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Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1604)

This Digital Book was edited and produced by undergraduate English Education major Kaitlyn Blake in collaboration with the Publications Unit at Illinois State University in Bloomington-Normal, Illinois. 2020.

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Huntington Library Copy

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THE Tragicall Historie of HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At LONDON, Printed by I[ames] R[oberts] for N[icholas] L[ing] and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

Signatures: [A]² (-A1) B-N⁴ O²

The Huntington Digital Library indicates that this copy of *Hamlet* (1604) has the "binding signed by Macdonald" and is "inlaid; trimmed at head."

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

In the process of editing this playbook, catchwords and signatures that were missing, cropped, or difficult to read have been replaced in modern typeface and placed in brackets. The signature O2 was mis-signed G2 in the 1604 quarto; the error was preserved during editing for historical accuracy. The title page has two manuscript annotations, which we have preserved. The first is from 1789 when John P. Kemble collated the quarto. The second note on the title page indicates that this is the "First Edition," which was true for Kemble at the time. In 1823, a 1603 edition of *Hamlet* was discovered, making the 1604 quarto the *second* edition of the play. On L4v, the last line on the page was cropped and descenders were added by hand; these additions were retained.

Acknowledgements are due to Henry E. Huntington Library for the use of their digital images. The images used can be found at <https://cdm16003.contentdm.oclc.org/digital/collection/p15150coll3/id/1557>

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Dedicated to the Blake family for their love and support.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare. *collated
Perfect.
1792*

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



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetstreet. 1604.

No fauy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
 The night are whole some, then no plannets strike,
 And then they lay no spirit dare flure abraode
 This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
 Whereto our Sawours birth is celebrated
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
 To his present object made probation,
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein
 Th'extragant and erring spirit hies
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Upon a fearful fullummons; I haue heard,
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery,
 For it is as the ayre, inuoluerable,
 To offer it the floure of violence,
 We doe it wrong being so Matricall
Mar. Tis gone.
Hor. Tis heere.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Doe it will nor stand.
Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
 Speake of it, say and speake, stop it *Marcellus*;
 For which they lay your spirits oft walke in death
 Exorted creature in the wombe of earth
 Or if thou hast vphooded in thy life
 O speake:
 Which happily for knowing may auoyd
 It thou art priue to thy countries fate
 Speake to me.
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 If thou hast any found or vnde of voyce,
 It spreade
 It spreade
 But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 cloudes 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 eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
 Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
 Pasing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madding, it is common.

Que. If it be

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madding, nay it is, I know not seemes,
 Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
 Nor customary suites of folemb blacke
 Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath
 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
 Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
 Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of grieffe
 That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play
 But I haue that within which passes showe
 These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
 To giue these mourning duties to your father
 But you must knowe your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the surriuer bound
 In filliall obligation for some tearme
 To doe obsequious forrowe, but to perseuer
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieffe,
 It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
 A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
 An vnderstanding simple and vnchoold
 For what we knowe must be, and is as common

[As]

The Tragedie of Hamlet
 Did fortaie (with his life) all these his lands
 Which hee flood gaze'd of, to the conquerour.
 A gainst the which a motie competent
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he bin vnquithier; as by the same comarts,
 And carriage of the arte deilige,
 His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbras*
 Of vnimproued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Sharke vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
 For food and diet to some enterprize
 That hath a Romacke in it, which is no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recover of vs by strong hand
 And rearmes compulATORY, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motie of our preparations
 The louce of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this poore halfe and Romacke in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
 Will may it for that this portentious figure
 Comes armed though our watch to like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.
Hor. A motie tis to trouble the mindes eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graues flood came, and the shered dead
 Did iqueake and gibber in the Roman streetes
 As farrers with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Did scatter in the funne; and the most flatter,
 Upon whose influence *Asperius* Emper hand,
 Was fixe almost to doome day with eclipse,
 And euen the like preceur of feare euen
 As harding preceur fill the faces
 And prodgers to the *Omnes* comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstred
 Vnto our Climates and countrymen.
Enter Ghost.



The Tragedie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Whoe there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.
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 sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
 If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
 The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fra. thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.
How. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.
Exit Chorus.
Mar. This gone and will not answer.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and look pale,
 Is not this something more then phantasie?
How. Before my God I might not this believe,
 Without the feisible and true enough
 Of fine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
How. As thou art to thy selfe.
 Such was the very *Amer* he had on,
 When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
 So found he once, when in an angry party
 He smote the headed pollax on the ice.
 'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hours,
 With martiall hauck hath he gone by our watch.
How. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
 But in the grolle and scope of mine opinion,
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
 Good now fit downe, and tell me he that knows,
 Why this same link and most obsequant watch
 So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
 And with such dayly colt of brason Cannon
 And forraine marte, for impliments of warre,
 Why such impresse of ship-writes, whole foretaske
 Does not denide the Sunday from the weeke,
 What might be toward that this sweary haile,
 Both make the night toynr labour with the day,
 Who list that can informe mee?
How. That can I.
 At least the whilper goes to our last King,
 Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
 Was as you know by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
 Thereto pricke on by a most emulare pride
 Dard to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*
 (For so this side of our knowne world esteem him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*, who by a cold compact
 Well trauell'd by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
How. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
How. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
 And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
 Therefore I haue intreated him along,
 With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
 That if againe this apparifion come,
 He may approue our eyes and speake to it.
How. Tuih, tuih, it will not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
 And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
 That are so fortified against our story,
 What we haue two nights seene.
How. Well, sit we downe,
 And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
 When yond same starre thats weaftward from the pole,
 Had made his course t'illum that part of heauen
 Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
 The bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost.
Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.
How. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
How. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that faire and warlike forme,
 In which the Maiesie of buried Denmarke
 Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

[Howa]

The Tragedie of Hamlet
 So hallowed, and so graritous is that time.
How. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
 But looke the mornie in rustlet mantle clad
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 As needfull in our looues, fitting our duty.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
 Where we shall find him most conuenient.
Exunt.
Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queen, Corneilius, as Polomus, and his some Laertes.
Hamlet, Cunnelys.
 I thought yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
 The memorie be greene, and that it vs beferred
 To beare our hartes in grieue, and our whole kingdom,
 To be contracted in one browe of wo
 Yet to farre hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wifellorrowe thinke on him
 To gether with remembrance of our felues:
 Therefore our sometime Siller, now our Queene
 Th'imperiall toyrette to this warlike flate
 Haue we as woe with a decaerd ioy
 With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equalle waiting delight and dole
 Taken to wife: nor haue we heere in bard
 Your better wildomes, which haue freely gone
 With this affaie along (for all our thanks)
 Now follows that you knowe young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth
 Or thinking by our late deere brothers death
 Our fate to be deliroynt, and out of frame
 Colagued with his dreame of his aduantage
 Helath not fall'd to peliar vs with mellelage

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortinbras*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To busines with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allowe:
 Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voyce; what would'st thou begge *Laertes*?
 That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,
 The head is not more natiue to the hart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
Laer. My dread Lord,
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
 To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polomus*?
Polo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue
 By labour some petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

[1]

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance will walke againe.
Ham. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hether to conceal this fight
Let it be renable in your silence still,
And what sooner els shall hap to night,
Gue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platforme with a leauen and twelfe
Ile visite you.
All. Our duties to your honor.
Exunt.
Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, for dead dedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.
Enter Laertes, and Ophelias Sister.
Laer. My necessaries are in barck, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assisstant doe not sleepe
But let me here from you.
Oph. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashon, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Oph. No more but so.
Laer. I thinke it no more.
For nature crellant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Grows wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth betwixch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Oph. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Vnfitte in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?
Oph. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrasie
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.
Oph. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashon.
Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, springs to catch wood cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the foule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shoue
But meere implorators of vnholly suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

[Haue]

These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Ham. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Ham. My Lord I did,
But answere made it none, yet once methought
It lifted vp its head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loudes,
And at the sound it sturk in half away
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Ham. As I doe line my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duties
To let you knowe of it.
Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd stay you?
Ham. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foote.
Ham. Then sawe you not his face?
Ham. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What lookt he frowningly?
Ham. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Ham. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Ham. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had bene there.
Ham. It would haue much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, sayd it long?
Ham. While one with moderate halfe might tell a hundredth,
Bob. Longer, longer.
Ham. Not when I sawt.
Ham. His beard was grist'd, no,
Ham. It was as I haue scene it in his life
A bable fluer'd.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peuilish opposition
Take it to hart, sic, tis a fault to heauen,
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 vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.
Que. Let not thy mother loofe her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam
King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that Denmarke drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish.*
Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resoluie it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus

*Exeunt all,
but Hamlet.*

C.

