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Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1604)

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

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Huntington Library Copy

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THE Tragicall Historie of HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

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

Signatures: [A]² (-A1) B-N⁴ O²

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

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

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

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

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Dedicated to the Blake family for their love and support.

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

By William Shakespeare. *collated
Perfect.
1792*

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



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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
 But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.
King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
 And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
 Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
 Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
 Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
 Pasing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Madding, it is common.
Que. If it be
 Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madding, nay it is, I know not seemes,
 Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
 Nor customary suites of folemb blacke
 Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath
 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
 Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
 Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of grieffe
 That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play
 But I haue that within which passes showe
 These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
 To giue these mourning duties to your father
 But you must knowe your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the surriuer bound
 In filliall obligation for some tearme
 To doe obsequious forrowe, but to perseuer
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieffe,
 It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
 A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
 An vnderstanding simple and vnchoold
 For what we knowe must be, and is as common

The Tragedie of Hamlet
 Did fortaie (with his life) all these his lands
 Which hee flood gaze'd of, to the conquerour.
 A gainst the which a motie competent
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he bin vnquithier; as by the same comarts,
 And carriage of the arte de l'eligne,
 His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbras*
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Sharke vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
 For foode and diet to some enterprize
 That hath a stomacke in, which is no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our flate
 But to recover of vs by strong hand
 And rearmes compulATORY, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motie of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this post half and Romadage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enlo;
 Will may it for that this portentious figure
 Comes armed though our watch to like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.
Hor. A motie it is to trouble the mindes eye :
 In the most high and palmy flate of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graues flood came, and the shered dead
 Did leake and gibber in the Roman flates
 As flares with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Did fallers in the funne; and the most flate,
 Upon whose influence *Aspirants* Emper flate,
 Was like almost to doome day with eclipse,
 And euen the like preceur of feare euen
 As harbingers to the *Comes* comming on
 And heauen and earth together demonstred
 Vnto our Climates and countymen.
 Enter *Ghost*.



The Tragedie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke.

Enter *Barnardo*, and *Francisco*, two Centinels.

Bar. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo*.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*,
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
 And I am sick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night :
 If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
 The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.
 Enter *Horatio*, and *Marcellus*.
Fra. thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. Exit *Fran.*
Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

[Howa]

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gratus is that time.
How. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
 But looke the mornie in rustlet mantle clad
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
 Where we shall find him most conuenient.
Exit.

Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queen, Corneilius, as Polomus, and his some Laertes, Hamlet, and Voluis.

Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
 The memorie be greene, and that it vs beferred
 To beare our hartes in grieue, and our whole kingdom,
 To be contracted in one browe of wo
 Yet to farre hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wifellorrowe thinke on him
 Together with remembrance of our felues:
 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
 Th'imperiall toyrette to this warlike state
 Haue we as wrec with a decaerd ioy
 With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equalle waiteing delight and dole
 Taken to wife: nor haue we heretie bard
 Your better wildomes, which haue freely gone
 With this affaie along (for all our thanks)
 Now follows that you knowe young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking by our late deere brothers death
 Our state to be distroynt, and out of frame
 Colagued with his dream of his aduantage
 Helath not faild to peliar vs with melleage

Prince of Denmarke.

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

[1]

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

[Haue]

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Exeunt all,
but Hamlet.

C.

But

C2

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these fewe precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy iudgement,
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing dulleth edge of hus bandry;
 This aboute all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

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

Ghost. I that ineluctuous, that adulterate beaſt,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
 So to reduce; wome to his flammell ſuff
 The will of my moſt ſeeming Queeneſ
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
 From me whole loue was of that dignitie
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the uowe
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Vpon a wretch whole nature all gifts were poore,
 To ſole of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
 Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen
 So but though to a radiant Angell lunkt,
 Will loſt it ſelfe in a celeftiall bed
 And pray on garbages.
 But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,
 Briſe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
 My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoon,
 Vpon my ſecure houſe, thy Vncle ſtole
 With iuyce of curted Hebona in a viall,
 And in the porches of my cares did poure
 The leperous diſtillment, whole effect
 Holds ſuch an emmitie with blood of man,
 That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
 The naturall gares and allies of the body,
 And with a ſodate vigeour it doth poſſeſſe
 And curde like eager droppings into milke,
 The thin and whollome blood; ſo did it mine,
 And a moſt inſtant recter barke about
 Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſh
 All my ſmooth body.
 Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of ſike, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatches
 Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
 Vnhuzled, diſappointed, vnauoid,
 No reckning made, but ſent to my account
 Withall my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, o horrible, moſt horrible,
 Thou haſt nature in thee beate it not,
 D 3

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my ſword.

Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my ſword, indeede.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

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

Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,

Conſent to ſwear.

Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene

Swear by my ſword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & ubique*, then weele ſhift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,

Swear by my ſword

Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his ſword.

Ham. Well ſayd olde Mole, can'ſt worke it'h earth ſo faſt,

A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*

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

Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,

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

As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke diſpoſition on

That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall

With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,

Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,

As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

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

Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſwear,

So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

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

Whall my lone I doe commend me to you,

[And]

Ham. O my propheticke ſoule: my Uncle?
 Now wearers his Crowne.
 The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
 Rankely aboude: but knowe thou noble Youth,
 Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
 A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole care of Denmarke
 Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
 Would'ſt thou not flure in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
 That rootes it ſelfe in eare on *Leibe* whatſe,
 And duller thou'dſt thou be then the farwede
Ghost. I find thee apt,
 May ſweepe to my reuenge.
 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
 Ham. Haſt me to knowe, that I with wings as (wite
 But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnaturall.
Ghost. Murderer moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
Ham. Murderer.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnaturall murder.
Ham. O God.
 If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
 To care of ſiſh and blood, ſiſh, ſiſh, o ſiſh:
 But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
 Like quilts vpon the ſearfull Porpentine,
 And each partiucler hate to ſtand an end,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtarr from their ſpheres,
 Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
 I could a tale vnfold whole ſighell world
 To tell the ſecrets of my priuon houſe,
 A reburn and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
 To tell the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
 And for a day conſind to ſiſh in fires,
 Doom'd for a certaine rearme to walke the night,
Ghost. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Ham. What?
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
 To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moment leaſure

As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,

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

Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelſe.

Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.

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

Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A ſhoiſh of trumpets*

What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of*

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

Keepes waffell and the ſwagging vp-ſpring reeles:

And as he draines his drafts of Renniſh downe,

The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus Bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a cuſtome?

Ham. I marry iſt,

But to my minde, though I am natiue heere

And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome

More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruaunce.

This heauy headed eueale eaſt and weſt

Makes vs traduſt, and taxed of other nations,

They clip vs drunkards, and with Swiniſh phraſe

Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes

From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height

The pith and marrow of our attribute,

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,

That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them

As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)

By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion

Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon,

Or by ſome habit, that too much ore-leauens

The forme of plauſue manners, that theſe men

Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect

[Being]

[D]

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ghost.

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

Beckins.

[And]

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

Prince of Denmarke

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Ham. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Ham. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
 But you'le be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
 Dwelling in all Denmarke
 But hee's an arrant knaue.
Ham. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
 To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
 And so without more circumstance at all
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
 You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,
 For euery man hath busines and desire
 Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
 I will goe pray.
Ham. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
 Yes faith hartily.
Ham. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is *Horatio*,
 And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
 It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
 For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
 Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
 As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
 Giue me one poore request.
Ham. What is't my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Ham. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

[Ham.]

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

[Quee.]

[So]

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

You

E

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
 That he is open to incontinencie,
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
 The flash and vnbreake of a fierie mind,
 A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
 Of generall assault.
 Rey. But my good Lord.
 Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
 Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
 Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
 And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
 You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
 As t'were a thing a little soyl'd with working,
 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
 Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence,
 Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
 According to the phrase, or the addition
 Of man and country.
 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 leaue?
 Rey. At closes in the consequence.
 Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
 He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
 Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
 There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
 Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
 And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
 With windleses, and with assaies of bias,
 By indirections find directions out,
 So by my former lecture and aduise

[Shall]

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

[As]

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

Rof. To what end my Lord?

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

Rof. What say you.

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

Cayl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your diuicouery, and your secretie to the King & Queene moult not fear, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a forell promontorie, this most excellent Canopic the ayre, lookes you, this braue or changing firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth to mee but a foule and peltent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in forme and mouing, how exprell and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragoun of Animateles; and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stiffe in my thought.

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

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

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke

beare, tis not to lo; be gines with *Phibus*, the rugged *Phibus*, she whole fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night remble,

When he lay couched in th' omynous horse,

Harsh now tis dread and black completion inward,

With heraldy more distinnall head to foote,

Now is the totall Gates horridly tricke

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,

Bak'd and emparfied with the parching fireces

That lend a tyrannus and a damned light

To their Lords murders, rofied in wrath and fire,

And thus ore-cited with coagulare gore,

With eyes like Carbunkles, the helth *Phibus*

Old grandfire *Phibus* leekes; to proceede you.

