SHAKSPERE'S

HAMLET:

THE SECOND QUARTO,

1604.

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

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WITH FOREWORDS BY

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TO

THE GREAT STATESMAN AND PATRIOT

OF THE VICTORIAN TIME,

William Ewart Gladstone,

THIS REPRODUCTION OF THE GREAT WORK OF

THE GREAT DRAMATIST

OF THE ELIZABETHAN TIME

IS (THO WITHOUT HIS LEAVE ASKT)

DEDICATED.

F.J.F.

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 2.]
FOREWORDS TO QUARTO 2, 1604.

§ 1. The second Quarto ofHamlet has never yet had justice done it by the Shakspere-reading public of England. Folk, when hearing or reading the play, do not consciously acknowledge, or, as a general rule, know, that it was the Second Quarto that first gave Hamlet to them and to the world. Even many Shakspere-students do not carry in their minds the greater worth of the Second-Quarto as compar'd with the First-Folio copy of the play. For this, Shakspere editors are mainly to blame. They have not markt by stars at the side, as Mr. Furness has so wisely done in his admirable new Variorum Lear (III. vi, IV. ii, &c.), the passages due solely to the Quarto, and not in the Folio. But on looking at the lines contain'd in one, and not in the other, the comparer sees at once the greater importance of the Quarto; for it alone contains the long last soliloquy of Hamlet, IV. iv. 32—66, in which Shakspere makes Hamlet specially reveal to us his character for the third time, and face his want of duty to his father, his delay in the accomplishment of his almost-forgotten vow to "sweep to his revenge," and his

1 Modern editors also absurdly leave out the old editors' stars (*) showing the fresh lines put into 2 and 3 Henry VI, that were not in The Contention and True Tragedy; and their inverted commas (') showing the lines changed.
powerlessness to account to himself even, for his so often putting-off the thing he had to do,—winding up with that characteristic touch,

"from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth,"

no act yet. Against this self-revealing passage in the Quarto is to be set only, in the Folio, I. the lines II. ii. 244—276, "Let me question," to "I am most dreadfully attended," in which Hamlet draws out Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and confirms his evident suspicion that their visit to him was not of their own suggestion, and in which he declares that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and says—

"O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a king of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames." . . . . "A dreame it selfe is but a shadow," &c.

2. the bit of talk between Hamlet and Horatio before Osric's coming, in V. ii. 68—81 ("To quit him," to "who comes heere?"); which was evidently left out of the Quarto by accident, but which contains the line "The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more." These two Folio passages are but little beside the Quarto Soliloquy of IV. iv. as regards the character of Hamlet.

The only other passage special to the Folio, of greater length than a line or two, is II. ii. 352—379 ("How comes it," to "his load too"), in which Shakspere, thro Rosencrantz's and Hamlet's mouths, has a slap at the rival company of the Children of the Queen's Revels at the Blackfriars, who, in the Burbages' let-out theatre, were taking Shakspere's audience away from the Globe, where his and the Burbages' own company playd.

Against this passage, and the few occasional lines and half-lines that belong to the Folio only, are to be set the

1 This of Laertes is the best:

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues. IV. v. 161-3.

2 Their license is dated 30 Jan. 1603-4.

3 See the > at pages 15, 32, 35, 36, 40, 42, 50, 51, 54, 60, 64, 68, 74, 76, 77, 79, 81, 85, 95, 96, 98, 99 below, when not marking Stage-directions.
§ 1. Q2 better than F1. § 2. Omissions of Q2 and F1.

Qo. 1. Hamlet's long speech about drunkenness, I. iv. 17—38, and his reflection on that vice, in which he first warns us how the "ore-growth of some complexion, the stamp of one defect" will make "his vertues . . pure as grace (and) infinite as man may undergo," "take corruption from that particular fault . . to his owne" ruin;—2. His reflections on 'That monster Custom,' III. iv. 160–5, 167–170; 3. His denouncing of his 'two Schoolefellows' and his resolve to hoist 'the enginer' 'with his owne petar,' III. iv. 201–9; 4. much of Hamlet's talk with Osric, V. ii. 112–149; 5. Horatio's likening of the coming of the Ghost to the apparitions in Rome "a little ere the mightiest Iulius fell," I. i. 108–125; 6. Claudius's talk to Laertes on the dangers of putting-off, in which Hamlet's character is again aind at, IV. vii. 115–124; and the other short passages, lines, or words starrd on pages 8, 20, 29, 30, 38, 52, 53, 62 (on madness). 67, 68 (fish, worm, king), 72, 79, 80 (Claudius and Laertes), 81, 94, 95. That Quarto 2 of Hamlet is more important than Folio 1, both for the character of Hamlet and the play itself, is a fact that does not admit of question. Follows, that it best represents Shakspere's original—which I suppose to be a revision of the first sketch of his Hamlet misrepresented by Quarto 1, 1603.

§ 2. That most, if not all, of the omissions of Quarto 2 were accidental, and due to the copier or printer, is certain in some cases, and almost certain or probable in all. That the most important omissions from the Folio were due to cuts, made either by Shakspere or his fellow-actors, is certain from the nature of them. The play was very long, and the philosophizings of Hamlet on Drunkenness and Custom, of Claudius on Delay, of Horatio on Apparitions, would naturally be cut out; while the stage-difficulty of bringing Fortinbras and his army in in IV. iv. is so great, that no modern Manager will try it. And even if the army were but 'four or five most vile and ragged foils' in Shakspere's day, the manager of his company may well have thought that a fourth Soliloquy from Hamlet was too much

1 Mr. Irving cuts the scene out. One can forgive this more easily than his chopping off the fifth Act of the Merchant of Venice with its lovely starlight scene, and brilliant fun of the ring.
§ 3. Are Acts III—V of Q1 mainly Shakspere's or not?

of a good thing for an impatient public accustomed to plays lasting for two hours, or a little more.

§ 3. Except upon compulsion, I cannot consent to hand over to the unknown writer of the unknown old Hamlet so much of the plot and detail of Shakspere's play as is involved in Messrs. Clark and Wright's supposition that in Q1 "Shakspere's modifications of the [old] Play had not gone much beyond the second Act." If this is the true account of the Hamlet we possess, then let us at once confess that —allowing for the evident misrepresentation which Q1 contains of its original—the credit of three-fifths of the character of Hamlet, and about one half of the working out of it, belong to the author of the old Hamlet. Let us give up the imposture of talking of Shakspere's Hamlet and Hamlet, play and man; let us acknowledge Mr. Blank as the true designer of both, and look on Shakspere only as his toucher-up and completer. For, what have we in Q1 after Act II? Not only Claudius and Gertrude's interview with Guildenstern, Rosencrantz, and Polonius; but Hamlet's mention of his "speech," and advice to the Players; his character of Horatio, and request to him to mark the King in the one scene that comes near the murder of Hamlet's father; Hamlet's calf chaff of Polonius; the

1 Clarendon-Press Hamlet, 1873, p. x.

2 I had at first written here "Ophelia's being set to meet Hamlet—from the prose Historie—but (the misrepresentation of) Hamlet's 'To be or not to be;' Ophelia's return of his presents, his reproaches of her—numbery-doors-shut, face-paintings, no-marriages, &c.—her lament over him; Claudius's assertion that Love is not the cause of Hamlet's disease; Hamlet's sarcasms against Polonius—fishmonger, weak hams, crab, &c.—and the latter's 'How pregnant his replies are'; the coming of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and Hamlet's forcing their confession that they were sent for; the coming of the Players; Hamlet's fresh sarcasms against Polonius; his welcome of the Players; his getting 'the rugged Pirrhus' speech out of one; his comments on players; his Hecuba soliloquy, and resolve to test Claudius by 'the murder of Gonfago.' But on sending my proof to Mr. Aldis Wright in the country, he said it partly misrepresented or misunderstood him; and I see that I mistook the point at which he ended Act II. of Q1. His words include the "To be or not to be," Act III. sc. i. of Q2, in Act II. of Q1. Granted. But take up the Facsimile of the First Quarto, and read from page 34 to the end. See how much of the real Hamlet is in its "not-much-modified" pages, and then think how much of him must have been in his original in the first two Acts of the old Revenge Hamlet —get the proportion of what belonged to him in Acts I. and II. from the proportion of him that exists in the slightly modified Acts III, IV, V,—and then ask yourself if you care to give up three or four fifths of the Hamlet you know, for the sake of a theory you don't need, and which is undoubtedly wrong.
dumb show, “myching Mallico,” &c.; the sub-play; its sudden break-up; Hamlet's sarcastic chaff after it, and “i’le take the Ghost’s word;” the summons of him to his Mother by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and his brilliant exposure of them; his cloud-and-camel chaff of Polonius; his exhortation to himself to be cruel, not unnatural; Claudius’s prayer; Hamlet's resolve to kill him, and then not to do it; Hamlet's interview with his Mother, and killing Polonius (from the Historie); his reproaches of her, the two pictures, his clearing her heart in twain; the appearance of the Ghost, his exhortation to Hamlet to remember his death, and yet comfort his widow; her not seeing the Ghost, and suggesting that it was Hamlet's madness; Hamlet’s pulse proof that it was not madness; his exhortation to his Mother to forbear to-night, and after, his Uncle’s bed; his resolve to bury Polonius; Gertrude's account of Hamlet's doings, to Claudius; the latter’s resolve to send him with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz to England; Hamlet’s report of where Polonius's corpse and its 'certaine company of politicke wormes are’; Claudius’s sending Hamlet to England, that his death may follow; the entry of Fortinbras and his Soldiers; Claudius’s and Gertrude’s talk over Hamlet’s departure; her news of Ophelia’s madness; Ophelia’s entrance and songs; Laertes’s coming; his denunciation of Claudius, and lament over Ophelia, on the latter's second entry; her rue and rosemary, violets, owl, and baker's daughter; her Valentine’s day, ‘And drest the chamber doore, ‘Yong men will doo’t,' &c.; Laertes’s agreement with Claudius; Horatio’s receipt of Hamlet’s letter saying how he'd disposd of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz; Claudius’s scheme for the fencing-match, and Laertes’s adoption of it; Gertrude’s account of Ophelia’s drowning; the Gravediggers’ discussion of her death, with the Carpenter and Grave-maker's joke; the Gravedigger's song; Hamlet’s talk with Horatio and him about the lawyer’s scull, the woman's grave, the tanner’s corpse, Hamlet’s father, and his own and Englishmen's madness, Yorick, his lips and jests, the lady’s painting, Alexander’s smell and Caesar’s clay; Ophelia’s funeral; Laertes’s denouncing of the Priest, and leap into the grave; Hamlet’s following him and ranting, partial apology, and expression of sorrow to
Horatio; Osric’s proposal of the fencing-match, with the ‘cariages,’ &c.; Hamlet’s acceptance of it, and foreboding of ill; his madness-apology to Laertes; the match; Gertrude’s drinking the poison’d cup; Laertes’s ‘Ile hit you now;’ the change of foils (Rapiers), the mutual wounds, the Queen’s ‘the drinke,’ and death; Laertes’s confession, and warning to Hamlet; Hamlet’s killing of the King, and forgiveness of Laertes; his charge to Horatio to forego self-slaughter, and live to clear his memory; then Hamlet’s death; Fortinbras’s arrival; Horatio’s demand for a scaffold that he may tell the story of the tragedy; and Fortinbras’s charge to bear Hamlet to his grave, “For he was likely, had he liued, To a proud’st most royall.”