But

C2

The Appartion comes: I knewe your father,
 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
 Whereas they had deliuered both in time
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 In dreadfull secretie impart they did,
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
 Almost to gally, with the act of feare
 Within his wondrous length, whilst they did
 By their opprest and fearefull eyes
 Goes slowe and stately by them; thic he walk
 Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
 Armed at poynt, exactly *Capspe*
 Bene thus incountered, a figure like your father
 In the dead wast and middle of the night
Marcellus, and Bernardo, on their watch
 Two night together had the gentle men
 For Gods lone lone let me heare?
 This marie to you
 Vpon the witness of the gentle men
 With an ardent care till I may deliue
Ham. Season your admiration for a while
Ham. The King my father?
Ham. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. Law, who?
Ham. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
 I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
Ham. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. In my mindes eye *Hamlet*
Ham. Where my Lord?
 My father, me thinks I see my father.
 Or cuer I had scene that day *Hamlet*
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
 Did coldly furth the marriage table,
Ham. Thrift, thrift, the funerals bakemakes
Ham. Indee my Lord it followed hard vpon.
 I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Ham. I pre thec doe not moeke me fellowe student,
 My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerals.
Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.
Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
 And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hor. A truant disposition good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
 Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
 To make it truster of your owne report
 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
 But what is your affaire in *Elonowme*?
 Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes weyd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnawared persons doe,
 Care for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 The safety and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 Wherof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
 It fits your wisdom to faire to believe it
 As he in his particuler act and place
 May giue his sayng dede, which is no further
 Than the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 If with too credent care you fill his songs
 Or looke your hart, or your chaff creature open
 To this vnmatred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 The charrell made is prodigall though
 If the vnmak her bute to the Moon
 Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious strokes
 The canker gualter the viants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclofd,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Congious blassements are most imminent,
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though not els neare.
Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heauen
 Whiles a puff, and reckles hberrine
 Himle the primroze path of dalliance treads.
Enter Polonius.
 And reakes not his owne reed.
 I say too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles vpon a second leane.
 Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*; a bord; a bord for *Hamlet*,

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these fewe precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue 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 a doption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy iudgement,
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing dulleth edge of hus bandry;
 This aboute all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.
Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I haue sayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What if *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry well bethought
 Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
 Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
 Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

Prince of Denmark.
Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wife, with rayserous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
 So to seduce; wonne to his flame will lust
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
 From me whole love was of that diginite
 That I went hand in hand, even with the wove
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch whole nature all gifts were poore,
 To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
 Though lewdness e court it in a shape of heauen
 So but through to a radiant Angle lunct,
 Will I lost it selfe in a celestia bed
 And pray on garbages.
 But for, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
 Bristle let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
 My custome alwayes of the afternoon,
 Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
 With iuyce of curled Hebena in a viall,
 And in the porches of my eares did poure
 The leperous distillment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
 And curde like eageer droppings into milke,
 The thin and whollome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant barke about
 Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruell
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of this, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatch,
 Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnauoid,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 Withall my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, o horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
 D 3

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?

Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,

Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic, & vbiq̄ue, then weele shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,

A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*

Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come

Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke 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 well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

Whall my lone I doe commend me to you,

[And]

Ham. O my propheticke soule; my Uncle?
 Now wearst his Crowne.
 The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
 Rankely aboude: but knowe thou noble Youth,
 Is by a forged procelle of my death
 A Serpent stung me, to the whole care of Denmarke
 This giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
 Wouldst thou not flure in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
 That rootes it selfe in eare on *Leibe* wharffe,
 And duller shouldst thou be then the Farweede
Ghost. I find thee apt,
 May sweepe to my reuenge.
 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
 Ham. Hail me to knowe, that I with wings as swift
 But this most foule, strange and vnaturall.
Ghost. Murtherer most foule, as in the best it is,
Ham. Murtherer.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnaturall murther.
Ham. O God,
 If thou didst euer thy deare father loue,
 To care of flsh and blood, hiss, hiss, hiss:
 But this eternall blazon must not be
 Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
 And each partticular hate to stand an end,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 Make thy two eyes like flares start from their spheres,
 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
 I could a tale vnfold whole might world
 To tell the secrets of my prison house,
 Aere burne and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
 To tell the foule crimes done in my days of nature
 And for a day confind to fall in fires,
 Doom'd for a certaine teareme to walke the night,
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Ham. What?
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare
 To what I shall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To the Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmark.

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure

As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,

Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eageer ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle

Keepes waffell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:

And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,

The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,

But to my minde, though I am natiue heere

And to the manner borne, it is a custome

More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

This heauy headed eueale east and west

Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,

They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase

Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes

From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height

The pith and marrow of our attribute,

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them

As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot choofe his origin)

By their ore-grow'th of some complexion

Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,

Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens

The forme of plausiue manners, that these men

Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

[Being]

[D]

Ham. Alas poore Ghost,
 Mustt render vp my life,
 When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Ghost. My house is almost come
Ham. I will.
Ghost. Marke me.
Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ie goe no further,
Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.
Mar. Nay lets follow him.
Ham. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
Ham. Haue after, to whatt illue wilt thou come?
Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Ham. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Exit Ghost and Hamlet.
Ham. I away, goe on, Ie followe thee.
 By heauen Ie make a ghost of him that lets me,
 Still am I cold, vnhand me Gentlemen
 As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerve;
 And makes each petty arture in this body
Ham. My fate cries out
Ham. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Mar. Hold of your hands.
Ham. You shall not goe my Lord.
 Go on, Ie followe thee.
Ham. It waxes me still,
 And heares it rore beneath.
 That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
 Without more moue, into euey braine
 The very place puts royes of desperation
 And draw you into madnes, think of it,
 Which might deprime your soueraigntie of reason,
 And there all some other horrible forme
 That beetles ore his bale into the sea,
 Or to the dreadfull somer of the clecte
Ham. Whatt it rempyou toward the flood my
 Ie waxes me forth againe, Ie followe it.
 Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
 And for my soule, whatt can it doe to that

Prince of Denmarke

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Looke my Lord it comes,
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee, He call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royall Dane, o answere mee,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
 Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?
Ham. It beckins you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what curteous action
 It waxes you to a more remoued ground
 But doe not goe with it.
Ham. No, by no meanes,
Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.
Ham. Doe not my Lord
Ham. Why whatt should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Beckins.

[And]

Mar. Hello, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Ham. Hello, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Heauen secure him.
Ham. Lord Hamlet.
Ham. My Lord, my Lord.
Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
 I haue sworn't.
 Its adew, adew, remember me.
 So vncle, here you are, now to my word,
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
 My tables, meet it is I set it downe
 O villaines, villaines, smiling damned villaines,
 O most pernicious woman.
 Vnkinde with bawd, remember, yes by heauen,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine
 And thy commandement all alone shall line,
 That youth and obseruation copied there,
 All lawes of books, all formes, all prestures past
 Ie wipe away all rituall fond records,
 Iea, from the table of my memory
 In this disrakted globe, remember thee,
 I thou poore Ghost! whilst memory holds a seate
 But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
 And you my sinnewes, growe not instant old,
 And shall I couple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
Ham. O all you host of heauen, o earth, whatt els,
 Adew, adew, adew, remember me.
 And giues to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 The Gloworme shines the martine to be nere
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 Against thy mother ougth, leaue her to heauen,
 I aint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
 But howlomeuer thou pursues this act,
 A couch for luxury and damned incest
 Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Ham. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Ham. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
 But you'le be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
 Dwelling in all Denmarke
 But hee's an arrant knaue.
Ham. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
 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 busines and desire shall poynt you,
 For euery man hath busines and desire
 Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
 I will goe pray.
Ham. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
 Yes faith hartily.
Ham. 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 knowe what is betweene vs
 Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
 As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
 Giue me one poore request.
Ham. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Ham. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

[Ham.]

