanoure.

Gil.
Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited, Sceneea cannot be too heauy, nor [See p. 411] Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O Leptba Judge of Israell, what a treasure had'ft thou?
Pol. What treasure had he my Lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued paasing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not i'th right old Leptba?
Pol. If you call me Leptba my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue (paasing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paffe, as molt like it was; the firft rowe of the pious chanfon will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vallanc't since I saw thee laft,com'ft thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and miftres, by lady your Ladifhippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you laft by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, [See p. 421] bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weelee ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we fee, weelee haue a speech fraite, come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?
Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaf'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one fayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no matter in the phrafe that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priams slauh, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me fee, let me fee, the rugged Pirhus like Th'ircanian

F 3. beast
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 36] Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenburg.

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your felues, or were you not sent for?

[See p. II 37] Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
Come, you were sent for.

Raff. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Raff. I think not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainment the Players shall haue,
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?
Raff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the City,

Those
Prince of Denmarke.

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with Pirrhus, the rugged Pirrhus, he whose [See p. 42 1] fable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couch'd in th'omynous horfe,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fones,
Bak'd and empafted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranus and damned light
To their Lords mutther, rofted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish Phirrhus
Old grandfire Priam sekes; fo proccede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spokon, with good accent and good
Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at Priam driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whistle and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to seele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoope to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prifoner Pirrhus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuereunt Priam, feem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant Pirrhus ftood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfulfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pirrhus pause,
A rowed vengeance lets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Marfes Armor forg'd for prooffe einere,
With leffe remorse then Pirrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Those that you tooke delight to see so often.  

(Stie?)

Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that

 Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,

And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes

At my vnclle, when my father liued,

Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds

For his picture: but they shal be welcome,

He that playes the King shal haue tribute of me,

The ventrous Knight shal vfe his foyle and target,

The louer shal take gratis,

The clowne shal make them laugh  

That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shal halt

And the Lady shal haue leave to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man

Is twice a childe.

(Players,

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the

You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham.
II ] [ 40 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies of her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shal to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he’s
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to Hecuba.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That’s good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With Bison rehume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom fteeps,
Gainst fortunes state would treafon have pronounft ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she law Pirrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnleffe things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in’s
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ie haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
haere, let them be well vfed, for they are the abstrackt and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse every man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the leffe they deferue the more meritt is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weeles heare a play to morrowe; doft thou
heare
The Tragedy of Hamlet

[See p. II 37] Ham. My Lord, I have newes to tell you:
When Rosius was an Actor in Rome.
Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz.
Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,
Comicallic Historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

[See p. II 38] Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.
Ha, O Iepha Judge of Israel! what a treasure hadst thou?
Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.
Cor. A til harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me Iepha, I have a daughter that
I loue passing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Will tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all,

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'rt thou to beard me in Denmarke?
My yong lady and miftris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladyship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Prince of Denmarke.

heare me old friend, can you play the marther of Gonzago? [See p. 44 I]

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study
a speech of some dofen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set
downe and infer in’t, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, I leaue you tell night, you are welcome to Elfon- [See p. 45 I]
oure.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peasant flaue am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the vifage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function suiting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.

What’s Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleare the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whole property and most deare life,
A damn’d defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breaks my pate a croffe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i’th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s’wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To
Pray God sir your voyce, like a piece of vncurrent
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taffe of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?
Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receuied it in the like kinde,
Cried in the tuppe of their judgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One saied there was no sallets in the lines to make the suory,
But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Aneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrрус, like th' arganian beast;

No t'is not so, it begins with Pиррус:
O I haue it.
The rugged Pirрус, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpofe did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horfe,
Prince of Denmark.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, baudy villain,
Remorflflse, trecherous, lecherous, kindleffle villain.
Why what an Asfe am I, this is moft braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my revenges by heauen and hell,
Muff like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a ftallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines ; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene frooke to the soule, that prefently
They haue proclaim’d their malefactions :
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With moft miraculous organ : Ie haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ie obferue his lookes,
Ie tent him to the quicke, if a doe blesch
I know my courfe. The spirit that I haue seen
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T’affume a pleasing shafe, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with fuch spirits,
Abuyes me to damne me ; Ie haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play’s the thing
Wherein Ie catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelie, Rosencraus, Guyldensterne, Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating fo harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

Ros. He dooes confelle he feeleth himfelfe distracted,
But from what caufe, a will by no meanes speake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confesion

G
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion sineaed
With Heraldry more distall, head to foote,
Now is he toall guife, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandfire Pryam seeke:  
So goe on.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good
Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
His antike fworde rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to reisit.
Pyrus at Pryam driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th’unnerued father falles.

Cor. Enough my friend, t’s is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee’s for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or else he sleepes, come on to Hecuba, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?
Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rote vp,
And o’re her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe floode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom’d speech,
Would treason haue pronounc’d,
For if the gods themselves had seene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malitious strokes,

Mincing
Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.
King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin’d.
Good gentlemen give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.
Ros. We shall my Lord. 
Exeunt Ros. & Guyl.
King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue closelie sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t’were by accedent, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee’le so bestow our felues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly judge,
And gather by him as he is behau’d,
If th’affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part Ophelia, I doe with
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours,
Oph. Maddam, I with it may.
Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracks of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vfe them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man,vfe every man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vfe them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The leffe they deferue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of Gonfage?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'ft not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteeene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. T'is well, I thanke you:follow that lord:
And doe you heare first? take heede you mocke him not.
Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou’d, that with devotions vifage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lafth that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaffring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to fay we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That fleth is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there’s the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Muff guie vs pause, there’s the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th’oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz’d loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th’nworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer’d country, from whose borne

G 2

No
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote flauie am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my lostie?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the Iudicall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an affe and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand hill, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Gue's me the lie i' th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,

Or by this I should a fattet all the region kites
With this flaues offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sone of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Hath,
Prince of Denmarke.

