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THE TRAGEDY
OF HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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

AT LONDON,
Printed for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe
in Saint Dunstons Church yard in Fleetstreet.
Vnder the Diall, 1611.
Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Ho! who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me, Stand and unfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre,
Bar. Tis now stroke twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
     And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
     If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
     The riuels of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, Stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell honest fouldiers, who hath relieuid you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; give you good night. Exit Fran.

Mar.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo,
Bar. Say what is Horatio there?
Hora. A piece of him,
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What has this thing appeared again to night?
Bar. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio sakes tis but a fantastic,
And will not let believe take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful sight twice seen of us,
Therefore I have intreated him alone,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
Hee may approac our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let us once againe assiste your cares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee have two nights seen.
Hora. Well sit wee downe,
And let us heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;
Had made his course tillume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost. (gaine,

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a-
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it Horatio.
Hora. Most like, it howeres me with scare & wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hora. What art thou that usurpt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge the speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.
Prince of Denmark.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak I charge thee speak. Exit Ghost.

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,

Is not this something more then phantastie?

What thinke you of it?

Hor. Before my God I might not this beleue,

Without the sencible and true auouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe:

Such was the very Armor hee had on,

When hee the ambitious Norway combated,

So frownde hee once when in an angry parle

Hee smote the fleaded pollax on the ice.

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and jump at this dead houre,

With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange erupcion to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,

And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon

And foraine martre for implements of warre,

Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose foro taske

Does not decide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might bee toward, that this sweaty haft

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who ist that can informe mee?

Hor. That can I.

At least the whisper goes fo, our last King,

Whose image even but now appea'd to vs,

Was as you know by Fortinbrasse of Norway,

Thereeto prickt on by a most emulato pride

Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant Hamlet,

(For so this side of our krowne world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbrasle, who by a seald compact

Well ratified by law and Heraldry
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life,) all these his lands
Which hee stooed seaz’d of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles deigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbrasse
Of vnimproced mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of lawlesse resolutes;
For food and diet to some enterprize
That hath a stomake in’t, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father loft; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheese head
Of this post-haft and ronceage in the land.

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

Horn. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves flood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Romane streets
As starrs with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euens the like precurse of fearce events
As harbingers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any found or vse of voice,
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contrys fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Exorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.

Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,
We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew:
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a searefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throate
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hyes
To his confine, and of the truth heercin
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer against that seasion comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then they say no spirit dare flurre abroade
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets shine.
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard and doe in part beleue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes o’er the dew of you high Eastward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night

Vnto yong Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.

Mar. Lets doo, I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the
Queene, Counsale: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greese and our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th’imperiall ioyntrefTe to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale waighting delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now follows that you know yong Fortinbrasse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his advantage
Hee hath not faild to pester vs with message

Importing
Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue here writ
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbraffe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppressse
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subie&; 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 allow:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now Laertes what is the newes with you?
You told vs of some fute, what is it Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce; what wouldst thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What wouldst thou haue Laertes?

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

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

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my lowe leave
By laboursome petition, and at laft
Upon his will I feald my hard consent,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

I do 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 Coſin Hamlet, and my fonne.

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

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

Ham. Not fo much my Lord, I am too much in the fonne.

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 knowst it is common all that lines must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seems Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,
Nor customary lutes of solemn black,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, not the fruitfull riuere in the eye,
Nor the deiecte hateau of the vilage,
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of grieſe
That can devote me truely, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes through,
These but the trappings and the luites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father,
But you must know your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, lost his, and the furuer bound
In filiall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perſueer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly grieſe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding ample and vnſchoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common
Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peniful 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 theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that dyed to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to 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, cousin, and our sonne.

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

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

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

Ham. O that this too too fellied flesh would melt, but Hamlet.

Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerafting had not fixt
His cannon against scale slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, stile, flat, and vnprofitable
See me to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an unweeded garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grofe in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cousin Hamlet, and my sonne.

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

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Seek for thy noble Father in the duft,
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And the Kings rowse the heaven shall brute againe,
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Or that the everlastinge had not fixt
His cannon against scale slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
See me to all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweedean garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grose in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus
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 loving to my mother;
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visit 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 body
Like Niobe all teares, why she
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue moun'd longer, married with my Uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father.
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauld eyes
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post:
With such dexterity to incessious sheetes.
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Horo. Haile to your Lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio, or I do forget my
Horo. the fame my Lord, and your poore Seruant euer.

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

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

Horo. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemie say so.
Nor shall you do my eare that violence
To make it trusler of your owne report.
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elsonoure?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest soe in Heauen.
Or cuer I had scene that day Horatio.
My father me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods louse let me heare?
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch,
In the dead waft and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

Armed at poyn^ exactly Cap apea
Appeares before them, and with solemn march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes,
Within this trophonious length, whilft they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,


The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where wee watcht,
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Nora. My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought
It lifted vp it head and did address
It selfe to motion,like as it would speake:
But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,
And at the sound it shruncke in haft away
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor.d Lord tis true
And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeede sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly,

Ham. I would I had beeene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, staied it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth,

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'ld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue scene it in his life.

A fable siller'd.

Ham.
Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Horr. I warn't it will

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this figh
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what what soever els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Upon the platfonme twixt a leaun and twelve
Ile vilet you.