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare,
 The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacies
 As it hath vld to doe, that I haue found
 Hunts not the trayle of policie to fare
 And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
 Both to my God, and to my gracious King?
 I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
King. Thou shalt haue the father of good newes,
 Are joyfully returnd,
Pol. The embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Enter Polonius.
Queene. I Amen.
 Pleasur and helpfull to him,
Gyl. Heaues make our presence and our practices
 And bring this gentle gentlenesse where *Hamlet* is.
 My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
 And I beseech you instantly to vilit
Que. Thanks *Gylkensternes*, and gentle *Rogencrans*.
King. Thanks *Rogencrans*, and gentle *Gylkensternes*.
 To be commanded.
 To lay our seruice freely at your feete
 And heere give vp our selues in the full bent,
Gyl. But we both obey.
 Then to entreat.
 Put your dead pleasures more into command
 Might by the foueraine power you haue of vs,
Rog. Both your Maiesties
 As fits a Kings remembrance.
 Your vilitation shall receiue such thanks
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 As to expend your time with vs a while,
 To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
 To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
 And sure I am, two men there is not living
Que. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
 That open dyes within our remedie.
 Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
 All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
 When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
 As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
 Before my daughter told me, what might you,
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
 If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
 Or giuen my hart 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 Mistris thus I did bespeake,
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
 This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
 That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
 Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
 Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
 Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
 Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
 Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
 And all we moune for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
 That I haue positiuely 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 finde
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
 Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
 Heere in the Lobby.

[Quee.]

[So]

The Tragedie of Hamlet
Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extract of loue,
 And leads the will to desperat undertakings
 As oft as any passions vnder heauen
 That does afflicte our natures: I am sorry,
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Op. No my good Lord, but as you did command
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
 I had not coted him, I feard he did but trillie
 And meant to wrack thee, but be shrow my Ielousie:
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To call beyond our selues in our opinions,
 By heauen it is as proper to our age
 To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which being kept close, might moue
 More grife to hide, then hate to vitious loue,
 Come.
Exeunt.
Enter King and Queene, Rogencrans and Gylkensternes.
King. Welcome deere *Rogencrans*, and *Gylkensternes*,
 Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
 Therefore we haue to vlt you did prouoke
 Our hartie sending, something haue you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
 Sith not the exterior, nor the inward man
 Remembles that it was, what it should be,
 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
 I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both
 And sith he labored to his youth and hauior,
 That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
 That you vntill you rest here in our Court
 Some little time, to by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
 God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, o cursed spight
 That euer I was borne to set it right.
 Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*
Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.
Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall doe meruites wisely good *Reynaldo*,
 Before you visite him, to make inquire
 Of his behaiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
 And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
 What companie, at what expence, and finding
 By this encompartment, and drift of question
 That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
 Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
 Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
 And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
 But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
 A diu'd so and so, and there put on him
 What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
 As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
 But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
 As are companions noted and most knowne
 To youth and libertie,
Rey. As gaming my Lord,
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,
Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

You

E

And to the last bended their light on me.
 For our adores he went without their helps,
 Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
 And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
 And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
 As it did seeme to matter all his bulke,
 Hee said a sigh for pitious and profound
 And thrice his head thus waving vp and downe,
 At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
 As a would draw in, long stayd he so,
 Hee falls to such perfall of my face
 And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
 Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
 Oph. Heooke me by the writh, and held me hard,
 Pol. What said he?
 But truly I doe feare it.
 Oph. My lord I doe not know,
 Pol. Mad for thy loue?
 To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
 As if he had beene look'd out of hell
 And with a look to pitious in purport
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 Vngarterd, and downe gyued to his ancle,
 No hat upon his head, his stockins fouled,
 Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraced,
 Oph. My Lord, as I was fowling in my closet,
 Pol. With what ith name of God?
 Oph. O my Lord, I haue becme to affrighted,
 Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what is the matter?
 Enter Ophelia.
 Pol. Well my Lord.
 Reg. And let him ply his mungue.
 Pol. I shall my Lord.
 Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
 Reg. Good my Lord.
 Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.
 Reg. My Lord, I haue.
 Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
 Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
 That he is open to incontinencie,
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
 The flash and vnbreake of a fierie mind,
 A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
 Of generall assault.
 Reg. But my good Lord.
 Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
 Reg. I my Lord, I would know that.
 Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
 And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
 You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
 As t'were a thing a little soyl'd with working,
 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
 Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'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 country.
 Reg. Very good my Lord.
 Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
 By the masse I was about to say something,
 Where did I leaue?
 Reg. At closes in the consequence.
 Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
 He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, 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 a house of sale,
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
 Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
 And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
 With windleses, and with assaies of bias,
 By indirections find directions out,
 So by my former lecture and aduise

[Shall]

Pol. This bulines is well ended.
 Most welcome home.
 Enter Embassadors.
 Goe to your rest, at night we'lle fall together,
 Meane time, we thanke you for your well looke labour,
 Answer, and thinke vpon this bulines:
 And at our more considered time, we'lle read,
 King. It likes vs well.
 As therein are set downe.
 On such regards of safety and allowance
 Through your dominions for this enterprise
 That it might please you to giue quiet passe
 With an entreate heerein further shone,
 So leued (as before) againe the Polacke,
 And his commission to employ those soldiers
 Giues him three thousand crownes in annual fee,
 Whereon old Norway ouercome with ioy,
 To giue the say of Armes against your Maestie:
 Makes you before his Vncle neuer more
 Receiues rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
 On Fortenbrass, which he in brecke obeyes,
 Was fallly borne in hand, sends out arrests
 That to his sicknes, age, and impotence
 It was against your highnes, wherewith greued
 But better lookt into, hee truly found
 To be a preparation gainst the Polacke,
 His Nephews leues, which to him appeared
 Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
 Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires?
 Say Fortenbrass, what from our brother Norway?
 King. Well, we shall first him, welcome my good friends,
 Enter Embassadors.
 His fathers death, and our hallic marriage.
 Que. I doubt it is no other but the maine
 The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
 He tells me my deere Gertrude hath found
 King. Thy selfe doe graue to them, and bring them in.
 My newes shall be the fruite to that great feare.
 Pol. Giue first admittance to the embassadors,
 I be the Regent of Carnice

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
 And rediousnes the lymmes and outward flourishes,
 I will be brieue, your noble sonne is mad:
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let that goe.
 Que. More matter with lesse art.
 Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee'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 graunt him then, and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause 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 Idoll, the most beautified
 Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
 beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
 her excellent white bosome, these &c.
 Que. Came this from Hamlet to her?
 Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
 Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.
 Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
 Doubt truth to be a lyer,
 But neuer doubt I loue.
 O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, o most best belieue it, adew.
 Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.
 Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.)
 And more about hath his sollicitings

[As]

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

Rof. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conuere you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the cononance of our youth, by the obligation of our preterued loues, and by what more deare a better propoler can charge you withall, be euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Rof. What say you.

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

Cayl. My Lord we were sent for.

Rof. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your diuinity, and your secretie to the King & Queene moult not fear, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a foregone all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heuily with me, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in forme and mouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animateles; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

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

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

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we cored them on the way, and heether are they comming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not fight, the humors Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall lay her minde freely: or the black velle shall haue for. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

The Tragedie of Hamlet
 Prince of Denmarke

beare, tis not to lo; be ignines with *Phibus*, the rugged *Phibus*, she whole
 fable Armes,
 Black as his purpose did the night remble,
 When he lay couched in th' omynous horse,
 Hath now this dread and black completion leard,
 With heraldy more dittinnall head to foote,
 Now is he totall Gates horridly tricke
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
 Back'd and emparfled with the parching fierces
 That lend a tirranus and a damned light
 To their Lords murder, rofled in wrath and fire,
 And thus ore-cited with coagulare gore,
 With eyes like Carbunkles, the helth *Phibus*
 Old grandfire *Phibus* leekes; to proceede you.

Pol. For god my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
 (discernon)

Pol. A non he finds him,
 Striking too floure at Creckes, his anticke sword,
 Rebellous to his arme, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command; unequal march,
Phibus at *Phibus* drives, in rage flukes wide,
 But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
 Th' ventured father falls:
 Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
 Swoopes to his bafe; and with a hiddeous crash
 Takes prisoner *Phibus* care, for loe his sword
 Of reuerent *Phibus*, seem'd th' ayre to fluck,
 So as a painted trane *Phibus* flood
 Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
 Did nothing:
 But as we often see against some forme,
 A silence in the heuens, the racker stand still,
 The bold winds specheles, and the orbe belowe
 As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
 Doth rend the region, so after *Phibus* pause,
 A rowled vengeance lets him newe a worke,
 And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
 On *Phibus* A minor forgd for proole eterne,
 With lesse remorse then *Phibus* bleeding sword
 Now falls on *Phibus*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Ham. Into my graue.
Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part wirhall: except my life, except my life, except my life.
Enter *Cnyldesferne*, and *Rofencraus*.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.
Ham. Thefe tedious old fooles.
Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.
Rof. God saue you fir.
Cnyl. My honor'd Lord.
Rof. My most deere Lord.
Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Cnyldesferne*?
A *Rofencraus*, good lads how doe you both?
Rof. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Cnyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,
We are not the very button.
Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.
Rof. Neither my Lord.
Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-
Cnyl. Faith her priuates we.
Ham. In the secreet parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet,
What newes?
Rof. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.
Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonome*?
Rof. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halspeny: 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.
Cnyl. What should we say my Lord?