No trauiler returns, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale caft of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nymph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliever,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor’d Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos’d
As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it profe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not haue beleu’d me, for vertue cannot so euocutat our old flock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Oph.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 42] Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue scene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder prooses,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. exit.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
The cause of our fonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger shoule.

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But till he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we exposde.

[See p. II 48] Roff. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increafe his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your felues will still be thankefull.
Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sin-
ers, I am my selve indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow-
rie, be thou as chaft as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-
lumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry,
marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powres reioice him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & am-
ble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan-
tones ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,
I say we will haue no mo marriage, thosu that are married alreadie, all
but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. Exit.

Oph. O what a noble mind is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glaffe of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obereru'd of all oberuers, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deicect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and moost soueraigne reafon
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and fature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ò woe is mee
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. Exit.

G 3

Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 48] Both In all wee can be svere you shal command.
Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shal not want. (Denmarke
Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'll see this play.
Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.
Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shal not meete, and thus it is.
King What i'ft Corambis? (done,
Cor. Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selue will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loul and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?
King It likes vs well, Gertrud, what say you?
Queen. With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
Cor. My selue will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reveual'd to her. exequunt omnes

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speach trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a townie bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not faw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue every thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig
To
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to England,
For the demaund of our neglec'ted tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord doe as you plesa,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ie be plac'd (to please you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wifedome beft shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speche I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vs all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may fay, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may quie it smoothnesse, δ it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere
The Tragedie of Hamlet

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraut,who for the (noises,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt,for o're doing, tarmagant
It out,Herodes Herod.

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferentely reformed that
among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them,and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Chriitian,Pagan,
Nor Turke,haue so struted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Haad made men,and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie,so abominable:
Take heed,auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued:O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one fute
Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play,as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and,you owe me
A quarters wages:and, my coate wants a cutoff:
And,your beere is sowre:and,blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieafts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a ieft
Vnleffe by chance,as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready. exit players.

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as iuft a man,
As e're my conversation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!
Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, vwho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbé showes, and noyfe: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

    Player. I warrant your honour.

    Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, fute the aotion to the word, the word to the aotion, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and presure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeue, the cenure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue feeue play, and heard others prayde, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th’accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so struttéd & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably,

    Player. I hope we haue reform’d that indifferently with vs.

    Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themelves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that’s villanous, and shewes a moxt pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you reade. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

    Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

    Pol. And the Queene to, and that pretently.

    Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften thē.

    Ros. I my Lord.    Exeunt they two.

    Ham. What howe, Horatio.    Enter Horatio.

    Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your service.

    Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man

As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

    Hor. O my deere Lord.

    Ham. Nay
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glowe with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.

There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they have
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but observe his lookes,

For I mine eies will riueth to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we have seene.
Horatio, haue a care, observe him well.
Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.
Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King,Queene,Corambis,and other Lords. (a play?
King How now fon Hamlet, how fare you, shall we have
Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why shold the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lice afurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow sauning; dooft thou heare,
Since my deare foule was misfris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath seald thee for herfelse, for thou haft been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To found what stop the please: give me that man
That is not pasions flaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy foule
Obferue my Vnclc, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkenill in one speeche,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcanis filthy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In cenfure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon crammd, feede a the ayre.

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.
    Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
    Ham. What did you enact there?
    Cor. My lord, I did act Iulius Caesar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.
    Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
    To kill so capitall a calfe.
    Come, be these Players ready?
    Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.
    Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
    Lady will you giue me leave, and so forth: (træțiue:
    To lay my head in your lappe?
    Ofel. No my Lord. (trary matters?
    Ham. Upon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram’d, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i’th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enaçt?

Pol. I did enaçt Iulius Caesar, I was kild i’th Capitall,

Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,

Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpoun your patience.

Gr. Come hether my deere Hamlet, fit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere’s mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Opb. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Opb. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That’s a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Opb. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Opb. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Opb. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what shoulde a man doe but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within’s two howres.

Opb. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a fute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there’s hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H. Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sitt
downe in an Arbor, he leaues him: Then enters Lucian-
ans with poysfon in a Viall, and powres it in his eares,and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him
dead: and goes away with the other.

Otfel. What means this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.
Ham. This is myching Mallico, that means my chiefe.
Otfel. What doth this meane my lord?
Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Otfel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Ham. I, or any shew you’le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee’le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei’le tell all.
Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere flowplug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. I’lt a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
Otfel. T’is short my Lord.
Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time ioyn’d both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill’d my youthfull veines, 
Runnes weake in their pipes, and all the straines
Of muficke, which whilome pleade mine ear,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And thereforc sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen muft I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O fay not so, left that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke
The Trumpets sounds. Dummé shew followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and be her, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a banke of flowers, she seeing him asleep, leaves him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisst it, pours poison in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner woes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awbile, but in the end acceptes loue.

Oph. What means this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it means mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter Prologue.

The Players cannot keepe, they 'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you ashamed to shew, heele not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gone round

Neptunes salt waft, and Tellus orb'd the ground,

And thirtie doisen Moones with borrowed sheene

About the world haue times twelue thirties beene

Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands

Vnite comutual in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone

Make vs againe count ore ere loue be done,

But woe is me, you are so sickle of late,

So farre from cheere, and from our former state,

That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.
Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maist (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

Duchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kifes me in bed.
Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!
Duke I doe believe you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, even as they loue,
And women's feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is prove hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leave the love, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needs be treason in my breast,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the flame to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the the fruites and sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
What to our felues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, grieue, or ioy,
Their owne ennauctures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieue doth most lament,
Grieues ioy, ioy grieues, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues shoulde with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flyes,
For our demifes stil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no secong husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