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

Striking too thort at Creckes, his anticke sword

Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,

Repugnant to command; unequal march,

Phibus at *Phibus* drives, in rage fakes wide,

But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,

The ventured father falls:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top

Stoores to his bales and with a hiddeous crash

Takes prisoner *Phibus* care, for loe his sword

Of reuerent *Phibus*, seem'd th' ayre to sticke

So as a painted trane *Phibus* flood

Like a newtrall to his will and matter,

Did nothing:

But as we often see against some forme,

A silence in the heuens, the racker stand still,

The bold winds specheles, and the orbe belowe

As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder

Doth rend the region, so after *Phibus* pause,

A rowled vengeance lets him newe a worke,

And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,

On *Phibus* A minor forgd for proole eterne,

With lesse remorse then *Phibus* bleeding sword

Now falls on *Phibus*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke

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

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

Ham. Into my graue.

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

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

Enter *Cnyldesferne*, and *Rofencraus*.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Rof. God saue you fir.

Cnyl. My honor'd Lord.

Rof. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Cnyldesferne*?

A *Rofencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Rof. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Cnyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Rof. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Cnyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?

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

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

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

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

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

Cnyl. What should we say my Lord?

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Pol. This is too long.

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

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

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

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

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

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

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

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him: friends, wecle heare a play to morrow; doost thou heare

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

Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

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

[Get]

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

[G]

[Of]

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds

Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aslay him to any pastime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players

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

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

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

And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maicsties

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,

And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And driue his purpose into these delights.

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

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,

Wee'le so bestow our felues, that seeing vncene,

We may of their encounter franckly iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

If it be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Player. I warrant your honour.

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

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

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

Enter Polonius, Gwyldenferne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

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

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

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

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

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

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guylendsterne.

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

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

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

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
 Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,
 These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

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

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild mee.

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

Be the Players readie?

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

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

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

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord,

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

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Tigge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

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

I 3

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

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

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

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

This

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

I

[May]

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Hamlet.

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

Then

[Ham.]

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

To

How all occasions doe informe againe the me,
Ham. He be with you straight, goe a little before.
Cap. God buy you sir.
Ref. What pleasure you goe my Lord?
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
 That inward breaks, and shoves no caule without
 This is th' Impollumme of much wealth and peace,
 VVill not debate the question of this Row,
Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
Cap. Yes, it is already garrisoned.
Ham. Why then the *Polacke* neuer will defend it.
 A racker rare, should it be sold in fee.
 Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 To pay due duckets, sine I would not farme it;
 That hath in it no profit but the name
 We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
 Or for some frontier?
Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.
Ham. Who commands them sir?
Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.
Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?
Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.
Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?
Enter Hamlet, Rogencraus, &c.
For. Goe softly on.
Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
 And let him know so.
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eyes,
 If that his Maiestie would ougth with vs,
 Ouer his kingdom, you know the randonous,
 Craues the conveyance of a promild march
 Tell him, that by his licence *Fortenbrasse*
Fortin. Goe Captain, from me greet the Danish King,
Enter Fortenbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.
 And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
 How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin.
Exi.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

[And]

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

K.

[The]

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progreffe
King. V What dool thou meane by this?
King. V What dool thou meane by this?

Ham. A man may flit with the worme that hath care of a King, &
King. Alas, alas,
King. Alas, alas,

Be seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end,
Be seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end,
Be seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end,

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conu-
Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conu-
Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conu-

King. At supper,
King. At supper,
King. At supper,

Ham. Now Hamlet, wheres Polonius?
Ham. Now Hamlet, wheres Polonius?
Ham. Now Hamlet, wheres Polonius?

King. How bring in the Lord.
King. How bring in the Lord.
King. How bring in the Lord.

King. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure
King. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure
King. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

King. But where is hee?
King. But where is hee?
King. But where is hee?

King. V We cannot get from him.
King. V We cannot get from him.
King. V We cannot get from him.

King. How now, what hath befallne?
King. How now, what hath befallne?
King. How now, what hath befallne?

King. Here the dead body is befallne
King. Here the dead body is befallne
King. Here the dead body is befallne

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King. Here the dead body is befallne
King. Here the dead body is befallne

King. V We cannot get from him.
King. V We cannot get from him.
King. V We cannot get from him.

