HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE.

1623.
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THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

By

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

The Text from the Folio of 1623;
with Notices of the known Editions previously issued.

LONDON.
Printed for L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W. 1864.
LONDON:
Printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Castle Street,
Leicester Square.
THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

The Editions described below are those, as far as known, which preceded the Folio of 1623.

As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. 4to. 33 leaves.
Title. Text from fig. B to fig. I 4. Only two copies known.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London. Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shoppone vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604. 4to. 51 leaves.
Title, fig. B to O 2, erroneously printed G 2. 3 copies only known.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1605. 4to. 51 leaves.*
Text fig. B to O 2.

* Mr. Halliwell says this is identical with that of 1604, the date only being altered.
THE Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. Lond. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet strett: Vnder the Diall. No date. 4to. 51 leaves.

The laft page is fig. N 3, verso. No date.

ANOTHER edition, printed for Iohn Smethwicke. 1611. 4to. 51 leaves.
Sig. B to O 2, exclusive of title.

* * By the courteous permission of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. &c., and H. G. Bohn, Esq., the above details have been obtained from the "Skeleton Hand-list of the Early Quarto Editions of the Plays of Shakespeare," and from Bohn's "Bibliographical Account of the Works of Shakespeare," 1864.
Enter Barnado and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnado.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me; Stand & vnfold your felfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnado?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now ftook twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am fickle at heart.

Fran. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Moue ftirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft,
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwel honof Soldier, who hath relieuf'd you?

Fran. Barnado ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit fran.

Mar. Holla Barnado.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A peice of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have feene nothing.

Mar. Horatio faies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded figh, twice feene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and fpeake to it.

Hor. Tuh, tuh, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe affaile your cares,
That are fo fortified againe our Story,
What we two Nights haue feene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnado fpeake of this.

Barn. Laft night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his courfe t'illume that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my felfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off:

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the fame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; fpeake to it Horatio.

Bar. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Hor. Moft like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Bar. It would be fpoke too.

Mar. Queftion it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that vfurp't this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee fpeake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it ftalkes away.

Hor. Stay: fpeake; fpeake: I Charge thee, fpeake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anfwer.

Bar. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this fomething more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the fenfible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy felfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatt'd:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He flomet the fledled Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis ftrange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and luft at this dead houre,
With Martiall falke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion,
This boades fome ftrange erupption to our State.

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this fame tried & moft obferuuant Watch,
So nightly toyes the lubieft of the Land,
And why fuch dayly Caft of Drazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why fuch imprefte of Ship-wrights, whole fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this fweaty haft
Doth make the Night ioyn-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,  
Whose Image e'en but now appear'd to vs,  
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,  
(Therto prick'd on by a moft emulat Prince)  
Dar'd to the Combatte. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,  
(For so this fide of our knowne world efteem'd him)  
Did flay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compañ,  
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,  
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands  
Which he ftood feiz'd on, to the Conqueror:  
Against the which, a Moity competent  
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd  
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the fame Cou'nant  
And carriage of the Article defigne,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now fr, young Fortinbras,  
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,  
Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Refolutes,  
For Food and Diet, to fome Enterprize  
That hath a flamacke in't: which is no other  
(And it doth well appare vnto our State)  
But to recover of vs by ftong hand  
And terms Compulfatiue, thofe foresaid Lands  
So by his Father lol't: and this (I take it)  
Is the maine Motioue of our Preparations,  
The Sourfe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head  
Of this poft-haft, and Romage in the Land.  

Enter Ghoft againe.  

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:  
Ile croffe it, though it blaff me. Stay Illufion:  
If thou haft any found, or vfe of Voyce,  
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do eafe, and grace to me; fpeak to me.  
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate  
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh fpeake.  
Or, if thou haft vp-hoarded in thy life  
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,  
(For which, they fay, you Spirits oft walke in death)  
Speake of it. Stay, and fpeake. Stop it Marcellus.  
Mar. Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan?  
Hor. Do, if it will not fland.  
Barn. 'Tis heere.  
Hor. 'Tis heere.  
Mar. 'Tis gone.  