_Dutchesse_ Both here and there pursue me lafting strife,
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.
_Ham._ If she shoulde breake now.
_Duke_ T'is deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.
_Dutchesse_ Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. _exit Lady_ 
_Ham._ Madam, how do you like this play?
_Queene_ The Lady protefts too much.
_Ham._ O but shee'le keepe her word.
_King_ Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?
_Ham._ No offence in the world, poysen inieft, poision in
_King_ What do you call the name of the phy? (ieft.
_Ham._ Moufe-trap:mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in _guiana, Albertus_
Was the Dukes name, his wife _Baptista_,
Father, it is a knauifh peece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soul, let the galld iade wince, this is one
_Lucianus_ nephew to the King.
_Ofel._ Ya're as good as a _Chorus_ my lord.
_Ham._ I could interpret the loue you beare, if I faue the poopies
II ]  

[ 53 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

The poore aduaunc’d, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuifes still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no seconde husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To deperation turne my truft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my cope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destry;
Both heere and hence pursuie me lasting strife,  Ham. If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.
       breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.  Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but thee’le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in’t ?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieff, poyston in ieff, no offence i’th world.

King. What doe you call the play ?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther doone in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptifia, you shall se anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lu-
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If
poopies dialling.

Oes. Ye are very pleasant my lord.

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what should a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerfully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres.

Oes. Nay, its twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For I'll have a fute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outlive memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the old Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horie is forgot.

Oes. Your iefts are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

Oes. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husband. Begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leave thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate seafon, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With Hecate bane thrife blasted, thrife infected,
Thy naturall magick, and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vfurps immediately.

Ham. Hepoyfons him for his estate.

King. Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. The king rifes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lords.

Ham. What, frightened with false fires?
Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weepe,
Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is mooved my lord.

Hor. I Horatio, I'll take the Ghosts word
For more them all the coyne in Denmarke.
Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppet dallying.

_Oph._ You are keene my lord, you are keene.
_Ham._ It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.
_Oph._ Still better and worse.
_Ham._ So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for revenge.

_Luc._ Thoughts black, hands apt, druggs fit, and time agreeing,
Confiderat seafon els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inued, 
Thy naturall magick, and dire property,
On wholsome life vfurps immediately.

_Ham._ A payfons him i’th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzaga,
the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

_Oph._ The King rifes.
_Quee._ How fares my Lord?
_Pol._ Giue ore the play.
_King._ Giue me some light, away.
_Pol._ Lights, lights, lights. _Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio._
_Ham._ Why let the strowken Deere goe weepes,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of fea-
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Roses on my raz’d thooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?
_Hora._ Halfe a share.
_Ham._ A whole one I.
For thou doost know oh _Damon_ deere
This Realme dismantled was
_Of loue himsefle, and now raigned heere
A very very paitock.
_Hora._ You might haue rynd’d.
_Ham._ O good _Horatio_, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand
pound. Did’t percepte?
_Hora._ Very well my Lord.
_Ham._ Vpon the talke of the payfning.
_Hor._ I did very well note him.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Rosencraft and Gildersstone.

Ros. Now my lord, how is't with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,

Ros. Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ros. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,

My good lord, let us againe intreate (ture

To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-

Gill. My lord, your mother croues to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
*Prince of Denmarke.*

_Ham._ Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

_Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne._

_Guyl._ Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.
_Ham._ Sir a whole historie.
_Guyl._ The King sir.
_Ham._ I sir, what of him?
_Guyl._ Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.
_Ham._ With drinke sir?
_Guyl._ No my Lord, with choller,
_Ham._ Your wisedom shouleth shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Docttor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.
_Guyl._ Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stake not so wildly from my affaire.

_Ham._ I am tame sir, pronounce.

_Guyl._ The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

_Ham._ You are welcome.

_Guyl._ Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if
it shal please you to make me a wholesome answere, I will doe your
mothers commaundment, if not, your pardon and my returne, shal
be the end of busines.

_Ham._ Sir I cannot.

_Rof._ What my Lord.

_Ham._ Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseafe, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

_Rof._ Then thus she sayes, your behaviour hath stroke her into a-
mezement and admiration.

_Ham._ O wonderful sonne that can so astonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heele of this mothers admiration, impart.

_Rof._ She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

_Ham._ We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

_Rof._ My Lord, you once did loue me.

_Ham._ And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

_Rof._
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ros. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?
Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
Ros. Alas my lord I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gill. I haue no skill my Lord.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stoping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will give most delicate mufick.
Gill. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I befeech you.
Ros. My lord wee cannot.
Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And due into the secreet of my soule.
Zounds do you thinke Iam easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instruement
You will, though you can fret mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, beides, to be demanded by a spunge.
Ros. How a spunge my Lord?
Ham. I sir, a spunge, that fokes vp the kings
Countenance, faours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the King; in the end, beft feruife;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his law, firft mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but squeeing of you,
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.
Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
Ham. Farewell, farewell, God bleffe you.
Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Coramis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.
Ham. Do you fee yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?
Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. T'is back't like a weasell.
Ham. Or like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale.
exit Coram.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succesion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the grassie growes, the prouerbe is something mutty, & the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recover the wind of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eafe as lying: gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the ymber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discouer moft eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I commaund to any vertrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ,yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am eaiser to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you fir.

Enter Polonium.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almoost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maffe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night Horatio.
Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. \textit{exit Horatio.}

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. \textit{exit.}

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such bufines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on; soft, now to my mother,
O hart loofe not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of Nero enter this firme bofore,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vfe none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer the be shent,
To give them seales neuer my soule content.  Exit.

Enter the King, Rosencraus, and Gylvdensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it saf[e] with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our eftate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourley grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Raf. The single and peculer life is bound
With all the strenght and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maffie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the higheft mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are morteifi[t] and adioynd, which when it falls,
Enter the King.