Indeede distray, her moode will needs be pittied.
Indeede distray, her moode will needs be pittied.
Indeede distray, her moode will needs be pittied.

Enter Howard, Gerward, and a Gentleman.
Enter Howard, Gerward, and a Gentleman.
Enter Howard, Gerward, and a Gentleman.

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

To hide the blame, & from this time forth,
To hide the blame, & from this time forth,
To hide the blame, & from this time forth.

Which is not to be enough and content
Which is not to be enough and content
Which is not to be enough and content

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

That for a fanstale and trike of fame
That for a fanstale and trike of fame
That for a fanstale and trike of fame

The timonient death of twenty thousand men,
The timonient death of twenty thousand men,
The timonient death of twenty thousand men.

And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see

Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood.

That have a father kind, a mother staid,
That have a father kind, a mother staid,
That have a father kind, a mother staid.

When honour's at the stake how stand I then
When honour's at the stake how stand I then
When honour's at the stake how stand I then

But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw

Is not to Hirre without great arguement,
Is not to Hirre without great arguement,
Is not to Hirre without great arguement.

Even for an Egge-shell, lightly to be great,
Even for an Egge-shell, lightly to be great,
Even for an Egge-shell, lightly to be great.

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare.

Expolling what is mortal, and vnture,
Expolling what is mortal, and vnture,
Expolling what is mortal, and vnture.

Makes mouths at the inuillib euen,
Makes mouths at the inuillib euen,
Makes mouths at the inuillib euen.

Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffe,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffe,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffe.

Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince.

Wimes this A my of such malle and charge,
Wimes this A my of such malle and charge,
Wimes this A my of such malle and charge.

To doore; examples grolle as earth exhort me,
To doore; examples grolle as earth exhort me,
To doore; examples grolle as earth exhort me.

With I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
With I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
With I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes

Why yet I lue to say this things to doe,
Why yet I lue to say this things to doe,
Why yet I lue to say this things to doe.

And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know

A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom.

Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
Of thinking too precisely on th'event.

Bestiall obliuion, or some craven scruple
Bestiall obliuion, or some craven scruple
Bestiall obliuion, or some craven scruple

To fall in vs vnturd, now whether it be
To fall in vs vnturd, now whether it be
To fall in vs vnturd, now whether it be

That capabillie and god-like reason
That capabillie and god-like reason
That capabillie and god-like reason

Looking before and after, gaue vs not
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
Looking before and after, gaue vs not

Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse

But to lleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
But to lleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
But to lleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:

If his chiefe good and market of his time
If his chiefe good and market of his time
If his chiefe good and market of his time

And for my dull reuenge. What is a man
And for my dull reuenge. What is a man
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The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

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

Ham. Doe not beleuee it,
Ros. Beleuee what.

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

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?
Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
keeps them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but dry que-
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleeps in a foolish eare.

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

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?
Gent. She speaks much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And hotch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Hera. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.
Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse iecalousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beautilous Maiestie of Denmarke?
Quee. How now Ophelia?
Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grafe greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

O ho.
Quee. Nay but Ophelia.
Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.
Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.
Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?
Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,

A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
 And that I see in passages of prooffe,
 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
 There liues within the very flame of loue
 A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
 For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
 Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
 We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
 And hath abatements and delayes as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
 And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
 That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
 To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
 More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
 Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
 Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And fet a double varnish on the fame
 The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
 And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges,

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke,

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

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,

Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

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

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*

That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Under the which he shall not choole but fall:
 To an exploit, now ripe in my deuise,
 No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
 As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
 Will you be rul'd by me?
 As how should it be so, how otherwise,
King. If it be so *Laertes,*
 Thus didst thou.
 That I haue and tell him to his death
 It warms the very tickles in my hart
Laer. I am loth in it my Lord, but let him come,
 Can you deuise me?
 And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
King. This *Hamlets* character. Naked,
Laer. Know you the hand?
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
 returne,
 asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
 to morrow shall I begge leave to see your kingdome,
 High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdome,
King. Laertes you shall heare them: leave vs.
 Of him that brought them.
 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
King. Sayers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
King. This to your Maistie, this to the Queene?
Enter a Messenger with Letters.
 And that I hope will reach you to imagine.
 I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
 And thinke it pittie, you shortly shall heare more,
 That we can let our beards be thooke with danger,
 That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
 For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
 The rather if you could deuise it so
 That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
 You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
 And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
 Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
 Did not together plucke such enuie from him
 As did that one, and that in my regard
 Of the vnworthiest sledge.

