THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.
Newly Imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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TRAGEDY

1873.

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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE
OF
DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Bar. Hose there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and unfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sicke at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard ?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meet Horatio and Marcellus.
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Mar-
cellus.

Francisco. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there ?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O, farewell honest Souldiers, who hath re-
liued you ?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; giue you good night. Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Bar. Say what, is Horatio there ?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Hor. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night ?
Bar. I haue scene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes, tis but a fantasie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice scene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your cares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights scene.

_Hora._ Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

_Bar._ Last night of all,
When yond same star that's Westward from the Pole;
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe.
The Bell then beating one.

_Enter Ghost._

_Mar._ Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
_Bar._ In the same figure like the King that's dead.
_Mar._ Thou art a Scholler speake to it Horatio.
_Hora._ Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
_Bar._ It would be spoke to.
_Mar._ Speake to it Horatio.
_Hora._ What art thou that vsurpe this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did somtimes march: by heauen I charge thee speake.

_Mar._ It is offended.
_Bar._ See it flaukes away.
_Hora._ Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

_Mar._ Tis gone and will not answere.
_Bar._ How now Horatio, you tremble & look pale,
Is not this something more then phantastie?
What thinke you of it?
_Hora._ Before my God I might not this beleue,
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 an angry parle
He smote the sheaded Pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iumpe at this dead house,
With Martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse 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 same strift and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the Land,
And with such daily cost of brazen Cannon
And foraine Mart for Implements of warr,
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sor taskes
Does not divide the Sunday from the wecke,
What might be toward, that this sweatie haste.
Doth make the night joint labour with the day;
Who ist that can informe me?

Hora. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you know by Fortinbrasse of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride.
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a scald compa,
Well ratifid by Law and Heraldrie
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he flood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,

Had
Prince of Denmarke.

Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the Articles designe,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, yong Fortinbraffe
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprize
That hath a ftronge in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our state
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father loft; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post-haste and romeage in the land.

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

Hora. A mote it is to trouble the minds eie:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graues stood tenantleffe, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disaster in the Sun; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empire stands,
Was sick almost to Doomesday with eclipse
And even the like precure of fierce euents,
As Harbingers preceding fill the fates
And Prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue Heauen and Earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Cliamatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
The Tragedie of Hamlet

It's spread his armes.

Ile crosse it though it blast me: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy Countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. The Cocke
Speake of it, stay and speake; stop it Marcellus. crowes.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
We doe it wrong being so Maiestical.
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extravagant 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 ever 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 stirre abroad
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So
Prince of Denmark.

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard and doe in part beleue it;
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes oer the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my advise,
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shal acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our dutie.

Mar. Let's doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the
Queen, Consul: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, etc.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntr esse to this warlike State
Hau' we as twere with a defeated joy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole.
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wifdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now follows that you know young Fortimbras,
Holding a weake supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoynt, and out of frame
Collegued with this dreame of his advantage
He hath not failed to pester vs with message
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting;
Thus much the business is, we have here writ.
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbras.
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppressse
His further gate herein, in that the leuies,
The lids, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we here dispaire
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businessse with the King, more then the scope.
Of these delated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

Cor. Po. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
And now Laertes what the newes with you?
You told vs of some sure, what is Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what would't thou beg Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth.
Then is the throne of Denmark to thy father,
What would't thou have Laertes?

Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Have you your fathers leaue, what saies Polonius?

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my bow leaue
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seald my hard consent.
Prince of Denmarke.

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now my Cousin Hamlet, and my sonne.

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

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

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

Queene. Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eie looke like a friend on Denmarke,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust,
Thou know hit tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Que. If it be,
Why seemes it to perticular with thee.

Ham. Seemse Madam, nay it is, I know not seemes, but my hoo.
Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
Nor customatric Sutes of Solemne blacke,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the cie,
Nor the deiecled hauior of the vilage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe
That can deuoute me truly, these indeed seemes,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passe they,
These but the trappings and the suites of woes.

King. Tis sweet and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your father,
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate conдоlement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A heart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding simple and vnshoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to fence,  
Why should we in our puerish opposition  
Take it to heart, fie, tis a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd, whose common theame  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed  
From the first course, till he that died to day  
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth  
This vnprevailing woe, and thinke 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 love  
Then that which dearest father beareth his sonne,  
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,  
In going backe to schoole to Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograd to our desire,  
And we beseech you bend you to remaine  
Here in the cheare and comfort of our sic,  
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our sonne.  
Qu. Let not thy mother loose her prayers Hamlet,  
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to Wittenberg.  
Ham. I shall in all my best oboy you Madame.  
King. Why, tis a loving and a faire reply,  
Be as our selves in Denmarke, Madame come,  
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,  
No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,  
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell,  
And the Kings rowse the Heauen shal brute againe,  
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away.  

Flourish. Exeunt all.  
Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but Hamlet.  
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dew,  
Or that the everlafting had not fixt  
His Cannon gainst seale slayther, O God, God,  
How wary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seeme to me all the vises of this World?  
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,  
That growes to seed,things ranke & grosse in nature,  
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus  
But
But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not besteeme the winds of Heauen
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why shee should hang on him
As if increafe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailtie thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Neobe all teares, why shee
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, maried with my Vnkle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eies
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to part
With such dextritie to incestious sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hora. Hailee to your Lordship. (felfe.
Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio, or I doe forget my
Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore servant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ie 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 enemie say so,
Nor shall you doe my care that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elsounse?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.

Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow Student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest fee in Heauen.
Or euer I had scene that day Horatio,
My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds cie Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A 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 yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentuie eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch,
In the dead vaft and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly Cap apec
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprized eies,
Within this trnnchions length, whil'st they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Horus. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head and did address.
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But even then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the sund it shrunke in haft a way,
And vanish't from our sight.

Ham. Tis verie strange.

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

Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me;

Hold 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 foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Horus. O yes my Lord, he wore his beard vp and on his face.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Horus. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Horus. Nay verie pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Horus. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beeene there.

Horus. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Verie like: Said it long?

Horus. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Horus. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griffeld, no.