Now, I ask, is all this due to the author of the old Hamlet? Are the conception, the design and ‘lines,’ the incidents and characters after Act II, which the misrepresentation of Q1 necessitates in its original,—are all these to be set down to the unknown Maker of the old Hamlet? Is he the author of the continual Shaksperean thoughts and words throughout Q1, after Act II? Is Shakspere indebted to him for his Hamlet, far more than he was to the author of the Troublesome Raigne for his King John? Is Shakspere the creator of the Hamlet we know, or only his painter and glazier? I, for one, decline to believe, on present evidence, in the overwhelming debt that Shakspere would owe to Mr Unknown, if the original of Q1, after Act II, were his, or mainly his. and not, in design and thought, almost wholly Shakspere’s own.¹ I refuse to recognize any other light but that of Shakspere’s genius shining through the horn and wires of the dull lantern of Q1. I believe that the opposite view has arisen from its holders having just compared the words, and not the thoughts, of Q1 as it stands, with Q2, without having tried to re-create the real original that the botchery and manglings of Q1 represent. In that original I see, or believe I do, Shakspere’s first conception and ‘lines’ of his immortal play; a conception

¹ Dr Br. Nicholson has well said of the suggestion that the ‘einkapase of icest’ and ‘warme clowne’ lines in Q1 (p. 36-7) were taken from the older Hamlet. “This is merely an unsupported and . . . a ludicrous attempt at explaining their after absence. There is not the slightest authority, proof, or probability for this view” (N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1880, p. 49).
founded on the prose story and the old drama, but owing to them nothing but some material.

The Old-Hamleters either refuse to see, or are too blinded by their theory to see, that the question is one to be decided mainly by conception of character; and accordingly the Cambridge editors put forth with the utmost serenity the assertion that "in the First, Third, and Fourth Scenes [of Act III. in Q1] there is hardly a trace of Shakespeare." You turn to your Q1 Facsimile, pp. 43-7, 57-66, and you find, tho often in misreported words, all the main lines of Shakspere's deathless creations of Hamlet, Claudius, Ophelia, Gertrude, in the same scenes of the completed play. What! hardly a trace of Shakspere in the conceptions and thoughts of Hamlet in his actors-speech, Horatio's character, jokes after the play? None in that sublime picture of the penitence of Claudius? None in the imagination penetrant that made Hamlet refuse to kill him? None in the irony and pathos of the interview with Ophelia? None in her son's wringing of Gertrude's heart? Good heavens! The pages are alive with Shakspere. His mind and art, and none but his, designed the characters and inspired the thoughts, there set down in faltering words, mistaken phrase; the voice is Jacob's voice, tho the hands are Esau's. Let everybody with eyes, ears, and brains read the pages, and judge for himself.

2 Clarendon Press Hamlet. Preface, p. x. The assertion above almost equals Mr. Hudson's statement that when Hamlet (among other things) accepted Claudius's proposed fencing-match with Laertes, he was "consciously doing the best that can be done in his situation" to revenge his father's murder. School Hamlet, 1879, p. 27.

3 I find that this "hardly a trace of Shakespeare" comes naturally from the writer who suers at "sign-post" criticism, and holds that the function of the educator of young folk in Shakspere is simply to look out words for them in Cotgrave, &c, (which they could quite easily do for themselves), and not to help them in the higher part of their work, the appreciation of Shakspere's characterization and dramatic and poetic power (Clarendon Press Lear, p. xviii). Men who dub our school the 'sign-post' one, who write inane and feeble allegories to show that labourers at Shakspere should remain mere labourers, and never strive to become gardeners, much less, scientific botanists (Mem. on Hamlet, p. 75), must not be surprised if we call their school the 'woodenhead' one, and treat it with the contempt it deserves, when it steps outside the province which it has wisely declared that it is alone fit for. And I say this while yielding to no one in respect and gratitude for the admirably careful work of the leading members of the Labourer or Woodenhead school in their own province.
§ 4. Why Shakspere revised his first sketch of Hamlet.

But "the work of Shakespeare [is mixt] with that of an inferior artist." Of course, with that of the several misreporters from whose notes or fancies Q1 was got together; but even these don't so obscure Shakspere's design—of his first sketch—of his play and its characters, that it can't be seen and recognized as his.

§ 4. That Q1 does represent, or misrepresent, Shakspere's first sketch of his great Play I still believe. While admitting that the "vital changes of character, name, scene, speech and phrase" which I named in Q1 Forewords, pp. v-vi, may possibly be due to Shakspere's misreporters, I hold that they are not. The conception of Hamlet is essentially one of Shakspere's Third Period. Before 1601-2 the subject would not have taken real hold of him. When it did, he (in my belief) wrote his first Hamlet,—on his own lines, and not on those of the old Henslowe or "Revenge." Hamlet.—The blurred image of that first Hamlet we have in Q1. The play was acted, and laid aside. Then in 1603 came James I. with his Danish Queen, and appointed Shakspere's company "The King's Players." On March 15, 1603-4, Shakspere himself—clad perchance in the 4½ yards of red cloth given him for the occasion—may have witnessed "The Magnificent Entertainment: Given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesties Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London," for which Dekker and Ben Jonson wrote the speeches and Device-Poems, and for which

"close to the side of [S. Mildred's Church in the Poultérie] a Scaffold was erected; where (at the City's cost) to delight the Queene with her owne country Musick, nine Trumpets, and a Kettle Drum, did very sprightly and actiuely sound the Danish march."

1 I ought to have noted too the leaving out of Claudius's "adulterous fault," Q1, p. 43, in his repentance-speech.

2 N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1877-9, p. 16*.

3 Dekker's Works, 1873, i. 267.—Arber's Transcript, iii. 258.

4 That the Trumpets and Drums played it between V. ii. 235-6 of Hamlet, Q2, p. 95, I do not doubt.
§ 1. THE CHANGES MADE IN Q1 BY SHAKSPERE.

So a Danish play would have been in place in 1604,¹ after the plague had ceased²; and even if Shakspeare's own genius had not made him re-work his first Hamlet, his fellows' demands would have made his Company revive his play, and Nicholas Ling would have been eager to publish it. How admirably the work was done, in outcutting, inputting, developing, and refining, every reader of Q1 realises for himself as he goes thro it, and compares it with his knowledge of the received text from Q2 and F1: I need not set down all the items here. But some must be notist.

First, the change of the names Corambis and Montano into Polonius and Reynaldo, which has so puzzled a late critic (if he may be so calld) that he has declared it "inexplicable," though "we regard the edition of 1603 as a first sketch"³. But few readers can be so dense as not to see that, on revising his first sketch, Shakspeare may have fancied one pair of names better than the other, and that when, in 1604, he was probably writing Othello, in which he used the name Montano, he'd be sure to take it out of Hamlet.⁴

2. The martk cutting out of the sneers at the Clown in Ill. ii, sc. ix, l. 33-43 of Q1. These seem aimed at some special Clown; doubtless the clown of Shakspeare's company, Will Kemp, a known extemporiser and grimacer (p. xvii). Kemp had left the company, and gone abroad. He had return'd by Sept. 1601 (Sloane MS. 414, leaf 56), and

¹ I believe in occasions for plays, as Essex's 1601 rebellion and fate for Julius Caesar, and James I's witchcraft notions for Macbeth.

² The Council's letter to the Lord Mayor of London, and the Magistrates of Middlesex and Surrey, directing them to allow the King's (Shakspeare's) Queen's and Prince's Companies "publickly to exercise their plays in their several usuall howses," is dated April 9, 1601. Leopold Sh. Introd. p. vii.

³ Memoranda on Hamlet, p. 30.

⁴ He also put-in Francisco and Bernardo for the '2 Centinels' of Q1, and Osric for its 'braggart Gentleman'. I have already (p. vii, Q1) quoted one of the Montano lines as special to Q1, and claimed the passage it belongs to as Shakspeare's. Here it is, with the Q2 and F1 lines after it:

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

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

Q2. (p. 26). Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.
[F1. (p. 259). Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo.]

Q2. Pol. Giue him this mony, and these notes Reynaldo.
[F1. Polon. Giue him his mony, and these notes Reynaldo.]
by the winter of 1602 had rejoind the company. Staunton, Nicholson and others have believed that Kemp was hit at in Q1. He may well have been; but when the 1601, or early 1602, play was revisd in 1604, and Kemp was dead, or had again a fellowship in their cry of players, the sneers would naturally go out. As naturally, the sneers against the "airy of Children, little Yases" would be brought in, against the newly licenst Revels-Children at Blackfriars, tho—by some accident due to copier or printer, or more probably some fear of Ling or Shaksperes Company that the sneers might lead to trouble with the Lord Chamberlain—the cut at the Children did not appear till the Folio of 1623. Of the 'cinkapase' and 'warne Clowne' lines, Dr. Nicholson says, "so far as my poor knowledge of style goes, they [or the lines they represent] are Shakespeare's." That is what I have always said. And that Shaksper cut out of his first Sketch the original of these lines, and wrote those in Q2 and F1 for them, I do not doubt. (See p. xx, below.)