All Our duety to your homor. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then fit still my soule, foule deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes,

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sifer.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And convoy, in assistant do not sleepe
But let me heare from you.

Ophe. Do you doubt that?

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

Ophe, Mo more but fo.

Laer Thinke it no more.
For nature crescunt does not grow alone,
In thwes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward service of the mind foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,
Ane now no soyle nor cautel doth beimerch
The vettue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnaulewed persons doe,  
Craue for himselfe, for on his choise depends  
The safety and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,  
It fits your widsome so farre to beleue it  
As he in his particuler act and place  
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way what loose your honor may sustaine,  
If with too credent care you lift his songs  
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open,  
To his vnmaistred 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 chariest maide is prodigall enough  
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone  
,,Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes  
,,The canker gaules the infant of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclo't d,  
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most iminent,  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,  
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.  

Opbe, I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,  
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother  
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,  
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen  
While a puff, and reckles libertine,  
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads,  
And reakes not his owne reed.  

Enter Polonius.

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

Po'. Yet here Laertes ? a bord, a bord for shame,
The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vtto thy foule with hoopes of steele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnflxed courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
Bear't that th'opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparell oft proclaims the man:
And they in France of the best rank and station,
Ar of a most select and generous, chees in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This above all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then bee saile to any man:
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave my Lord.

Pol. The time inuefts you, goe, your servants tend,

Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue said to you.

Ophel. Tis in my memory lackt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell

Exit. Laertes.

Pol. what if Ophelia hee hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Given priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountio
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

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

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girlie,
Unslid in such perrilous circumstance,
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know 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 stering: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a soole.

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

Pol. Ifashion you may call it, go to, go to.

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

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
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 tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tender may be walke
Then may be giuen you: in few Ophelia,
Doe not beleive his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investements show
But meer implorators of vnholy suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth

Haue
Prince of Denmark.

Haue you so flaunder any moments 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. \(\text{Exeunt.}\)

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrouly, it is very colde.
Hor. It is nipping , and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is strooke
Hor. Indeede ; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke \(\text{A Flourish of trump.}\)

What does this meane my Lord ? \(\text{Pets and 2. pieces goes off.}\)

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowse.

Keepes walltell and the swaggring vp-frting reeles :
And as he drains his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumper, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome ?
Ham. I mary isf,
But to my mind, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and West

Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plaufiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Being Nature's duty, or Fortunes stature,
His Vertues els be theys as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may undergo,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault, the dram of case
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royall Dane, o answer mee,
Let mee not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein wee saw thee quietly inter'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meance
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reunites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should wee doe?

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

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

Hora. No, by no meanes.

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

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee.
Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

_Hora_. What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleese
That bettels ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your soueraignty of reason,
And draw you into madness, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into every braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

_Ham_. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

_Mar_. You shall not goe my Lord,
_Ham_. Hold of your hands.
_Hora_. Berul'd, you shall not goe.
_Ham_. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artyre in this body
As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe one, Ile follow thee. Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

_Hor_. He waxes desperate with imagination.
_Mar_. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
_Hora_. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
_Mar_. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
_Hora_. Heauen will direct it.
_Mar_. Nay lets follow him. Exeunt,

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

_Ham_. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.
_Ghost_. Marke me.
_Ham_. I will.
_Ghost_. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.
_Ham_. Alas poor Ghost;
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing

to what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here,

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

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to faft in fires,
Till the soule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purged away; but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To cares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, O lift,
If thou didst ever thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his soule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most soule, as in the best it is,

But this most soule, strange and vnnatural.

Ham. Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue
May swepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in eafe on Lethe wharffe,
Would ft thou not flurr in this; now Hamlet heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abused: but know thou nobile Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule! my Vnkle:

Ghost.
Ghoft. I that incefluous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamfull lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous Queene;
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but virtue as it never will be moued,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angel linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But lost, methinks I scent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Upon my secure house, thy Vncesto.e
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did pour,
The leptrous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possess
And curd like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barkt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou purifies this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule continue
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To pricke and sting her; fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to bee neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adieuw, adieuw, adieuw, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I couple hell, O hell, hold, my heart,
And you my sinowess, grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all truall fond records,
All lawe of bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and observation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Unmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman,
O villaine, villaine, smilling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smille, and smille, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Horo. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Horo. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.
Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?
Hora. O, wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wilde and whirling words my Lord?
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Or maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and soouldiers,
Give me one poore request.
Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cryes under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

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

Come on, you hear this fellow in the Sellrige,

Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seen,

Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare,

Ham bic, & ubique, then weele shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Sweare by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it' h earth so fast,

A worthy Pioner once more remoue good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio

Then are dream't of in your Philosophy : but come

Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

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

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke mee,

To put an Antike disposition on

That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,

Or if wee lift to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambugious giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of mee, this do sweare,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
Prince of Denmark.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'express his loue and frending to you
God willing shal not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And fill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of Joyn. O cursed right!
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, 2et goe together.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this mony, and these two notes Reynaldo.
Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe maruelous wisely good Reynaldo.
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompasment 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, do you marque this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

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

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. 1, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A fana genes in unreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefor should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these sliptfullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euersene in the pronominate crimes
The youth you breath of guily, 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.