Horus. It was as I haue seen't in his life

A sable siluer'd.
Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ilespeake to it though hell it selfe should gape.
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hitherto conceal'd this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Gieue it an understanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleven and twelve
Ile visit you.

All Our dutie to your honour. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some soule play, would the night were comemore
Till then sit still my soule, soule deeds will rise
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister. Exit.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarke, farewell, not more.
And sifter as the winds giue benefite
And convey, in assistant, doe not sleepe.
But let me heare from you.

Oph. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not laeting.
The persume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes.
The inward servise of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soule nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnesse waid, his will is not his owne.
He may not as vnvaileued persons doe,
Craue for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safetie and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choife be circumscrib'd,
Unto the voice and yeelding of that bodie,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome to farre to beleue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deed, which is no further,
Then the maine voice of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
If with too credent care you lift his songes
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open,
To his vnmasterd importunitie.

Fear it Ophelia, fear it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
" The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beautie to the Moone
" Vertue it selfe escapes not calumniuous strokes
" The Canker gaules the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be ware then, best safetie lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe;
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Does not as some vngracious Pastor doe.
Shew me the steep and thornie way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reakes not his owne Reed.

Enter Polonius.

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

Pol. Yet here Laertes! ahoord, ahoord for shame,
The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are faied for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memorie
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried;
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vn fledged courage; beware.
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Be not that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give euery man thy care, but few thy voice,
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgement,
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaims the man:
And they in France of the best ranke and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looseth both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulles both the edge of husbandry:
This above all, to shine owne selfe be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farewell my blessing season this in thee.

Lae. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you, go, your servants tend.
Lae. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

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

Lae. Farewell.

Pol. What is it Ophelia he hath said to you?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marrie well bethought
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen private time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous,
If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution I must tell you,
You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honour,
What is betwenee you giue me vp the truth.

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

_Pol_. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Unfifted in such perillous circumstance,
Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

_Opbe_. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

_Pol_. Mattrie I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not stering: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to cracke the wind of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

_Opbe_. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

_Pol_. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

_Opbe_. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

_Pol_. I, springes to catch Wood-cocks, I do know
When the bloud burnes, how prodigall the soul
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Givin more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some thing scantier of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few _Ophelia_,
Doe not beleeue his vowes, for they are Brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shew
But meere implorators of unholy suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Haue you so flander any moments leisur
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What hour now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is two
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. Aflourish of Trump.
What doth this meane, my Lord? pets, and two Peces goes off.

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowle,
Keeps wassell and the swagerring vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his draifes of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marrie it,
But to my mind, though I am native here.
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduced and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at heigh:
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin).
By their ore-growth of some compleexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plaustie manners, that these men.
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect.

Being
Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liucry, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eafe
Dorh all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

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 aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thon com't in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royall Dane, O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'red
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarse, againe in compleat Steele
Reuisttes thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So torridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some imprisonment did desire
To you alone.

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

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doest not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the seare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes see.
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

_Hora._ What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull sommet of the cleefe
That bettels o're his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of reason,
And draw you into madneffe, thinke of it,
The verie place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into every braine
That lookes so many fadomes to the Sea
And heares it roar beneathe.

_Ham._ It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

_Mar._ You shall not goe my Lord.

_Ham._ Hold off your hands.

_Hora._ Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

_Ham._ My fate cries out
And makes each pettie attire in this bodie
As hardie as the Nemean Lions nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. _Exit Ghost and Hamlet._

_Hora._ He waxes desperate with imagination.

_Mar._ Letts follow, 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.

_Mar._ Nay lets follow him. _Exit,_

_Enter Ghost and Hamlet._

_Ham._ Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile go no further.

_Ghost._ Mark me.

_Ham._ I will.

_Ghost._ My house is almost come.
When I to sulphrous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

_Ham._ Alas poore Ghost.
Prince of Denmark.

**Ghost.** Pittie mee not but lend my serius hearing to what I shall unfold.

**Ham.** Speake I am bound to heare.

**Ghost.** So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

**Ham.** What?

**Ghost.** I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine tarme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the soule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purs'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale vnfold whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young bloud,
Make thy two eies like Starres start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils upon the fearesfull Porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To cares of flesh and bloud, lift, lift, O lift,
If thou didn't cuer thy deare father loue.

**Ham.** O God.

**Ghost.** Reuenge his soule, and more vnnatural murther.

**Ham.** Murther.

**Ghost.** Murther most soule, as in the best it is,
But this most soule, strange and vnnatural.

**Ham.** Hast 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 weed; That roots it selfe in ease on Leibe wharese,
Would'st thou not stirre in this; now Hamles heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

**Ham.** O my Prophetike soule my Vnkle.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. I that inceftuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts 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’n with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it never will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linekt.
Will sort it selfe in a celefiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But lost, me thinkes I fent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre, thy Uncle stole
With juice of cursed Hebony in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with bloud of man,
That swift as Quick-siluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a suddaine vigour it doth possess
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholesome bloud; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barkt about.
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruft
All my smooth bodie.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispaftcht,
Cut off eu’n in the blossomes of my finne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the Royall bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxurie and damned Incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heauen,
And to those thorns that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to benere
And gins to pale his vnseffectual fire,
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you holp of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell, O fie! hold my heart,
And you my finewes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memorie holds a feat
In this distracted Globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All saw of Bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and observation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall live,
Within the Booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine;
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Uncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I hauesworne'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.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Hora. O wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reucaule it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Deuance
But he's an arrant Knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grauce
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse aud desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wild and whirling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorrie they offend you heartily;
Yes faith heartily.
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 honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betwene us,
Ore-master't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
Prince of Denmark.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord alreadie.
Ham. Indeed vpon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'lt thou so, art thou thers true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene,
Sweare by my Sword.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Hie, & vbrz, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my Sword,
Sweare by my Sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his Sword.
Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remoue good friends.

Hor. 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 \textit{Horatius},
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy : but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, wel, well we know, 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 know ought of me, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe't express his love and friendship to you.
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joyns, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come, let's goe together.  