We do it wrong, being fo Maieftical  
To offer it the fhee of Violence,  
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,  
And our vnfe blowes, malicious Mockery.  
Barn. It was about to fpeake, when the Cocke crew.  
Hor. And then it falted, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearefull Synmons. I haue heard,  
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,  
Doth with his lofty and thrall-founding Throat  
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,  
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,  
Th'extraugant, and erring Spirit, hyes  
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,  
This prefent Obieft made probation.  
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,  
Some fayes, that euer 'gainft that Seafon comes  
Wherein our Salioues Birth is celebrated,  
The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long:  
And then (they fay) no Spirit can walke abroad,  
The nights are wholfome, then no Planets frike,  
No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:  

So hallow'd, and fo gracious is the time.  
Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.  
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,  
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easerns Hill,  
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice  
Let vs impart what we have feene to night  
Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,  
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will fpeake to him:  
Do you content we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?  

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know  
Where we shall finde him moft conveniently.  
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queene,  
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sifer Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death  
The memory be greene: and that it vs befifted  
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of wo:  
Yet fo farre hath Difcretion fought with Nature,  
That we with wilfeft sorrow thinke on him,  
Together with remembrance of our felues.  
Therefore our fometimes Sifer, now our Queen,  
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreff of this warlike State,  
Haue we, as twere, with a defeated toy,  
With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye,  
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,  
In euqlall Scale weighing Delight and Dole  
Taken to Wife; nor haue we herein barr'd  
Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affine affair, along for all our Thanks.  
Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weake lupopall of our worth;  
Or thinkeing by our late deere Brothers death,  
Our State to be difioynt, and out of Frame,  
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;  
He hath not faie'd to fetter vs with Meiflage;  
Importing the furrender of thofe Lands  
Left by his Father; with all Bonds of Law  
To our moft valiant Brother. So much for him.  

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our felle, and for this time of meeting  
Thus much the buifinefe is. We haue here writ  
To Norway, Vncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who Impotent and Bedrid, fearfully heares  
Of this his Nephewes purpofe, to fupprefs  
His further gate herein. In that the Leuies,  
The Lifes, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his fuibieft; and we haere dispach  
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,  
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,  
Giving to you no further personall power  
To buifinefe with the King, more then the scope  
Of thefe dilated Articles allow:  
Farewell and let your haft commend your duty.  
Vol. In that, and all things, will we frow our duty.  
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.  

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some suite. What is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of Reafon to the Dane,
And loofe your voyce. What wouldst thou bege Laertes,
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natue to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have Laertes?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muft confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What fayes Polonius?

Pol. He hath my Lord;
I do bifeech you give him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces fpend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

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

King. How is it that the Clouds fll hang on you?

Ham. Not fo my Lord, I am too much f'th'Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet caft thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duft
Thou knoweft 'tis common, all that liues muft dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why feemes it fo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cufomary fuites of solemn Blaceke,
Nor winde fufpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Ruer in the Eye,
Nor the delected hauoure of the Vifage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, fhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seeme,
For they are actiones that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paffeth thow;
Thefe, but the Trappings, and the Suietes of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, loft his, and the Suruier bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obfequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer
In obfinate Conolement, is a courfe
Of impiousstubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It fhewes a will moft incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding fimpke, and vnscoll'd:
For, what we know muft be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peecull Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reafon moft abjur'd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who till hath cried,
From the first Coarfe, till he that dyed to day,
This must be fo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreualying woe, and thynke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moft immediate to our Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deepeft Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moft retrograde to our defire:
And we befeech you, bend you to remaine
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeft Courtier Cozyn, and our Sonne.

