

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

By William Shakespeare.

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



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The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Act I.Sc.i

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

1
4

Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco,*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And Iam sick at hart.

8

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

10

Bar. Well, good night :
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

13

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

14

Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

15

Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

16. 17

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit FRAN.*
Mar.

17. 18

B.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

18

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

20

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hor. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

24

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,

And will not let beliefe take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

28

That if againe this apparifion come,

He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

30

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

32

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

36

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,

Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

40

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.

44

Hor. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

48

In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

50

Bar. See it staukes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasia?
What thinke you-ont?

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

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Normay* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

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

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

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

Hora. That can I.

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

51

54

58

60

62

†
66

70

72

†

76

80

84

87†

The Tragedie of Hamlet

88 † Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he flood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
 90 Against the which a moitie competent
 † Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 † Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
 94 And carriage of the article desseigne,
 His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
 98 Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolutes
 For foode and diet to some enterprife
 100 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
 † As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 † And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
 104 So by his father lost; 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 hast and Romadge in the land.

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

112 * *Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
 * In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 * A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 * The graues stood tennatelesse, and the sheeted dead
 116 * Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 * As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 * Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
 * Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 118 * Was sicke almost to doomeofday with eclipse.
 * And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 * As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 * And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 124 * Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 * Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
 If thou hast any sound or vse 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.

*It spreads
 his armes.*

126

(mar)*

130

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 Ospeake :

134

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
 crows.*

138

(mar)*

140+

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan ?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

142

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

146

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
 The Cock that is the trumpeter to the morne,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein
 This present obiect made probation.

150+

154

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

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160

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163

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,

But looke the morne in russet mantle clad

Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill

Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise

Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life

This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :

Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it

As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe

Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Flori(b). Enter *Claudius*, King of *Denmarke*, *Gertradt* be *Queene*,

Counsaile : as *Polonius*, and his *Sonne Iacres*,

Hamlet, *Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death

The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted

To beare our harts in grieffe, and our whole Kingdome,

To be contracted in one browe of woe

Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,

That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him

Together with remembrance of our selues :

Therefore our sometime Sister, now our *Queene*

Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state

Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy

With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,

With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,

In equall scale waighing delight and dole

Taken to wife : nor haue we heerein bard

Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone

With this affaire along (for all our thanks)

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 disioynt, and our of frame

Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage

He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands	23
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe	24 †
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 <i>Norway</i> Vncle of young <i>Fortenbrasse</i>	28
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares	
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppressse	30
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,	
The lists, and full proportions are all made	
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch	
You good <i>Cornelius</i> , and you <i>Valtemand</i> ,	34
For bearers of this greeting to old <i>Norway</i> ,	
Giuing to you no further personall power	
To busines with the King, more then the scope	
Of these delated articles allowe :	38 †
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.	
<i>Cor. Vo.</i> In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.	40
<i>King.</i> We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.	
And now <i>Laertes</i> whats the newes with you ?	
You told vs of some sute, what ist <i>Laertes</i> ?	
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane	44
And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge <i>Laertes</i> , ?	
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,	
The head is not more natiue to the hart	
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth	48
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,	
What wold'st thou haue <i>Laertes</i> ?	
<i>Lær.</i> My dread Lord,	50
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,	
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,	
To showe my dutie in your Coronation ;	
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done	54
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce	
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.	
<i>King.</i> Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies <i>Polonius</i> ?	
<i>Polo.</i> Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue	† *
By laboursome petition, and at last	58 *
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,	60 *

The Tragedie of Hamlet

67 I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

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

64 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

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

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

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

† 68 *Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off

And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

70 Doe not for euer with thy veiled lids

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

74 *Quee.* If it be

VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

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

† Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother

78 Nor customary suites of solembe blacke

Nor windie fuspiration of forst breath

80 No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,

Nor the deiected hauior of the visage

Together with all formes, moods, chapes of grieffe

That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,

84 For they are actions that a man might play

But I haue that within which passes shoue

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

88 To giue these mourning duties to your father

But you must knowe your father lost a father,

90 That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound

In filliall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer

In obstinate condolement, is a course

94 Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieffe,

It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen

† A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient

An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold

98 For what we knowe must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peuisli opposition
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theame
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
 From the first course, till he that died to day
 This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most imediate to our throne,
 And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
 Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
 Doe I impart toward you for your intent
 In going back to schoole in *Wistenberg*.
 It is most retrogard to our desire,
 And we beseech you bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

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

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

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

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resoluē it selfe into a dewe,
 Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
 His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
 How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
 Fie ou't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
 That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
 Possesse it meerey that it should come thus

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resoluē it selfe into a dewe,
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 That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
 Possesse it meerey that it should come thus

*Exeunt all,
 but Hamlet.*

C

But

99
100

104
†

108
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114

118

120

124

128

† (mar)
130

134

†

137 †

I. II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

160-1 *Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

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

Hor. A truant disposition good my Lord,

170 *Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,

† Nor shall you doe my care that violence
 To make it truster of your owne report

174 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
 But what is your affaire in *Elsonme*?

Wecle teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Prince of Denmarke.