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes Reynaldo,
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall do maruellous wisely good Reynaldo.
Before you visit him, to make inquiere,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question.
That they do know my sonne, come you more neerer.
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 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 behe I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marrie none so ranke.
As may dishonour him, take heed 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 farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.
Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another stand all on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed bloud,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marrie sir, here's my drift,
And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soilde 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 consequence,
Good sir (or so) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and Countrie.

Rey. Verie 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 leave?
Rey. At closes in the consequence.
Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marrie;
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesteray, 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 rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videleiser, a Brothell or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windlessses: and with assayes of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lectur and aduise

Shall
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwel, How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue bin so affrighted
Pol. With what i'th name of God?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was flowing in my Cloffet,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraed,
No hat vpon his head his stockins fouled,
Vngarred, and downe gyred to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hel.
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Ophe. My Lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Pol. What said he?
Ophe. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falt to such perusal of my face
As a would draw it; long staid he so,
At laft, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus wauing up and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doores he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of loue,
Whose violent propertie forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
As oft as any passions under heauen
That does afflict our natures: I am sorrie,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his Letters: and denied
His access to me.

That hath made him mad,
I am sorrie, that with better heed and judgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but bethrow my Jealousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our felues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close,might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter loue,
Come. 

Exeunt.

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and GuyldenSterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus and GuyldenSterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to use you did prouoke
Our hasting 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 should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the understanding of him selfe
I cannot dreame of: I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so neighboured to his youth and haourke,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies.
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
The Tragedie of Hamlet

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs unknowne afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

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

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to intreatie.

Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks Rosencranz, and gentle Gyledenstere,
Quee. Thanks Gyledenstere, and gentle Rosencranz.
And beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed sonne: goesome of you
And bring these Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'emboaffadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still haft bin the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure 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 else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacie.

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

Polo. Give first admittance to the Embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: 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 hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

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

Volte. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation against the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Hignesse, whereat grien'd
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fostenbraife, which he in briefe obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle never more
To giue th'assy of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crownes in anual fee,
And his commission to imploy those Souldiers,
So levied (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet past
Through your Dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of saffetie and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. I likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:
Meane time, we thank you for your wel took labour,
Go to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This businesse is well ended,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What maieftie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waffe night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limes and outward florishes:
I will be breife your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madneffe,
What if but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leffe art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant 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 defectiue comes by cause:
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 giuen me this, now gather and surmise,
To the Celestiall and my soules I doll the most beautified.
Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall hear; thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the stars are free,
Doubt that the Sunne doth move,
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 reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best beleeue it! adiew. Thine euermore most deare Ladie, whilest this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me (Hamlet.
And more about hath his solicitings
Prince of Denmarke.

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

King. But how hath she receiv'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiued it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiestie your Queene here thinke,
If I had plaied the Deske, or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistresse this I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she shoule locke her selue from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruits of my aduise,
And he repel'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

King. How may we trie it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobbie.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Quee. So he does indeed.
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 reason false thereon Let me be no assistant for a State But keepe a Farme and Carters,

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading. Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. Exit King and Queene. He boord him presently, oh give me leue,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I fyr to be honest as this world goes, Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered 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. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a
plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which though I most powerfully and potently beleue, yet I hold it not honestie to haue it thus let down, for your selfe shal grow old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnessse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a hapiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

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

Enter Guildersterne, and Rosencrasc.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guyl. My honer'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how doft thou Guildersterne?

A Rosencrasc, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent childdren 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 wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her privates we.

Ha. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet

What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true;

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonoure?

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. VVhat should we say my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Any thing but to th' purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue: and by what more deare a better proposer can change you withal, be even and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eie of you, if you loue me hold not off. Gayle. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall, my anticipation prevent your discouerie & your secrecie to the King and Queen moule no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a soule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moveing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the parragon of Animales, & yet to me, what is this quinteflence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

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

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

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the plaiers shall receive from you, wee coted them on the way, and whether are the coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plaies the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall haue tribut on mee, the aduenturous Knight shall use his foyle and target, the louer shall not sing gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace and the Ladie shall say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shall haue fault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chances it the trouaille? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both waies.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, & those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, giue twentie,fortie, fiftie, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then natural, if Philosophy could find it out. A flourish.

Guyl. There are plaiers.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elfonoure, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you must shewe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncele-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceased.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North-west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke, from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you Guyldenferne, and you to, are each eare a hearer, that great babie as you see is not yet out of his swadling cloues.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they lay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecie that he comes to tell me of the Plaiers; marke it, you say right for a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I have newes to tell you: when Rossum was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Upon my honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indecidable.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Indecidable, or Poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavie; nor Plautus too light for the law of write, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O Jeptha Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?
Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.
Pol. Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not i'th right old Jeptha?
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shew you more, for looke where my abridgement 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 Yalanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beared mee in Denmark? what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladi-ship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a pece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fauknners, the at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?
Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never ac- ted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was caviary to the general, but it was as I recei- ved it and 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 saied there were no fallets in the line, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cal'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech int I chiefly loued, t'was Æneas talke to Dido, and there about of it especially when he speakes of Priam's slaughter, if it hue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pyrmus like Thricanian Beast,
Beast, is not it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he
whose fable arms,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeared,
With Heraldry more dismal head to foot,
Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embossed with the parching streets
Than lend a tirrancus and a damned light
To their Lords mutther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
VWith eyes like Carbutckles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old granfire Priam seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion.
Striking too short at Grekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matche,
Pyrrbus at Priam dries, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to seele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus care, for lo' his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent Priam, seem'd i' th' ayre to stick,
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some forme,
A silence in the heavens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Marses Armor forg'd for profe eterne,
VWith leffe remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Polo. This is too long.

Ham. It shal to the barbers with your beard, prethee say on, he's for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to Hecuba.
Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatning the flames.

With Bifon rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blankett in the alarme of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in venom sleept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounced;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw Pirhu make malicious sport
In mining with his sword her husbands limes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unleffe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen.

And passion in the gods.

Polo. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

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

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honour and dignitie, the leffe they. desert the more merrit is in your bounty.

Polo. Take them in.

Polo. Come firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, wele be here a play to morrow; dost thou here
Prince of Denmarke.

heare me old friend, can you play the muther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study
a speach of some dozen lines, or sixene lines, which I would set
downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ie leaue you till night, you are welcome
to Elsonoure. Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord. Exit.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant flae am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function sutting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.