By. Let not thy Mother lofe her Prayers Hamlet:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I fhall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our felle in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnfor'd accord of Hamlet
Sits fmilie to my heart; in grace whereof,
No locond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Repeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt Magnet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too fold Flewh, would melt,
Thaw, and refolve it felle into a Drow
Or that the Euerlafting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainft Selfe-slauhter. O God, O God!
How weary, fable, flat, and vnproffitable
Seemes to me all the Vfes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature
Poffife it meerely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not fo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: fo louing to my Mother,
That he might not betene the windes of heauen
Vift her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muft I remember: why the would hang on him,
As if encreafe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Fraility, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thofe shoes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why the, even the.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants diffourse of Reafon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the falt of moft vrnighteous Tares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moft wicked speed, to poft
With fuch dexterity to Incifeuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But brake my heart, for I muft hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to fee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my felle.
Hor. The fame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

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

A 2
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir. But what in faith make you from Wittemerge?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say fo; Nor shall you doe mine ear that violence, To make it truter of your owne report Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant: But what is your affaire in Elsenvour? Weel teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall. Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student.) I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift,thrift Horatio: the Funerall Bakt-meats Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables; Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen, Ere I had euer feene that day Horatio. My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (Horatio) I saw him once; he was a goodly King. Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yefternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Seafon your admiration for a while With an attent ear; till I may delier Vpon the witneffe of thefe Gentlemen, This maruell to you.

Ham. For Haeuens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had thefe Gentlemen (Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch In the dead waft and middle of the night Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father, Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe, Appeares before them, and with follemne march Goes flow and stately: By them thrice he walkt, By their opprest and feare-furprized eyes, Within his Truncheons length; whilft they bestli'd Almoft to jelly with the Ad 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 delier'd both in time, Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, The Appearition comes. I knew your Father: These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did; But answere made it none: yet once me thought It lifted vp it head, and did addresse It selfe to motion, like as it would speake: But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd; And at the found it thrunke in haft away, And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honour Lord 'tis true; And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then faw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in forrow then in anger. Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you? Hor. Most confantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: ftaid it long? (dread.) Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-

All. Longer,longer.

Hor. Not when I fawt.

Ham. His Beard was grify? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue feene it in his life, A Sable Siluer'd. (gainc.)

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it affume my noble Fathers perfon, Ile speake to it, though Hell it felfe shoulde gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you haue hitherto conceald this fight; Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatfoeuer eil fall hap to night, Glue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requisite your loues; fo, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt euen and twelve, Ile vifit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell,

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come; Till then fit still my foules; foule deeds will rife, Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neceffaries are imbark't; Farewell:

And Sifter, as the Winds glue Benefit,

And Conuoy is affiftant; doe not sleepe, But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the truffling of his fauours, Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lifting The fuppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but fo.

Laer. Thinke it no more:

For nature creffant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,

The inward fenrice of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

And now no foyle nor cautel doth beferch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

His greatneffe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth;
Hee may not, as vnallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The fancifity and health of the weale State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumfcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he fayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Seft and force
May giue his faying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what loffe your Honour may fuffaine,
If with too credent eare you lift his Songs;
Or lofe your Heart; or your chaft Treasure open
To his vnmaifred importunity.

Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sifter,
And keepe within the rearre of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Defire.
The charift Maid is Prodigall enough,
If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe lapes not calamious strokes,
The Canker Gallis, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be dicl'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious bliftments are most imminent.
Be warie then, beft safety lies in feare;
Youth to it felfe rebels, though none else neere.

Oph. I fall the effet of this good Leffen keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Father doe,
Shew me the fpeepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilft like a puff and reckleffe Libertine
Himfelfe, the Primrofe path of dailience treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I fay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleffing is a double grace;
Occaion smiles upon a second leave.

Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shouder of your faile,
And you are ftaid for there: my bleffing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Glue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haft, and their adoption tribe,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vn hatch't, vn fled'gd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bare't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Glue every man thine care: but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenfure: but referue thy judgement:
Coftly thy habit as thy purfe can buy;
But not express in fancie: rich, not gawdye:
For the Apparell oft proclaims the man.
And they in France of the beft ranck and itation,
Are of a moft feele& generous cheef in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For lone oft lofes both it felle and friend:
And borrowing dus the edge of Husbandry.
This aboves all; to thine owne felle be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be falle to any man.