<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.	176
<i>Ham.</i> I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student, I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.	†
<i>Hor.</i> Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.	
<i>Ham.</i> Thrift, thrift, <i>Horatio</i> , the funerall bak't meates Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen Or euer I had seene that day <i>Horatio</i> , My father, me thinks I see my father.	180 184
<i>Hor.</i> Where my Lord ?	
<i>Ham.</i> In my mindes eye <i>Horatio</i> .	
<i>Hor.</i> I saw him once, a was a goodly King.	
<i>Ham.</i> A was a man take him for all in all I shall not looke vppon his like againe.	188
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.	
<i>Ham.</i> saw, who ?	190
<i>Hor.</i> My Lord the King your father.	
<i>Ham.</i> The King my father ?	
<i>Hor.</i> Season your admiration for a while With an attent eare till I may deliuer Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen This maruile to you.	194
<i>Ham.</i> For Gods loue let me heare ?	†
<i>Hor.</i> Two nights together had these gentlemen <i>Marcellus</i> , and <i>Barnardo</i> , on their watch In the dead wast and middle of the night Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father Armed at poynt, exactly <i>Caparea</i> Appeares before them, and with solemne march, Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt By their opprest and feare surprisid eyes Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd Almost to gelly, with the act of feare Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me In dreadfull secrecie impart they did, And I with them the third night kept the watch, Whereas they had deliuered both in time Forme of the thing, each word made true and good, The Apparision comes : I knewe your father,	198 200 204 208
C 2	217

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

212 *Ham.* But where was this?

† *Mar.* My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

214 *Hora.* My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once methought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake :

218 But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

220 *Ham.* Tis very strange.

Hora. 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.

† 224 *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?

228 *All.* My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

230 *Ham.* What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

234 *Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

† *Ham.* Very like, stayd it long?

238 *Hora.* While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

240 *Ham.* His beard was grisl'd, no.

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

242 A fable siluer'd.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will warch to nigh
Perchance twill walke againe. 242

Hor. I warn't it will. †

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape 244
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still, 248

And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue, 250
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell. 254 †
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, soode deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.* 258

Enter Laertes, and Ophelias Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you. †

Oph. Doe you doubt that? †

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

Oph. No more but so. 10

Laer. Thinke it no more. 10
For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes 12 †
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmurch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare, 16 †

The Tragedie of Hamlet

17 His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnalewed persons doe,
 20 Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 † The safty and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 24 Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
 It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it
 † As he in his particuler act and place
 May giue his saying deede, which is no further
 28 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may iustaine
 30 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his vnmastr'd importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare suster,
 † 34 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 "The chariest maide is prodigall inough
 If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 38 "Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 "The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 40 Too oft before their buttons be disclofd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Bewary then, best safery lies in feare,
 44 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 48 Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
 † Whiles a pust, and reckles libertine
 50 Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Lac. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 54 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord a bord for shame,

Prince of Denmarke.

<p>The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile, And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee, And these fewe precepts in thy memory Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act, Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar, Those friends thou hast, and their a doprion tried, Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele, But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage, beware Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in, Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee, Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce, Take each mans censure, but referue thy iudgement, Costly thy habite as thy purse can by, But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy, For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station, Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that : Neither a borrower nor a lender boy, For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend, And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry ; This about all, to thine owne selfe be true And it must followe as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man : Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.</p>	<p>50 + 60 + 64 + 68 70 +74 + 78 80 + 84 88 90 93</p>
<p><i>Laer.</i> Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord. <i>Pol.</i> The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend. <i>Laer.</i> Farwell <i>Ophelia</i>, and remember well.</p>	
<p>What I haue sayd to you. <i>Ophe.</i> Tis in my memory lockt And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it. <i>Laer.</i> Farwell. <i>Exit Laertes.</i> <i>Pol.</i> What ist <i>Ophelia</i> he hath sayd to you? <i>Ophe.</i> So please you, something touching the Lord <i>Hamlet</i>. <i>Pol.</i> Marry well bethought</p>	
<p>Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,</p>	

The Tragedie of Hamlet

94 If it be so, as so tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
 As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,

98 What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 100 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
 Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
 Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them ?

104 *Ophe.* 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 dearly
 108 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
 † Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

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

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

†114 *Ophe.* 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
 118 Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
 Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
 Euen in their promise, as it is a making

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

124 Belieue so much in him that he is young,
 † And with a larger rider may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in fewe *Ophelia*,
 † Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
 † Not of that die which their inuestments showe

130 But meere imploratotors of vnholly suites
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to beguide : this is for all,
 132 I would not in plaine rearmes from this time forth

Prince of Denmarke.

Have you so flander any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. 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 twelue.

May. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord ? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle,
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles :
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome ?

Ham. I marry ist,

But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance
This heany headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our archieuemnts, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ghost.

38 *Hora.* Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs :
 40 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,
 44 That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 + King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death
 48 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 50 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
 Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
 54 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
 + Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

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

60 *May.* Looke with what curteous action
 + It waues you to a more remooued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

62 *Hora.* No, by no meanes.