Rey. 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 leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
If saw him yester day, or the 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
If saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bane of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windlesse: and with auses of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord. Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell, how now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my cloflet,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraed,

No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,

Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,

Pate as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pittious in purport

As if he had beene loosed out of hell

To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe, My Lord I do not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus ore his brow,

He falls to such perusall of my face

As a would draw it; long stayd he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus waving vp and downe,

He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,

As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his being; that done, he lets me go,

And with his head over his shoulders turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

For out a doores he went without their helps,

And to the last bended their light on me.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King.
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat undertakings.
As oft as any passions vnder heaven
That does affl & our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repel his letters: and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and judgement
I had not cote him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but be throw my Ielousie:
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close, might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldeforne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus and Guyldeforne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hafty sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamletts transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the understanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau'r,
That you voulde your rest heere in our Court
Some little time so, by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne affect him thus,
That ope nd lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whome he more adhere; if it will pleafe you
To shew vs so much gentrty and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiestyes
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dready pleasures more into command
Then to intreaty.

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

King. Thankes Rosencraus, and gentle Guyldenferne,

Quee. Thankes Guyldenferne, and gentle Rosencraus.

And I beseech you instandy to visite
My too much changed sonne: see some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

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

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros and Guyl.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully returnd.

King. Thou sll haft beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Hane I my Lord? I asure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious Kings,
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts nor the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vld to doe, that I haue found.
The very cause of Hamlets lunacy,

King. Opakes of that, that do I long to heare.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

King. Thy felie doe grace to them, and bring them in,
He tells me my decree: Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

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

Enter Embassadors.

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

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppreffe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation against the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat he cou'd
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbraffe, which he in briefe obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle, never more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Majestie:
Whereon old Norway overcome with joy,
Giues him three score thousand crownes in annuell see,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty herein further thone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke upon this busines:
Meane time, we thank you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home,

Pol. This busines is well ended,
Prince of Denmark.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wait night, day, and time,
Therefore brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward florishes:
I will be briefe your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What if but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I swear I use no art at all,
That he's mad is true, us true, tis pity,
And pity tis, us true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remains
That wee find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectue comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.

Perpend,
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this, now gather and furmifie,

To the Celestial and my soules Idol, 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.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

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

Don't thou the flarres are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But never doubt I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reken my groanes, but that I love thee best, Oh most best beleue it! adew. Thine euermore most deare Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me, (Hamlet,
And more about hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by means, 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 hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my Daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaied the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or looke t vppon this loue with idle fight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong Misstrife this I did bespeake,

*Lord Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy fileare,
This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
Which done she tooke the fruities of my aduise,
And hee repel d. a short tale to make,
Fell into a ladnes, then into a faft,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declensiona,
Into the madnes wherein now hee rauces,
And all wee mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*Quee.* It may bee very like.

*Pol.* Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,

That I haue positively said, tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstancies leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

*King.* How may wee try it farther?

*Pol.* You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.
Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he love her not,
And bee not from his reason faile thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wec will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away. Exit King and Quee.

He bord him presently, oh gue me leave,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being

a good killing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,

But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he

knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is tarre gone,

and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very

neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my

Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord,

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir, for the fatericall rogue failes here, that old

men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinkle, their eyes

purging thick Amber, & plum tree gum, & that they have a pleas-
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eifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir
 though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not
honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old
as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backward.
Po. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you
walke out of the ayre my Lord?
Ham. Into my graue.
Po. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reaun
and sanctity could not so prosperously be diluered of. I will leaue
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.
Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.
Enter Guildersterne, and Rosencranz.
Po. Fare you well my Lord.
Ham. These tedious old fooles.
Po. You goe to secke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.
Ros. God saue you sir.
Guy. My honor'd Lord.
Ros. My moft deere Lord.
Ham. My excelenet good friends, how dost thou Guildersterne?
A Rosencranz, good lads how doe you both?
Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guy. Happy, in that we are not ever happy on Fortunes lap.
We are not the very button.
Ham. Not the soles of her shooe.
Ros. Neither my Lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waft, or in the middle of her fa
Guy. Faith her priuates we.
(ours.
Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a ftrumpet
What newes?
Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.
Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elfonoure?
Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
Ham. Begger that I am, I am ever poore in thankes, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free vistita-
tion? come, come, deale iutly with me, come, come, nay speake.
Guy. What should we say my Lord?
Ham. That H—— in a Forcierall lent erafc il^/. rights ther,! obligation of our euer preferred love; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord wee were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why I shall my anticipation present your discovery, and your secrarie to the King and Queene must no fea-
ther, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauly with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this brawe ore-hanged firmament, this maesticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What pece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in facultyes, in forme and mouding, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the parragon of Animales, and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

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

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

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

Ham. He that plays the King shal be welcome, his Maiesty shal have tribute on mee, the aduenturous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the louer shal not sing gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the Lady shal say, her mind freely: or the blanke verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.
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Ham. How chances it the travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

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

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

Ros. No indeede are they not. 

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vnkle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peecce, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is something in this more then natural, if Philosophy could find it out. A Florish.