Farewell: my Bleffing feaflon this in thee.

Laer. Moft humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuities you, goe, your feruants tend.

Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I haue faid to you.

Oph. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your felle fhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Polon. What if I Ophelia he hath faid to you?

Oph. So please you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your felle
Haue of your audience beene moft free and bounteous.
If he be fo, as fo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muft tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your felle fo clearely,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

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

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnshifted in fuch perilious Circumftrance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I shouold thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thynke your felle a Baby,
That you have tame his tenders for true pay,
Which are not flarling. Tender your felle more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, goe too, goe too.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vows of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springs, to catch Woodcoks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Glues the tongue vowels: thefe blazes, Daughter,
Guing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promife, as it is a making;
You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat fcanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreaments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
Beleeeue fo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleue his vows; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueffments show:
But meere implorators of vnholie Sutes,
Breathing like fandifiied and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Have you fo flander any moment leifure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.


Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellius.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is brooke.

(seeon, Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What
What does this mean, my Lord? (roused, 
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his 
keepers waffels and the swaggering vp\text{pring} reeles, 
And as he drains his draughts of renifer downe, 
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out 
The triumph of his Pledge. 
Hor. Is it a cutume? 
Ham. I marry it: 
And to my mind, though I am native here, 
And to the manner borne: It is a Cutume 
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance. 
*Enter Ghost.* 
Hor. Looke, my Lord, it comes. 
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs: 
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, 
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell, 
Be thy evenets wicked or charitable, 
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape 
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet, 
King,Father,Royall Dane: Oh,oh,anfwer me, 
Let me not burft in Ignorance; but tell 
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Heerfed in death, 
Haue burft their cerments, why the Sepulcher 
Wherein we faw thee quietely enurn'd, 
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble Iawes, 
To caft thee vp againe? What may this meane? 
That thou dead Coarfe againe in compleat fteele, 
Reuifits thus the glimches of the Moone, 
Making Night hidious! And we foules of Nature, 
So horridly to shake our disposition, 
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules, 
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe? 
*Ghost beckens Hamlet.* 
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it, 
As if some impartation did defire 
To you alone. 
**Mar.** Looke with what courteous action 
It wafteth you to a more removed ground: 
But doe not goe with it. 
*Hor. No,* by no meanes. 
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it. 
*Hor. Does* not my Lord? 
Ham. Why, what should be the feare? 
I doe not fet my life at a pins fee: 
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that? 
Being a thing immortall as it selfe: 
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it. 
*Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord? 
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe, 
That beetles o'ere his bafe into the Sea, 
And there affumes some other horrible forme, 
Which might deprive your Souverainity of Reafon, 
And draw you into madneffe thinke of it? 
Ham. It waftes me still; goe on, Ile follow thee. 
*Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.* 
Ham. Hold off your hand. 
*Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not goe.* 
Ham. My fate cries out, 
And makes each petty Artire in this body, 
As hardy as the Nemen Lions nere: 
Still am I call'd? Vhand me Gentlemens: 
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: 
I lay away, goe on, Ile follow thee. 
*Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.* 
*Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.* 
*Mar. Let's follow; tis not fit thus to obey him.*
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre; Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard, My custome always in the afternoone; Vpon my secure houre thy Vncle rode With luyce of curtled Hebenon in a Violl, And in the Porches of mine eares did pourre The leaperous Disdiliment; whose effect Holds such an emmity with blood of Man, That swift as Quick-filer, it courses through The natural Gates and Allies of the Body; And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke, The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine; And a most instant Tetter bak’d about, Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruft, All my smooth Body. Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand, Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht; Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne, Vhouzleazd, disappointed, vnnaneld, No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head; Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible; If thou haft nature in thee beare it not; Let not the Royall Bed of Denmark be A Couch for Luxury and damnd Incetz. But howsoever thou pursuest this Aa, Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy soule contrive Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heauen, And to those Thorne that in her bosome lodge, To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once; The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere, And gins to pale his vneffeetual Fire: Aude,adue,Hamlet : remember me. Exit.