VWhat's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should wepe 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 cleaue the generall ear wth horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettle taskall peake,
Like John-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
VWho calls me villain, breaks my pate a crosse,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, gines me the ly' th throat
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 lacke gall.
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fattet all the region kytes
With this slaves offall, bloody, baudy villaines,
Remorsefull, treacherous, lecherous, kindleffe villain,
Why what an Affe am I? this is most braue,
That I the sone of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my revengge by leauen and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,
And fal a cursing like a very drabbe; stallion, fie vpon myd.,
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guilke creatures sitting at a play,
Hauë by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaimed their makings actions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players
Play somthing like the murther of my father,
Before mine Vnkle, Ile obsecue his looke,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps;
Out of my weakenesse and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing.
VWherein Ile catch the confidence of the King.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guyl, densterue, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
He dooes confesse he feeleth himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.
Guyl. Nor do we find him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty madnessse keeps aloose
When we would bring him on to some confession.
Of his true state.

Quee. 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.

Quee. Did you play him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, 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 alreadie order

This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true.

And he beseech me to intreat your Maiefties

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,

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 Gertrude, leave vs two,

For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,

VVe'le to bestow our selves, that seeing vnfeene

VVe may of their encounter frankly judge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

If be th'affliction of his love or no.

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for my part Ophelia I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlets wildnesse, so shall I hope your virtues,

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious so please you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

We will bestow our selves; read on this Booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lowliness; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proud, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore.
The Deuill himselfse.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautified with painting art,
Is not more vgy to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed 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 mind to suffer
The slings 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 say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish't 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 have shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of office and the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th' vnworthy takes,
When himselfe might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin; who would bardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd Countrie, from whose borne
Prince of Denmarke.

No traveller returns, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ils we have,
Then fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native view of resolution
Is sickle ore with the pale cast of thought.
And Enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
VVith this regard their currents turne away,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy Orizons
Be all my fins remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord I have remembrances of yours.
That I haue longed long to re-deliever,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made these things more rich: their perfume loft,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prove vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What means your Lordship?

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

Ophe. Could beautie my Lord have better commerce
Then with honesty?

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

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not have beleue'd me, for vertue cannot so
evacuate our old stock, but we shall relish of it; I loued you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination to give the shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crouling between Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, believe none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, Wheres your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut upon him, That he may play the fool no where but in his owne house, Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selues another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonness ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say we will haue no more marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe.

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!

The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholers, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire face,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most defective and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musick voyes;
Now see what noble and most souereigne reason
Like sweet bels tangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmarckt forme, and flaturc of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O wo is me
I haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter King and Polonius

King. Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness: there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the discolse
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects shall expell
This something seeld matter in his heart;
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What think you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:
But yet do I believe the origin & commencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now Ophelia?
You need not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And I shall be plac'd (to please you) in the care
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

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

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech 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 lye the Town-crier spoke my lines, nor doe
not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vsal gently,
for in the very torrent tempest, & as I may say, whirlwind of your
passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it
smoothnesse. O it offends me to to the soule, to heare a robusti-
ous Perwig-pated fellow were a passion to totters, to verie rags,
to spleet the ears of the ground-lings, who for the most part are
capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I
would have such a fellow whipt for one-doing Termagant, if our
Herods, Herod, pray you avoid it.

**Play.** I warrant your honour.

**Ham.** Be no too tame neither, but let your own discretion be
your tutor, sure the action to the word, the word to the action,
with this special observance, that you on step not the modestie
of Nature: For any thing so one-done, is from the purpose of
playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as
twere the Mirror up to Nature, to shew vsetue her feature; scorn
her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme
and pressure: Now this over-done, or come tardie off though it
makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieue,
the censure of which one must in your allowance or-weigh a
whole Theater of others. Other be Players that I have seen play,
and heard others praif'd, and that highly, not to speake it profane-
ly, that neither hauing th' accent of Christians, nor the gate of
Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted & bellowed, that I have
thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not
made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

**Play.** I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with vs.

**Ham.** O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your
Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be
of them that will themselves 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 vil-
lanous, and sheues a most pittifull ambition in the Poole that ves
it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King
heare this piece of worke?

**Enter Polonius, Gunldensterne, and Rosencraw.**

**Pol.** And the Queene to, and that presently,

**Ham.** Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

**Ref.** I my Lord. **Exeunt those two.**

**Ham.** What how, Horatio. **Enter Horatio.**

**Hora.** Here sweet Lord, at your service.

**Ham.** Horatio, thou art een as iust a man
As e're my conversation copt withall.

Hora.
Horo. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter.

For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenue haft but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No let the candied tongue lick obfurd pompe;
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning, doft thou heare,
Since my deare foule was Miftis of her choice,
And could of men distingiih her election
Shall feald thee for her felfe, for thou haft bin
As one in sufferings all that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose bloud and judgement are fo well commbled
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop the please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do 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 prethce when thou feest that A a foot,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Vnclle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkerneill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Vulcans flity; give him heedfull note
For I mine cies will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In cenfure of his seeming.

Horo. Well my Lord,
If a fcale ought the whilst this Play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummers, King, Queene,

Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the Play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent & faith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promif-cram’d, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i’th the University you say,

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

Ham. What did you enaft?

Pol. I did enaft Julius Cesar, I was kild i’th Capitall.

Brutes kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.

Be the Players readie?

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

Ger. Come hither my deare Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother here’s mettle more attractive.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That’s a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cherefully my mother lookes, and my father died within’s two hours.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile have a Suite of Sables; O heavens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet,then there’s hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeare, but ber Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.
the Trumpets sound. 
Dumbe show follows.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embrasing him, and he by, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he lies him downe upon a banke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaves him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeperes ears, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poisoner with some three or foure comes againe, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems hardly awhile, but in the end accepts none.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?
Ham. Marry it is munching Malice, it means mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the Play.

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

The Players cannot keepe theye tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the poise of a Ring?

Oph. Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Cart gone round:
Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelve thirties bee
Since Loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite comutually in most sacred bands.