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,
Ham. The mobled Queene.
Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Bison* rehome, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had scene, with tongue in venom steeped,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Phibus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made mulch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, 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.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.
Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty.

Take them in.
Pol. Come fir.

Ham. Follow him: friends, wecle heare a play to morrowe; doft thou heare

Opb. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee a Nunny, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengfull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, belceue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunny. Wheres your father?
Opb. At home my Lord.
Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the foole no where but in's owne house.
Opb. Farewell.
Opb. O helpe him you sweet heauens.
Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape censure; I get thee to a Nunny, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monst'ers you make of them: to a Nunny goe, and quickly to, farewell.
Ham. Heauenly powers restore him.
Opb. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you giue & am-bles, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorances; goe to, Ile no more on it, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunny go. *Exit.*

Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
 For what aduancement may I hope from thee
 That no reueneue hast but thy good spirits
 To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pompe,
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
 Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
 Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
 Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
 To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
 That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
 In my harts core, In my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
 I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
 Euen with the very comment of thy soule
 Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
 And my imaginations are as foule
 As *Vulcans* stibby; giue him heedfull note,
 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
 And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
 In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
 If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

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

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

[Get]

conuocate our old flock, but we shall rellish of it, I loued you not.
Ham. You should not haue belceued me, for vertue cannot so
Opb. Indeed my Lord you made me belceue so.
 time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.
 late beautie into his likeness, this was sometime a paradox, but now the
 nestle from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can tran-
Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme ho-
 nestie with honestie?
Opb. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerte
 no discomerte to your beautie.
Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
Opb. What meanes your Lordship?
Ham. Are you faire?
Opb. My Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.
 There my Lord.
 Rich gifts wax poore when givers proue vnkinde,
 Take these againe, for to the noble mind
 As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
 And with them words of sweet breath comfoid
Opb. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did.
Ham. No, not I, I neuer giue you ought.
 I pray you now reuelue them.
 That I haue longed long to redeliue,
Opb. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
Ham. I humbly thanke you well.
 How does your honour for this many a day?
Opb. Good my Lord,
 Be all my finnes remembred.
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 And looke the name of action. Soft you now,
 With this regard thy currents turne awry,
 And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
 Is tickled ore with the pale call of thought,
 And thus the native hiew of resolution
 Then thus the native hiew of resolution
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 No nauiler returns, puzzles the will,
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppresion bitter, or ere this
 I should a fatted all the region kytes
 With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
 Why what an Ass am I, this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
 About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
 Play something like the murther of my father
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
 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
 Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, *Queene*, *Polonius*, *Ophelia*, *Rosencrans*, *Guyf-*
densterne, *Lords*.

King. An can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Rof. He does confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,
 But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.
Guyf. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
 But with a craftie madnes keeps aloofe
 When we would bring him on to some confession

[G]

[Of]

We will bestow our felues; read on this booke,
 That show of such an exercise may cullour
 Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
 And pious action, we doe sugare ore
 The dewill himselfe.
King. 'Tis too true,
 How I muste a lath that speech doth giue my conscience,
 The hartors cheeke becauted with plaining art,
 Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
 Then is my dedde to my most painted word:
 O heauy burthen.
Enter Hamlet.
Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord,
 Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
 The stings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them, to die to slepe
 No more, and by a slepe, to lay we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heir to; tis a comarition
 Denouity to be with't to die to slepe,
 To slepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that slepe of death what dreames may come
 When we haue shutt off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes vs calamine of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
 The pang of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes
 That patient meritt of th'vnrworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweare vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscover'd country, from whose borne

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronound it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players doe, Hamlet, and three of the Players.
 Madnes in great ones must not vnmarcht goe.
Exeunt.
 Your wisdom befall, I shall be so,
 To England send him: or confine him where
 Of all their conference, if the find him not,
 And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
 To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,
 We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
 You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
 Sprung from neglected loue: How now Ophelia?
 But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his griefe,
 Pol. It shall doe well.
 What thinke you on't?
 Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
 Whereon his braimes (still beating
 This something scild matter in his hart,
 With variable obiects, shall expell
 Happy the seas, and countries differnt,
 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
 Thus fet it downe: he shall with speede to England,
 I haue in quick determination
 VVill be some danger; which for to prevent,
 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclosure
 Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
 Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
 Not what he speake, though it lackt forme a little,
 King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
 Enter King and Polonius.
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds

Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aslay him to any pastime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,

And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maicsties

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,

And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And driue his purpose into these delights.

Rof. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Rof. & Guyl.*

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,

Wee'le so bestow our felues, that seeing vs scene,

We may of their encounter franckly iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

If it be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvhio for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shoues, and noyfe: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-sleppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-dooone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and nowve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue 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 wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldesterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene so, and that presently.

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

Rof. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art eeu as iust a man

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

IF I could see the puppets dailying,
Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a grooming to take off mine edge.
Oph. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begimee murderer, leane thy damnable faces and begin, come, the coking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.
Linc. I thought black, hands apt, druges fit, and time agreeing, Considerate fealon els no creature feeling,
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weedes collected,
 With *fecund* ban thicke bluffed, thicke inuected,
 Thy naturall magike, and dire property,
 On whosome life turps immediatly.
Ham. A poyson him with Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choise Italian, you shall see anon how the murderer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Oph. The King rises.
Que. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give ore the play.
King. Give me some light, away.
Pol. Lights, lights, lights.
Ham. Why let the flooken Deere goe weepe,
 The Hart vngauld play,
 For some must watch while some must sleepe,
 Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forrest offer athers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with proudittall Roles on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?
Ham. Halfe a share.
Que. A whole one I.
 For thou doest know oh *Damon* deere
 This Reaine dismantled was
 Of *Ione* himselfe, and now raignes here
 A very very patock.
Ham. You might haue rym'd.
Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the *Gholts* word for a thousand pound, Didst perceiue?
Ham. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the take of the poyning.
Ham. I did very well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
 They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
 Leane me friends.
 I will, say so. By and by is easly said,
 Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
 Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
 And doe such busines as the bitter day
 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
 O hart loofe not thy nature, let not euer
 The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
 My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
 How in my words someter she be shent,
 To giue them scales neuer my foule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Gnyldenstjerne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
 To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
 I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you,
 The termes of our estate may not endure
 Hazerd so neer's as doth hourelly grow
 Out of his browes.

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

Rof. The single and peculier life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
 That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
 The liues of many, the cefse of Maiestie
 Dies not alones; but like a gulfe doth draw
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafsie wheele
 Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,
 To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
 Are morteift and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.
Enter Laertes.
Laertes. Nephew to the King.
 Let the gauld lade winch, our withers are vnwong. This is one *Laertes*,
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauih peece of worke, but what of
 of a murderer done in *Vinna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Ham. The Moutetrap, may how tropically, this play is the image
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. No, no, they do but tell, poyson in self, no offence in't.
King. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. O but the ckepe her word.
Que. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.
Ham. Madam, how like you this play
 And neuer come micheance betweene vs twaine.
Queen. Speake rock thy braine,
 The tedious day with sleepe.
King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leave me here a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 If once I be a widow, euer I be a wife.
Ham. If the should
 Both here and hence pursue me here a while,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
 Each opposite that blanches the face of ioy,
 And Anchors chere in prison be my scope,
 To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 Sport and repole lock from me day and night,
Queen. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.
 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
 That our deuities fill are ouerthrowne,
 Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne,
 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
 And he that doth loue on fortune lend,
 The poore aduanc'd, makes friends of enemies,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.
King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?
Ham. Excellent yfaith,
 Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
 Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,
 These words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
 You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
 Be the Players readie?
Rof. I my Lord, they flay vpon your patience,
Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?
Oph. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord,
Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Oph. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry my Lord.
Ham. Who I?
Oph. I my Lord.
Ham. O God your onely jigge-maker, what should a man do but
 be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
 father died within's two howres.
Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.
Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
 sute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
 then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-lie his life halfe a
 yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
 not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for
 ô, the hobby-horse is forgot,