Ham. Oh all you hoist of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els? And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie; hold my heart; And you my finnewes, grow not instant Old; But beare me stily vp: Remember thee? I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate In this distracted Globe : Remember thee? Yea, from the Table of my Memory, He wipe away all triaulia fond Records, All fawes of Bookes,all formes, all presures past, That youth and obfuration coppied there; And thy Commandment all alone shal live Within the Bookke and Volume of my Braine, Vmniist with safer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen : Oh most pernicious woman! Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine! My Tables, my Tables; meet is it I set it downe, That one may smile, and smale and be a Villaine; At least I fure it may be so in Denmark; So Wackly there you are: now to my word; It is; Aude,adue,Remember me: I have sworn’t.

Hor. & Mar.within. My Lord, my Lord, Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How if’t my Noble Lord? Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull! Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you’l reveale it.
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Sware.

 grupo. Sware.

 Ham. Ret, ret perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'express his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioync: Oh cursed fight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Glue him his money, and these notes Reynoldo.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruells wisely: good Reynoldo,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well fai'd;
Very well fai'd. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expense: and finding
By this encompafllement and drift of question,
That they doe know my Sonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some diligent knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may fay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addict'd fo and so: and there put on him
What forgeries you pleafe: marry, none fo ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsalil flips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would discomfort him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may seacon it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinentie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breaue of a fiery minde,
A fauagene in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these flight fulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foild i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerfe; him you would
Hauing euer scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be affur'd
He clofes with you in this confequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrafe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At clofes in the confequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At clofes in the confequence, I marry,
He clofes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I faw him yesteray, or tother day;
Or then or then, with fuch and fuch; and as you faw,
There was hee gaming, there o'retooke in's Roufe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I faw him enter fuch a houfe of faile;

Videlicet, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your bait of fallhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of widelsey and of reach
With windercles, and with affayes of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obfuer his inclination in your felfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musick.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Opheilia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Opheilia, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have beene fo affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings fou'd,
Vnagarted, and downe glaued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke fo pitious in purport,
As if he had beene looed out of hell,
To speake of horrers: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the writh, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his armes;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to fuch perfuall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long fai'd he fo,
At laft, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thriche his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a figh, fo pitious and profound,
That it did feeme to fatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his Shoulders turn'd,
He feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laft, bend'd their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe feeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it felle,
Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern Cumalius.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The neede we have to vfe you, did prouoke Our halifie fending. Something haue you heard Of Hamlets transformation: fo I call it, Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man Refembles that it was. What it shou'd bee More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'vnderftanding of himfelfe, I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both, That being of fo young dayes brought vp with him: And fince fo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour, That you vouchsafe your reft here in our Court Some little time: fo by your Companies To draw him on to pleafures, and to gather So much as from Occasions you may gleane, That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you, And fure I am, two men there are not luing, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To fiew fo much Gentrie, and good will, As to expend your time with vs a-while, For the supply and profit of our Hope, Your Viftitation fhall receive fuch thanks As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosn. Both your Maieties Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs, Put your dread pleafures, more into Command Then to Entreatie.

Guill. We both obey, And here give vp our felues, in the full bent, To lay our Servues freely at your feete, To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenfere. Qu. Thankes Guildenfere and gentle Rosencrantz. And I bfeech you inftantly to vfit My too much changed Sonne. Go fame of ye, And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guill. Heauen make our prefence and our prattifes Pleafant and helpfull to him. Exit.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Amffadors from Norway, my good Lord, Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou till haft bin the Father of good Newses.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Lige, I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule, Both to my God, one to my gracious King: And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine Hunts not the traile of Policie, fo fure As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found The very caufe of Hamlet's Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Glie firft admittance to th'Amffadors, My Newes fhall be the Newes to that great Feat, King. Thy felfe do grace to them, and bring them in. He tells me my sweet Queenne, that he hath found The head and fource of all your Sonnes diftemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine, His Fathers death, and our o're-hafty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we fhall fit him. Welcome good Frends: Say Voltumand, what from our Brother Norway?