3. The changes of character from Q1 to Q2. The main ones I have mentiond in my Forewords to Q1 and alluded to above. But this subject is so capitaly treated by Mr. C. H. Herford, in his forthcoming Harness Prize-Essay for 1880, on the First Quarto of Hamlet, (Smith and Elder,) that I need only refer to his words, and quote a few of them. Of those differences between Q1 and Q2 "which arise from a changed dramatic intention, a modification in the design, as well as an improvement in the drawing of a character," Mr. Herford says:—

"Sarcely one of the principal actors is without some feature which deviates from the more consummate limning of Q2, and yet is such as only the studious pencil . . could produce. To begin with

1. The Queen. Her fundamentally different attitude towards Claudius has often been pointed out. The veil which in Q2 is studiously made to conceal the precise measure of her complicity in the murder, is abruptly rent in the earlier version. She pointedly declares

I sweare by heaven
I never knew of this most horrid murder (xi. 92, 3).

In Q2, Hamlet can exact merely the passive comradeship of silence and modesty, not the active complicity of contrivance and daring" (that he does in Q1), in which "in various ways a more intimate relation is suggested between Hamlet and his mother. She is more closely bound to him in affection, and the moral gulf which parts them is less profound.

II. The King... The first Quarto exhibits him in various respects deficient in the majesty which unquestionably clothes him in the second... The guilt of the King is distinctly greater in Q1... Upon the whole, the King of the later version is, by a variety of refined touches... enlarged in kingly dignity and elevation... He falls more short of the complete hypocrite, condescends with more difficulty and restraint to practise cunning kindness where he hates; has less low-bred facility in playing a false part, and betrays himself more readily by the laboured ingenuity of his language. These are touches of the high art which allows no contrast to be too absolute; which relieves the unvaried shadows of the younger painter with subtle half-lights, and tones down his glaring white with delicate shade.

III. Hamlet... Consider the heightened reserve which in Q2 belongs to his relation to Claudius... (the change of) Hamlet's mental attitude towards the supernatural. The mystery of Hamlet's hesitation has been... found in theological doubt. Such ground as there is for (this) view is found certainly in the later rather than in the earlier version... Quite typical is the substitution for

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come," in Q2, of this in Q1: "For in that dream of death when we awake."

To the later Hamlet the future world lies, in truth, in the uncertain light of dreams: his predecessor imagines it with the greater realism of the waking world. Very significant, from this point of view, are the two lines omitted in Q2:—

And borne before an everlasting judge
   . . . . . . . . . . . . . at whose sight
   The happy smile, & the accursed [are] damn'd.

In the 'dream' light of Q2 these suggestions of a theological scheme are barely hinted at as "the dread of something after death," and the "other ills we know not of."... One
other passage bears a similar note. His dying words in Q1—"heaven receive my soule"—are replaced in Q2 by that brief sentence, 'the rest is silence' . . . .

In the second place there are in Q1 traces slight yet distinct of that Hamblet of Saxo and the Hystorie, who is at least as much concerned to recover his inheritance as to avenge his father. . . .—In the third place, the keen susceptibility of conscience which marks Hamlet in both versions, is in the latter exalted in a few passages into an almost feminine tenderness of heart."

Passing over Mr. Herford’s remarks on the diminution in Q2 of extravagances of Hamlet’s thought in Q1, the increase of his profound contemplativeness, the lessening of his apparent madness, the improvement of dramatic propriety in action and speech in Q2, and in the structure of the play, I take a few words of Mr. Herford’s on “the changes which are rather poetical than dramatic”:

"There are numerous verses in Q1 which, though omitted or altered in Q2, are of a beauty beyond the capacity of a printer’s hack, and which connect the context by a perfectly natural link, yet such as no one of rude taste would think of supplying if he did not find it. Here and there Q2 omits a line of a somewhat too daring fancy . . .

The Jewell that adorn’d his features most
Is filch’d and stolen away: his wit’s bereft him. V. 40.

. . . parts away

Silent as is the midtime of the night. V. 49. . . .

The following is of a bolder type, not unlike the early vein of Shakspere's fancy—

Laertes:—

awhile I strive
To bury quiet within a tomb of wrath
Which once unhearsěd, all the world shall hear
Laertes had a father he held dear."

The evidence from the changes of single words is to the same effect. For these, and arguments from other grounds, I refer again to Mr. Herford’s able Essay. And I hope the reader of it will conclude with me,—and Mr. H.’s main argument, against his later concession (unexpected and unneeded, as I think),—that Q2 is a revision by Shakspere of
§ 3. Q1 and F1. Reasons for Change of Child-Actor Lines. XV

his original draft of the play represented, or misrepresented, by Q1.  

§ 3. It is a little odd—or rather, it is quite consistent with our opponents' usual perversity—that the relation of Q1 to F1 should be taken to establish the proof that Q1 was not a first sketch, when, lookt at fairly, it demonstrates that Q1 does represent that first sketch. For, allowing for mutual omissions, F1 and Q2 are one.

The chief passage in question is that about the child-actors. And I say that the words in Q1 may fairly be taken to represent the shortly-exprest opinion of Shakspere when the child-actor nuisance (as he and his company would think it) was in its earlier stage in 1601-2. By 1604 it had developed; a license had been granted to a new set, the Queen's Revels' Children, to play at the Blackfriars,—it was adding insult to injury to have them there,—and Shakspere accordingly, in 1604, broke out into the long and special complaint printed in the Folio of 1623, but written, I believe, for the revised text of 1604, tho' left out of the print of it by design or accident. Here is the 1601-2 passage, and part of the 1604 one, from Q2 and the Folio:

Q1, 1608. Shakspere's first Sketch. Q1, 1604; part of Shakspere's Recast.

_Ham._ How comes it that they trauell.

_Do they grow restie?_  

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

_Ham._ How chance it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both ways.

_Ros._ I think their inhibition, comes by the memnes of the late innuasion.  

_Ham._ Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed

_Ros._ No indeede are they not.

1 "It is unfortunate that the aesthetic feeling which will chiefly influence a man in his appreciation of a work of art, should be precisely that one which is least commumable. To believe that the first quarto is an eary sketch, appears to me an overwhelming necessity." W. H. Wdigery, Harness Prize Essay on _Hamlet_ Q1, 1880.

2 I believe in the design, as, the Children being the Queen's, the King's Players might well not wish their cuts at their rivals to be in print.

3 The License to the Revels' Children, 30 Jan. 1603-4, to play at the Burbages' Theatre, the Blackfriars, which "was leased out to one Evans, that first set up the boyes commonly called the Queens Majesties Children of the Chippell." But when the Burbages afterwards bought back their lease, they placed there "men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspere," &c.—The Burbage family's Memorial to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, in my Gervinus Introduction, p. xxxviii, note 3—and so stop't the Children nuisance, at the Blackfriars at least.
Ham. How then?

Gil. Yth my Lord, none tlie

carries it away,

For the principall publique audience

that

Came to them, are turned to private

plays,

And to the humour of children.

Ham. I do not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and

moes

At my uncle... Q1, ix. 71-80, p. 30.

The next important lines are the following, which our oppo-

nents, mistaking the value of an often-happening accident,

the leaving out of a line, rashly fancy prove that Q1 is not

a first sketch:—

Q1, 1603.

The Loner shall sigh gratis

The Clowne shall make

them laugh

That are tickled in the

lungs, or the blanke

verse shall halt for't.

And the Lady shall have

leave to speake her

mind freely, vii. 85-8,

p. 30.

Ham. What, frightened with

false fires?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

[Rest of Shakspere's Recast, 1604?,

printed 1623.]

Ham. How comes it? do they

grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their endeavour keepes

in the wonted pace; But there is Sir

an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that
crye out on the top of question; and

are most tyrannically clap’t for’t; these

are now the fashion, and so be-rated

the common Stages (so they call them)

that many wearing Rapiers, are af-

fraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce

come thither.

Ham. What are they Children?

Who maintain em? How are they

escoted? [and so on as in the receiv'd

text, up to II. ii. 380].

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord,

Hercules and his load too.

[Q2, AGAIN.] Ham. It is not very

strange, for my Uncle is King of Den-

marke, and those that would make

mouths at him while my father lined,
&c. [Q2, p. 37; F1, p. 262-3.]

Q2, accidentally leaving F1, with the left-out line

out a line.

The Loner shall not sigh

gratis, the humorous Man

shall end his part in

peace, and the Lady

shall say her minde free-

ly; or the blanke Verse

shall halt for’t: What

Players are they?—p.

262, col. 2.

Cor. The king rises, lights

boe. Exeunt King

and Lordes

Ham. What, frighted with

false fire?

Quee. How fares my Lord? Qn. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play. Pol. Giue o're the Play.
§ 5. Q1 a FIRST SKETCH. § 6. THIS EDITION. NOTE ON WILL KEMP. XVII

King. Gine me some light, King. Gine me some away.

Light. Away.

Pot. Lights, lights, lights. All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt all but Ham. Exeunt. Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Then let the stricken Ham. Why let the strook- Ham. Why let the stricken-Deere goe weepe. ix. en Deere goe wepe. en Deere go weepe.

175-6, p. 41. III. ii. 277–282, p. 51.