King. O that this wet that failes vpon my face
Would waʃh the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespass,
The earth doth still criʃ out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O theʃe are finnes that are vnpardonaʃle:
Why say thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contriʃion make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perʃuer in a finne,
It is an act gainʃt the vniversal power,
Most wretched man, stoop, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.
Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haft vs. Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe
To heare the proceffe, I'le warrant thee'letax him home,
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meeete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, shoud ore-heare
The speach of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it fmelts to heauen
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both negleckt, what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To waft it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two folde force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue me turne, forgie me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still posseft
Of thofe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May
be kneeses. enters Hamlet.

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:

No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,

And how his soule stooode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, faue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefhit,

And not reuenge: no, get thee vp aген, (drunke,
When hee's at game fware, taking his carowfe, drinking
Or in the inceftuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relifh
Of saluation in't, then trip him

That
Prince of Denmarke.

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may showe by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selve
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shufling, there the action lies.
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To glue in euidence, what then, what refts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, o bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make aslay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of fleale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this fame villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and filly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grofsly full of bread,
With all his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seafond for his passlage?
No.
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceftious pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relif of saluation in't,

Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as Lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. exit Ham.

King My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. exit King.

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. exit Cor.

Queene Do so my Lord.
Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'lt with you mother?
Queene How i'lt with you?
Ham, I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.
Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you shall heare me speake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me: Helpe hoe.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Raff intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.
Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done? Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staires,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies.   Exit.

King. My words fly vp, thy thoughts remaie belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.   Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screened and stooed betwenne
Much heate and him, I’le silence me euene heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what’s the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What’s the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glaffe
Where you may see the most part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.
Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am flaine.
Ger. O me, what haft thou done?
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

I2

Ger.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. How! kill a king!
Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penetrable stufte,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horrid there and blacke it shews. (words?
Queen. Hamlet, what mean'th thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

A front wherein all vertues are set downe
For to adorn a king, and gild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.

Murdred,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
   Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother...
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
   Ger. As kill a King.
   Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ft to be too bufie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not braed it so,
That it be prooue and bulwark against fence.
   Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?
   Ham. Such an act
That blurrers the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hypocrit,takes of the Roze
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And lets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As falfe as dicers oathes, 6 such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound maffe
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act
   Quee. Ay me, what act?
   Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
   Hiperies curles, the front of loue himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heau, a kising hill,
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did seeme to fet his scale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Vulcan.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:

And this fame haue you left to change with this.

What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deere husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very threds.
Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.
Ham. Nay but still to pervert and dwell in finne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.
Queene Hamlet, no more.
Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast?

Queene
Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits vpon the judgemente, and what judgemente
Would fliep from this to this, fence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplet, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere so thral’d
But it refer’d some quantity of choufe
To serv in such a difference, what deuill waft
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smeling fance all,
Or but a fickly part of one true fence
Could not fo mope: ô shame where is thy blu fh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,
And reafon pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnft my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin’ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nafty fitie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A flauue that is not twentith part the kyth
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 64]

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Sauc me, saue me, you gratious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull/
Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And every part that shold affist reuenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy disfraccted lookes,
Thy mother’s fearfull, and she standes amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i’st with you Lady?

Queene Nay, how i’st with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor do you nothing see?

Queene No neither.

Ham.
**Prince of Denmarke.**

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.
**Ger.** No more.

**Enter Ghost.**

**Ham.** A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure?
**Ger.** Alas hee's mad.
**Ham.** Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, ò say.
**Ghost.** Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her **Hamlet.**

**Ham.** How is it with you Lady?
**Ger.** Alas how i'ft with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soouldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded hair like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ò gentle sonne
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke.?

**Ham.** On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pititious action you convert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

**Ger.** To whom doe you speake this?
**Ham.** Doe you see nothing there?
**Ger.** Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
**Ham.** Nor did you nothing heare?
**Ger.** No nothing but our selues.

**Ham.**
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. exit ghost.

Queene Alas, it is the weakeuisse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieues:
But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasi,
And for my loue forget thes idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulfe doth beate like yours,
It is not madnese that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if ever you did my deare father loue,

Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you will lothe him quite:
And mother, but affift mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes,euen now out at the portall. Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madneffe
That I haue yttrred, bring me to the teft,
And the matter will reword, which madneffe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule,
That not your trespass but my madneffe speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlceros place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnfeene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not sprede the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneffe of these purifie times
Vertue it selfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a flocke or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vfe almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be bleft
Ile blessing beg of you, for this fame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so

[See p. 63 1]
Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiefty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, confer, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt devise.

Ham.
**Prince of Denmarke.**

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gave him; so againe good night
I must be cruel only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

_Ger._ What shall I doe?

_Ham._ Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisse,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispite of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

_Ger._ Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft say'd to me.

_Ham._ I must to England, you knowe that.

_Ger._ Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

_Ham._ Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beeare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoift with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale,confent,and doe my best,
What stratagem foe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what fayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I firft bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and toffes me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At laft I call'd for help : and as I cried, Corambis
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he kills.

King Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
Ile rugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.  Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Guyldensterne.

King. There’s matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleffe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whysp out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euerie one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answerd?

It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept from, restraine, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but fo much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was moft fit,
But like the owner of a soule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,

K. The
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

*Gil.* We will my Lord.    *Exeunt Lordes.*

*King* Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we have sent by *Roffencraft* and *Gilderstone,*
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed.
We must with all our Maiestie and skill Enter Ros. & Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guyldensterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrard, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And what's vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poynted shot, may misle our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, & come away,
My soule is full of difcord and dismay. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.

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

Ham. Doe not beleuee it.

Ros. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne,besides
to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings countenaunce,his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
laff swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
ing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understond you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauith speech sleepe in a foolish eare.