Pol. Moft faire returne of Greetings, and Defires. Vpon our firft, he fent out to fupprefe His Nephewes Leuyes, which to him appear'd To be a preparation gaineft the Poleak: But better look'd into, he truly found It was againft your Highneffe, whereat gueued,] That fo his Sicksneffe, Age, and Impotence Was falfely borne in hand, fends out Arrefts On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes, Receuies rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more To give th'affay of Armes againft your Maietie. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gius him three thoundand Crownes in Annuall Fee, And his Commiffion to impoye those Soldiers So leued as before, againft the Poleak: With an intreaty heerein further fhewn, That it might pleafe you to give quiet pace Through your Dominions,for his Enterprize, On fuch regards of safety and allowance, As therein are fet downe.

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more confider'd time we'll read, Anfwer, and thinke vpon this Buifieffe. Meane time we thank you, for your well-tooke Labour. Go to your refet, at night we'll Feast together. Moft welcome home. Exit Ambaff.

Pol. This buifieffe is very well ended.

My Lige, and Madam, to expofutate What Maietie fhould be, what Dutie is, Why day is day; night, night; and time is time. Were nothing but to wafte Night,Day, and Time. Therefore, fince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit, And tedioufneffe, the limbs and outward fourfihes, I will be briefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad: Mad call I it; for to define true Madneffe, What is't, but to be nothing elfe but mad. But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leffe Art.

Pol. Madam, I fware I vfe no Art at all: That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis Pittie, And Pittie it is true: A foolifh figure, But farewell it: for I will vfe no Art.

B

Mad
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ie looke my Daughter to him,

Be you and I behinde an Arras then,

Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,

And be not from his reason faile thereon;

Let me be no Affitant for a State,

And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch

Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do befeech you, both away,

Ile boord him prefently. Exit King & Queen.

Oh glue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

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

one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,

being a good kifing Carrion———

Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a

blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend

looke too't.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on your daugh-

ter: yet he knew me not at first; he faid I was a Fishmon-
gier: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,

I suffred much extremity for loue; very neere this. Ie

speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall flaue faies here,

that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree

Gumme: and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I

most powerfully, and potently beleue; yet I holde it

not Honestie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your

felte Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could

go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneffe,

Yet there is Method in't: will you walke

Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:

How pregnant (sometymes)his Replies are?

A hapinnesse,

That often Madneffe hits on,

Which Reafon and Sanitye could not

So properly be deliuer'd of.

I will leaue him,

And sodainely contrive the means of meeting

Betwene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will moft humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Rofin. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old foolish.

Rofin. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there thee is.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildensterne.

Rofin. God save you Sir, Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rofin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'th thou Guildensterne? Oh, Rosencrantz; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rofin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rofin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wafte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guild. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rofin. None my Lord; but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that the lends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rofin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A Godly one, in which there are many Confiners, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o'th worl'

Rofin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rofin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guild. Which dreamses indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rofin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayr and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-freetcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-son?

Butb. We'll wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not for your with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended: but in the beat way of friendship. What makes you at Elision?

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare my thanks are too deare a halfe-penny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
fashion, and so be-rated the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraid of Goose-quotes, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Refn. Faith there's beene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Controuerise. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guilt. Oh there's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Refn. I that they do my Lord, Hercules & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnkle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guilt. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welome to Elfenower: your hands, come: The apperittance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me complie with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must in fairely outward)should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnkle Father, and Aunt Mother are decea'd.

Guilt. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you Guildenfernes, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Refn. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they lay,an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophefie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you fay right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When ROFFN an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzzze, buzzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe——

Polon. The beft Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastoral: Pastoral-Comical-Historical-Pastoral: Tragicall-Historical: Tragicall-Comical-Historical-Pastoral: Scene indiue, or Pastoral unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heay, nor Plautus too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Thefe are the onely men.