Isn't it perfectly clear that Q2 has, in both cases,—as it so often has, in V. ii. 251, and nos. on p. iv—accidentally left out a line that was both in the First Sketch of 1601-2 (pr. 1603) and the Recast of 1604. Q2, which line is preserved in the Folio printed from the Play-copy of the 1604 MS.1? I conclude then, that the relation of Q1 to the Folio, as well as to Q2, and the deliberate changes afterwards made in names and characters, in the dramatic structure of the play, in the greater refinement of persons, the greater depth of thought, the higher poetic beauty, all join in proving that Q1 represents, or misrepresents, Shakspere's First Sketch of Hamlet.

§ 6. The following Facsimile of Q2 is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the original. All the Duke's Kemble Quartos have, I believe, had their pages cut down and mounted, which accounts for some of the headlines (p. 77), catchwords (pp. 78, 38), and signatures (p. 36) being cut off. The numbers outside the rules are those of Act, scene, and line, in the Globe edition. Those lines in Q2 and not in F1 are starrd (*); those Q2 lines that are alterd in F1 are daggard (†). When Q2 has not 1 or more lines that are in Q1, a > is put at the point where they are wanting. I meant to have marke near the inside rules the scene and line-nos. of Q1, and distinguishes all the fresh and altered lines, but the proofs I expected did not come to me for the purpose.

Note on Will Kemp, p. xi. Chalmers, in his 'Farther Account of the Early English Stage,' Variorum Sh. 1821, iii. 490, believes that Kempe died of the plague in 1603, and was buried at St. Saviour's Southwark: "1603, November 2d. William Kempe, a man" was buried, as the parish Register says. Of Kempe's character, Chalmers says that he,

1 See more striking instances overleaf.
"like Tarleton, gained celebrity, by his extemporal wit; whilst, like other clowns, Kempe raised many a roar by making faces, and mouths of all sorts." [Compare "blabbering with his lips," Q1, ix. 39. p. 37.] "He appears, from the quarto plays of Shakspeare to have been the original performer of Peter in Romeo and Juliet, in 1595; and of Dogberry in Much Ado About Nothing, in 1600."

(Mr J. P. Collier (Lives of Actors, p. 117) has, I am told, quoted evidence from some City-archives that Kempe was alive in 1605, but whether Dr Ingleby, &c., have examind the document, I do not know.)

Note to p. xvi, xvii. The accidental omissions of Q2. Mr P. A. Daniel reminds me to quote these instances, in which the eye of the copier of Q2, as he workt on, or its printer, caught the second Recoueries and Armes instead of the first:

Shakspeare’s MS. as copied for F1. with his... Fines, his double vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? — V. i. 114. [Fol. p. 277, col. 2.] Q2, with a line accidentally left out. with his... Fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries [no gap in Q2] to haue his fine pate full of fine durt. p. 85.

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar’t a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says Adam dig’d; could hee digge without Armes? He put another question to thee... V. i. 37—53. Fol. p. 277, col. 1.

Clo. He put another question to thee... p. 84.

1 "In the Cambridge comedy, called The Return from Parnassus, Kempe is introduced personally, and made to say: "I was once at a Comedy in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts, on this Fasion."—The Cambridge wit, we see, considered Kempe as a proper comedian to raise laughter by making mouths on this fashion. When Burbadge has instructed a student how to act properly, and tells him:—"You will do well after a while;" Kempe takes up the student thus: "Now for you; methinks you should belong to my tuition; and your face, methinks, would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of peace: mark me." And then, Kempe goes on, to represent a foolish mayor; making faces, for the instruction of the student."
Mr Daniel kindly sends me four more of the eight passages not found in Q2, but which he and I "believe to have been omitted from that version, and not added in F1."

5. II. ii. 215-16. "I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter." The words underlined are not found in Q2, but it seems clear that they were accidentally omitted; their absence destroys the sense of the passage by making Polonius say that he will leave Hamlet with Ofelia when Ofelia is not present. The copyist or compositor jumped from the first him to the second, and missed the words between them.

6. II. ii. 244-276. Thirty-three lines absent here, from "Let me question more" to "I am dreadfully attended." I take this to be an omission on the part of Q2; but I can't prove it. Hamlet compares Denmark to a prison, etc. It seems all one with the rest of the discourse between him and Ros. and Guil.

7. IV. ii. 32-33. "Hide fox, and all after." Last words of the scene. Quite possibly a little accidental omission on the part of Q2.

8. V. ii. 68—80. Thirteen lines absent. Hamlet is made thereby to break his speech in the middle of a sentence, so that the first part becomes meaningless. As this part then—lines 68 to 70—can only be accounted for as an accidental omission on the part of Q2, so may all the other absent lines—71 to 80—of this passage.

These eight passages [four plus the 'sere,' 'child-actors, 'armes' and 'Recoueries' bits] comprise all that is absent from the Q2, some 85 lines in all.

The omissions in the Folio, counting only passages of more than one line, amount to 218 lines—omissions of a word or a word or two, sometimes absolutely necessary to the sense, are extremely numerous."

The more the matter is gone into, the more plain will it be that no argument against the first Sketch of Hamlet can be drawn from F1, and the more clear will it be that Q2 and F1 are copies from one original, the revised MS. of 1604.
LIST

CHARACTERS IN THE FIRST QUARTO OF HAMLET, 1603,
in the order of their Appearance.

Two Centinels: the second, Barnardo, p. 2.

Horatio, p. 2, 8, 13, 18, 37, 53, 56.

Marcellus, p. 2, 8, 13, 18. [60.

Ghost (of Hamlet’s Father), p. 3, 5,
4, 15, 19, 45.

The King, p. 6, 22, 28, 34, 37, 43, 49,
54, 59, 62.

The Queene, p. 6, 22, 34, 44, 49,
53, 59, 62.

Hamlet, p. 6, 13, 15, 25, 28, 36, 43,
44, 47, 55, 60.

Leartes, p. 6, 11, 50, 54, 59, 62.

Corinths, p. 6, 12, 20, 22, 28, 30,
35, 37, 42, 44.

The two Ambassadors, Cornelia, Voltammar (call’d ‘Gent.’), p. 6, 23.

Voltammar only, p. 64.

Ophelia, p. 11, 21, 22, 38, 49, 51, 59
(in her collin).

Montano, p. 20.

Rosencraft and Gilderstone, p.
22, 29, 34 (the ‘Lorde’, and at 47),
11, 47.

Players, p. 31, 36, 38.

A Dumbe Show, the King and the
Queene. Then Lucianus, p. 38,
The Prologue, p. 38.

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Murderer, p. 40.

Other Lords, p. 37, 59, 62.

Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Sounders, p. 49, (with his Traine) 64.

Clowne and an other (the 2 Grave-
diggers), p. 55.

A Baggart Gentleman, p. 60.

The Ambassadors from England, p. 64.

CHARACTERS IN THE SECOND QUARTO OF HAMLET, 1604,
in the order of their Appearance.

Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels, p. 2, 11.


Marcellus, p. 2, 11, 18, 23. [90.

Ghost (of Hamlet’s Father), p. 3, 5,
19, 20, 25, 63.

Claudius, King of Denmark, p. 7,
29, 42, 49, 57, 66, 72, 78, 88, 95.

Gertrude the Queene, p. 7, 29, 42.

Contiue: 49, 60, 66, 71, 82, 88, 95.

Polonius, p. 7, 15, 26, 30, 37, 42,
18, 49, 55, 58, 60.

His Sonne Laertes, p. 7, 21, 74,
78, 88, 95.

Hamlet, p. 7, 18, 20, 34, 44, 47,
59, 60, 68, 70, 85, 90.

Others, p. 7 (see 12, 67, 68, 70, 74,
77, 89, 95), including Cornelius,
and Voltemand, p. 31.

Ophelia, Laertes Sister, p. 24, 28,
42, 19, 71 (mad) 75, 88 (a corpse).

Polonius’s ‘man or two’, including

Rosencraft and Gyltendensterne,
p. 29, 35, 42, 48, 50, 55, 57, 66, 68.

The Trumpets, p. 30. [70.

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them, p. 47; 2

A Dumbe Show; a King and a
Queene, and an other man, p. 51.

Prologue; King and Queene, p. 51.

Lucianus, p. 53.

Lords, p. 42 (see p. 67, 68, 70, 71, 77, 89, 95).

Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, p. 49,
and Officer, p. 55.

Fortinbrasse with his Army, and a
Captain, p. 70; with four Captaines,
A Gentleman, p. 71, 77. [90.

A Messenger, p. 74, 79.

Two Clownes Grave Diggers, p. 83.

Doctor; a churlish Priest, p. 88.

A Courtier, young Ostriche (p. 91),
A Lord, p. 94. [p. 92, 99.


(Only the first entry of every Character in each Scene is set down.)

1 There is no need to make the Actors in the Sub-play the same as those in the ‘Dumbe Show.’ A travelling company might well have had 7 Actors in it; more probably 7 than 4, in Shakspeare’s day.

2 Other than the two Lords, Rosencraft and Gilderstone, of p. 34; cp. p. 59.

3 This implies that there were more than 3: 3 were in the Dumbe Show, 4 in the Sub-Play. Allow 5 or 7 for the Company travelling.
THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

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

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

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnado, and Francisco, two Ceminelas.

Bar. VV Why, where art thou? Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself. Long live the King.

Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour, Tis now twelve, get thee to bed Francisco, For this relief much thanks, it is bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guards?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night: If you do meete Horatio and Marcellus, The riualls of my watch, bid them make haste. Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them, stand ho, who is there? Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Give you good night.


Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue scene nothing,
Mar. Horatio faies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let believe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice scene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortisied against our story,
What we haue two nights scene.
Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond fame starre thatts westward from the pole,
Had made his course tillume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

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

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

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bnr. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this somthing more then phantastie? What thinke you one?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe, Without the sencible and true auouch Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armor he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated, So fr. and he once, when in an angry parle He fnot the sleaded pollax on the ice.

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre, With martiall flauke hath he gone by our watch.

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

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes, Why this same strikt and moft obseruant watch So nightly toiles the subject of the land, And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon And foraine marte, for implements of warre, Why such impresse of ship writes, whose fore taske Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward that this sweaty haft Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who iift that can informe mee?