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

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

64 *Ham.* Why what should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

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. 66

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it, 74
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euey braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath. *

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee. † 78

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands, 80

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body 82

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen 84
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagion. †

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him. 88

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke. 90

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.* 91

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Marke me. †

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe. 2

Ham. Alas poore Ghost. 4

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

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

8 *Ham.* What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

10 Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,

And for the day confind to fast in fires,

12 Till the foule 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 vnfolde whose lightest word

16 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,

+ Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particuler haire to stand an end,

+20 Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine,

But this eternall blazon must not be

+ To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list :

If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

24 *Ham.* O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

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

28 But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

+ *Ham.* Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift

30 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue

May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apr,

32 And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede

That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,

Would'st thou not sturre in this ; now *Hamlet* heare,

Tis giuen our, that sleeping in my Orchard,

36 A Serpent stung me, so the whole care of Denmarke

Is by a forged processe of my death

Ranckely abusde : but knowe thou noble Youth,

The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life

Now weares his Crowne.

40-1 *Ham.* O my propheticke soule ! my Vncle ?

Prince of Denmarke.

<p><i>Ghost.</i> I that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts, O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power So ro seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene; O <i>Hamlet</i>, whar falling off was there From me whose loue was of that dignitie That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe I made to her in marriage, and to decline Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore, To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued, Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen So but though to a radiant Angle linckt, Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed And pray on garbage. But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre, Brieue let me be; sleeping within my Orchard, My custome alwayes of the afternoone, Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall, And in the porches of my eares did poure The leaproous distilment, whose effect Holds such an enmitie with blood of man, That swift as quicksiluer it courses through The naturall gates and allies of the body, And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse And curde like eager droppings into milke, The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine, And a most instant tetter barckt about Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust All my smooth body. Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand, Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht, Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne, Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld, No reckning made, but sent to my account Withall my imperfections on my head, O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible. If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,</p>	<p>42 + 46 50 54 + + 58 60+ 64 68+ 70 + 74 + 78 82</p>
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I. v.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

82

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

86

But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

90

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

98

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Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawes of bookes, 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.

104

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108

O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.

112

I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

113

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

+ 116

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

Prince of Denmar.

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

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

147 *Mar.* We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

154 *Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & vbiq̄ue*, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether Gentlemen

158 And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

160 Sweare by my sword

159 Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

161† *Ghost.* Swear by his sword.

† *Ham.* Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remouue good friends.

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

167-8† *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.

170 Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shal thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on

174† That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

† Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

178 Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

† That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
180 So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

183 *Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit : so Gentlemen,
Wi thall my loue I doe commend me to you

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
 Before you visite him, to make inquire
 Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
 And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
 What companie, at what expence, and finding
 By this encompassment, and drift of question
 That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
 Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
 Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
 And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

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

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I. or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

29 You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
32 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

36 *Pol.* Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

† And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,

You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
† 40 As t'were a thing a little soyl'd with working,

41-2 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound

Having euer scene in the prenominat crimes

44 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence,

Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

† According to the phraze, or the addition

Of man and country.

48 *Rey.* Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

† 50 By the masse I was about to say something,

Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

54 *Pol.* At closes in the consequence, I marry,

† He closes thus, I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,

† Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,

† 58 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,

There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

60 I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,

† Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,

64 And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,

With windlesse, and with assaies of bias,

By indirections find directions out,

67 So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of Denmarke.

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. Obserue 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*, whats the matter?

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

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,

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 shirt, 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 wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raisd a sigh so pitious 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 adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

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Pol.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 101 *Pol.* Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extacie of loue,
 Whose violent proprietie fordoos it selfe,
 104 And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
 As oft as any passions vnder heauen
 † That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
 108 *Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His accessse to me.
 110 *Pol.* That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
 † I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but triffle
 † And meant to wrack thee, but besthrow my Ielousie:
 114 By heauen it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
 As it is comazon for the younger fort
 To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
 118 This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
 More grieffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
 Come. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
 Gwyldensterne.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Gwyldensterne*,
 Morcouer, that we much did long to see you,
 The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
 4 Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
 † Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
 Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was, what it should be,
 8 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
 10 I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
 That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
 † 12 And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
 That you voutsafe your rest here in our Court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 15 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 afflicts him thus,
That open lyes 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 receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

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

Guy. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rosencrans*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rosencrans*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

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

Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Ref. and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returned.

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

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

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

E. 3

Pol

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The Rageate of Hamlet

51 *Pol.* Give first admittance to th'embassadors,
 † My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

† 54 *King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
 † He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
 † The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

† *Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine
 † His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

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

60 *Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppressse
 His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
 To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
 64 But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your highnes, whereat greu'd
 That so his sicknes, age, and impotence

68 Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
 † On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,

70 Recciues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
 † Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
 † To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:

Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
 † Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee.

74 And his commision to imploy those souldiers
 † So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreatie heerein further shone,
 † That it might please you to giue quiet passe

† 78 Through your dominions for this enterprise
 † On such regards of safety and allowance
 † As therein are set downe.