Queene. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former late,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing mut.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For women feare too much, even as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue grows there

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou shalt liue 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 brest,
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 do beleue you think what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaine to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propoase,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most cruels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortuns change,
For tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue;
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanced makes friends of enemies,
And hether too doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly reasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both here and hence pursue me lafting strife,  Ham. If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leave me heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep

Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twain.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poiion in ieft, no offence i'th

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mousc rap, mary how tropically, this Play is the
Image of a murther done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name,
his wife Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish piece of work,
buts what of that? your Maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it:
touches vs not, let the gaulede jade winch, our withers are wrung,
This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

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

Ham. I could interpret betweenes you and your loue
The Tragedy of Hamlet

If I could see the puppies dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Considerate reason, els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life vflurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him in the Garden for his estate, his names Gonzago, the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the Play.

King. give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. Execute, all but Ham and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stroken Decere goe wepe,
The Hart vngaule play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this fir & a foarest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Playere?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh Damon deere,
The Realm dimantled was.
Of love himselfe, and now eaignes here
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceau?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Upon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comodie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus, Guyldenstern.
Gu. Good my Lord, you safe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.
Gu. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him?
Gu. Is in his retirement meruailous disterpred.
Ham. With drinke sir?
Gu. No my Lord, with choller.
Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.
Gu. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.
Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.
Gu. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Gu. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my retourne, shall be the end of business.
Ham. Sir I cannot.
Ros. What my Lord.
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseased, but sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.
Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauionr hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.
Ros. She desires to speak 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?
Ros. My Lord you once did love me.
Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you have the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but wile the grasse grows, the proverb is somthing musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a royle?

Gu. O my Lord if my duty be too bold, my love is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: gouern these ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, look you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mysterie, you would found me from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bless ye sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speake with you, and presently.

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

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

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then
Then I will come to my mother by and by,

They fool me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,

Leave me friends,

I will say so. By and by is easily said,

Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawne, and hell itself breaks out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such businesse as the bitter day

Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,

O heart loose not thy nature! let not euer,

The soule of Nero enter this firme bosome!

Let me be cruel, not vnnaturall,

I will speak dagger to her, but w'e none,

My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,

How in my words someuer she be shent,

To give them scales neuer my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosencrus, and Guyldenfberne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madding rage, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourly grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,

Most holy and religious feare it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Rof. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
The lines of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fix. on the somner of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boistrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedie voyage,
For we will setters put about this feare
Which now goes to free-footed.

Ros. We will haft vs. Exeunt. Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers closter,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
Tis meet that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I know. Exit.

King. Thanks deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldext curse vppont;
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound.
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as snow? where to serues mercie.
But to confront the vilage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forstalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of praiere
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murthers.
That cannot be since I am still possfet
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May
Prinfe of Denmarke.

May one be pardoned and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
And oft tis scene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults!
To giue in evidence: what then, what rests?
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 strugling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborne knees and heart with stringes of fleete
Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I revenged, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, do this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly.——not revenged,
A tooke my father grossly, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flushe as May,
And how his Audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauie with him: and am I then revenged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell where to it goes; my mother stayes,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes,

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts never to heauen go.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and flood betweene
Much heat and him, Ie silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, 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 answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go go, 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 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 let those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe,you shall not budge,
You gonot till I let you up a Glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?

Helpe hoe.

Polo. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloudie deed is this.

Ham. A bloudie deed, almost as bad good mother

As kill a King, and marrie 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'st to be too busie is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace for you downes.

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue nor brash it so,

That it be prooue and bulwark e against sense.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modestie;

Cals vertue, Hypocrite, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a bluster there, makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule: and sweet Religion makes

A rapfodie of words; heauens face does glow

Or this solidiry and compound maffe

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That rores so lowd and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seate on his brow,

Hipermachus curlers the front of loue himselfe,

A eie like Mars, to threaten and command,

A station like the Herald Mercurie,

New lighted on a heauce, a kissing hill,

A combination and forme indeed,

Where every God did seeme to set his seale

To giue the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, look you now what followes;
Here is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eies ?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed
And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eies ?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the bloud is came, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this? fence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoxt, for madness would not erre
Nor fence to extasie was neere to thral'd
But it referu'd some quantitie of choice
To server in such a difference. What Deuill want
That thus hath confond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smellung fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones;
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsion ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turn'ft my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and grieued spots
As will lease there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, bonying and making loue
Ouer the nastie flie.

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

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A flauce that is not twentieth part the kyth.
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houre o me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command, O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose;
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits, blue.
O Rep betwenee her, and her fighing soule in a sleep
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest worke,
beauituous and fair
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Ladie?

Ger. Alas! how i'ft with you?
That you doe bend your eie on vacancie?
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleepeing Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause coniownd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, do not looke vpon me,
Left with this pittious action you convert
My steene effects, then what I haue to doe
W'll want true colour, teares perchance for bloud.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No,nothing but our selues.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steals away,  
My father in his habit as he liu’d,  
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. Exit Ghost.  
Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,  
This bodileffe creation, extase is very cunning in.  

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe times,  
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse  
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,  
And the matter will reword,which madnesse  
Would gambole from, Mother for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  
That not your treuaffe but my madnesse speaks,  
It will but skin and filme the vilerous place,  
While ranke corruption mining all within,  
Infects vnseene : confesse your selfe to heauen,  
Repent what’s past, avoide what is to come,  
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds (they were之道)  
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,  
For in the satnesse of these pursie times  
Vertue it selfe of vice muft pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.  

Ger. O. Hamlet: thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.  
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  
Good night, but goe not to my Vnicles bed,  
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,  
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate.  
Ofhabits Deuill, is Angell yet in this  
That to the vse of actions faire and good,  
He likewise giues a Frock or Liuerie  
That aptly is put on to restraine night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse  
To the next abstinance, the next more easie:  
For vse almost can change the Rampe of nature,  
And master the Deuill, or throw him out  
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas’d it so.