Hor. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so; our last King, Whole image euen but now appear'd to vs, Was as you knowe by Fortinbrasse of Norway, Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet, (For so this side of our knowe world esteem'd him) Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seald compact Well ratifed by lawe and heraldy

B 2
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he flood seize'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article designe,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbras
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt vp a liff of laweleffe resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our flate
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father left; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post haste and Romadge in the land.

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

Hor. A moth it is to trouble the minde's eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves flood tearethless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with trains of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Upon whose influence Neptune Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse,
And eu'n the like precurse of feare events
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,    It spreads
If thou haft any found or use of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee;
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
Of speake:
Or if thou haft vphoorded in thy life
Exorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it. Marcellus.

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

We doe it wrong being so Maiefticall
To offer it the shewe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill founding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerenin
This present obiect made probation.

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

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard and doe in part believe it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes o're the dewe of you high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we have seene to night
Vnto young Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shal acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, sitting our duty.

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

Exeunt.

Florish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude be Queene,
Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cun. Alyss.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs be fitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest forrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioynltreffe to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated joy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbrasse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoynt, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peflur vs with message
Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Loof 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 Fortenbras.
Who impotent and bedred scarceley heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to supprese
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Valdemar,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perfonall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

   Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we 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 is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce, what woldst thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natue to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What woldst thou haue Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and fauvour 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 leave and pardon.

   King. Haue you your fathers leave, what faies Polonius?
   Pol. Hath my Lord wrong from me my sowe leave
By laboursome petition, and at laft
Vpon his will I feald my hard consent,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

I do beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

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

But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my sonne.

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

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

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

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,

Do not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou knowst it is common all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. Tis MJaadnam, it is common.

Quee. If it be

Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my inky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solemnbe blacke
Nor windie suspipation of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull ruer in the eye,
Nor the deiefed hauior of the vilage
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of grieve
That can devote me truely, these indeede seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play
But I have 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 suurrueuer bound
In filial oblivion for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a courte

Of impious stubbornes, tis unmanly grieve,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An understanding simple and vn schoold

For what we knowe must be, and is as common
Prince of Denmark.

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our pueril opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reafon 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 vnpruailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of love
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in Wittenberg.
It is moft retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye.
Our chiefeft courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother Loose her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee slay with vs, gone not to Wittenberg,

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

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be ag our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnfore'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmark doth drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloues shall tell.
And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,
Repeaking earthly thunder; come away. Florib, Exeunt all, but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixe
His cannon gainst saile slaughter, 6 God, God,
How wary, saile, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grofe in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Vifite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why the 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 ont; frailty thy name is woman
A little mouth or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Noobe all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discource of reafon
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the falt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, o most wicked speedes to post
With fuch dexterie to inceflous 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 servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ie change that name with you,

And what make you from Wiisenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen Sir)

But what in faith make you from Wiisenberg?

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 truffer of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,

But what is your affaire in Elsonowe?

Weele teach you how to drinke ere you depart.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. I prithee dost not mock me fellow student,
I think it was to my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral bak't meates

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day Horatio,

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.

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

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vp on his like againe.

Hor. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Law, who?

Hor. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hor. Sealon your admiration for a while

With an attent care till I may deliver
Up on the witnes of these gentlemen

This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods sake let me heare?

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

Armed at poynt, exactly Capaqua

Appeares before them, and with solemn march,

Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt

By their opprest and feare surprised eyes

Within his tronchions length, whilst they distill'd

Almost to gelly, with the act of feare

Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull secrefie impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Whereas they had deliuerc both in time

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch
Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hera. My Lord I did,
But answere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did address
It selte to motion like as it would speake:

But even then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanisht from our sight.

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

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd say you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.
Ham. Then sawe you not his face
Hera. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hera. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?
Hera. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hera. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hera. It would have much a maz'd you.
Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hera. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.
Hera. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grissel'd, no.

Hera. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A sable filres'd.


**Prince of Denmarke.**

*Ham.* I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

*Hor.* I warn’t it will.

*Ham.* If it affume 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 hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile vifiire you.

*All.* Our dutie to your honor.  

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* You 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 fit still my foule, fondes deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.  

Enter Laertes, and Ophebles his Sister.

*Laer.* My necessaries are in barckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And connay, in assifant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

*Opbe.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the tossing of his favoure,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Viole in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, nor permanente, sweete, not lafting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

*Opbe.* No more but so.

*Laer.* Thinke it no more
For nature cresciant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward service of the munde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatness wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnuaewed persons doe,
Care for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loves you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may fuilaine
If with too credent cearce you lift his song
Or loose your hart, or your chafft treasure open
To his vnmaftred importunity.
Feare it Opbelis, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The charieft maide is prodigall enough
If she vmmaketh her butte to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclofd,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blashments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safetie lies in feare,
Youth to it selffe rebels, though non els neare.
Opbe. I shall the effect of this good leffon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whileas a pufh, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrofe path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Laer. Of feare me not,
Ifay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleffing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Pol. Yet heere Latres. a bord a bord for shame.
Prince of Denmarke.

The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoue friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of fleete,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnflled g d courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Gue every man thy ease, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenfure, but referue thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not express in fancy's rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaims the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a moft seleet and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulthedge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou cantst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing feaon this in thee.

Lær. Most humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inuets you goe, your seruants tend.
Lær. 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.

Pol. What if Ophelia she hath sayd to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you your selfe
Hawe of your audience beene most free and bountious,
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 do not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooves my daughter, and your honor,
What is betwenee you giue me vp the truth,
Opbe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girl
Unshifted in such perilous circumstance,
Doe you believe his tenders as you call them?
Opbe. 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 phrase
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

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

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

Opbe. 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 soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making

You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something sceanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,

Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments showe
But meere imploratotors of unholy 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
Prince of Denmarke.

Have you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too’t I charge you, come your wayes.
Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Hon. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.
Hor. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelwe.
Mar. No, it is strooke.
Hon. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke A florish of trumpets
What does this meane my Lord? and 2. peeces goes of.
Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowfe.

Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marry ift,
But to my minde, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance
This heauy headed reveale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinishe 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 complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauffue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ghost.

Hor. 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,
King, father, royall Dane, o answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death
Hau'e burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To call thee vp againe: what may this meane
That thou dead corfe, againe in compleat Steele
Reuifites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fools 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?

Hor. 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.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

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

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes see,
Prince of Denmark

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

*Hor*. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That buttles ore his bafe into the sea,
And there assume some other horable forme
Which might depriuie your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desparation
Without more motiue, into evry braine
That lookes to many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

*Ham*. It waues me still;

Goe on, Ile followe thee.

*Mar*. You shall not goe my Lord.
*Ham*. Hold of your hands.
*Hor*. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
*Ham*. My fate cries out

And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentleman
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,

*Hor*. He waxes desperate with imagin;
*Mar*. Lets followe, its not fit thus to obey him.
*Hor*. Heauen after, to what issue will this come?
*Mar*. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
*Hor*. Heauen will direct it.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

*Ham*. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,

*Ghost*. Marke me.

*Ham*. I will.

*Ghost*. My houre is almost come

When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

*Ham*. Alas poore Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

5 Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear

8 Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

10 Doomed for a certaine termme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,

12 Till the soule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

16 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,

20 Like quills vpon the searefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, & lift:

24 If thou didst ever thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

28 Ghost. Revenge his soule, and most unnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

30 But this most soule, strange and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my revenge.

34 Ghost. I find thee apt,

38 And diller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on Lethe wharffe,

41 Wouldst thou not flure in this: now Hamlet heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,

45 A Serpent flung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rancely abus'd: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life

49 Now weares his Crowne.

52 Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Uncle?
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghoft. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts, O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power So to seduce; wonne to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene; O Hamlet, what falling off was there From me whose loue was of that dignitie That it went hand in hand, even with the vowe I made to her in marriage, and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poore, To those of mine; but vertue as it never will be moued, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heauen So but though to a radiant Angel luckt, Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed And pray on garbage. But loft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre, Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard, My custome alwayes of the afternoone, Upon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall, And in the porches of my eares did poure The leprous distilment, whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man, That swift as quicksilver it courses through The natural gates and allies of the body, And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
And curde like eager droppings into milke, The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine, And a most instant tetter barckt about Most Lazerlike with vile and loathsome crust All my smooth body. Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand, Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht, Cut off even in the blossomes of my sone, Unhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head, O horrible, 6 horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosom lodge
To prick and slie her, fare thee well at once,
The Glo worme shewes the matrine to be neere
And gines to pale his uneffectual fire,
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, o earth, what els,
And shall I couple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoul whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,

Yea, from the table of my memory
I le wipe away all trivials fond records,
All lawes of booke, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smilling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At last I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Prince of Denmark.

Mar. How ill my noble Lord?

Hoa. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hoa. Good my Lord tell it.

Hoa. No, you will reveale it.

Hoa. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Hoa. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,

But you'le be secret,

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's never a villaine,

Dwelling in all Denmarke

But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hoa. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grave
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 shal poynte you,

For every man hath busines and desyre

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part

I will goe pray.

Hoa. These are but wilde and whumling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily.

Yes faith hartily.

Hoa. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,

And much offence to, touching this vision here,

It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,

For your desire to knowe what is betwene us

Or remaistret as you may, and now good friends,

As you are friends, schollers, and fouldiers,

Give me one poore request.

Hoa. What i'ft 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.

Hoa. Infaith my Lord nor I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say't thou so, art thou there trupenny?

Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,

Confent to sweare.

Ham. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue heene

Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Es't, et ubique, then weele shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Sweare by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

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

A worthy Pioneer, once more remoue good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio

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

Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I heare 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 incommhred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronoucing offome doubtfull phrase,

As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.

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

Withall my loue I doe commend me to you
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

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

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good Reynaldo,

Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauior.