80 *King.* It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
 Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

84 Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
 † Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,

Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

† 85 *Pol.* This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
 And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
 I will be brieft, your noble sonne is mad :
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art,

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
 And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause :
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
 Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
 Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
 Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
 Doubt truth to be a lye,
 But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, *(Hamlet.*
 And more about hath his sollicitings

As

86

+90

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+98

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+112

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+126

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

130 *King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

134 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,
138 Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,

140 And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,

+ This must not be : and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
144 Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

+ Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise :
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

148+ Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
+ Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

150+ Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
+ And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this ?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
154 That I haue 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 will finde
158 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

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

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

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

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I 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 kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, 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 satiricalall rogue sayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

F.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

202 +
+
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tiffull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir
though I most powerfully and potentlic belieue, yet I hold it not
honestly to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old
as I am: iflike a Crab you could goe backward.

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

210
Ham. Into my graue.

+
218 >
+
Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason
and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue
him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

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

Enter Gwyldenstern, and Rosencrans.

222
Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Ros. God saue you sir.

Gwyl. My honor'd Lord.

226
Ros. My most deere Lord.

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

230
Rosencrans, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

234
Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

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

238
Gwyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.)

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

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

243
277-8
Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonowre*?

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

280 +
+
280
Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke
you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gwyl. What should we say my Lord?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'ch purpose : you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties 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 preferued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall; bee euen 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 loue me hold not of.

Guy. 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 nor, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopic the ayre, looke you, this braue orchanging firmament, this maiestlicall roose fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world; the paragon of Anнимales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust : man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

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

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

Ref. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted 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 aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely : or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they ?

Ref. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citry.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

343 *Ham.* How chances it they trauaile 't their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

347 *Ref.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.

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

+357 *Ref.* No indeede are they not.

+380 *Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in litle, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosphie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guy. There are the players.

387 *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 appearelike entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

394 *Guy.* In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Haake, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

398 *Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

+402 *Ref.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

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

+ *Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

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

410 *Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

414 *Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Affe.

+416-184 *Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited, *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pasing 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 shoue 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 valant since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard 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 seee, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirbus* like Th'ircanian

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Prince of Denmarke.

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

Pol. This is too long.

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

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

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

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

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

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

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

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

Pol. Come sirs,

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare

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† 544

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Play. I my Lord.

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

Play. I my Lord.

570 *Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elson-*
† *oare.* *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

574 *Rof.* Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant flauē am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

578 But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion

† Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

580 † That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function suting

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

584 For *Hecuba*.

† What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

† Had he the motiue, and that for pafsion

583 † That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

590 Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

594 A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

598 A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

600 Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

† 604 Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

Bur I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gail

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this	606
I should a fatted all the region kytes	
With this slaues offfall, bloody, baudy villaine,	†
Remorlesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.	608
Why what an Ase am I, this is most braue,	611 †
Thar I the sonne of a deere murdered,	†
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,	
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,	614
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, sic vppont, foh.	†
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,	†
That guilty creatures sining at a play,	618
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,	
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently	
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions :	620
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake	
With most miraculous organ : Ile haue these Players	
Play something like the murther of my father	
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,	624
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench	†
I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene	
May be a deale, and the deale hath power	628
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,	
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,	630
As he is very potent with such spirits,	
Abuses me to damne me ; Ile haue grounds	
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing	
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. <i>Exit.</i>	634

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Resencraw, Gyl-
densterne, Lords.*

<p><i>King.</i> 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 ?</p>	†
<p><i>Res.</i> He dooes confesse he feesels himselfe distracted, But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.</p>	4
<p><i>Gyl.</i> Nor doe we find him forward to be founded, But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe</p>	
When we would bring him on to some confesion	8

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

10 *Quee.* Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

12 *Guy.* But with much forcing of his disposition,

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

16 *Rof.* Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players

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

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

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

20 And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,

22 And he beseecht me to intreat your Maicsties

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,

24 And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And driue his purpose into these delights.

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

28 *King.* Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

† 30 Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,

Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnsene,

34 We may of their encounter franckly iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

If be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

38 And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

40 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.

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

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselte.

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

Enter Hamlet,

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious 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 heire to; tis a consumption
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes 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 merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselte might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

The Tragedie of Hamlet

80 No trauiler returnes, 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,
 84 And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
 † And enterprifes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 88 And loose the name of aſtion. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my finnes remembred.

90 *Oph.* Good my Lord,
 How dooes your honour for this many a day ?

† *Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 94 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

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

† *Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 98 And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
 † As made theſe things more rich, their perfume loſt,
 100 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.

104 *Oph.* My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Oph. What meanes your Lordſhip ?

† *Ham.* That if you be honeſt & faire, you ſhould admit
 108 no diſcourſe to your beautie.

Oph. Could beautie my Lord haue better comerſe
 110 Then with honeſtie ?

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

117 *Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo
 120 enoculat our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it, I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, belecue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

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

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

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

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your painings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you list 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 haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall kecp as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!

The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
Th'haue seene what I haue scene, see what I see.

Exit,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

170 *King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake. though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
174 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
† VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe : he shall with speede to *England*,
178 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
180 With variable obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
183 What thinke you on't ?