Ham. That's
wormwood

Prince of Denmarke.
 For women feare too much, even as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ougth, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is prooue hath made you know,
 And as my loue is eiz'd, my feare is so,
 Where loue is great, the little doubts are feare,
 Where feare is great, the little doubts are feare,
 My operant powers their functions leane to do,
 And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
 Honourd, belou'd, and happily on as kind,
 For husband shalt thou.
Que. O confound the fell,
 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 instant that second marriage moue
 A bare respects of thirtie, but none of loue,
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 For what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpoise is but the slaue to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruite vntime licks on the tree,
 But fall vnshaken when they mellow be.
 Most necesseary tis that we forget
 To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
 What to our selues in passion we propoise,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose ioye,
 The violence of eyther, grieues, or ioy,
 Their owne enaictures with themselves deliroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, grieues doth most lament,
 Grieues ioy, ioy grieues, on slender accident,
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue,
 The great man downe, you marke his fauouritic flies,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbes show followes.
 Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leanes him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poison in the sleepers eares, and leanes him: the Queene retournes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the payser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the payser woos the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh ambile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?
Ham. Marry this munching *Maltico*, it meanes mischiefe.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
 The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.
Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?
Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
 Heere stooping to your clemencie,
 We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?
Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.
Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.
King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
 And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
 About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
 Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
 Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.
Quee. So many iourneys may the Sunne and Moone
 Make vs agame count ore ere loue be doone,
 But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
 So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
 That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Ham. And doe fill by thiese pickers and heales.
Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me,
 further trade with vs?
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, haue you any
Rof. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
 no request at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart,
Ham. O wonderful! sonne that can so lionly a mother, but is here
 maze and admiration.
Rof. Then thus she lyes, your behaviour hath strooke her into a-
 mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say,
 answers as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseas'd, but fir, such
Rof. What my Lord,
Ham. Sir I cannot.
 be the end of business.
 mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
 it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your
Guy. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if
Ham. You are welcome.
 hath sent me to you.
Guy. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirite,
Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.
 And shere not to wildly from my affaire.
Guy. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
 perhaps plinge him into more chollic.
 this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
Ham. You would come should he we it lisse more richer to signifie
Guy. No my Lord, with chollic,
Ham. With drinke fir?
Guy. Is in his retirement merulous distempred.
Ham. I fir, what of him?
Guy. The King fir.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.
Guy. Good my Lord, you late me a word with you.
Enter Rosencrans and Gylfensterne.
 Come, some musique,
 Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
 For if the King like not the Comedie,
Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.
Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.
Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.
Enter the Players with Recorders.
Ham. I fir, but while the graffe grows, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?
Guy. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.
Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?
Guy. My lord I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.
Ham. I doe befeech you.
Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.
Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.
Guy. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.
Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you fir.

Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.
Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?
Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.
Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.
Pol. It is backt like a Wezell,
Ham. Or like a Whale.
Pol. Very like a Whale.

I 3

A haue that is not wenth part the byth
Ham. A murderer and a villain,
 No more sweete *Hamlet*.
 These words like daggers enter in my eares,
Ger. O speake to me no more,
 Ouer the nally sic.
 Stewed in corruption, honnyng, and making loue
 In the ranck sweate of an inlemed bed
Ham. Nay but to line
 As will leane there their tinck
 And there I see such blacke and gcesed spots
 Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
 And reason pardons will.
 Since frost it like as a ctuelly doth burne,
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 To flammng youth let vertue be as wax
 If thou canst murine in a Marrons bones,
 Rebelious hell,
 Could not to mope: o shame where is thy blun?
 Or but a sickly part of one true fence
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling lances all,
 Eyes without feelings, feeling without sight,
 That thus hath found you at hodman blind?
 To serue in such a difference, what deuil will
 But it referu'd some quantity of choile
 Nor fence to exarac was nere to thrald
 Is appoplect, for madnelle would not erre
 His could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
 Would step from this to this, fence sure you haue
 And wats vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
 The heyday in the blood is rane, it's humble,
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age
 And barren on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
 Could you on this faire mountain leane to feede,
 Basting his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed care,
 This was your husband, looke you now what follows,
Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ger. What shall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
 Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousie,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
 Or padling in your necke with his damnd fingers.
 Make you to rouell all this matter out
 That I essentially am not in madnesse,
 But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
 Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
 Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
 No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,
 Vnpeg the basket on the houfes top,
 Let the bird fly, and like the famous Ape,
 To try conclusions in the basket creeper,
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
 And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
 What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
 Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
 Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
 And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
 For tis the sport to haue the enginer
 Hoist with his owne petar, au't shall goe hard
 But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the Moone: o tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

To giue the world assurance of a man,
 Wher euenry God did seeme to let his feale
 A combination, and a forme indeede,
 New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
 A Nation like the herald *Mercy*,
 An eye like *Mars*; to threaten and command,
Figurons cures, the front of some handle,
 See what a grace was leard on this browe,
 The counterfetie prettment of two brothers,
 Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
Ham. That roares to word, and thunders in the Index,
Ger. Ay me, what act?
 Is thought sick at the act
 With heared visage, as against the doome
 Ore this solidy and compound masse
 A rapedy of words; heaues face does glowe
 The very soule, and sweet religion makes
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 As fall as dicers oarthes, o such a dede,
 And lets a blitter ther, makes marriage vowe
 From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
 Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Role
 That blures the grace and blith of modesty,
Ham. Such an act
 In noie to rude against me?
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar't wagge thy tongue
 That it be proofe and bulwarke against fence.
 If damned custome haue not braid it so,
 If it be made of penitratione stiffe,
 And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
 Leane wringing of your hands, peace lie you downe,
 Thou findst to be too buile is some danger,
 Iooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Ger. As kill a King.
 As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ham. A bloody dede, almost as bad, good mother
Ger. O what a rash and bloody dede is this.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
 Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
 Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
 For we will fetters put about this feare
 Which now goes too free-footed.
Ref. We will haft vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

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

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
 O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
 It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
 A brothers murther, pray can I nor,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
 And like a man to double busines bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
 And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
 Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
 Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
 To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
 To be foretalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
 My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
 Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
 That cannot be since I am still posselt
 Of those effects for which I did the murther;
 My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I

[May]

Ham. May I knowe not, is it the King?
Gr. O me, what hast thou done?
Pol. O I am flaine.
Ham. How now, a Kar, dead for a Duckar, dead.
Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. Helpe how.
Gr. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me,
 Where you may see the molt part of you.
 You goe not till I see you vp a galle
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boundge.
Gr. Nay, then Ile see the molt part of you that can speake.
 And would it were not so, you are my mother.
 You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
Ham. No by the rood not so,
Gr. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Gr. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Ham. Goe, goe, you question with an idle tongue.
Gr. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Gr. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Gr. With-drawe, I heare him comming.
Gr. Ile wait you, feare me not,
Enter Hamlet.
 Pray you be round.
 Much heare and him, Ile silence me euen here,
 And that your grace hath ascend and flood betwene
 Tell him his pranks haue bene too braod to beare with,
Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Enter Gerward and Polonus.
 Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
 As hell whereto it goes; my mother flaes,
 And that his soule may be as damnd and black
 Then rip him that his heels may kick at heauen.
Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the lawe, 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 euidence, what then, what rests,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state, o bofome blacke as death,
 O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
 Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Then

[Ham.]

Gr. No nothing but our felues.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Gr. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Gr. To whom doe you speake this?
 Will want true cullour, reares perchance for blood.
 My hearene effects, then what I haue to doe
 Leaft with this pious action you conuert
 Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
 His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stons
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
 Sprinkle the coole patience, whercon doe you looke?
 Vpon the heat and flame of thy displeasur
 Start vp and stand an end, o gentle soune
 Your bedded haire like life in excrement
 And as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarme,
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
 And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
 That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
 How is it with you?
Gr. Alas how fit with you?
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
 Speake to her *Hamlet*.
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
 O step betwene her, and her fighting soule,
 But look, amazement on thy mother sits,
 Is but to whet thy almost-blinded purpose,
Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
 Th'important actings of your dread command, o lay.
 That lap' in time and passion lets goe by
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy soune to chide,
Gr. Alas he's mad.
 You heauenly guards: what would your gracious figure?
 Saue me and honour ore me with your wings
Ham. A King of heues and patches,
Enter Ghost.
Gr. No more.
 And put it in his pocket.
 That from a shelle the precious Diadem stole
 A cur-purle of the Empire and the rule,
 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
 My father in his habit as he liued,
 Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost*
Gr. This is the very coynage of your braine,
 This bodiless creation extacie is very cunning in.
Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
 And makes as healthfull musicke, 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 loue of grace,
 Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
 That not your trespass but my madnesse speakes,
 It will but skin and filme the vlcrous place
 Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
 Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
 Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
 And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
 To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
 For in the fatnesse of these purfite times
 Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea curbe and wooe for leau to doe him good.
Gr. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,
 And leau the purer with the other halfe,
 Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
 Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
 That monster custome, who all sence doth eat
 Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
 That to the vse of actions faire and good,
 He likewise giues a frock or Liurey
 That aptly is put on to refraine night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easines
 To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
 For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either the deuill, or throwe him out
 With wonderous potency: once more good night,
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
 I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
 And ere my haps, my loyes will nere begin.
Ex. i.