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

Hamlet.
Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

_Gil._ My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

_**King**_ Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
_**Ham.**_ At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dished to one meffe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.
_**King**_ What of this?
_**Ham.**_ Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.
_**King***
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guil. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
VVho like not in their judgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate paufe, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieud
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?
Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure
King. Bring him before vs.
Ros. How, bring in the Lord. They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fifh with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fifh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. VVhat dooest thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progreffe through
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. But sonne Hamlet, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misle him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nofe him as you go vp the lobby.
King. Make haste and finde him out.
Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'lle warrant you hee'le stay till you come.
King. Well sonne Hamlet, we in care of you; but specially
in tender preperation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you shall aborde to night.
Lord Rosencraft and Gilderstone shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart:farewel mother.
King. Your louing father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother)farewel: for England hoe.
exeunt all but the king.

king. Gertred, leave me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,
He presentlie without demaunding why,
That Hamlet looke his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
Prince of Denmarke.

through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him i’th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety

Which we doe tender, as we deereely grieue

For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence.

Therefore prepare thy selfe,

The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,

Th’associats tend, and euerie thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knewe’st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for England,

Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,

Man and wife is one fleth, so my mother:


King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speede abord,

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euerie thing is seald and done

That els leanes on th’affayre, pray you make haft,

And England, if my loue thou hold’st at ough,

As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,

After the Danifh sword; and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly set

Our soueraigne proccess, which imports at full

By Letters congruine to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,

For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
He once being dead, why then our state is free. exit.

Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.
Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbraffe nephew to old Norway,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. extant all.
Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I knowe tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. Exit.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbras
Craues the conueyance of a promisid march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shal expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.
  Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
  For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?
  Cap. They are of Norway sir.
  Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?
  Cap. Against some part of Poland.
  Ham. Who commaunds them sir?
  Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbras.
  Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,
Or for some frontire?
  Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue ducketts, fiue I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, shoulde it be sold in fee.
  Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.
  Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.
  Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand ducketts
Vill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impossumbe of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
  Cap. God buy you sir.
  Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?
  Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
Prince of Denmarke.

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To suft in vs vnvsid, now whether it be
Befiall obliviuon, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th’euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing’s to doe,
Sith I haue caufe, and will, and strengh, and meanes
To doo’t; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vntrue,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour’s at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staid,
Excitements of my reafon, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.  

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diftrañt, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If ever thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queen God grant it may, heau'ns keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mischance of olde Corambis death,
Hath pierfed so the yong Opheliaes heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong Ophelia is!

Enter Ophelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe singing.

Ophelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hate, and his staffe,
And his sandall shooe.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true lourers flowers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graffe greene turffe,
At his heeles a ftole.

king How i'ft with you sweete Ophelia?
Ophelia Well God yeeld you.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks in'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurns enuioyly at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thynke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniecatures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as finnes true nature is,
' Each toy feemes prologue to some great amisse,
' So full of artefes iealousie is guilt,
' It spills it selfe in fearing to be fpyl.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maieflie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia? [shee sings,]

Oph. How shoulde I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & goneLady, he is dead and gone, [Song]
At his head a graffgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his throwd as the mountainie snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweep't to the ground did not go [Song]
With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daught-
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 76]

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weep:
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come again.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his foule,
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, 

All in the morning betime, 

And I a mayde at your window 

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and duped the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on’t,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo’t if they come too’t,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promis’d me to wed,

(He anfwers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weepe to thinke they would lay him i’th cold ground, my brother

shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come

my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladies god night, god night.

King. Follow her clofe, give her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe grieue, it springs all from her Fathers

dearth, and now behold, o Gertrard, Gertrard,

When forrowes come, they come not fingle spyes,

But in battalions: first her Father flaine,

Next your sone gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iuft remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whisper,

For good Polonius death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Laft, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And
How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within. enter Lear. 

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father: 
Speake, say, where's my father?
Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter begger'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: o my deare Gertrud, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Gives me superfluous death. A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saeue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift
Eates not the flats with more impitious haft
Then young Laertes in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the fals traile they cry. A noise within.

O this is counter you fals Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King,
Gieue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft vnsmirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the caufe Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
king Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene True, but not by him.

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.
king Let him goe Gertred, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most sore for it,
Being the chiefe st piller of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamfter,
Swoop-flake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,

And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,

I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in foule we sorrow for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear.
Prince of Denmarke.

Let him goe Gertrard, doe not feare our perfon,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Aét's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrard.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Quee. But not by him.
King. Let him demaund his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeest dewill,
Confience and grace to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynit I stond,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shal stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shal goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That spoofftake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaft them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am moft fencibly in grieve for it,
It shal as leuell to your judgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?
Lear. Who’s this, Ophelia? O my deere sister!
Surely possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans awe?
O heau’ns themselues! how now Ophelia?

Ofelia. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here,here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere’s some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there’s a dazie.
Here Loue, there’s rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
And there’s panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts,remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia. There is fennell for you, I would a giu’n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.
For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions,torments worse than hell.

[See p. II 73] Ofelia. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t’is a the Kings daughter
And the false steward,and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is faine Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
Prince of Denmark.

O heate dry vp my braines, teares seauen times falt
Burne out the fense and vertue of mine eye,
By seauen thy madness shal be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rosé of May,
Deere mayd, kind syster, sweet Ophelia,
O heauens, ift possiblle a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-fatte on the Beere, Song.
And in his graue rain’d many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade reuenge
It could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the faile Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing’s more then matter.