Pol. It shall doe well.

† But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
186 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,
190 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
† To show his grieffe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
194 To *England* send him : or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,

196 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, trip-
† pingly 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 vse all gently, for in the very tor-
† rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
8 acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it
10 offend's mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
tere

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sure the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppes 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 presture: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard oihers prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

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

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

Enter Polonius, Gvldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

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

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

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

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

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

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

92 *Hor.* Well my lord,
 If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

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

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

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiseram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

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

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

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

Ham. What did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie ?

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

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

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

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap ?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters ?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

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

Oph. What is my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I ?

Oph. I my Lord.

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

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
fute of fables; 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 must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epiraph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbes show followes:

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he tyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh ambile, but in the end acceptis loue.*

146 *Oph.* VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

149-50 *Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

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

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

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

157-8 *Oph.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

160 Heere slooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

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

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

164 *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,

168 And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene

About the world haue times twelue thirties beene

170 Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands

Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone

Make vs agame count ore ere loue be doone,

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

174 So farre from cheere, and from our former state,

That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,

176 Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is proöfe 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 leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
 My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
 And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
 For husband shalt thou.

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

Ham. That's
 wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
 But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
 Most necessary tis that we forget
 To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
 What to our selues in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
 The violence of cyther, grieve, or ioy,
 Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy 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 proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

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III.ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

215 The poore aduanc'd, makes friends of enemies,
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
 218 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 220 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
 224 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 * 228 To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 * And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
 230 Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
 Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
 † 233 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. *break it now.*

235 *King.* Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
 238 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

† 240 *Quee.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

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

244-5 *Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

247 *Ham.* The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
 of a murder doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
 250 *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
 that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
 let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
 254 *ciannus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

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

256 *Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

257

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

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

260

Oph. Still better and worse.

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

†

264

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
 Considerat season els no creature seeing,
 Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
 VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
 On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

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

274 †

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

278

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

280

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

†

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

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 turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry. of players?

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288-9

Hora. Halfe a share.

290

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere

This Realme dismantled was

Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere

294

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

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

298

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

300

Hor. I did very well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

302-3 *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 Rosencraus and Gnyldensterne.

307-8 *Gnyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

310 *Gnyl.* The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Gnyl. Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.

314 *Ham.* With drinke sir ?

† *Gnyl.* No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
318 this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
† perhaps plunge him into more choller.

320 *Gnyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
† And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

324 *Gnyl.* The Queene your mother in most gteat affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

328 *Gnyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
330† be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

332 *Rof.* What my Lord,

† *Ham.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
336-7† answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she sayes, your behaiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

340 *Ham.* O wonderfulsonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
† no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

343-4 *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 loue me.

346-9† *Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof.

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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†

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

354

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your successeion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

†358
†360

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

363-4

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

Guy. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

368

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

370

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

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

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†

Guy. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

378

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s^t 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 bleffe you sir.

380

†384
†

388-9
390

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

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

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

†393-4
†

398

Ham. Then.

III. ii.

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 Churchyardsyawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
408 Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
+ And doe such busines as the bitter day
410 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
414+ I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
417 To giue them scales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

III. iii.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Gyldensterne.

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

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

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

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

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

21

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

4

24

Ref. We will haft vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

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

27

30

31

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be 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 serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still posselt
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

39

40

44

48

450

57

I.

Mav

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Hamlet.

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

Then

Prince of Denmarke.

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

93

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

96

98

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

III.iv.

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 betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

4

+

<

Enter Hamlet.

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

6+

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

10

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

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

12

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

14

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

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

+

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

18

Where you may see the most part of you.

20+

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

+

Pol. What how helpe.

+

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

Pol. O I am slaine.

24

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

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

26

The Tragedie of Hamlet

27

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.

30

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,

+

I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,

34

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,

And let me wring your hart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue not brazd it so,

38

That it be prooffe and bulwark against fence.

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

40

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Cals vertue hippocrit, rakes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

+44

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soule, and sweet religion makes

48

A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe

+

Ore this solidiry and compound masse

+50

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought sick 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,

54

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

+

See what a grace was seated on this browe,

Hiperions curls, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

58

A station like the herald *Mercury*,

+

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

60

A combination, and a forme indeede,

Where euery God did seeme to set his (eale

62

To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,

63

Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,

Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,

†

Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,

66

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 vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement

70

Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue

*(7)

Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence

*

Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre

*

Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd

74*

But it referu'd some quantity of choise

*

To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast

*(7)

That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind ;

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

78*

Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,

*

Or but a sickly part of one true sence

80*

Could not so mope : o shame where is thy blush ?

*(7)

Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

To flaming youth let vertue be as wax

84

And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame

When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,

Since frost it selfe as actiue doth burne,

And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,

88

Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,

†

And there I see such blacke and greeced spots

90†

As will leaue there their tin'ct.

†

Ham. Nay but to liue

In the ranck sweat of an infecmed bed

92

Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue

Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,

94

These words like daggers enter in my eares,

No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

97†

The Tragedie of Hamlet

98 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cur-purse of the Empire and the rule,
100 That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket,

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

102 *Ham.* A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
104 You heavenly gards : what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
108-9 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.