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.
 Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
 Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras
 Craves the conveyance of a promild march
 Over his kingdom, you know the randonous,
 It that his Maistie would ough with vs,
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
 And let him know so.
 Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
For. Goe softly on.
Enter Hamlet, Rogencraus, &c.
 Ham. Good fir whose powers are these?
 Cap. They are of Norway fir.
 Ham. How purpold fir I pray you?
 Cap. Against some part of Poland.
 Ham. Who commands them fir?
 Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
 Ham. Goe it against the maine of Poland fir?
 Or for some frontier?
 Cap. I ruly to speake, and with no addition,
 We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit but the name
 To pay due duckets, five I would not farme it;
 Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
 A racker rare, should it be sold in fee.
 Ham. Why then the Polacke neuer will defend it.
 Cap. Yes, it is already garrisond.
 Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
 Will not debate the question of this straw,
 This is th' impolitic of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.
 Cap. God buy you fir.
 Rog. Wh' r'p'kale you goe my Lord?
 Ham. He be with you straight, goe a little before.
 How all occasions doe informe against me,
 K 3

through the guts of a beeger.
 King. Where is Polonus?
 Ham. In heauen, send thither to see, if your messenger finde him
 not three, seeke him with other place your selfe, but if indeede you find
 him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the
 Hayres into the Lobby.
 King. Goe seeke him there.
 Ham. A will stay till you come.
 King. Hamlet this dedde for thine especial safety
 Which we do tender, as we decrey graue
 For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
 Therefore prepare thy selfe,
 The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
 The floclars tend, and euery thing is bent
 For England.
 Ham. For England.
 King. I Hamlet.
 Ham. Good.
 King. So is it if thou knewst our purposes.
 Ham. I see a Cherub that sees thee, but come for England,
 Farewell deere Mother.
 King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.
 Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
 Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
 Come for England. *Ex. i.*
 King. Follow him at foote,
 Temp him with speede aboard,
 Delay it not, he haue him hence to night.
 Away, for euery thing is ead and done
 That els leanes on th'affaire, pray you make halfe,
 And England, if my loue thou holdst at ough,
 As my great power thereof may giue thee leace,
 Since thy Citricke looks raw and red,
 After the Danish sword, and thy free we
 Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly see
 Our couraige proceede, which imports at full
 By Letters conuincing to that effect
 The present death of Hamlet, doe it England.
 For like the Heeticque in my blood he rages,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.
 Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you
 what it meanes, say you this.
 To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
 All in the morning betime,
 And i a mayde at your window
 To be your Valentine.
 Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,
 Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.
 King. Pretty Ophelia.
 Oph. Indeede without an oath He make an end on't,
 By gis and by Saint Charitie,
 alack and fie for shame,
 Young men will doo't if they come too't,
 by Cock they are too blame.
 Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
 (He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne
 And thou hadst not come to my bed.
 King. How long hath she beene thus?
 Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse
 but weepe to thinke they would lay him i th cold ground my brother
 shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come
 my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
 Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.
 King. Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.
 O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
 death, and now behold, o Gertrard, Gertrard,
 When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,
 But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
 Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
 Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
 For good Polonius death: and we haue done but greenly
 In huggen mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia
 Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
 V Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
 Last, and as much conuincing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,
 Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clowdes,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rogencraus
 and Gyldestjerne.*
 King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
 You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
 Where is your sonne?
 Ger. Bestow this place on vs a litle while.
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?
 King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?
 Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
 Whypes out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 The vnscene good old man.
 King. O heauy deede!
 It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
 His libertie is full of threates to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, reitraid, and out of haunt
 This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foule diseafe
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?
 Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
 Among a minerall of mettals base,
 Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.
 King. O Gertrard, come away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
That capacitate and god-like reaſon
To full in vs inward, now whether it be
Beſtiall obſtination, or ſome crauen ſeruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſedome,
And cut three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I lye to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples growe as earth exhort me,
Wineſſe this A my of ſuch mallice and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition purſe,
Makes mouths at the inuillib' euens,
Expoſing what is mortal, and danger dare,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraue,
When honour' at the ſake howe ſtand I then
That haue a father kill'd, a mother ſlaind,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The timonient death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a ſantall and trick of fame,
Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not to be enough and content,
To hide the ſtaine, ſo from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worthe.

Exit.

[Quee.]

Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her,
Gertrude. Shee is importunate,
Indeede diſtraſt, her mood will needs be pittied.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the
Body. The King is a thing.
Gyl. A thing my Lord.
Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.
Exeunt.
King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's loud of the diſtracted multitude,
V who like not in their judgement, but they eyes,
And where tis to, th' offenders ſcourge is wayed,
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euens,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deberate pauſe, diſcaſes deſperat growne,
By deſperat applyance are reliued
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the reſt.

King. How now, what hath befallne?
Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowd my Lord
V Ve cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Roſ. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure
King. Bring him before vs.
King. How bring in the Lord.
King. Now Hamlet, wheres *Polonius*?
Ham. At ſupper.
King. At ſupper, where?
Ham. Not where he eat, but where a certaine conu-
ſation of politike wormes are eene at him: your worme is your onely
Empourer for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and we fat out
ſeales for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-
ble ſeruite, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas,
Ham. A man may ſit with the worme that hath care of a King, &
care of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.
King. V What dooſt thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a progreſſe
[through]

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The ſunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deede
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and ſkill
Enter Roſ. & Guild.
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyned you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out, ſpeake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call vp our wifeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds dyiameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transport his poiſoned ſhot, may miſſe our Name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, o come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely ſlowd, but ſoft, what noiſe, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.
Roſ. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compound it with duſt whereto tis kin.
Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.
Ham. Doe not beleuee it,
Roſ. Beleuee what.
Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile & not mine owne, beſides
to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what reſplication ſhould be made by
the ſonne 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 doe the King beſt ſeruite in the end, he
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, fiſt mouth'd to be
laſt ſwallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but dry que-
ſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.
Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish ſpeech ſleepe in a fooliſh care.
Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would ſhe haue?
Gertrude. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beares her hart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped uſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And hotch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winckes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnſhappily.
Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhee may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Quee. To my ſicke ſoule, as ſinnes true nature is,
Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of artleſſe ieaſoulie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelfe, in feare to be ſpyl'd.
Oph. Where is the beautilous Maieſtie of Denmarke?
Quee. How now *Ophelia*? ſhee ſings.
Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone.
Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?
Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſgreene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.
Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.
Oph. Pray you marke. White his throwd as the mountaine ſnow.
Enter King.
Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.
Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true loue ſhowers. Song.
King. How doe you pretty Lady?
Oph. Well good did you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

[King]