Guyl. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elfonoure, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremone; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shew a fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainement then yours? you are welcome: but my Vnkle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North Noth west; when the wind is Southernly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you Guylensherne, & you co, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

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

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

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

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

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Upon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comical, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.
indeudable, or Poem unlimited. Seneca cannot bee too heavy, nor Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O jeptha Judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou?
Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which bee loyed pasting well.
Pol. Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not thright old jeptha?
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shou you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.
Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all; I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last, com'lt thou to beard me in Demark? what my young lady and Mistres, by lady your ladyshippe is newer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a pece of vuncuuant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faulkners, fie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straitc, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speecb my good Lord?
Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never ac-
ed, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas caniary to the general, but it was as I recei-
ued it & others, whole judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, 'twas Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priams slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pyrbus like Thiscanian
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Beast', tis not it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, hee whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th' ominous horse;
Hath now this dread and black complection smear'd,
With heraldry more dismal head to note,
Now is hee toall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, s Jonnes,
Bak'd and embal'd with the patching streeetes
Than lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords smother, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carubunckles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandfire Priam seekes; so proceed you,

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion.
Striking too short at Grekes, his antick sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at Priam driveth, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whistle and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vanqued father falls.
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus care, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reverent Priam, seem'd ith agree to stick,
So as a painted tirant Pyrrhus flood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dread full thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Mar'se Armor forg'd for proove eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou Trumpet Fortune! all, you gods,
In general sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round nauе downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

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

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

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoot vp and downe, threatening the flams.

With Befon thume, a clout vp on that head.

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,

A blanket in the al'time of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in venom sleepe,

Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd.

But if the gods themselves did see her then.

When she saw Pirbus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

Unlesse things mortall moue them not at all,

Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heaven.

And passion in the gods,

Polo. Looke where he has not turned his coloure, and has seares

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 vied, for they are the abstract and briefe

Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a

bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

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

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse every man after his

desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne

honour and dignity, the lesse they deserre the more merit is

in your bounty. Take them in.

Polo. Comes firs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou here
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heare me old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play, my Lord.

Ham. Weele haue to tommorrow night, you could for need study
a speech of some dozen lines, or sixeene lines, which I would set
downe and insert in't; could you not?

Play. My Lord.

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

Ros. Good my Lord.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone.

O what a rogue and pelant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a vision, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit,
That from her working all the vifage wand,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function stumyng
With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall care with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very facultys of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like John-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Upon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breaks my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blows it in my face,
Tweakes me by the nose, gives me the lie ith throate
A deep as to the lungen: who does me this,
Habits wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatt'd all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorselesse, treacherous, letcherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Asse am I? this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbage; a Stallion, fie vpong, soh.
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 proclaimed their maleflactions:
For further though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players
Play somthing like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle, Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do brench.
I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'asume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakenesse and my melancholly,
As hee is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses mee to damne mee; 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, Rosencraus, Gyl.
densterne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Rof He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.
Gyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty madness keepes aloose
When we would bring him on to some confession
Qvee. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Qvee. Did you affay him to any pastime?
Ros. Maddam, it to fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: they are here about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis most true,
And he befeeht me to intreat your Maiefties
To heare and see the matter.
King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen give him a futher edge;
And drive his purpose into these delights.
Ros. We shall my Lord,
Exeunt Ros. & Guyl.
King. Sweet Gertrurd, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t were by accendent, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow out selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely judge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If't be th'affiliation of his loue or no
That thus he suffer's for.
Qee. I shall obey you.
And for my 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.
Opbe. Maddam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia walke you here: gracious so please you,
We will bestow our felues; rede on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may collour
Your lowliness; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou’d, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Diuell himself.

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

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by oppressing, end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there’s the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there’s the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
The oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of office, and the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of the vnworthy takes,
When himself might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscouer’d country, from whose borne
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No traualier returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the nature hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

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

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

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

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

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweett breath compos'd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vankind,

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meane's your Lordship?

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

Ophe. Could beauty my Lord haue better comece
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transorme ho-
neft from what it is to a baude, then the force of honesty can tran-
slate beauty into his likenesse, this was sometime a paradox, but now
the time giues it prooue, I did loue you once,

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so
enueat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in, imaginatio to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? we are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs. go thy waies to a Nunry. Wher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

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

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plage for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calamity get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfe another, you gig and amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no more marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. to a Nunry go. Exit.

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othroune!
The courtiers, soldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obeuer'd of all obseuerers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deicet and wretched,
That suckt the huny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and nature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me
Thaue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

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

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origin and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his grieves, let her be round with him,
And I le be plac’d (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the to we cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vs all gently, for in the very torrent tempst, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may guie it smoothnes, O it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow
here a passion to totters, to very rage, to split; the cares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb showes, and noyse! I would have such a fellow whipt for orendoing Tennagant it out. Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee your tutors; sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-stappe not the modesty of nature: For anything so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to nature; to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this over-done, or come trady off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greene, the cenfure of which one, must in your allowance oreweigh a whole Theater of others. O there bee Players that I have seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophancly, that neither having th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Naturs Iournemen had made men, and not made them well; they imita- ted humanity so abominably.

Play. 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 thence be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of banaine 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 vs it: goe make you ready. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, GUILDENSTORNE, and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord. 