110 *Ghost.* Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
114 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i't with you?

+
+118 That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foordh at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
120 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
Vpon the hear and flame of thy distemper
124 Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke ?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
128 Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
130 Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this ?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there ?

132 *Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare ?

133 *Ger.* No nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmarke.

<i>Ham.</i> Why looke you there, looke how it steales away, My father in his habit as he liued, Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.	<i>Exit Ghost.</i>	134 +
<i>Ger.</i> This is the very coynage of your braine, This bodiless creation extracie is very cunning in.		138-9 140
<i>Ham.</i> My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time, And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse That I haue vttered, bring me to the test, And the matter will reword, which madnesse Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace, Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule That not your trespassc but my madnesse speakes, It will but skin and filme the vlcrous place Whiles ranck corruption mining all within Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen, Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come, And doe not spread the compost on the weedes To make them rancker, forgie me this my vertue. For in the fatnesse of these pursie times Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg, Yea curbe and woee for leaue to doe him good.		144 + 148 150 +
<i>Ger.</i> O <i>Hamlet</i> thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.		154
<i>Ham.</i> O throwe away the worfer part of it, And leaue the purer with the other halfe, Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed, Aslune a vertue if you haue it not, That monster custome, who all sence doth eate Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this That to the vse of actions faire and good, He likewise giues a frock or Liuary That aptly is put on to refraine night, And that shall lend a kind of easines To the next abstinence, the next more easie: For vse almost can change the stamp of nature, And either the deuill, or throwe him out With wonderous 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		158 160 * * * 164* 168 168* * 170* 173

The Tragedie of Hamlet

174

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

178

*

180

Ger. What shall I doe?

†

184

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheekke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers.

†

188

Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concertings hide, who would doe so,

190

194

No, in dispight of sence 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.

198

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

200

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

*

*

*204

*

*

*

*208

*

220

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Eenter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
 and Gyldesterne.*

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

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

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet* ?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
 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 beene so with vs had wee been there,
 His libertie is full of threates to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd ?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
 This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foule diseafe
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

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

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

K.

The

211

214

+217

+IV.i.

*

*4

+
8

+20

12

16

20

+

24

28

The Tragedie of Hamlet

29 The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede

We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

32 Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,

36 And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,

Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
40 And whats vntimely doone,

* Whose whisper ore the worlds dyiameter,
* As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,

* Transports his poysned shot, may misse our Name,

*($\frac{1}{2}$) And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,

45 My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

+ *Ham.* Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
4 O here they come.

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

+ *Ham.* Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

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

Ham. Doe not beleecue it,

10 *Ros.* Beleecue what.

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

14 *Ros.* Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

+ *Ham.* I fir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
18 authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
20 keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but quee-
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

24-5 *Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

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

Hamlet.

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Guy. A thing my Lord.

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

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
V Who like not in their iudgement, but they eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
V Ve cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

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

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 conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, 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 seruice, 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. *King.* V What doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse
through

29

32

32 <

IV.iii.

4

†

8

20

22

14

†

18

20

†

† 24

*

* 28

* 30

32

The Tragedie of Hamlet

33 through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

35 *Ham.* In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him
not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find
38+ him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the
staires into the Lobby

40 *King.* Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this decde for thme especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deerey grieue
44 For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
47 Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

48 *Ham.* Good.

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

+50 *Ham.* I see a Cherub that sees thē, but come for *England*,
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

53 *Ham.* My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
+ Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
55 Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
58 Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
60 And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish sword; and thy free awe
64 Payes homage to vs, thou may'st not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
68 For like the Hectique in my blood he rages.

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

69

70+

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the Stage.

IV.iv.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promised march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

+

4

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

8

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

+

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

*

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

10*

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

*

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

*

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

*

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

14*

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

18*

That hath in it no profit but the name

*

To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;

20*

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

*

A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

*

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

24*

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets

*

Will not debate the question of this straw,

*

This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,

*

That inward breakes, and showes no cause without

28*

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

*

Cap. God buy you sir.

*

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

30*

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,

*

32*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

33* And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 * If his chiefe good and market of his time
 * Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :
 36* Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 * Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 * That capabilitie and god-like reason
 * To fust in vs vnvsd, now whether it be
 40* Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 * Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
 * A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
 * And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 44* Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 * Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 * To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 * Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 48* Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 * Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
 50* Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
 * Exposing what is mortall, and vnure,
 * To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 * Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 54* Is not to stirre without great argument,
 * But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 * When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
 * That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
 58* Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 * And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 60* The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 * That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 * Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 * Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 64* Which is not tombe enogh and continent
 * To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,
 66* My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue ?

Gen. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world. and herns, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

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

Oph. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke ?

Quee. How now *Ophelia* ?

shee sings.

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

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

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

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady ?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

45 *King.* Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you thus.

48 To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

50 And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

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

54-5 Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indecede without an oath Ile make an end on't,

58 By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

60 Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quorh she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

64 (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?