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 means, and where they keepe,

What compaine, at what expence, and finding

By this encompassment, and drift of question

That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will tuch it,

Take you as twere 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,

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck

As may dishonour him, take heed of that,

But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsualy slips,

As are companions noted and most knowne

To youth and libertie,

Rey. As gaming my Lord,

Pol. Or drinking, fending, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,

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

You must not put another candell 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 out-breake of a sferie mind,
A faugenes in vntreclaimed 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, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight sallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little foild with working,
Mark you, your partie in couersa, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affir'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 does a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

By the maffe I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I law him yesterbay, 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 law him enter such a house of sall, 
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 windlesse, and with assies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and advise

Shall
Prince of Denmark.

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

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

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

E 2

Pol.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seke the King,
This is the very exacte of loue,
Whose violent properie fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That does afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you gien him any hard words of late?

Oph. 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 judgement
I had not coted him, I feare he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but be throw my Ielousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caft beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to vitter loue;
Come. 

Exeunt.

Florish: Enter King, and Queene, Rosencroes and Gualkenslere.

King. Welcome deere Rosencroes, and Gualkenslere,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to see you did provoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reembles that it was, what it shoule be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And fish so naboroed to his youth and honer,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflictis him thus,
That opend Iyes within our remedie.

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

Ref. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you have of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to entreatie.

Guyl. But we both obey.
And heere give vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feete
To be commannde.

King. Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Geyldenfere.

Quee. Thanks Geyldenfere, and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I befeech you instandy to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

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

Quee. I Amin.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'emmadadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully returnnd.

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

Pol. Have I my Lord ? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of politicke soire
As it hath vnd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacies.

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

E. a

Pol.
The Tragedie of Trames

Pol. Give first admittance to them embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Germaid he hath found
The head and soucre of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haustie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall lift him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews levies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation against the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That to his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Forstendraffe, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Maketh vow before his Vnkle nouer more
To give th'a slay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcometh with joy,
Giueth him three score thousand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commission to employ those soldiers
So levyed (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreatie therein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered tyme, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Because we thank you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Prince of Denmarke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>What maiestie should be, what dutie is,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>I will be briefe, your noble Sonne is mad :</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Mad call I it, for to define true madness,</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>What it is but to be nothing els but mad,</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>But let that goe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Que. More matter with leffe art.</td>
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<td>13</td>
<td>Pol. Maddam, I swere, I vfe no art at all,</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,</td>
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<td>15</td>
<td>And pitty tis tis true, a foolith figure,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>But farewell it, for I will vfe no art,</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains</td>
</tr>
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<td>18</td>
<td>That we find out the cause of this effect,</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>Or rather say, the cause of this defect,</td>
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<td>20</td>
<td>For this effect defectuwe comes by cause :</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>Thus it remains, and the remainder thus</td>
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<td>22</td>
<td>Perpend,</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>I have a daughter, hauce while she is mine,</td>
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<td>24</td>
<td>Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>Hath given me this, now gather and surmise,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>To the Celestiall and my Soules Iдол, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare, thow in her excellent white bosome, thou &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Que. Came this from Hamlet to her?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Doubt thou the starres are fire.</td>
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<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Doubt that the Sunne doth move,</td>
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<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Doubt truth to be a lyer,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>But never doubt I love.</td>
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<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my grones, but that I love thee best, &amp; most best believe it, adew.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.</td>
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<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shouwne me, (Hamlet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>And more about hath his solicitings As</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by means, and place.
All giuen to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What do ye thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove 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 looke uppon this loue with idle fight,
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 war,
This must not be: and then I prefrcepts gave her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruities of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a saft,
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. Do you thinke this?

Queen. It may be very like.

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

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I wil finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometymes he walke fourie houre together
Heere in the Lobby.
Prince of Denmark.

Quee. So he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,

Being you and I behind an Arasz then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And be not from his reafon falne thercn

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beeuech you both away. Exit King and Queene.

He bord him prefently, oh give me leaue,

How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fislimonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest my Lord.

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

Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

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

good kisling carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke ith Sunne, conception is a blessing,

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

Pol. How fay you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee

knewe me not at firft, a sayd I was a Fislimonger, a is farre gone,

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

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

Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

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

Ham. Slaunders sir; for the latericall rogue sayes heere, that old

men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinckles, their eyes

purging thick Amber, & plumarre gum, & that they have a plen-

F.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

tisfulle lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir
though I most powerfully and potentiie believe, 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 madneffe, yet there is method in't, will you
walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeede that's our ayre; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are, a happiness that often madneffe hits on, which reason
and sanctity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

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

Enter Guilderstern, and Rosencrantz.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old foole.

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

Ros. God save you Sir.

Gyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou Guilderstern?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoee.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

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

Gyl. Faith her privates we.

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

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

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

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am ever poore in thankes, but I thanke
you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny:
were you nor sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gyl. What should we say my Lord?
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ref. To what end my Lord?

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

Ref. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you love me hold not of.

Gusl. My Lord we were sent for.

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

Ref. My Lord, there was no such flushe in my thoughts.

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

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

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenturous Knight shal vlse his foyle and target, the Louer shal not figh gratis, the humorus Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely: or the black verson shal haue fort. What players are they?

Ref. Even thosе you were wont to take such delight in, the Trage-

Dians of the Citry.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ref. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innuasion.

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

Ref. No indeede are they not.

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

A Florish.

Guyl. There are the players.

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

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southery, I knowe a Hanke, from a hand law.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

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

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

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

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

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Histori call Pastorall, scene indeuidible.
Prince of Denmarke.

indeudible, or Poem unlimited, Scenec cannot be too heavy, nor
Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the
only men.

Ham. O Jeptha Judge of Israel, what a treasure had'lt thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued
passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not ithright old Jeptha?

Pol. If you call me Jeptha my Lord, I have a daughter that I love
Ham. Nay that followes not. (passing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to
passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will
sho we you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee
well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is va-
lant since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to heard me in Denmark?
what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is
nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a
chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold;
bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome,
weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see,
weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taff of your quality,
come a pafionate speeche.

Player. What speeche my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speeche once, but it was never acted,
or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not
the million, 'twas cauiary to the general, but it was as I receaue
it & others, whole judgements in such matters cried in the top
of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe
with as much modeallie as cunning. I remember one sayd there
were no sallers in the lines, to make the matter savoury, nor no
matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affecti ne,
but caild it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very
much, more handsome then fine: one speeche in't I chiefeely loued,
'twas Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he
speakes of Prians slauhter, if it liue in your memory begin at
this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pirus like Thirceanian
The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with Pirbus, the rugged Pirbus, he whose
sable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horfe,
Hath now this dread and black compleetion smeard,
With heraldy more diffmall head to foote,
Now is he total Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonses,
Bak'd and empafated with the parching streets
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helihf Pirbus
Old grandifire Priam seeke, so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
discretion, Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; unequall matche,
Pirbus at Priam driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prisoner Pirbus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent Priam, seem'd i'th ayre to fllick,
So as a painted tirant Pirbus flood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often fee against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the rachets stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pirbus paufe,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Moses Armor forg'd for prooue eterne,
With leffe remorse then Pirbus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou trumpeter Fortune, all you gods,
In general sinod take away her power,
Breae 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 sleepe, say on, come to Hecube.

Pol. But who, a woe* had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Pley Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With Bisom rebume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem flood, and for a robe,
About her la nec and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarne of seare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom sleepd,
Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounft;
But if the gods themselfes did see her then,
When she law Pirrus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortal moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion 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 have a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you live.

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

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

Pol. Come sirrs.

Ham. Follow hym friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; doft thou
heare
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Play. I my Lord.

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

Play. I my Lord.

568 Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, Ile leue you till night, you are welcome to Elsone.

† Exeunt Pol. and Players.

574 Ref. Good my Lord.

† Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pelant flame am I.
Is it not monstrous that this playere here
But in a fixation, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule to so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the vilage wand,
Teares in his eyes, drstraction in his aspeet,
A broken voyce, an his whole function sutting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

578 For Hecuba.

† What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should wepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue: he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleare the generall ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very facultyes of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled rascal peake,
Like Iohn a dreams, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breaks my pate a croffe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twakes me by the nofe, gives me the lie th' thraote
As deepe as to the lungen, who does me this,
† 604 Hah, swounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall
Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
Remorsfelle, trecherous, lecherous, kindleffe villaine.
Why what an Asseam I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe, a tallyon, fie vppont, fo'h.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hawe by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene strooke fo to the foule, 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 someting like the murther of my father
Before mine Vnkle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuseth me to damage me; Ile have 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, Gysl-
densierne, 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?
Reff. He doeth confess, he feelles himself distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no means speaks.
Gysl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
But with a craftie madness keepes a loofe
When we would bring him on to some confession

G
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
    Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
    We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
    And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
    To heare of it: they are here about the Court,
    And as I thinke, they haue already order
    This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
    And he beseech me to intreat your Maiesties
    To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
    And it doth much content me
    To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
    And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord.

King. Sweet Gertrud, leaue vs two,
    For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
    That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
    Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
    Wee're so bellow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
    We may of their encounter franckly judge,
    And gather by him as he is behau'd,
    If he 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 Denmark.

We will bestow our selves; read on this book.
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowliness; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

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

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-drow my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heir to; tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wish'd to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scorces of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin, who would fard-les beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose borne
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you well.
Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redelincr,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.
Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.
Oph. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Oph. What means your Lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you shold admit
no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord have better comerce
Then with honestie:

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

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so enucleat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.
Prince of Denmark.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, 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 proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to aet them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling betwenee earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

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

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calamity; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them; to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powres restore him.

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

Oph. O what a noble mind is here orthrowne!

The Courtiers, souidiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observed of all observers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musick vowes;
Now se what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatchtforme, and nature of blownes youth
Blasted with extacie, 6 woe is mee
I have scene what I have scene, see what I see.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the batch and the discloze

Weill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shal expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his brains still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.

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

King. It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but we all gently, for in the very tornent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, or it offendeth mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to splet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would have 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-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature, 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 judicious greene, the cenure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have scene play, and heard others prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophaneely, that neither having 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 imita-
ted humanitie so abominably.

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

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

Enter Polonius, Guyldenfferne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that prestantly.