Ham. What how, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hora. Here sweete Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man.

As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuens might but thy good spirits
To seede and cloath thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, doost thou heare,
Since my deere soule was mistris of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou haft beeene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Halt came with equall thankes; and blest are those
Whose bloud I and judgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stoppe shee please: give me that man
That is not passions flau, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee, Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King;
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Vncl at his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that wee haue scene,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Vulcan stithy; giue him heedfull note
For I Mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after wee will both our judgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming,
   Hora. 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,
    Poloni-s, Ophelia.
Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I ate the ayre,
Promif-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once in the Univerfity you say,

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

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' th' Capitall,

Brutus killed me.

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

Be the Players ready?

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

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

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

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my father died within two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for he have a fitte of fables; O heauens, die two months ago and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memory may out-lie his life halfe a yeare, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Trumpets sound. Dumbe show follows.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vppon a bancke of flowers, he seeing him a sleepe, leaves him: anon comes in an other man, take's off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poisons with some three or foure comes in againe, seems to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisons makes the Queene with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts alone.

Oph. What means this my Lord?
Ham. Marty tis munching Mallico, it means mischiefe.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter prologue.
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.
Oph. Will a tell us what this show meant?
Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you a sham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it means.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke 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 thirty times hath Phoebus Cast gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and Tellas orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelve thirties bee ne
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite commutual in most sacred bands.
Quee. So many journeyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee done,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomform you my Lord it nothing must.
Sir. What doth a man know?

King. Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.

Now what my Lord is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is eiz'd, my care is so,
Where love is great, the least doubts are care,
Where little cares grow great, great love growes there.

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

Queen. O confound the rest.
Such love must needs bet treason in my breast,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisse me in bed.

King. I doe beleeue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruites unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.

Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either, griefe, or joy,
Their owne ennaatures with them selues destroy,
Where joy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on slender accendent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loves should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man downe, you mark his favourite flies.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

The poore advanced makes friends of enemies,
And hether too doth loue on fortune ten d,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemie.

But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repofe lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meece what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now

King. Tis deepely sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mishance be twixt vs twane.

Ham. Madder, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but left, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murthcr done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shall see anone, tis a knauifh pcece of worke, but what of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Jade winch,our withers are vnwrung. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

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

Ham. I could interpret betwenee you and your loue
If I could see the puppets dallying.

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

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

*Opb.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Raven doth bel-low for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing. Considerate fealon els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholesome life visurs immediately.

*Ham.* A poyfons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzaga, the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the louse of Gonzagoes wife.

*Opb.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Giue ore the play.

*King.* Giue me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights.  

*Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the stroken deere goe wepee,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir and a forest of feather, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with provinci-all Roses, on my raz'd shoos, get me a fellowship in a city of players?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh Damon deere

This Realme dimantled was

Of losse himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

*Hora.* You might haue rim'd.

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

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poysoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.*
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus, Guylendorsterne,

Guyl. Good my Lord, would I were a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole history.

Guyl. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruantious distempred.
Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller.
Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And dare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtezie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseased, but sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sates, your behaviour hath stroke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

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

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. Sir Iacke aduancement.

Ros. 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 sir, but while the grasser growes, the proverbe is something musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would driv me into a toyle?

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

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

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Believe me I cannot.

Ham. I befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, and the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guyl. But these cannot I command to any vrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my miserie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and ther is much musique excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s blood do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

God bleffe you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queene wou’d speake with you, & presently.

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

Pol. By’th masse and tis like a Camell indeede,

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. ’Tis very like a Whale.
Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foot me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leave me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
Oh heart loose not thy nature! let not ever,
The soule of Nero enter this firme bolome!
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but use none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent.  

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

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

Guyl. We will our services provide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maieftie.

Ros. The single and peculiar 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 cesse of Maieftie
Dies not alone; but like a gulf cloth draw
What's accesi, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,
To whose hugh spakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Ros. We will haft vs.

Enter Polonius.

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

King. Thankes deere my Lord,
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge 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 raipe enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snow: where to servues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer
Can servue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still posseft
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
The Tragedy of Hamlet

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by justice,
And oft' the scene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes our the law, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selves compel d
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in evidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched hate, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that: struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborn knees, and hart with strings of steele,
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 sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly.——— not reuendge,
A tooke my father grozely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes sauc heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heavy with him: and am I then reuendged?
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No,
Wp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't.
Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen;
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell where to it goes; my mother staines,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene.

Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere.

Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With draw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,

You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me?

Helpe hoo,

Polo. What hoo helpe.

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

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this.
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good mother.
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I tooke thee for my better, take thy fortune,
Thou find it to bee too buffe is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue nor braid it so,
That it be profe and bulwark against fence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou darst wagge thy tongue
In noyfe so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurses the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls vertue hipocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dices oathes, Oh such a deed!
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A raplody of words; heauens face dooes glow
Or this solidiry and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought-fick at the act.
Quee. Ay me what act?
Ham. That roares so lowde and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on his browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of love him-selfe,
An eye like Mars, to threten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaue, a kising hill,
A combination and so mine indeede,
Where euery God didsee me to set his seale
To give the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waies vp and the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this? fence sure you haue
El's could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplext, for madness would not erre
Not fence to extacie was neere so thrall'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choyce
to serve in such a difference. What diuell waft
That thus hath confond you at hodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulfive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turn't thy very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such black and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'&.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nafty stie.