68 *Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother

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

my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

74-5 *King.* Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

† death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard.*

78 When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

80 Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

84 In higger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

V Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

88 Her brother is in secreet come from Fraunce,

† Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clowdes,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
 What is the matter? 97

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eares not the flats with more impitious haft
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King. 100

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *Anoise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges, 104

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke, †

Laer. Where is this King? sits stand you all without. 110

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will. 112

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
 Giue me my father. 114

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*. 116

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

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like? 119

120

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

127 *Laer.* Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

128 *King.* Let him demaund his fill.

130 *Laer.* How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
134 Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds :

138 And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

140 *King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
† Of your deere Father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That loopestake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then ?

144 *Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
† And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

148 *King.* Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencibly in grieffe for it,
† 150 It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day does to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

† *Laer.* Let her come in.
† How now, what noyse is that ?
153

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
Burne out the sence 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, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

154

†

158

† 160

164

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

Song.

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

168

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

170†

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

174

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

†

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

178-9

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 Daisie, I would
gieve you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

180

†

184

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

188

Oph. And wil a not come againe,

Song.

190

And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

194

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,

†

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

197-8

†

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

201 †

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieffe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

204

IV.v

I be I ragease of Hamlet

205 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
 If by direct, or by colaturall hand
 208 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,
 212 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
 To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

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

218 *King.* So you shall,
 And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
 220 I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

IV.vi

† *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.

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

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee to.

† 8 *Say.* A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
 † fro th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

12 *Hor.* *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
 14 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
 were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
 vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
 † 18 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
 20 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
 with me like thicues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
 † doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
 24 repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest fie death,
 † I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are
 they

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr
course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine 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 acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetic, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vsinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar strong, the *Queene* his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it cyther which,
She is so conclue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a 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,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbred for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue ay'm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

20 †

30

32

34

IV.vii.

4

†

†

8

10

14 †

18

20 †

†

24 †

27

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

†
†
Enter a Messenger with Letters.

38 *Messen.* These to your Maicstie, this to the Queene;

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

40 *Mess.* Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
* Of him that brought them.

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

50 *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?

† 54 *King.* Tis *Hamlets* caraster. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

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

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

60-1 *Laer.* I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

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

And

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sidge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

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

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed

67

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70*

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74*

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80*

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(77)*

84

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88

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90

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93

†

96

100

IV. vii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

* 107 If one could match you ; the Scrimures of their nation
 * He sworc had neither motion, guard nor eye,
 * (½) If you oppold them ; fir this report of his
 104 Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
 Your fodaine comming ore to play with you
 Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord ?

108 *King.* *Laertes* was your father deare to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
 A face without a hart ?

110 *Laer.* Why aske you this ?

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

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

137

Laer. I will doo't,

140

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

†
144

148

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should sayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not allayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your 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, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

150

754

†

158

160 †

163 †

Enter Quene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drown'd *Laertes.*

164

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowes, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

†
168 ††
170

173

M.

Clambring

IV.vii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

184 *Laer.* Alas, then she is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
 188 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
 190 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
 I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
 † But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
 194 Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
 Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

V.i.

Enter two Clownes.

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

4-5 *Other.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
 ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
 defence.

8 *Other.* Why tis found so.

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

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't. Crowners quest law.

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

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then they euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardaers, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profesion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

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

Other. Goe to.

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

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

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

Other. VVho buildes 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. Masse I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract ô the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter

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72 †

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

†
73 *Ham.* Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making

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

77-8 *Ham.* Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

†
80 *Clow.* But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,

†
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

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

† 88 *Hora.* It might my Lord.

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

†
95 *Hora.* I my Lord.

† 98 *Ham.* Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution 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.

100-1 *Clow.* A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
†
for and a shrowding sheet

104 O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

106 *Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sence with a durrie 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 & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha,

†
120 *Hora.* Not a iot more my Lord.

123 *Ham.* Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

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

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

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

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

Ham. Why?

Clow. T will 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. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

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†128-9

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 178-9 *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 pockie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you fom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere,
- 185 *Ham.* Why he more then another ?
 188 *Clow.* Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while ; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.
- 192 *Ham.* Whose was it ?
Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?
Ham. Nay I know not.
- 196 *Clow.* A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once ; this same skull fir, was fir *Toricks* skull, the Kings Iester.
- 200 *Ham.* This ?
Clow. Een that.
- † 203 *Ham.* Alas poore *Toricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite †
 † iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge †
 207 rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one †
 210 now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopsalne. Now get you †
 † 213 to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.
- 216 Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.
Hora. What's that my Lord ?
Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth ?
- 220 *Hora.* Een so.
 † *Ham.* And smelt so pah,
Hora. Een so my Lord.
- 223 *Ham.* To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio* ? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole ?
- 227 *Hor.* Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty †
 230 enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee †
 234 make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

234

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

238

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?

Enter K. Q.