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

Laer. A Norman wast?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
 And Iem of all the Nation.
King. He made confession of you,
 And gaue you such a masterly report
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your Rapier most especiall,
 That he cride out it would be a sight indeed

Ham. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.
Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which fecke out Assurance in
that, I will speake to this fellow, whose graue is this firra?
Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.
Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.
Clow. You lie out on fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I
doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.
Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead,
not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.
Clow. It is a quicke lie fir, I will away againe from me to you.
Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?
Clow. For no man fir.
Ham. What woman then?
Clow. For none neither.
Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shee's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or
equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I
haue took note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the roe of the
plant coms so nere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How
long ha't thou been Graue-maker?
Clow. Of the dayes th' yere I came too't that day that our last king
Hamlet ouercame *Fortenbragg*.
Ham. How long is that since?
Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that
very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and lent into
England.
Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?
Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or it
a doo not, tis no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Clow. I will not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad
(as hee,
Ham. How came he mad?
Clow. Very strangely they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clow. Eayth scene with looking his wits.
Ham. Vpon what ground?
Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexten heere man
and boy thirty yeres.
M 3
Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. Is not Parthment made of sheepe-skinnes?
Hor. Not a lot more my Lord.
Ham. Not a lot more my Lord.
no more, ha.
Lands will scarce lye in this box, & mult th' inheritor himselfe haue
and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his
ethers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length
chers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine dirt, will you-
Land, with his Statute, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vou-
on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
bout the fence with a durie shouell, and will not tell him of his at-
tricks? why doos he suffer this made knaue now to knocke him a-
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his reuurs, and his
Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
for such a guest is meete.
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for and a shrowding sheete,
Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,
but to play at loggins with them: wine take to thinke on't.
we had the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
Ham. Why euen so, & now my Lady wormes Choppes, & knocke
Hor. I my Lord.
praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to begg it, might it not?
how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that
Ham. O of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,
Hor. It might my Lord.
ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?
first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this alle now
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines jawbone, that did the
Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the
as if I had neuer been such.
And hath shipped me into the land,
hath clawed me in his clutch,
Clow. But age with his stealing steppe
Ham. Tis euen so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dinner fence
Hor. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of eames.
Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bulines? a sings in graue-
making.
Hor. Enter *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword,
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death,
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunninges,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?
Enter *Queene*.
Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drowned *Laertes*.
Laer. Drown'd, o where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did the make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes
M. Clambring

Prince of Denmark.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are coming downe.
Ham. In happy time.
Lord. The Queene desires you to vesome gentle entertainment
to *Larves*, before you fall to play.
Ham. Shee well instructs me.
Ham. You will looke my Lord.
Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene
in continually practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou wouldst not
thinke how ill all's here about my hart, but it is no matter.
Ham. Nay good my Lord.
Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gaming, as
would perhapes trouble a woman.
Ham. If your minde dilike any thing, obay it. I will forſake theit
repaire heether, and lay you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defie angury, there is speciall providence in
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ill to leaue betimes,
let be.
And *table prepared, Drums and officers with Cymbals,*
King, Queene, and all the State, Foiles, daggers,
and Larves.
King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.
Ham. Give me your pardon fir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am puniſht
With a fore distraction, what I have done
I haue done, I heare proclaime was made well,
Roughly awake, I heare proclaime was made well,
Vill *Hamlet* wronged *Larves*? never *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be rane away,
And when hee's not himſelfe, does wrong *Larves*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who does it then? his madnesse. If he be,
Hamlet's of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlet*'s enimie,
Let my dilclaming from a purpoſe d'cull,
Ere me lo farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrow ere the houle

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperſtice no leaſure bared:
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

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

Ham. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuid a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatifts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Ham. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest coniuuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betwene them like the palme might florish,
As peace ſhould ſhll her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſtriving time alow'd.

Ham. How was this ſeald?
Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscribe it, gau'th' imprefiſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The

Prince of Denmark.

And hurt my brother.

Lar. I am ſatiſfied in nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ſtand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by ſome elder Maifters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your 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.

Lar. Come, one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Larves*, in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtarre 'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Lar. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand,

King. Give them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weaker ſide.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Lar. This is to heauy: let me ſee another.

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

Oſtr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,

If *Hamlet* gine the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne: gine me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now

Prince of Denmarke.

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

FINIS.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Osrick.

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

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

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

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight?

Ham. What is it you would see?

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

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

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

Ham. Not from his mouth

Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;

He neuer gaue commandement for their death;

But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You