Oph. There’s Rosemary, thatts for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thatts for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There’s Fennill for you, and Colembines, there’s Rewe for
you, & heere’s some for me,we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there’s a Dafie, I would
gie you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they lay a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turns to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe, Song. [See p. 73 1]
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ó God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 73] And a maide at your window,
   To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan’d his clothes,
   And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
   Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
   By gifte, and by faint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo’t when they come too’t:
   By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
   You promised me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
   If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
   God bwy you Loue.  exit Ophelia.
   Lear. Grief vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sifter thus distracted:
Curfed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
   king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
   Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sone.
   Lear. You haue preual’d my Lord, a while I’le striue,
To bury grieffe within a toome of wrath,
Which once vnheared, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.
   king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon.  exeunt om.
   Enter Horatio and the Queene.
   Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv’d in Denmarke,
This letter I euen now receiv’d of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap’t the danger,
   And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crofied by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray’d to death,

As
Prince of Denmarke.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs tought, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oftentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call’t in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th’offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and pleafe him, there’s a Letter for you sir, it came
frō th’Embaflador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fellows some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chafe, finding our felues too slowe of faile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got cleere of our shyp, to I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they
The Tragedie of Hamlet

As at his next converison with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen Then I perceiue there's treason in his looks
That seem'd to sugar o're his villainie:
But I will foote and please him for a time,
For murderous minde are always jealous,
But know not you Horatio where he is?

Hor. Yes Madam, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the easte side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queen O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, left that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'd, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queen But what became of Gilsdstone and Rossencraft?

Hor. He being set afoore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without discouverie.

Queen Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,

Horatio once againe I take my leave,
With thowsand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Lear.</textarea>
II ] [ 78 ]

Prince of Denmark.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Guyldefterne hold theyr courfe for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for thefe your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Purfued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceeide not against these feates
So criminal and fo capitall in nature,
As by your saftetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els
You mainly were ftirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reafons
Which may to you perhaps feeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha't ftong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoft by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is fo concluie to my life and soule,
That as the ftarre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affeccion,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to ftone,
Conuer his Gues to graces, fo that my arrowes
Too slighly tymbred for fo loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuereted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father loft,
A fitter driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

L 3. Stood
King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.
Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
king Learstes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your ruyenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.
King Nay but Learstes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy with,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Lea. And how for this?
King Mary Learstes thus: I'lle lay a wager,
Shalbe on Hamletes side, and you shall give the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maiftry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midft of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyfon,
That if it drawes but the leaff dramme of blood,

In any part of him, he cannot liue:

This
 Prince of Denmarke.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

    King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

    Messer. Thefe to your Maiestie, this to the Queene?
    King. From Hamlet, who brought them?
    Messer. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were gien me by Claudio, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

    King. Laertes you shall heare them: leuaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am fet naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shall I begge leuaue to see your kingly eyes,when I shal first
asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my fuddaine returme.

    King. What shouulde this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
    Laer. Know you the hand?
    King. Tis Hamlets carakter. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he says alone,
Can you deuife me?

    Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

    King. If it be so Laertes,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

    Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
    King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit, now ripe in my deuife,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

This being done will free you from suspicion,
And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lov'd
Will ever have Lear's in suspect.
Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accedent.

Lauer. My Lord I will be rul’d,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest fledge.

Lauer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes
The light and careless luery that it weares
Then setled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru’d against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in’t, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horfe,
As had he beene incorp’ft, and demy natur’d
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Lauer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Lauer. Upon my life Lamord.

King. The very fame.

Lauer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a matterly report
For art and exercife in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t’would be a fight indeed

If
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He fwere had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppold them; fir this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but with and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. Laertes was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorowwe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thynke you did not loue your father,
But that I knewe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooufe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or suufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We shoulde doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this shoulde is like a spend thirfts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sone
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.
King. No place indeede shoulde murther sanctuarifie,
Reuendge shoulde haue no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shal knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shal praife your excellence,
And fet a double varnish on the fame
The french man gau ye, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord Hamlet should refuse this match.

King I'lle warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And left that all should misse,
I'lle haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calleth for drinke,

Shall be his period and our happinesse.
Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. enter the Queene.
king How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

Queen O my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Hauing made a garland of sundry fortes of flowers,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

Lear. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplafme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him lightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affayd, therefore this project,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooфе; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sippinge,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon another's heele,
So fast they follow; your Sifters drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

Queene. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That shoues his horrie leaves in the glasy stremes,
Therewith fantatsique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daïes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards glie a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M. Clambring
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The enuous spig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she late smiling,
Euen Mermaid-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde fundry tunes vnecapable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauey with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownde:

Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Rewenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe.  exeunt.

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
In christiana burial.
2. Why sir?
Clowne Mary because she's drownd.
2. But she did not drowne her selfe.
Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.
2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
Prince of Denmarke.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speeche a fire that faine would blafe,
But that this folly drownes it. Exit.

King. Let's follow Gertrard,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. Exeunt.

Enter two Clouwes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seakes her owne faluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straignt, the crouner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drownd her selfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poyn, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her self wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If the water come to me, I drowne not my selle:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

2. I but see,she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should have more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselves, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a sloape of drinke, but before thou
Goe, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will endure long.

Clowne That's prett, so't agen, so't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that bring's many a one to his long home.

Clowne Prett agen, the gallowes does well, many manne
does it well; the gallowes does well to them that are ill,
goe get thee gone:

And if any one ask thee hereafter day,
A Grave-maker, for he buildes
Last til Doomsday. Fetch me a sloape of beene-goe.
Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, null he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry it's, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-

man, she should have been buried out a christian burial.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke

should have countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues,

more then theyr even Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncien-
t gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold

vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pole, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the

Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,

but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
doest ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a

Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil

not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question

next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lafts till Doomesday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soute of liquor.
In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract o the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Song.

Enter
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Moft fit it is, for t'will be made, be throwes up a showell.
For such a gheft moft meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the flaue joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Cuftome hath made it in him feeme no-
Clowne A pick-axe and a spade,a spade, thing.
For and a winding sheete,
Moft fit it is for to be made,
For such a gheft moft meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another Horatio.
Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he shoulde indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now,your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leafes and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conueiance of his land,and muf't
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformation!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchem made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde,and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselfes sheepe and calues
That deale with them,or put their trust in them.
There's another,why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praifed my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee

Lets
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and Horatia.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a fings in graue-making.