† 240

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

*Laertes and
the corse.*

†

Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,

† 244

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

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

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

248

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre enlarg'd

† 250

As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,

†

She should in ground vn-sanctified been lodg'd

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

† 254

Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:

†

Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,

258

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her

260

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

264

When thou lycst howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,

268

And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

278 *Ham.* What is he whose griefe
 Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
 † Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
 280 Like wonder wounded hearers : this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule,

† 284 *Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
 † For thdugh I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
 286 Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdome feare ; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

288 *Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

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

Quee. O my sonne, what theame ?

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

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

† 298 *Ham.* S' wounds shew me what th'owt doe :
 Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
 Woo't drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocadile?
 † 300 Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine ?
 To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
 304 Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselve 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,
Wwee put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* let some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

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

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 17 My feares forgetting manners to unfold
 Their graund commiffion ; where I found *Horatio*
 A royall knavery, an exact command
 20 Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,
 Importing Denmarckes health, and *Englands* to,
 With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
 That on the fuperuife no leaure bated,
 24 No nor to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head should be ftrooke off.

Hora. I't poffible ?

Ham. Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leaure,
 † But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

† 28 *Hora.* I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
 30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
 They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
 Deuidd a new commiffion, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our ftatifts doe,
 34 A bafenefle to write faire, and labourd much
 How to forget that learning, but fir now
 It did me yernans feruice, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord.

38 *Ham.* An earnest coniuration from the King,

As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
 † 40 As loue betweene them like the palme might florifh,
 As peace should ftill her wheaten garland weare
 And ftand a Comma tweene their amities,
 † And many fuch like. as fir of great charge,
 † 44 That on the view, and knowing of thefe contents,
 Witthout debatement further more or leffe,
 † He should thofe bearers put to fuddaine death,
 Not fhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this feald ?

48 *Ham.* Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
 I had my fathers fignet in my purfe
 50 Which was the modill of that *Danifh* feale,
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
 † 52 Subcribe it, gau't th'impreflion, plac'd it fafely,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Hor. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hor. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
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 cunage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.

Dooft know this water fly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in 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 dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

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

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

112* excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : in-
 * deede 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.

117* *Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I
 * know to deuide him inuentorially, would dose th'arithmaticke of
 * memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but
 121* in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,
 * & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixon
 * of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his
 * vmbraage, nothing more.

126-7* *Cour.* Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in
 our more rawer breath?

130* *Cour.* Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will
 too't sir really.

133-4* *Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

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

138* *Ham.* Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

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

143-4 *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.

148* *Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
 * him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

151 *Ham.* What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

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

154 *Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses,
 * againgst the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers
 * and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
 † 157 of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsiue to
 * the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

161 *Ham.* What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had

Prince of Denmarke.

done

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe 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 swords 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 fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen passes 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 answer.

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 please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will 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 fir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

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

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

Ham. A did fir with his dugg before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of histy collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane 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 *Ostricke*, 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 rake longer time?

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

N 3

Lord.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

* *Ham.* In happy time.

215 * *Lord.* The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment

* *Laertes,* before you fall to play.

218 * *Ham.* Shee well instructs me.

* *Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

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

222 † *Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

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

227 † *Hora.* If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

230 † *Ham.* Not a whit, we desie 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 well 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.*

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

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,

240 And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht

† With a fore distraction, what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception

Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,

244 Wait *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet.*

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be fane away,

And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes,*

Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,

245 Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ist beso,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

250 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,

252 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts

254 That I haue shor my arrowe ore the house

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord : but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Strick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

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

Ham. Very well my Lord.

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

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

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

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

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The *King* shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an *Vnice* shall he throwe,

Richer then that which foure succesiue *Kings*

In *Denmarkes* Crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth.

Now

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 289 Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
 † And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
- 291 *Ham.* Come on fir.
 † *Laer.* Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
- 292 *Ham.* Iudgement.
 † *Ostrick.* A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*
Laer. Well, againe. *Florisb, a peece goes off.*
- 293 *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 ?
- 297 *Laer.* I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
- †
 300 Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
 The *Queene* carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.
 304 *Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
- 308 *Ham.* Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
 I pray you passe with your best violence
 310 I am sure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so, come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
 314 *Ham.* Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the *Queene* there howe.
 315 *Hora.* They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?
Ostr. How ist *Laertes* ?
 317 *Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Ostrick*,

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfined,
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 Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly ferued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hov. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

*A maych a
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

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

Hara. O I die *Horatio*,

364 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
 But I doe prophetic th'ellection lights
 On *Eortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
 368 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

†370 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why does the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

374 If fought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

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

378 *Embas.* The sight is dismall
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 380 The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilld,
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thanks?

384 *Hora.* Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
 He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
 386 But since so iump vpon this bloody question

You

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*.
 Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you heare
 Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
 Of accidentall iudgements, casual slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
 And in this vpsnor, purposes mistooke,
 Falne on th'inuenters heads : all this can I
 Truly deliuer.

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For. Let vs hast 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 kingdome,
 Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

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

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For. Let foure Captaines
 Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on,
 To haue prooued most royall ; and for his passage,
 The souldiers musicke and the right of warre
 Speake loudly for him :
 Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but heere shows much amisse.
 Goe bid the souldiers shoote. *Exeunt.*

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FINIS.

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