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

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

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cutpurse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Save me and hower ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas he's mad.

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

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to what thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betwenee her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasfe how i' st with you?
That youe doe bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiars in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

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

Ger. To whome doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our feluces.

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

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilie creation, extacy is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musickke, it is not madness
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespaflse but my madness speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vicerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgie me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times.

Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leave to doe him good.

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

Ham. O throw away the worsere part of it,
And leave 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 fence doth eate:
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more ease:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And Maister the diuell, or throw 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 punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will betow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady
Ger. What shall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essenially am not in madneffe,
But mad in craft, 'ware were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such dearce conceruings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top:
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft sayd to me.
Ham. I must to England, you know that,
Ger. Alacke I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.
Ham. Ther's letters seal'd, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders sang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must swepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roomes;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue,
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.  

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrantz and Gyldenstierne.

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

Gert. Bestow this place on vs a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What Gertrud, how dooes Hamlet?

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

King, O heauy deed!
It had bene so with vs had we beeene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man, but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a soule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

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

King, Gertrud, com away,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shouple him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our Majesfly and skil Enter Ros. & Guyld.
Both countenance and excuse, Ho Guyldensterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius flaine,
And from his mothers clofset hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake luyte and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrard, wee le call vp our wisef friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whatts vn timely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysned shot, may misle our name,
And hit the wounded ayre, O come away.
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyle, who calls on Hamlet?

Ros. They come.

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

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereeto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,

And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleeue what?

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

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. Iffe, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best servise in the end, he
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his lye, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
ing you, and spungge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understond you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauifh speche sleepees in a foolish care.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs
to the King.
Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

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

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body, How dangerous is it that this man goes loose, Yet must not we put the strong Law on him, Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes, And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even, This suddaine sending him away must seeme Deliberate pause, disease desperate growne, By desperate applyance are relieu'd Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed my Lord We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
Kidg. Bring him before vs.
Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord. They Enter.

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

King. At supper where.
Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conua-
cation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable servise, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.
Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.
King. What dost thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse
The Tragedy of Hamlet through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seke him i'th other place your selue, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vppe the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety

Which wee do tender, as wee decreely greeue

For that which thou haft done, must seud thee hence:

Therefore prepare thy selue,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, 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, Exit-

King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speede abourd,

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is seald and done

That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make haft,

And England if my loue thou hold'st at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,

After the Danish sword, and thy freee awe

Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set

Our soueraigne processe,which imports at full

By letters congruing to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, do it England,

For like the Hectorique in my blood hee rages,
And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne.    Exit.

Enter Fortinbraffe with his Armie over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from mee greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbraffe
Craues the conueyance of a promisd March
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezvous,
If that his maiesty would ough with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. The are of Norway sir.

Ham. How propos'd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbraffe.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truely to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, shoud it bee fould in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garfond.

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

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wilt please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions do informe against me.
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
It his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with sufh large discourse
Looking before and after, gave vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fuft in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestial obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will and strengh, and means
To do it, examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff,
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnseure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egg-shell, rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw.
When honours at the stake, How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother fained,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantastie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.
Quee. I will not speake with her,
Gsr. She is importunat,
Indeed distraét, her moode will needes be pittied.
Quee.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurres 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 yayne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous 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 artis tis ifealosie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia. she sings.

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

Quee. Alas! sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

Song.
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heele a stone.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas! looke here my Lord.

Ophe. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweeped to the ground did not go.

Song.

With true loue showers.

King. How doe you prettie Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
ter, Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what wee may be,
God be at your table.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dup't the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint charity,

alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doe't if they come too't,

by Cocke they are too blame.

Qoth she, before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i' th' cold ground my bro-

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

Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.

Sweet Ladies! God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, 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 spies,

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 vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonius death: and we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Devided from herselfe, and her faire judgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts,

Last, and as much contayaing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent 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
Gives me superfluous death.  A noyfe within.

Enter a messenger.

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

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift.
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haft.
Then young Laertes in a riotous head.
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooswe we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.
Que. How cheerfully on the falle traile they cry.  A noyfe within.
O this is counter, you false Danifh 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 leave.
All. We 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 proclaimes me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the caft unsmerched browe
Of my true mothe.

King. What is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes fo Giant-like?
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let him goe Gertrard, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot pepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrard,
Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Ques. But not by him,
King. Let him demand his fell.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Ingled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynct I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reuenged
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, it'st writ in your reuenge,
That soope-flake, 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 Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repaft them with my blood,
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guilelesse of your fathers death,
And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement peac
As day dooes to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?
Prince of Denmark.

O heate, dry vp my braines, tears seauen times fall,
Burne out the fenece and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind fitter, sweet Ophelia,
O heauen, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life?

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere.

Song.

And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Dove.

Lear. Hadst thou thy wits, and di'dst perswade renuenge
It could not mooue thus.

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

Lear. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance pray you loure,
member, and there is Pancies, that's for thought.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fittod.