Hor. Custoeme hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing stipples Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the
first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this ashe now
ore-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,
how dooest thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that
praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt
about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding,
but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, Song.

for and a frowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his
tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him a-
about the fcone with a durtie fhouell, and will not tell him of his ac-
tion of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
Land, with his Statuts, his recognizances, his fines, his double vou-
chers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vou-
chers vouch him no more of his purchase & doubles then the length
and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conveyances of his
Lands will fiercely ly in this box, & mutt th'inheritor himselfe haue
no more, ha.

Hor. Not a lot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose grave is this?

Clowne Mine sir.

Ham. But who must lie in it? (sir.

Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

Ham. What man must be buried here?

Clowne No man sir.

Ham. What woman?

Clowne. No woman neither sir, but indeeded

One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This feauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant,
Comes to neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,

[See p. II 87]

How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pockey corfes,
He will laft you, eight yeares a tanner
Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that s a parlous
Dehower of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I euer since our lat king Hamlet
Slew Fortenbraffe in combat, yong Hamlets father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne I faith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in Denmarke.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

*Horo.* I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes to.

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

*Clow.* Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

*Clow.* You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

*Clow.* Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

*Ham.* What man doost thou digge it for?

*Clow.* For no man sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clow.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clow.* One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee’s dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiуocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yerees I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

*Clow.* Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king

*Hamlet* overcame *Fortenbraffe*.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clow.* Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and fent into England.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he fent into England?

*Clow.* Why becauſe a was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*Clow.* Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*Clow.* Very strangely they saie.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*Clow.* Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

*Ham.* Vpon what ground?

*Clow.* Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeerees.

*M 3*

*Ham.*
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall have his wittes there,
Or if he have not, 'tis no great matter there,
It will not be seen there.
Ham. Why not there?
Clowne Why they say the men are as mad as he.
Ham. Whose scull was this?
Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one Yoricke's scull.
Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poor Yoricke
I knew him Horatio,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
upon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
your lefts now Yoricke? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come Yoricke. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, dost thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus?
Hor. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. And smelt thus?
Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.
Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of

Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being
but clay, why might not time bring it to passe, that he might
stoppe
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long will a man lie i’th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pocke corps, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is fo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-fon dead body, heer’s a scull now hath lyen you i’th earth 23 yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorfon mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renith on my head once; this fame skull sir, was sir Yoricks skull, the Kings lefeter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricks, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite ieft, of moft excellent fancie, hee hath borne me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung those lyppes that I haue kift I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-fhes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinnin, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-avour shee must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Horo. What’s that my Lord?

Ham. Dooyt thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashion i’th earth?

Horo. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Horo. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what safe vifes wee may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble duf of Alexander, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Learus, and other lorde,
with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
It shews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

Lear What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for favour of the king, and you,
She had been buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed Christian burial.

Lear So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire Ophelia dead!
Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

Lear.
they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious Caesar dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall: t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this thay follow?
And withe such mained rites? this doth betoken,
The corfe they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we awhile and marke.

Lae. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is Laertes a very noble youth, marke.
Lae. What Ceremonie els?
Doct. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayne the order,
She shou'd in ground vnfacified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles shou'd be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ftrements, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lae. Must there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We shou'd prophane the feruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Lae. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A miniftring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.
Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shoul'dst haue been my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Lae. O treble woe
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:
  Lear's leaps into the grave.
Now powre your earth on, Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde Pellan:
  Hamlet leaps in after Lear's
What's he that conjures so?

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.
Lear. The diuell take thy soule.
Ham. O thou praieft not well,
  I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,
  Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

I lou'de Ophelia as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessells, eate a crocodile? Ile doot:
Com'ft thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,

Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth thereof,

Make
Prince of Denmarke.

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,
Whose wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duft vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyefh head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Bears such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandringftarres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenitiue raff, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thoufand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Quee. For loue of God forbearre him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't wepee, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thy felfe,
Woo't drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't, dooft come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone

Make
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Oosell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,

A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, Leartes.

King. My lord, tis so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his laft,
For prefently we meane to send to him,
Therfore Leartes be in readyne.

Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come Gertrud, wee'el haue Leartes, and our fonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. execunt omnes.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. beleue mee, it greeues mee much Horatio,
That to Leartes I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grievfe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.
Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ofa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclofed
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vfe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit Hamlet

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present puth:
Good Gertrard set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Till then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd be raffnes for it; let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that shou'd learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commission; where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. I'lt posisible?

Ham. Heeres the commisision, reade it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beecheech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begunne the play, I fat me dowe,
Deuised a new commisision, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our flatists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans servuce, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneft coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betwenee them like the palme might florish,
As peace shoulde still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweekne their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,
He shoulde thofe bearers put to fuddaine death,
Not shruing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this feald ?

Ham. Why eu'n in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purfe
Which was the modill of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other
Subscribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but mark you water-flye,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
Gent. Now God save thee, sweete prince Hamlet.
Ham. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod finels!

Gent. I come with an embassage from his maiefty to you
Ham. I shall sir give you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.
Gent. It is indeede very rawith colde.
Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very swoltery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

_Hora._ So Guyldenstere and Rosencraus goe too't.
_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Doeys by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the bafer nature comes
Betweene the paffe and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposits.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!
_Ham._ Doeys it not thinke thee stond me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cuflage, i'ft not perfect conscience?

_Enter a Courtier._

_Cour._ Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.
_Ham._ I humble thanke you sir.
Doost know this water fly?
_Hora._ No my good Lord.
_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracie, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beafts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacio-
sous in the posseffion of durt.

_Cour._ Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leaure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

_Ham._ I will receaue it sir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

_Cour._ I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.
_Ham._ No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

_Cour._ It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
_Ham._ But yet methinkes it is very fully and hot, or my comple-
tion.

_Cour._ Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultary, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

_Ham._ I befeech you remember.