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

Ros. I my Lord. Exempt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as iust a man.

As ere my conversation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuene new haft but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why shoulde the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue licke abfurdo pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was misiris of her choice,
And could of men distinguih her election,
S'hat feald thee for herselfe, for thou haft been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To found what flop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions flauce, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that aet a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghast that we haue scene,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Vulcanas stithy; giue him headfull note,
For I mine eyes will ruet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In cenfure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilste this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theste.

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

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

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent faith,

Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
Promiferam’d, you cannot feeede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswet Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i’th Vniuersitie you fay,

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

Ham. What did you enaft?

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

Brutus kild mee.

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

Be the Players readie?

Ref. I my Lord, they fay upon your patience,

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

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

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady fhall 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 ligge-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 fute offables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there’s hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a muft build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and be her, he
takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyset him downe up-
on a banecke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaves him: anon come in an
other man, takes off his crowne, kisst it, pours poison in the sleepers cares,
and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate
action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seemt to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene
with gifts, she seems barbawile, but in the end accepts lorne.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show importes the argument of the play,

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

The Players cannot keepe, theyll tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you a ham'd
to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

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

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Here flooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

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

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gone round

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

And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene

About the world haue times twelue thirties beene

Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands

Vnite comunual in most sacred bands.

Queene: So many ioyntynes may the Sunne and Moone

Make us agame count oere eue loue be doone,

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

So farre from cheere, and from our former flate,

That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.
Prince of Denmark.

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

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

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

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slawe to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnhaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we proporne,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or joy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,
Where joy most revelles, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe joy, joy grieves, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you make his favourite flyes,
"If I were a tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directely seasons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuifes Hill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prifon be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of joy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Sleep, rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwene vs twaine.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but thee'se keepe her word.

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

Ham. No, no, they do but ieff, poynes in ieff, no offence in this wid.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, many how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shall see anon, is a knaifshe peecer of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs nor, let the gauled lade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

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

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your ioue
**Prince of Denmark.**

If I could see the puppets dallying.

*Opb.* You are keene my lord, you are keene.

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

*Opb.* Still better and worse.

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

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,

Considerat season els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,

With *Hecate* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholsome life vfurps immediately.

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

*Opb.* The King rifes.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Give ore the play.

*King.* Give me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. **Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.**

*Ham.* Why let the brooken Deere goe weeppe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turns Turk with me, with provinciall Roses on my raz’d shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

*Hor.* Halfe a share.

*Haas.* A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon deere*

This Realme dismantled was

Of love himclf, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

*Hor.* You might hauerym’d.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did it perceiue?*

*Hor.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyshing.

*Hor.* I did very well note him.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Rosencrants and G y l d en S t er ne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous dislemmed.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wifedome should thewe it selve more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

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

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

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

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

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

Rof. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

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

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

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

Rof. My Lord, you once did love me.

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

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

*Ham.* Sir I lacke aduaunement.

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

_Enter the Players with Recorders._

*Ham.* I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musly, & the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recover the wind of mee, as if you would drive mee into a toyle?

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

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

_Guyl._ My lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you,

_Guyl._ Beleuce me I cannot.

*Ham.* I doe befeech you.

_Guyl._ I know not touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying; governo these ventages with your fingers, & the vnbber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the flops.

_Guyl._ But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I have not the skill.

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

_Enter Polonius._

_Pol._ My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & pretently.

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

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

*Ham._ Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

_Pol._ It is backt like a Wezell.

*Ham._ Or like a Whale.

_Pol._ Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

400  Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

403-4  I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyrdys yawne, and hell it selfe breaks 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 loose not thy nature, let not ever
The soule of Nero enter this firme bodome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vfe none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To give them feales never my soule content.  

414+  Exit.

III iii.

Enter King, Rosencrants, and Guyldenfterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madness range, therefore prepare you,
I your commisjon will forth with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazardd so neer’s as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes,

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

Ros. The sngle and peculier life is bound
With all the strengthe 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 massie wheele

Fixt on the sommet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand leffer things
Are morteifd and adioynd, which when it falls,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will setters 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 l'le conuay my felfe .
To heare the proue, l'le warrant thee'letax him home,
And as you fayd, and wisely was it fayd,
Tis meeete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, fould 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. Thanks deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it (melts to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I fand in paufe where I fhall firft beginne,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto ferues mercy
But to confront the viage of offence ?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe,then I'le looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ferue my turne, forgive me my foule murther,
That cannot be fince I am still poftfell
Of thofe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Hamlet.

Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now I do not, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuenged, that would be scard
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.

Why, this is base and silly, not reuenged,
A tooke my father groly full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumsance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuenged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seafond for his passage?
No.

Up sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceflious pleafure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relifth of sauication in't,

Then
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betwenee
Much heate and him, Ile silence me even heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what’s the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

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

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

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What’s the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

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

Ham. Come, come, and set you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me,
Help how.

Pol. What how helpe.

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

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'rt to be too busie is some danger,
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrable stuffe,
If damned cuftome haue not brafd it so,
That it be proowe and bulwark against fence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurses the grace and blush of modesty,
Cal's vertue hippocrīt,takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers' oathes, ó such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapfedy of words ; heavens face dooes glowe
Or this solidity and compound maffe
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought fick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of loue himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heauie, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his (eale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
Prince of Denmark.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blafting his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, fence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Not fence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choife
To ferue in such a difference, what deuill waft
That thus hath confound you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling lance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope: o shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selue as actuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnft my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blace and greued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Over the nasty fle.

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

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slauce that is not twentith part the kyth
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<td>Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,</td>
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Prince of Denmark.

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

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

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madness
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madness
Would gamboles from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vsntion to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madness speaks,
It will but skin and filme the vlerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infests vsneene, confess ye your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spred the compest on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.

For in the fatnese of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leave to doe him good.

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

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Uncle's bed,
Affume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monftr cuflome, who all fence dothe eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He like wise giues a flock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shal lend a kind of eafines
To the next abstinence, the next more eafie:
For vfe almoft can change the flamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous poteney: 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 pleasd it so
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 cruel only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blow King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of recchies kisse,
Or paddling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madneffe,
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 conceruings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

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

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

This 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 muft sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery; let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the engine
Hoift with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis mofl sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugge the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother good night indeed, this Countayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. 

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

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

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

King. What Gertrurd, 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 something fliure,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

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

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

King. O Gertrurd, come away,


I 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 Majestie and skill
Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho Guyldesterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madness hath Polonious slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrud, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And what's vnseasonely done,
Whole whisper oer the worlds dyameter,
As levell as the Cannon to his blanke,
Transports his poufined shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlefe ayre, o come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely frowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?

Rof. Here they come.

Ham. Compound it with duff where'to tis kin.

Rof. Tell us where tis that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not believe it.


Ham. That I can kepe your counsaille & not mine owne, besides
to be demanded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by
the fonne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

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

Rof. I understanding you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleeapes in a foolish care.

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

Hamlet.
Prince of Denmark.

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

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

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

Enter King, and two or three.

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

Enter Rosencrus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is belowe my Lord, VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

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

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

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

King. Alas, alas.

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

King. Ring. VVhat doos thou meane by this?

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

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

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

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thme especiall safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou haft done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'associats tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

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

Farewell deere Mother,

King. Thy lousing Father Hamlet.

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

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:


King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speede abord,

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for every thing is sealde and done

That els leanes on th' a fayre, pray you make haft,

And England, if my loue thou holdest at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee fince,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red,

After the Danish sword; and thy freawe

Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set

Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full

By Letters congruiog to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,

For like the Hectique in my blood he rages.
Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my hap, my joyes will here begin.  Exit.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.
Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbras
Craues the conuenance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall express our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't my Lord.
Fort. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway sir.
Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them sir?
Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbras.
Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,
Or for some frontire?
Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five dukett, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A ranck rare, should it be fold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Palance neuer will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.
Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand dukett
Wll not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward brakes, and shoves no caufe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
Cap. God buy you sir.
Ros. Wilt please you goe my Lord?
Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gau ie vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To suft in vs vnvif, now whether it be,
Befiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strengthe, and meanes
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is morall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Righly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how fand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother flaind,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantastie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb be enongh and continent
To hide the flaine, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Ger. Shee is importunat,

Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pitied.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she have?

Gen. She speaks much of her father, fayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes resolutely at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to thyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Horo. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
'If spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Ophb. Where is the beautiful Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia?

Ophb. How shoulde I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and flaffe, and his Sendall shoon.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophb. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Oho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

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

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

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

With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Ophb. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

God beat your table.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

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

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

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

Let in the maide, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty Opheia.

Ophe. Indeede without an oath Ie make an end on'ts,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doun't if they come too's,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promisid me to wed,

(He answers,) So would I a done by yonder funne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

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

Sweet Ladies god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyfon of deeppe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, o Gertrard, Gertrard.

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father flaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remove, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonius death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,

V Without the which we are pictures, or meer beastes;

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

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

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death.
Wherein necessity of matter beggred.
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In care and care: ô my deare Gertrud, this
Like to a murdering pece in many places
Gives me superfluous death.  A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Quee. How cheerfully on the falle traile they cry. A noise within.
O this is counter you falle Danith dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore, ô thou vile King,
Give 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 shaft vsmirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
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,
And'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'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I guie to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you ?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'll writ in your reuenge,
That loope theke, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.
Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then ?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaft them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most fencibly in greife for it,
It shal as leuell to your judgement pere
As day does to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

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

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seaven times falt
Burne out the fenc and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O heauens, if possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, Song.

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

Lae. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenges
It could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing a dewne a dewne,
And you call him a dewne a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maifters daughter.
Lae. This nothing's more then matter.

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

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

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would
give you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lae. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it felfe
She turns to fauour and to prettines.

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

Lae. Doe you this 6 God.

King. Lae. I must commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart, L2

Make
1 be 1 rageose of examle

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

Later. Let this be so.

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

King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you goe with me.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

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

Hor. Let them come in.

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

Say. God bleffe you sir.