Oph. There's Fenmill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondajes,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dashe, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thought and affliotions, passion, hell it selfe
She turns to fauour and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will a not come againe,

And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yours.

Lear. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deney me right, goe but a part,

Make
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Make choice of whom ye your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome give,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioynitly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Later. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call it in question.

Kin. So you shall,
And where th'Offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

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

Hora. Let them come in.

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

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

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

Hora. Horatio, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these folowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue us chase, finding our felues too flow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them, on the instant they got cleere of their ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to mee with as much speed as thou wouldst by death. I haue words to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they
they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Guildenstern hold their course for England, of them I have much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Horo. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And do not the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Enter King and Laertes.

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

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceepe not against these feates
So criminaall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnknown'd.
But yet to me that's strong, the Queene his mother,
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concluе to my life and soule,
That as the starre, mov'd not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone;
Convert his Guiles to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tumbered for so loued armes,
Would have reverted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost;
A sister druen into desperat termes,
VWhose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

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

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

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

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall,
first asking you pardon, there vnto recount the occasion of my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis Hamlets character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he faies alone,
Can you devise me?

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

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

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exploit, now ripe in my devise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
Prince of Denmark.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be curr'd,
The rather if you could denvise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing for a quality
Wherein they lay you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthisest fledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse luery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weeds
Importing health and grauenes; two moneths since
Heere was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I haue seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his seare,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'rt, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beaft, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.

And I'm of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a maisterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out 't would be a fight indeed.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He Iwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them; for this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but with and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father, deere to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of profe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe 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 wee 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-thrifts sigh,
That hurrs by easing; but to the quicke of th'vicer,

Hamlet comes back what would you undertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat th Church-

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarize,
Reuengde should have no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber

Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on thos shall praise your excellence,

And set a double garnish on the fame
The french man gave you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Prince of Denmark.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practice,
Require him for your Father.

_Laer._ I will doe't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasm is so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him slightely, it may be death.

_King._ Letts further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affayd, Therefore this project,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me see,
Wee le make a solemne wager on your cunninges,
I haue't, 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 preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd flucke,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

_Enter Queene._

_Quene._ One woe doth tread upon another's heele,
So fast they fowll; your Sisters drownd _Laertes._

_Laer._ Drown'd, O where?

_Quene._ There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,
That showes his hoary leaues in the glassy stremme,
There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Dafies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffrer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughes her coronet weeds
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an envious flower broke,
When downe her weedy trophes and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distress.
Or like a creature natuie and indewed
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
to muddy death.


When downe her weedy trophes and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide.
And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her own distress.
Or like a creature native and indewed
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
Puld the poor wench from her melodious lay
to muddy death.


Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

Othe. I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight, the crowner hath state on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clown. How can that be,unless she drown'd herself in her own defence.

Oth. Why is found so.

Clown. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for here liyes the poyn, if I drown my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deliver.

Clown. Give me leave, here liyes the water, good, here stands the man,
man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselse, it is will
he, will he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and
drowne him, he drownes not himselse, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.
Oth. But is this law?
Clow. I marry it, Crowners queft law.
Oth. Will you ha the truth an t, if this had not beene a gentlewom
man, he should haue bin buried out a Christian burial.
Clow. Why there thou sayft, and the more pitty that great folke
should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themselues,
more then their even Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.
Oth. Was he a gentleman?
Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes,
Ile put another question to thee, if thou anfwerest me not to the purp
gle, confesse thy felfe.
Oth. Goe to.
Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.
Oth. the gallowes-maker, for that out-lues a thousand tennants.
Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well,
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to thofe that do ill, now thou
doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argal,
the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too’t againe, come.
Oth. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.
Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.
Oth. Marry now I can tell.
Oth. Too’t.
Clow. Maffe I cannot tell.
Clow. Cudgeil thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes laft tell Doomesday.
Goe get thee in and fetch me a foope of liquor.
In youth when I did loue did loue,
Me thought it was very sweet
To contrate O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a fings in grave-making.

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

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imployment hath the daintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes

hath clawed mee in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the

knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines law-bone, that did

the first murder: this might be spate of a politiciaj, which this Affe

now ore-reaches, one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord:

how doft thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that

praised my lord such a ones horse wha a ment to beg it: might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt

about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine resolution and

we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding,

but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,

for and a throwing sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?

where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his

trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him a-

bout the sconce with a durtty shouell, and will not tell him of his acti-

on of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of

Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vou-

chers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vou-

chers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length

and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conveyances of his

Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th' inheritor himselfe

haue no more: ha.

Hor. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchement made of sheepe-skiannes?
Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

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

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyest in't.

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

Ham. Thou dost lyest in't, and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lyest sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe.

How long haft thou bene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayses i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last

King Hamlet ouercame Fortinbraffe.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was borne: he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

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

Ham. Why? (as hee.

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the arc men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will kepe out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a full now hath lyen you i'th earth 23 yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was Sir Yoricks skull, the Kings lefter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite left, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lyppes that I have kist I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roaie, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopsalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Horo. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doost thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashon i'th earth?

Horo. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Horo. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vises we may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of Alexander, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

Horo. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth wee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they
They not stoppe a Beare-barrcli?
Imperious Caesar dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the courtiers, who is this 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.