Whole world, if prayles may goe backe againe
 A fitter diuine into depraue terms,
Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
 But not where I haue aynd them,
 Would haue reuered to my bowe againe,
 Too flightly rymberd for to loue Armd,
 Conuert his Gues to graces, to that my arrowes
 Worke like the spring that mureth wood to fong,
 Who dipping all his faulcs in theyr affection,
 Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
 Why to a publique count I might not goe,
 I could not but by her, the other motiue,
 That as the flate mooues not but in his sphere
 She is to conuolue to my life and soule,
 My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
 I iust almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
 But yet to mee that ftrong, the Queene his mother
 Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnknown'd,
King. O for two speciall reasons
 You mainly were hurt'd vp.
 As by your faticke, greames, wildome, all things els
 So criminall and to capitall in nature,
 Why you proceede not againe the fates
Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
 Purued my life,
 That he which hath your noble father slaine
 Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care,
 And you must put me in your hart for friend,
 King. Now must your conscience my acquitance feale,
Enter King and Laertes.
 To him from whom you brought them.
Exeunt.
 And doo't the speeder that you may direct me
Hor. Come I will you way for thele your letters,
 For. Come I will you way for thele your letters,
 they much too light for the bord of the matter, thele good fellows
 will bring thec where I am, *Rosenkrantz* and *Gylenstjerne* hold theyr
 courte for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thec, farewell.
So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. Laertes was your father deare to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
 A face without a hart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
 And that I see in passages of prooffe,
 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
 There liues within the very flame of loue
 A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
 For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
 Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
 We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
 And hath abatements and delayes as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
 And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
 That hurts by eafing; but to the quick of th'vicer,
 Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
 To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
 More then in words?
Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.
King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
 Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
 Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
 Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And fet a double varnish on the fame
 The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
 And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thec dumbe, yet are
 repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldst the death,
 doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
 with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
 cleere of our flyp, to I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
 vs chafe, finding our felues too slow of faile, we put on a compell'd
 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
 were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we
Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue thele fel-
 rates, as I am let to knowe it is.
 to the Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
Say. A shall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came
Hor. Let him blesse thec to.
Say. God blesse you fir.
 I should be greced. If not from Lord *Bamber*.
Enter Saylers.
 I doe not know from what part of the world
Hor. Let them come in.
Gen. Sea-faring men fir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Hor. VVhat are they that would speake with me?
Enter Horatio and others.
 I pray you goe with me.
Exeunt.
 And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
King. So you shall,
 That I must call in question.
 City to be heard as were from heauen to earth,
 No noble right, nor formall offention,
 No trophic sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
 His meanes of death, his obicure funerall,
Laer. Let this be so.
 To giue it due content.
 And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
 If by direct, or by colateral hand
 And they shall here and iudge wixt you and me,
 Make choise of whom your wills friends you will,
 I he I vage die of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
 With pessilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
 In eare and eare: o my deare *Gertrard*, this
 Like to a murdring peece in many places
 Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.
King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
 What is the matter?
Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord,
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eates not the flats with more impitious hast
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges,
Enter Laertes with others.
King. The doores are broke,
Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VVe will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King,
 Giue me my father.
Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 Euen heere betweene the chaff vnmirched browe
 Of my true mother.
King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Laer. Doe you thinke God.
 God buy you.
 He is gone, he is gone, and we call away more,
 His beard was as white as snow,
 He neuer will come againe,
 No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
 And will a not come againe,
Opb. And will a not come againe,
 She turns to fauour and to prettines,
Laer. Thougth and afflictions, paffion, hell it telle
 For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy,
 they say a made a good end,
 giue you some Violers, but they withered all when my Father dyed,
 you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dabe, I would
 you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondales,
Opb. There's Fenill for you, and Colymbines, there's Rewe for
 member, and there's Panicles, that's for thoughtis,
Laer. A document in madnes, thoughtis and remembrance fired.
Opb. There's Rokenary, that's for remembrance, pray you loue re-
 It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
 And you call him a downe a. O how the whele becomes it,
Opb. You must sing a downe a downe,
 It could not moue thus.
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perfwade reuenge
 Fare you well my Doue,
 And in his graue rai'd many a teare,
Opb. They bore him bare-falle on the Beere,
 Should be as morall as a poore mans life,
 O heauen, ill possible a young maids wits
 Deere mayd, kind filter, sweet *Ophelia,*
 Tell our tale turne the beame, O Role of May,
 By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
 Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,
 O heate, dry vp my braines, teares leauen times fall
Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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

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

King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
 And for my meanes I'll husband them so well,
 They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
 Of your deere Father, it's writ in your reuenge,
 That sooptake, you will draw both friend and foe
 Winner and looser.

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

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

Enter Ophelia.
Laer. Let her come in.
 How now, what noyse is that?

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 especiall,
 That he cride out it would be a sight indeed
 And Iem of all the Nation.
King. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
 King. The very fame.
Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord.*
King. A Norman walt?
Laer. A Norman.
 Come short of what he did.
 That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
 With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
 As had he beene incorp'd, and demy natur'd
 And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
 Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his feate,
 And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
 I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
 Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
 Importing health and grauenes; two months since
 Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
 The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
 Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
 A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
 Of the vnworthiest sledge.
 As did that one, and that in my regard
 Did not together plucke such enuie from him
 Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
 You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
 It falls right,
 That I might be the organ.
 The rather if you could deuise it so
 My Lord I will be rul'd,
 And call it accident.
 But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
Prince of Denmarke.

Prince of Denmarke.

And that I hope will reach you to imagine.
 I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
 And think it pittime, you shortly shall heare more,
 That we can let our beard be thooke with danger,
 That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
 King. Breake not your linceps for that, you must not thinke
 For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
 Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
 They were giuen me by *Clawdio*, he receiued them
 Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes you shall heare them: leave vs.
 High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
 to morrow shall I begge leave to see your kingdome,
 asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my luddaine
 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. This *Hamlets* caracters. Naked,
 And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
 Can you deuise me?
Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
 It warms the very tickles in my hart
 That I haue and tell him to his teeth
 Thus didst thou.
King. If it be so *Laertes*,
 As how should it be so, how otherwise,
 Will you be rul'd by me?
 I my Lord, you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
 As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
 No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my deuise,
 Vnder the which he shall not chooche but fall:

M 3

Ham. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to
Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which fecke out Assurance in
that, I will speake to this fellow, whose graue is this fira?
Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.
Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.
Clow. You lie out on fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I
doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.
Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead,
not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.
Clow. It is a quicke lie fir, I will away againe from me to you.
Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?
Clow. For no man fir.
Ham. What woman then?
Clow. For none neither.
Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shee's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or
equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I
haue took note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the roe of the
plant comes so nere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How
long haue thou been Graue-maker?
Clow. Of the dayes th' yere I came too't that day that our last king
Hamlet ouercame *Fortenbragg*.
Ham. How long is that since?
Clow. Cannot you tell that? euey foole can tell that, it was that
very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and lent into
England.
Ham. I marry, why was he lent into *England*?
Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or it
a doo not, tis no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Clow. I will not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad
Ham. How came he mad?
Clow. Very strangely they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clow. Eayth scene with looking his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexten heere man
and boy thirty yeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyefh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he whose grieffe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phraze of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy soule.
Ham. 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 wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a sunder.
Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this thesame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my sonne, what theame?
Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantirie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes*.
Quee. For loue of God forbear him.
Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp *E. fill*, eate a *Crocadile*?
Hee doo't, doost come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke 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

Make

The Tragedie of Hamlet
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.
Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bulines; a sings in graue-
making.
Hor. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of eaines.
Ham. Tis euen so, the hand of little imploment hath the dinner fence
Clow. But age with his stealing steps
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.
Ham. That shall had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were *Caines* jawbone, that did the
first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this alle now
ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?
Hor. It might my Lord.
Ham. Of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,
how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that
praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to begg it, might it not?
Hor. I my Lord.
Ham. Why euen so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knocke
about the maikens with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
we had the maikens to see't, did these bones colt no more the breeding
but to play at logges with them: wine take to thinke on't.
Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,
for and a throwing shere,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet,
Ham. Thers another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his reuirs, and his
tricks? why dooes he suffer this made knaue now to knocke him a-
bout the fconce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his achi-
on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
Land, with his Statues, his recogniuances, his fines, his double vou-
chers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine dirt, will you-
thers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles than the length
and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his
Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must thinke himselfe haue
no more, ha.
Hor. Not a lot more my Lord.
Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?
Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword,
I bought an vnction of a Mounthanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death,
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunninges,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prepard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.
Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drowned *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, o where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did the make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M. Clambring

Enter

Prince of Denmark
man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, will he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, &
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, thortens not his owne life.
Other. But is this law?
Clowne. I marry it, Crowners quest law.
Other. Will you ha the truth an, it is this had not bene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.
Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pity that great folke
should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang theiues,
more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.
Other. Was he a gentleman?
Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.
Other. He put another question to thee, if thou answerst me not to the pur-
pole, confesse thy selfe.
Other. Goe to.
Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Malon, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.
Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lines a thousand tenans.
Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee, too againe, come.
Other. V Who builds stronger then a Malon, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.
Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyke.
Other. Mary now I can tell.
Clowne. Too.
Other. Malle I cannot tell.
Clowne. Cudgell thy braides no more about it, for your dull alle will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes last till Doomsday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a loope of liquor.
In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract o the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet,
M 2.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious slauer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes.
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Pald the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water hast 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. Adieu my Lord,

I haue a speech a fire that faime would blafe,

But that this folly drownes it. **Exit.**

King. Let's follow Gertrard,

How much I had to doe to calme his rage,

Now feare I this will giue it start againe,

Therefore lets follow. **Exeunt.**

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drownd her selfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet
King's letter.
Ham. I this?
Clow. Euen that.
Ham. Alas poore Yorke, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
jest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge
rises at it. Heere hung those types that I haue kiss I know not howe
oft, where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your fla-
zes of meriments, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfaine, Now get you
out the mull come, make her laugh at that.
Horatio tell me one thing.
Ham. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion with earth?
Ham. Euen so.
Ham. And smelt to پا.
Ham. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. To what base vices wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not
imagination trace the noble dull of *Alexander*, will a find it hopping
a bunghole?
Hor. I were to consider too curiously to consider so.
Ham. No faith, nor a iot, but to follow him thither with modestly
enough, and kindlyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, of earth vce
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vce
make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
they

Prince of Denmark.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expell the waters flaw,
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke,

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre in larg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice 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 vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Enter K. Q.
Laertes and
the corse.