To
Prince of Denmarke.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I willbeflow him and will answer well
The death I gave him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Ladie.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blow King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouce,
And let him for a paire of recehie kisces,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I effentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a Bar, a Gib,
Such decre confervings hide, who would doe so,
No, in despight of fence and secrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds flic, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket crepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou asur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters feald, & my two school-fellowes,
Whom I will trufl as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they must sweepemy 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 blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave.
Who was in life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Guyldesterne.

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

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

King. What Gertard, how dooces Hamlet?

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

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we bin there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to every one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt:
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a soule disease
To keep it from divulging, let it seed
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

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

King. Gertrud, come away,
The Sun no sooner shall the mountaine's touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majestie and skil
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guyldesterne,
Friends both, go ioyne you with some further ayd,
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seeke him out speake faire and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrard, we'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what vn timely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blank,
Transports his poysioned shote, may misse our name,
And hit the woundleffe ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely rowd, but softly, what noife, who calls on Hamlet?
O here they come.

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

Ham. Compound't it with dust whereto it is kin.

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

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsaille and not mine owne, be-
sides to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be
made by the soune of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best service in the end,
he keepethem like an apple in the corner of his iaue, first mouth'd
to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is
but squeasing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with
vs to the King.
Enter King, and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek 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,
Hec's loud of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where it is, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This suddaine sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appyance are relieve'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

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

King. But where is he?
Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where?

Ham. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certain conversation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs. and we fat our belues for maggots, your fat King & your leane Beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasfe, alasfe.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King,

eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme,

King. What doft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a pro-gresse
Prince of Denmarke.

gresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, fend thether to see, if your messenger find him
not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you
find him not within this moneth, you shall noe him as you go vp
the flaires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed for thine especiall safety
Which we doe tender, as we deere ly grieue
For that which thou haft done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe;
The Barke is readie, and the wind at helpe,
Th'aflotiation tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ft our purposes?

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

Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy houing father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed abourd,
Delay it not, I'll haue him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make haft,
And England if my loue thou holdeft at ought,
As my great power there of may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Paces homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, do it England;
For like the He&tick in my blood he rages,
Enter Fortinbras with his Armie over the Stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King; Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march Over his Kingdom, you know the rendezvous, If that his Maiesty would ought with vs, We shall expresse our duty in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How propos'd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition, We goo to gaine a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name To pay fixe duckets, sixe I would not farme it?

Now will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A ranckere rate, should it be fould in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garnioud.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets Will not debate the question of this draw, This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks and shewes no cause without, Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't pleafe you goe my Lord?

Ham. I'le be with you straight, go a little before. How all occasions do informe against me,
Prince of Denmark.

And spur my dull revenge. 'What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To suit in us vs vs'd, now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some crazen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wildome,
And ever three parts coward; I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will and strength, and means
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witnesses this Army of such massse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition pust,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal, and vnseure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That have a father kild, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantastie and trick of fame
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not toombe enough and continent
To hide the shaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speak with her.
Gen. She is importunate.

Indeed disturb, her mood will needs be pittied.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she heares. There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart; Spurnes enviously at Arawes, speaks things in doubt. That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped vse of it doth move. The hearers to collection, they yawne at it, And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them, Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew. Dangerous coni&ctures in ill-breeding mindes, Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queen. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is, Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse, So full of artifice, jealousie is guilt, 'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.' Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiestie of Denmark?

Queen. How now Ophelia. she sings.

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

Queen. Alasle sweet Ladie, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke, He is dead and gone Ladie, he is dead and gone, Song. At his head a graffe greene turph, at his heeles a stone. O ho.

Queen. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow. Enter King.

Queen. Alasle looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweete flowers, Which beweep to the ground did not go. Song. With true loue showers.

King. How do you pretty Ladie?

Oph. VVeil good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be; God be at your table.
Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

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

To morrow is S. Valentine day, Song.

All in the morning betime,
And I amayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and duct the chamber doore.
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed without an oath I le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sun
And thou hadft not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsel.
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poison of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O Gertrard, Gertrard,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iuft remove, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia
Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherin necessitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In care and care: O my deare Gertrud, this
Like to a Murdring-piece in many places.
Gives me superfluous death. A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiffers, let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save yourself my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lifted
Eates not the flats with more impetuous 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 begin,
Antiquitie forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
The cry choose we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. A noise within.
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? let's stand you all without,
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you keepe the doore, O thou vile King,
Give me my father.

Quee. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclames me Bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the shaft vnsmrched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?
Prince of Denmarke.

Let him goe Gertrurd, do not fear our person.
That treason cannot pheepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenct, let him go Gertrurd,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill,
Laert. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance,voues to the blackest deuil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit.
I dare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I guie to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be eueng'd.
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deare father, itt writ in your reuenge;
That loope-flake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and loosuer.

Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile open my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my bloud.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in grieffe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement pear
As day does to your eie.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come iu.
How now what noise is that?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seuen times faile
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O Heauenens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did't perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Masters Daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance sittted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rew for you, and heere's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father died, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turns to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, go 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 mercie on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yours.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. Laerites, I must commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but a part,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find vs toucht, we will our Kingdom give,
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 vs,
And we shall ioynly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Lae. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No Trophæ, Sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
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.  

Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they have Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.

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

Say. God bleffe you sir.
Hor. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it
came from the Embassador that was bound for England, if your
name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook't this, giue these
fellowes some meanes to the King, they have Letters for him: Ere
we were two daies old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appoint-
ment gaue vs chase, finding ourselves too slow of faile, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the in-
stant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prifoner,
they have dealt with me like theues of mercy, but they knew
what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King have the
Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed
as thou wouldst flie death. I haue words to speake in thine ear.

will
The Tragedie of Hamlet

will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bost of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencram and Guildersterne hold their course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for these your Letters. And doo't the speedier that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. Extens.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale, And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care, That he which hath your noble father slaine Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares : but tell me Why you proceed not against these seates So criminall and so capitall in nature, As by your safetie, greatnesse, widsome, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd vp,

King. O for two speciall reasons Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd, But yet to me that's strong, the Queene his mother Liues almoet by his lookes, and for my selfe, My vertue or my plague, be it either which, She is so concluie to my life and soule, That as the Starre mooues not but in his Sphere I could not but by her: the other motiue, Why to a publike count I might not goe, Is the great love the generall gender beare him, Who dipping all his faults in their affection, Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone, Convert his Giuses to graces, so that my arrowes Too slantly timbered for so loued armes, Wou'd have returned to my bow againe, But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost, A fitter driven into desperate termes, W hose worth, if praifes may goe backe againe

Stood
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my revenge 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 passeme, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Messen. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leau e vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your King-
dome, to morrow shall I beg leaue to see your Kingly eyes, when
I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of
my sudden returne.