Hor. Let him bleffe thee to.

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

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt haue our lookt this, giue these fel-
loves some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old a: Sea, a Pryat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chafe, finding our felues too flow of faile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our thyp, so I alone became their prifoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
doe a thurne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest slie death,
I haue wordes to speake in shinc care will make thee dumbe, yet are
thex
Prince of Denmark.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencrus and Gyseldensteine hold theyr course for England, of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.
So that thou knowest shine Hamlet.

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

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintiance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you have heard and with a knowing care,
That he which bath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these seates
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wildome, all things els
You mainly were stir'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnknowne,
But yet to mee that is strong, the Queene his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eather which,
She is so concluie to my life and soule,
That as the starre moues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his Gius to grace, so that my arrowes
Too lightly rymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would have recurred to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A fitle druen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene;

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,

They were given me by Claudio, he received them

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
tomorrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking you pardon, there-vento recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamletts character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he fayes alone,
Can you devise me?

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

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

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

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

And
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

Lae. 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 carleffe liuery that it weares
Then fainted age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauemes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy.
I have 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 feast,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he bene incorp't, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaft, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Lae. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Lae. Upon my life Lamord.

King. The very same.

Lae. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And lem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cried out it would be a sight indeed
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scritures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; sit this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuonm 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?

Or are you like the painting of a sorowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooфе,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or causse that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurifce,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifs sigh,
That burts by easing: but to the quick of th'vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To shewe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his threat i'th Church.

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

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

Laa. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ie annoynt my sword,
I bought an vnction of a Mountibank
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Under the Moone, can fuse the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ie tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him flighty, it may be death.

King. Let's 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,
T were better not aflayd, therefore this project,
Should have a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me fee,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ie haue prefard him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; but slay, what noyfe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpoun another's heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd Laertes.

Laa. Drown'd, 'O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That howses his horry leaves in the glasy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did the make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples
That liberal Shepheards giue a groffer name,
But our cull-cold may des doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M. Clambring
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an envious fiuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fall in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Marmaid like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature natuie and indewed
Upto that clamour, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puls the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lear. Alas, then she is drownd.

Queen. Drownd, drownd.

Lear. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a speach a fire that faine would blafe,
But that this folly drownes it.

Kings. Let's follow Gertrude,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clowns.

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

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

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

Other. Why tis found so.

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

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Gine mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nil he, he goes, make you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry it. Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, the should haue been buried out a christian burial.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then theyr even Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that ever bore Armes.

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

Other. Goeto.

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good sayth, the gallowes does well, but howe does it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. V Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Malfe I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgel thy braines no more about it, for your dull ass wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses heec makes last till Doomesday.

Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a foope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract o the time for a my behove,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in grauemaakt.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis seen so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dirtier fence hath clawe me in his cluch,

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes hath clawe me in his cluch,

Song. And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines jawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumcuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

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

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massiene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine resolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, Song.

for and a throwding sheet

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a gues is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quidities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why does he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the scone with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubies then the length and breadth of a payre of indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will scarcely lie in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe skinnes?
Prince of Denmarke.

_Hora._ I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

_Ham._ They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in

that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose grave's this sirra?

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

_Ham._ I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

_Clow._ You lie out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I
doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

_Ham._ Thou dooost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead,
not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

_Clow._ Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

_Ham._ What man dooost thou digge it for?

_Clow._ For no man sir

_Ham._ What woman then?

_Clow._ For none neither

_Ham._ Who is to be buried in't?

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

_Ham._ How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or

equiuocation will vndoo us. By the Lord _Horedo_, this three yeeres I

have tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the

peasant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How

long haft thou been Graue-maker?

_Clow._ Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king

_Hamlet_ overcame _Fortenbrahouses_.

_Ham._ How long is that since?

_Clow._ Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that

very day that young _Hamlet_ was borne: hee that is mad and sent into

_England_.

_Ham._ I marry why was he sent into _England_?

_Clow._ Why because a was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if

a doo not, tis no great matter there.

_Ham._ Why?

_Clow._ Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad

_Ham._ How came he mad? (as hee.

_Clow._ Very strangely they say.

_Ham._ How strangely?

_Clow._ Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

_Ham._ Upon what ground?

_Clow._ Why heere in _Denmarke_: I have been _Sexten_ heere man

and boy thirty yeeres.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-

kie corzes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is stond with his trade, that a will keepe

out water a great while: & your water is a fore decoyer of your whor-

son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

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

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of

Renifh on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir Toricks skull, the

Kings Iefer.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alaspoore TWfi^.Iknewhim Horatio, a fellow of infinite

iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thous-

and times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge

rises at it. Here hung those lyppes that I haue kift I know not howe

oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songes, your fla-

shes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one

now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chospalne. Now get you
to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-

ouer the must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hara. What's that my Lord?

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

Hara. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hara. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses wee may returne Horatio? Why may not

imagination trace the noble duft of Alexander, till a find it ftopping

a bunghole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty

enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was

buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth wee

make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might
Prince of Denmark.

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

_Laer._ What Ceremonie els?

_Ham._ That is Laeret a very noble youth, marke.

_Laer._ What Ceremonie els?

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

_Laer._ Must there no more be doone?

_Doef._ No more be doone,
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

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

_Ham._ What, the faire Ophelia,

_Quee._ Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'lt have been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maide.
And not have strew'd thy graue.

_Laer._ O treble woe
The Tragical History of Hamlet

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

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandering starres, and makes them fland
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 spleenatitie 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.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame

Vmill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.

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

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faile, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp Estill, eate a Crocadiile?
Ille doo't, doofl 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
Prince of Denmarke.

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneffe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed

His silence will fit drooping.

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

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present pufh:
Good Gertrude let some watch ouer your fonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hare there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought flay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rafhly,
And pray'd be rafhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indifcretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne room againe, making fo bold

My
The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grond commissioun, where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seruerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the supruefe no leasure bated,
No not to saye the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strioke off.

Hora. It possible ?
Ham. Heeres the commissioun, read it at more leasure,

But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. 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 commissioun, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our flatlis doe,
A bafeneste to write faire, and labourd much

How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans service, wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord,
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue between them like the paime might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,

He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shrining time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seal'd ?
Ham. Why euen in that was heavuen ordinant,

I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danishe seal,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,

Subscribe it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,
Prince of Denmark.

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

_Hora._ So Guyldelesme and Resincaus goe too't.
_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!
_Ham._ Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cunsnage, i'll not perfect conscience?

_Enter a Courtier._

_Cour._ Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmark.
_Ham._ I humble thanke you sir.
Doo't know this water fly?

_Hora._ No my good Lord.
_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beastes, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings maffe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
oun the possession of durt.
_Cour._ Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

_Ham._ I will receaue it sir withall diligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right, vse, tis for the head.

_Cour._ I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.
_Ham._ No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
_Cour._ It is indeserenting cold my Lord indeed.

_Ham._ But yet me thinke it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

_Cour._ Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soulterey, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

_Ham._ I beleech you remember.

_Cour._ Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court Larie, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of moft
excellent

_N 2_
The Tragedie of Hamlet

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen-

try: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentle-

man would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I

know to deuide him inuentorially, would doe th'arithmaticke of

memory, and yet but yau neither in respect of his quick faile, but

in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,

& his infusion of such dearth and rareneffe, as to make true dixion

of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his

vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in

our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

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

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would no

much approove me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with

him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on

him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

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

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses,

against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers

and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three

of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfue to

the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ham. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French fwords their asignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen paffes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

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

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it plesse his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

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

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

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drofle age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hifly collection, which carries them through and through the most prophanne and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Offricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

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

N. Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment

Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Sheewell instructs me.

Hor. You will loose my Lord.

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

Hor. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gamguing, as
would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstall their
repaire hether, and say you are not sir.

Ham. Not a whit we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence 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 ist to leaue betimes,
let be.

A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion,
King, Queene, and all the State, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardons as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punnisht

With a sore distraction, what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception

Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madness,

Walt Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be fane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet doees it not, Hamlet denies it,

Who dooes it then? his madness. Ist befo,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madness is poore Hamlet's enimie,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your moft generous thoughts

That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

_Lear._ I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my reuengde, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loose, and will no reconcilement,
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 receive your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

_Lear._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ Ile be your foile _Laertes_, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

_Lear._ You mocke me sir.

_Ham._ No by this hand.

_King._ Giue them the foiles young Othrike, colin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.

_Ham._ Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.

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

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

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

_Oth._ I my good Lord.

_King._ Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

_The King_ shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice shall he throwe,
Richer then that which four succeciue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue wore : giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauen, the heauen to earth.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Lae. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Lae. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ofstrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lae. Well, againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

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

Come, another hit. What say you?

Lae. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude does not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Lae. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Lae. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Lae. Say you so, come on.

Ofstr. Nothing neither way.

Lae. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens't.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ofstr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

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

Ofstr. How ist Laertes?

Lae. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindeg Ofstrick,
Prince of Denmarke.

I am iuflly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to fee them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deare Hamlet.

The drinke the drinke, I am poysned.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,

Treachery, seeke it out.

Lac. It is heere Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No medcin in the world can doe thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an houres life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Unbated and enuenom'd, the soule practife

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie

Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,

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. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixc heere?

Follow my mother.

Lac. He is iuflly serued, it is a poysnon temper'd by himselfe,

Exchange forguenesse with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;

I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes, or audience to this act,

Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death

Is strict in his arrest, o I could tell you,

But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right

To the vnfitisied.

Hora. Neuer believe it;

I am more an antick Romaine then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquer left.

Hum. As th'art a man

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

O,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraije with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,

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

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight ?
Horo. What is it you would see ?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strook ?

Embass. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senseless that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fullfild,
That Rosencraus and Guyldensterne are dead,
Where shoud we have our thankes ?
Horo. 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
Prince of Denmarke.

You from the Pollack warres, and you from England.
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this ypsnot, purposes mislooke,
Falne on thinuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft 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 have 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 minde are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and erreors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue proued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoue.

Exeunt.

FINIS.