Full

Ham. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had
Ham. What call you the carriages?
Ham. What delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.
of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponhous to
and Royards, with their a'signes, as girdle, hanger and fo. I ree
against the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapier
Ham. The King fir hath wagerd with him fix Barbary horses,
Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.
Ham. Rapier and Dagger.
Ham. What's his weapon?
Ham. What's his weapon?
Ham. I mean fir for this weapon, but in the imitation laide on
him in excellencie, but to know a man well, were to knowe him selfe.
Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with
Ham. You are not ignorant of what excellencie *Laertes* is
much approue me, well fir.
Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith it you did, it would not
Ham. I know you are not ignorant.
Ham. Of him fir.
Ham. His parts is empty already, all's golden words are spent.
Ham. Of *Laertes*.
Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.
too fir really.
Ham. It's not possible to understand in another tongue, you will
Ham. Sir.
Ham. Our more rarer breath?
Ham. The conceit of him fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in
Ham. Your Lordship speaks most intably of him.
Ham. Nothing more.
of him, his semblable is his mirror, & who els would trace him, his
& his intion of such deare and rarentie, as to make true diction
in the vertice of exortiment, I take him to be a soule of great artice,
memory, and yet but a narrow respect of his quick faile, but
know to decide him inuentorally, would dole the arithmeticke of
Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdicion in you, though I
man would see.
ry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentle-
excellent differences, of very loft society, and great flowing: in-

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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Prince of Denmarke.

Prince of Denmarke.

Make *Offa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
He rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will fit drooping.
Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* let some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.
Ham. So much for this fir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certaine.
Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarf'd about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
Ham. Come on fir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Offhick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and boor.*
Laer. Well, againe. *Eloisib, a peece goes off.*
King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.
Ham. He play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
Laer. I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. Hee'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. *Gertrude* 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, He 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.
Offh. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incontent.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Offh. Look to the *Queene* there howe.
Hor. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Offh. How ist *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Offhick,*

Prince of Denmark.
 The changing neuer knowne: now the next day
 Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
 Thou knowest already.
Ham. So *Cymbeline* and *Rogiermans* goe too:
Ham. They are not nere my conscience: their defeat
 Does by their owne inflammation growe,
 'Tis dangerous when the baler nature comes
 Betwene the paffe and fell incenced points
 Of mighy opposits.
Ham. Why what a King is this?
Ham. Does it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
 He that hath kild my King, and whord my mother,
 Opp't in betwene the election and my hopes,
 Throwne out his Angell for my proper life,
 And with such such cunnage, if not perfect conscience?
Enter a Courtier.
Ham. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.
Ham. I humble thanke you sir.
 Dooft know this water fly?
Ham. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy share 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
 crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings melle, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpaci-
 ons in the poſſeſſion of dur.
Ham. Siveere Lord, if your Lordſhippe were at leaſure, I ſhould
 impart a thing to you from this Mithraic.
Ham. I will receaue it fir withall diligence of ſpirit, your bonnet
 to his right vice, tis for the head.
Ham. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hor.
Ham. No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Ham. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. But er me thinke it is very fully and hot, or my comple-
 tion.
Ham. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoutherly, as 't were I can-
 not tell how: my Lord his Mithraic bad me ſigne to you, that a
 has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.
Ham. I beſeech you remember.
Ham. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, fir here is newly
 com to Court *Larves*, believe me an absolute gentleman, full of most
 excellent

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming downe.
Ham. In happy time.
Lord. The Queen desires you to vesome gentle entertainment
 to *Larves*, before you fall to play.
Ham. She well instructs me.
Ham. You will looke my Lord.
Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene
 in continually practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou wouldst not
 thinke how ill all's here about my hart, but it is no matter.
Ham. Nay good my Lord.
Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gaming, as
 would perhaps trouble a woman.
Ham. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forſake the
 repaire heether, and lay you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defie angury, there is speciall providence in
 the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
 it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readines is all,
 since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what it is to leaue betimes,
 let be.
*And table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cymbons,
 King, Queen, and all the State, Foiles, daggers,
 and Larves.*
King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.
Ham. Give me your pardon fir, I have done you wrong,
 But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes,
 And you must needs haue heard, how I am puniſht
 With a ſore diſtraction, what I have done
 That might your nature, honor, and exception
 Roughly awake, I heere proclaim was madneſſe,
 Vnall *Hamlet* wronged *Larves*, 't were *Hamlet*.
 If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be rane away,
 And when hee's not himſelfe, does wrong *Larves*,
 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
 Who does it then? his madneſſe. If he be,
Hamlet's of the faction that is wronged,
 His madneſſe is poore *Hamlet*'s enimie,
 Let my diſtilling from a purpoſe d'cull,
 Ere me lo faſt in your moſt generous thoughts
 That I haue ſhot my arrow ere the houſe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
 Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
 A royall knauery, an exact command
 Larded with many feuerall ſorts of reaſons,
 Importing Denmarke's health, and *Englands* to,
 With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
 That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bared:
 No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Ham. If poſſible?
Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
 But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Ham. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
 They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
 Deuid a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our ſtatifts doe,
 A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
 How to forget that learning, but fir now
 It did me yemans ſeruiſe, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote?
Ham. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest coniuuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
 As loue betwene them like the palme might florifh,
 As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
 And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
 And many ſuch like, as fir of great charge,
 That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
 Without debatement further more or leſſe,
 He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
 Not ſtriving time alow'd.
Ham. How was this ſeald?
Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
 I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
 Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
 Subscribe it, gau'th'imprefſion, plac'd it ſafely,

Prince of Denmark.

And hurt my brother.
Lar. I am ſatiſfied in nature,
 Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
 To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
 I ſtand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
 Till by ſome elder Maifters of knowne honor
 I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
 To my name vngord: but all that time
 I doe receaue your offer loue, like loue,
 And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
 frankly play.
 Giue vs the foiles.
Lar. Come, one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Larves*, in mine ignorance
 Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtarre 'th darkeſt night
 Stick fiery of indeed.
Lar. You mocke me fir.
Ham. No by this hand,
King. Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
 You knowe the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord.
 Your grace has layed the ods a'th weaker ſide.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
 But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.
Lar. This is to heauy: let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.
Oſtr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
 If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
 Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
 The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
 And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,
 Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
 In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
 And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
 The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
 The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
 The drinke the drinke, I am poyfnd.
Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
 Treachery, seeke it out.
Lac. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,
 No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
 The treacherous instrument is in my hand
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
 Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
 Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfnd,
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestious damned Dane,
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
 Follow my mother.
Lac. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
 Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble *Hamlet*,
 Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
 Nor thine on me.
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
 Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
 Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,
 But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
 Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
 To the vnfarished.
Hor. Neuer believe it;
 I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
 Heere's yet some liquer left.
Ham. As th'art a man
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
 O.

FINIS.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*
 Are here arrued, give order that the bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
 How these things came about; so shall you heare
 Of carnall, bloody and vnnatural acts,
 Of accidental iudgements, casual slaughter,
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
 And in this vniuersall, purpose mistooke,
 Falne on th' inuencers heads: all this can I
 Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haue to heare it,
 And call the noblest to the audience,
 For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.
Ham. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
 And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
 But let this same be presently perform'd
 Euen while mens minds are wilde, least more mischance
 On plots and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captranes
 Beare *Hamlet* like a soldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he bene put on,
 To haue proued most royall; and for his passage,
 The soldier murther and the right of warre
 Speake loudly for him:
 Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but here shewes much amisse.
 Goe bid the soldiers shoore, *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A maych a*
 To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
 To th' embassadours of *England* giues this warlike volly.

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

Ham. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight?

Ham. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your searck.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloudily hast strook?

Embaf. The sight is dismall
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 The cares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
 That *Rosencreau* and *Gyldesten* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thanks?

Ham. 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

You