King. What should 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 character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart
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 ru'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 liking not his Voyage, and that he means,
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an expolite, now ripe in my deuise,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accident.

_Laer._ My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

_King._ It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel much,
And that in _Hamlets_ hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siege.

_Laer._ What part is that my Lord?

_King._ A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needful too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and careless liuerie that it weares
Then lifted age, his fables, and his weeds
Importing health and grauenesse; two moneths since
Here was a Gentleman of _Normandie_,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the _French_,
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew into his scate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he bin incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he kept me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

_Laer._ A _Norman_ waft?

_King._ A _Norman._

_Laer._ Vpon my life _Lamord_.

_King._ The very same.

_Laer._ I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.

And _Gemme_ of all the _Nation_.

_King._ He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especial,
That he cri'd out t'would be a fight indeed.
Prince of Denmark.

If one could match you, the Scimlers of their nation
Heswore had neither motion, guard, nor cie,
If you oppos'd them; for this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuome with his enuie.
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming oore to play with you.

Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I think you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There lives within the very flame of loue
A kind of wecke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still,
For goodnesse growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke of th'vicleer,
Hamlet comes back what would you undertake
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed should murthel sanctuarize,
Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you do this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same.
The Frenchmangae you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contributing,

L 2

Will
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbatet, and in a pace of practise,
Require him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't,
And for the purpose, Ile annoint my Sword,
I bought an Vnnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it drawes bloud, no Cataplaime so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can safe the thing from death
That is but scratcht with all, Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him slightsly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Weigh what conueniance both of time and meanes
May hit vs to our shape if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this project,
Should have a backe or second that might hold.
If this did blast in profe; soft let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hot and drie,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challicce for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noise?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele;
So fast they follow; your sisters drownd Laerets.

Laer. Drown'd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brook,
That showes his hoarie leaues in the glassie streame,
There with fantastick garlands did she make
Of Crow-flowres, Nettles, Dafies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepherds give a groffer name,
But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers cal them.
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds.
Clambring to hang, an envious fluer broke
When downe her weedy trophes and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chanted stantches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments beaufy with their drink,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Lact. Alas! then is she drown’d.
Quee. Drown’d, drown’d.
Lar. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia;
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I have a speech a fire that saine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it
Exit.
King. Let’s follow Gertrard,
How much I had to do to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start again.
Therefore let’s follow.
Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully
seeks her owne salvation?
Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the
Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.
Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown’d her selfe in her owne
defence.
Oth. Why tis found so.
Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here lies the
point, if I drown my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act
hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to performe, or all; she
drown’d her selfe wittingly.
Oth. Nay, but here you good man deluer.
Clow. Give me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nil he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, a gall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry it, Crowsners queft law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou faist, and the more pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang them selves, more then their euens Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardneris, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the firft that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answereft me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-lies a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? If dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, a gall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't again, come.

Oth. WWho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Maffle, I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asle will not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday.

Goe get thee in and fetch me a cope of liquor.

In youth when I did love did love,

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? a sogs in grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ham. Tis even so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier

Clown. But age with his stealing steps

Song. (sence.

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 t'were Cains jaw-bone, that
did the first murder: this might be the pate of a polititian, which:
this Affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God,
might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my
Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such
a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horle, when a meant to
beg it: might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt
about the mazer with a Sextens spade; here's fine reuolution and
we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breedi-
ding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clown. A pickax and a ipade a spade, 

for and a shrowding shee,

O a pit of Clay for to be made 

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Lawyer?
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock
him about the sconce with a dirty shouell, and will not tell him of
his actions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great
buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine
durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and
doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures?
The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box,
and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hor. Not a lot more my Lord,
The Tragedye of Hamlet

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. I say Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calue which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose grave's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it thine indeed for thou lyeest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyeest.

Clow. Tis a quick lyee sir, t'will away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man dost thou dig 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 speak by the card, or equiuocatió wil vndoo vs. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe.

How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too: that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbrasse.

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 sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. T'will not bee seene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in Denmark: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.
Prince of Denmark.

Ham. How long will a man ly i'th earth ere he rot?
Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we have many pocky corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.
Ham. Why he more then another?
Clow. Why sir, his hide is so taud with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a for decayer of your whorsom dead body, here's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth for twenty three yeares.
Ham. Whose was it?
Clow. A whorsom mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?
Ham. Nay I know not.
Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir Torick's skull, the Kings Iefter.
Ham. This?
Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Torick. I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kisst I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that. Prethooe Horatio tell me one thing.
Hora. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Doft thou think Alexander lookt a this fashion i'th earth?
Hora. Een so.
Ham. And smelt so: pah,
Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of Alexander, till a fudd it stoppong a bunghole?
Hora. Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
Ham. No faith, nor a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they
They not stop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious Cæsar dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stop a hole to keep 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 a while, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desparte hand
Foredoo it owne life, 'twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes a very noble youth, make.
Laer. What Ceremony else?
Doct. Her obsequies have been as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order;
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pcebles should be throwne on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Graces,
Her mayden strewns, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We should prophan the service of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Opheliz.
Quee. Sweetes to the sweet farewell,
I hop't thou should'd haue bin my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet mayd,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe.
Prince of Denmark.

Fall ten times double on that cursed head;
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms;
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
To retop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is the whose griefe
Bears such an Emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering Stars, and makes them stand.
Like wonder wounded hearers tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,
Ha. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdome feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Pluck them asunder,
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theame
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make vp my sum. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Quee. For loue of God forbears him?

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doo:
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy
Woo't drinke vp Esill, eat a Crocadile (selse,
I'le doo't : doo't come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone.