Lae. What Ceremony else?
Ham. That is Laertes a very noble youth, make.
Lae. What Ceremony else?
Dott. Her obsequies have beene as farre inlarg'd
As we have warranty, her death was doubtsfull,
And but that great command ore-sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified beene lodg'd
till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lae. Must there no more be done?
Dott. No more be done.
We should prophanne the service of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

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

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.
Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shouldst haue beene my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy grave.
Lae. O treble woe
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed 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 skyesh head
Of'low Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an Emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'dst 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. Plucke them a sunder.

Qwee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All, Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Qwee. O my sonne,what theame?

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

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Qwee. For loue of God forbeare him?

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp Esil,eate a Crocadile
Ile doo't:doe't 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.
Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ophelia like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ille rant as well as thou.

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

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

Strngthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your sonne,
This grave shall have a liuing monument,
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

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

Horo. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft 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
My fears forgetting manners to unfold
Their grand commission; where I found Horatio
A royal knavery, an exact command
Larded with many fevral sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leisure bated,
No not to lay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be brooke off.

Hor. It possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
Deuisd a new commision, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me ye mans service, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As love betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Committwee their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debasement further inore or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shrining time alow'd.

Hor. How was this seald?

Ham. Why even in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the model of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Hora. So Guyldenfterne and Rosencraus goe too't.
Ham. They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!
Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
Hee that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
Aud with such coffaage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke,
Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Doo'lt know this water-fly?
Hora. No my good Lord,
Ham. Thy state is the more gratious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacio-
sus in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordshippe were at Leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiefty.
Ham. I will receive it sir with all dilligence of spirrit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.
Ham. No beleue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,
Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very foultrey and hot, or my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultrey, as t'were I cannot
tell how: my Lord his Maiefty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed
a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.
Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, sir here is newly
come to court Laertes, beleue me an absolute gentlemâ, full of most

excellent
excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: in-deed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of Gentry: for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentle
man would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffer no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inuentorially, would dizzie the arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick faile, but in the verity of excolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearte and rareness, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

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

Cour. Sir.

Hora. It not possible to understand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir,

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in fayth if you did, it would, not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence Laertes is

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know him selfe.

Cour. I meane fit for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Digger.

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

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six french Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responfiueto the hiltt, most dilectate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.
Trime of Denmark.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

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

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes between your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits; hee hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

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

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiefty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the Gentleman willinge, and the Kinge hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

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

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same bietede that I know the droffy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of misty collection, which carryes them through and through the most prophane and trenowned opinions, and doe but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiefty commended him to you by younge Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time:

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

N3
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Ham. In happy time.

Lo d. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you goe to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me,

Horo. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall prælude, I shall winne at the odds; thou wouldst not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Horo. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horo. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will foretell all their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, it is not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what if to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon’t as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard, how I am punish’d With a sore distraction:what I haue done That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake theere proclaime was madnes, Wait Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be rane away, And when hee’s not himselfe, doo’s wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet doo’s it not, Hamlet denies it, Who dooes it then? his madnes. Ist be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged, His madnesse is poore Hamlets enimie, Let my disclaiming from a purpoc’d euill, Free me so farre in your moost generous thoughts That I haue shot my arrowe oer the house

And
Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loafe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honor
I have a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Give vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre in the darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the foiles young Ofricke, cousin Ham.
You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a' th weaker side.

King. I do not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heavy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ofr. My good Lord.

King. Set me the floopes of wine vpon the table,
If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure succesful Kings
In Denmarks Crowne haue wore: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets
And you the judges beare a wary eye. the while.

Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. judgement.
Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well, againe.
King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Herees to thy health, give him the cup.

Ham. I'll 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.

Here Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowses to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poisned 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, I'll hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,
Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence
I assurre you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Past them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Look to the Queene there hoe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. Host ift Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne spredge. Ostrick
Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drinke, O my deare Hamlet! The drinke, the drinke, I am poysned.

Ham. O villainie! hoe let the dose be lock't, Treachery, secke it out.

Laer. It is here Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No medicin in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an hours life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Unbated and enuenom'd, the soule practife

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

Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysned,

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

Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

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

Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe here?

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is justly serv'd, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe.

Exchange forgiuenes 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. O I could tell you!

But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright

To the vnatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleue it;

I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate.
Enter Osric, 

OsR. Young Fortinbras with conquest come from Poland, 
Th'embassadors of England gives this warlike volly.

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

Hira. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince, 
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest. 
Why dooes the drumme come hethei? 

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors. 

Fortin. Where is this fight? 
Hora. What is it you would see? 
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaze your search. 
Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death 
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell, 
That thou so many Princes at a shot. 
So bloudily hast strooke? 

Embass. The sight is dismall 
And our affaires from England come too late, 
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing, 
To tell him his commandement is fullfild, 
That Rosencrants and Gyuyldensturme are dead, 
Where should wee haue our thankes? 
Hora. Not from his mouth 
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you; 
He neuer gaue commandement for their death; 
But since to jump vpon this bloody question
Prince of Denmarke.

You from the Pollock wares, and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to th'yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and unnaturall acts.
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truely deliver.

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

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

Fort. Let four Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a soouldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To have prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The soouldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here showes much amisse.
Goe bid the soouldiers shoote.

FINIS.

O 2