_Cour._ Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court Laertes, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most
excellent
Six Barbary horse, against six French rapiers,
With all their accoutrements too, and the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

_Ham._ The carriages sir, I do not know what you mean.

_Gent._ The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

_Ham._
II ] [ 93 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would doe th’arithmeticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in repsect of his quick saile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ift not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too’t sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purfe is empty already, all’s golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee’s vnfellowed.

Ham. What’s his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That’s two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horfes, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their asignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsifie to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. The worde had beene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side, And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you, And on your side the King hath laide, And desires you to be in readinesse.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, I dare venture my skull: when must this be? Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty, With the rest of the best judgment in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace. Ham. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him. Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweet anfwer. exit. Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced, Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole. Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraule would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbry horfes against fix French swords their asignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that’s the French bet against the Danishe, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The king Sir, hath layd Sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleafe his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo’s well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for’s turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did Sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the droffe age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of hifty collection, which carries them through and through the most prophan and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purpose, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, pro-vided I be so able as now.
Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine
Very fore, all here about.
Hor. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, not I. if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestiuate prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King. Now sonne Hamlet, we hane laied vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the beft.
Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.
King. We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protestinge that I neuer wrongd Leartes.
If Hamlet in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not Hamlet, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Leartes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house

And
Prince of Denmarke.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall praetixe, I shall winne at the odds; thou wouldst not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gambeing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prudence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what if to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepar'd, Trumpetts, Drums and officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sire, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs have heard, how I am punitfor With a fore distraction, what I haue done That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse, Waft Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away, And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it, Who doees it then? his madnesse. Ist be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged, His madnesse is poore Hamlets enimie, Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts That I haue shot my arrowe o're the house And
And hurt my brother.

*Lear.* Sir I am satisfied in nature,

But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.

*King* Giue them the foyles.

*Ham.* I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Have all a laught, come on sir: *a bit.*
And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature,
Whole motive in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I have a vooyce and preisdent of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Gieue vs the foiles.

_Laer._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ Ile be your foile _Laertes_, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i’th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

_Laer._ You mocke me sir.

_Ham._ No by this hand.

_King._ Gieue them the foiles young _Ofricke_, cosin _Hamlet_,
You knowe the wager.

_Ham._ Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layd the ods a’th weeke day side.

_King._ I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

_Laer._ This is to heauy: let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

_Ofr._ I my good Lord.

_King._ Set me the floopes of wine vpon that table,
If _Hamlet_ gieue the first or second hit,
Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlemens their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to _Hamlets_ better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice shall he throwe,
Richer then that which fourue succesiue Kings
In Denmarkees Crowne haue worene: gieue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. No none. 
Ham. Judgement.
Gent. A hit, a moft palpable hit.
Lear. Well, come againe. 
Ham. Another. Judgement.
Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.
King Here Hamlet, the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy face.
King Giue him the wine.
Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
I'le drinke anone.

Queene Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.
King Do not drinke Gertred: O t'is the poysned cup!

Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your moft cunningst play.

Lear. If say you so? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almoft against my conscience.

Ham. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets the while.
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.
    Ham. Come on sir.
    Laer. Come my Lord.
    Ham. One.
    Laer. No.
    Ham. Judgement.
    Laer. Well, againe.
    King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.
    Ham. Ile play this bout firft, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
    Laer. I doe confest.
    King. Our sonne shal winne.
    Quee. Hee’s fat and scant of breath.
Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.
    Ham. Good Madam.
    King. Gertrard doe not drinke.
    Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
    King. It is the psyfned cup, it is too late.
    Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
    Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
    Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
    King. I doe not think’t.
    Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
    Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your beft violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.
    Laer. Say you fo, come on.
Oftr. Nothing neither way.
    Laer. Haue at you now.
    King. Part them, they are incenst.
    Ham. Nay come againe.
Oftr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
    Hoar. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Oftr. How ift Laertes?
    Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Oftrick
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How is't my Lord Lear?
Lear. Even as a coxcombe shou'd,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an house of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Venom'd and invenomed: thy mother's poyned
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poyned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villain:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. The king dies.

Lear. O he is iuftly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I do forgive thee. Learst dies.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poion left.
Ham. Upon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
Prince of Denmarke.

I am iufrly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee founds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ó my deare Hamlet,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfned.

Ham. O villaine, how let the doore be lock’t,
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houre’s life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Unbated and enuenom’d, the foule prætie
Hath turn’d it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rife againe, thy mother’s poyfned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom’d to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou inceftious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iufrly serued, it is a poyfon temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this aë,
Had I but time, as this fell sergent Death
Is striët in his arreft, ó I could tell you,
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hora. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere’s yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th’art a man
Giuue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldest die,
What a scandal wouldst thou leave behind?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinkes Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his voice:
Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soul.     Ham. dies.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
   enter Fortenbrafe with his traine.
Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke upon this tragicke spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
   Haft thou at one draft bloodily shot to death? (land,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we have brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor.
Prince of Denmarke.

O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou did’st ever hold me in thy hart,
Absend thee from felicity a while,
And in this hard world drawe thy breath in paine  
To tell my story: what warlike noife is this?  

A march a farre off.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraffe with conquest come from Poland,
To th’embassadors of England gies this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poiyon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophecie th’election lights
On Fortenbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th’occurrents more and leffe
Which haue soliciited, the rest is silencne.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?
Hora. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou’d death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strootk?

Embass. The fight is dimsmall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That Rosencraus and Guyldesterne are dead,
Where shoule we haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th’ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody queston

You
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisur doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou’d most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amifle.

Finis
Prince of Denmarke.

You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, gue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; fo shal you heare
Of carnall, bloody and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgments, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vphot, purposes mistooke,
Faine on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorowe I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to cleame my vantage doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this famle be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a fouldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beeene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his paffage,
The fouldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the fouldier's shoote.        Excunt.

FINIS.

G 2