M 2 Make
Make Ophelia like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queer. This is mere madness,
And this a while the fit will work on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will hit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himselfe do what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day

King. I pray thee good Horatio wait vpon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wecle put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your sonne,
This gracie shall haue a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we fee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And praifd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deep plots do fal, and that should learne vs:
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. 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 withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, so bold
Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to unfold
Their grand commission, where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englandes to,
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be stroke off.

Hora. Itt possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beleech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play, I sat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans service, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributarie,
As loue between them like the Palme might florish,
As peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare
And stand a Comma twenee their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contens,
Without debatement further more or lesse
He shouild those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shruiuing time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seald?

Ham. Why euen in that was Heauen ordinante,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modell of that Danisheale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already,

_Hora._ So Guyldensteere and Rosencraus go too't.

_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the base nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mightie Opposites.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!

_Ham._ Does it not think thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popp't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coinage, i't not perfect conscience?

_Cour._ Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

_Ham._ I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'ft know this Water-fle?

_Hora._ No my good Lord.

_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him, He hath much land and fertill:let a beast be Lord of beasts,
and his Club shall stand at the Kings mefte, tis a chough, but as I
say, spacious in the possession of durt.

_Cour._ Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

_Ham._ I will receiue it sir with all diligence of spirit, your bon-
net to his right vfe, tis for the head.

_Cour._ I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

_Ham._ No beleue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

_Cour._ It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

_Ham._ But yet me thinks it is very fouletry and hot, or my com-
plexion.

_Cour._ Exceedingly my Lord, it is very fouletry 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 beseech you remember.

_Cour._ Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is
newly come to Court Laertes, beleue mee an absolute Gentle-
man,
man, full of most excellent differences, of very soft societie; and great showing: indeed to speake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalender of Gentrie: 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 diuide him inuetorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the verity of excelment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship spakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our mor rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. It not possible to underftand in another tongue, you will doo'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 approue me, well sir.

Cour. You are 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 well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbarie horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poinards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very responsive 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

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more German to the matter if we could carry a Canon by our sides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, six Barbary horses against six French Swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danes, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his MAiefty, 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 win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Horo. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so Sir with his dugge before a suckt it, hus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of mistie collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his MAieftie commended him to you by yong Ostricke, who brings back 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 purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitneffe speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.
**Prince of Denmarke.**

*Lord.* The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queene desireth you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me.

*Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so, since he went into France, I have bin in continuall practive, I shall winne at the oddes; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

*Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolerie, but it is such a kind of game-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hora.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I shall forestall their repaire hither and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit we deifie Augurie, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it bee, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaueth, knowes what is to leaueth betimes, let be.

*A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the estate, Poiles, Daggers, and Laertes.*

*King.* Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong, but pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, and you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd, with a sore distraction: what I have done that might your nature, honour, and exception roughly awake I here proclame was madness, wait Hamlet wronged Laertes? never Hamlet, if Hamlet from himselfe be taken away, and when he's not himselfe, doe's wrong Laertes, then Hamlet doe's it not, Hamlet denies it, who does it then? his madness. Is't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged, his madness is poore Hamlets enemie, let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill, free me so farre in your most generous thoughts that I haue shot my Arrow o'er the house.
And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature, 
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most 
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honor 
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement, 
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour 
I have a voice and president of peace 
To my name vnger'd: but all that time 
I doe receive your offered loue, like loue, 
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I imbrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Give 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 mock me sir.

_Ham._ No by this hand.

_King._ Give them the foiles yong O'srick, colin Ham.
You know the wager.

_Ham._ Very well my Lord.
Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

_King._ I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both, 
But since he is better, we haue therefore oddes.

_Laer._ This is to heauy: let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well, these foiles have all a length,

_O'sr._ I my good Lord.

_King._ Set me the spoons of wine vpon the table,
If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Onix shall he throw,
Richer then that which fourre sucessive Kings 
In Denmarke's Crown haue wore: giue me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Canons to the Heauens, the Heauens to Earth,
Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come begin. Trumpets the while.

And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, giue me drink, Hamlet this Pearle is thine.

Heere's to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confess.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowles 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 poysned 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 best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Look to the Queene there hoe.

Hera. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How is it Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock to mine owne springe. Ostrick.
I am justly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Que. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare Ham,

The drink, the drink, I am poysned.

Ham. O villaine! hoe let the dore be lock't,

Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here Hamlet thou art slaine,

No medecine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an hours life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Unbated and enuenom'd, the soule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye

Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysned,

I am no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ha. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy work

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,

Drink of this potion, is the Onixe here?

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is justly serued, it is a poison temperd by him.

Exchange forgienesse with me noble Hamlet, (selfe

Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven 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 act,

Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death

Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!

But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeeue it;

I am more an antike Roman then a Dane,

Heer's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven I'le hate,
Prince of Denmark.

O God Horatio! what a wounded name
Things standing thus unknowne, shall I leave behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortinbrasse with conquest come from Poland,
The' Embassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On Fortinbrasse, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurrences more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest. (Prince,
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse,with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this fight?
Hora. VVhat is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaue your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is to ward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strooke?

Embass. The fight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too laté,
The eares are fencelesse that shoulde giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrass and Guildensterne are dead,
Where should we haue our thanks?

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 question

N 3 You
The Tragedie of Hamlet

You from the Pollock warres, and you from England Are here arrived, give order that these bodies High on a stage be placed so the view, And let me speak, to th'yet vnknowing world, How these things came about; so shall you hear Of cruel, bloody and unnaturall acts, Of accidentall judgements, casuall slughters, Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause, And in this vphot, purposes mistooke, Falne on the Inuenters heads: all this can I, Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs hast to heare it, And call the noblest to the audience, For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune, I have some rights of memory in this Kingdome, Which now to cleime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake, And from his mouth, whole voice will draw no more, But let this same be presently perform'd, Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mis- On plots and errors happen. chance

Fort. Let foure Captaines Beare Hamlet like a Souldier to the stage, For he was likely, had he been put on, To haue proued most royall; and for his passage, The Souldiers musick and the right of warre, Speake loudly for him: Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this, Becomes the field, but here showes much amisse, Goe bid the Souldiers shoot.

Exeunt.