Ham. O Iephe Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had it thou?

Pol. What a Treasure haue he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not th'right old Iephe?

Polon. If you call me Iephe my Lord, I haue a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Polon. What follows then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the Pons Chanjon will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see you well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee left: Com'est thou to be heard in Denmark? What, my yong Lady and Mistis? Bylady your Ladiiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you laft, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peice of Vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcomewewe'l eene to't like French Faulconers, file at any thing we see: we'll have a Speech straight. Come give vs a taft of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer Ated: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Cauarie to the Generall: but it was (as I receiued it, and others, whole judgement 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 faid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fauoury; nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the Author of affection, but cal'd it an honeft method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas AEneas Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especiafly, where he speaks of Priams slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me fee, let me see: The rugged Pyrrhus like th'Hycranian Beatt. It is not fo: it begins with Pyrrbus. The rugged Pyrrbus, he whose Sable Armes Blaacke as his purpoe, did the night reemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dimmall: Head to foote Now is he to take Guelles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impaucht with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roafted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-fized with cogulate gore, VWith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrbus Old Grandire Priam fleakes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good diuerction.

1 Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His antice Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, Iyes where it failes Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrbus at Priam driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiles and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vndered Father falls. Then fenecleffe Illium, Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous craft Takes prisoner Pyrrbus eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend Priam, seemd' th'th' Ayre to flye:

So
So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrbus ftood,  
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.  
But as we often see against some storms,  
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,  
The bold windes speachleffe, and the Orbe below  
As huff as death : Anon the dreadful Thunder  
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrbus paufe,  
A rowfed Vengeance sfts him new a-worke,  
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall  
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for poore Eternie,  
With leffe remorse then Pyrrbus bleeding sword  
Now falles on Priam.  

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,  
In generall Synod take away her power :  
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,  
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,  
As low as to the Fiends.  

Pol. This is too long.  

Ham. It shall to'th Barbers, with your beard. Pry-thee fay on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepees. Say on; come to Hecuba.  

1. Play. But who, O wh o, had seen the inobled Queen.  
Ham. The inobled Queene?  
Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.  

2. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,  
Threatning the flame  
With Biffon Rheume: A clot about that head,  
Where late the Diadem ftood, and for a Robe  
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,  
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.  
Who this had feene, with tongue in Venome feep'd,  
'Gainft Fortunes State, would Treafon have pronounce'd?  
But if the Gods themfelves did fee her then,  
When the faw Pyrrbus make malicious fport  
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,  
The infcant Burf of Clamour that he made  
(Vnleffe things mortall mue them not at all)  
Wou'd haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,  
And paffion in the Gods.  

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in his eyes. Pray you no more.  

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the ref,  
foone. Good my Lord, will you fee the Players well ftoow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well v'd: for they are the Abftrafts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you wereuer have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.  

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their de-fart.  

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vfe euerie man after his de-fart, and who foould scape whipping: vfe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they deferue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.  

Pol. Come firs.  
Exit Polon.  

Ham. Follow him Friends:wee'l haue a play to morrow. Doft thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of Gernagoe?  

Play. I my Lord.  

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dofen or fixeene lines, which I would fet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?  

Play. I my Lord.  

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leave you til night you are welcome to Elfonwer ?

Rosin. Good my Lord.  

Ham. I fo, God buy'y: Now I am alone.  
Oh what a Rogue and Peefant slau am I?  
Is it not montrous that this Player heere,  
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion,  
Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit,  
That from her working, all his vifage warm'd;  
Tears in his eyes, diftraction in his Aspeét,  
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting  
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?  

For Hecuba?  

What's Hecuba to him,or he to Hecuba,  
That he should wepee for her? What would he doe,  
Had he the Motive and the Cue for paffion  
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,  
And cleaue the generall ear with horrid speech:  
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,  
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-metled Rafeall,peake  
Like John a-dreames, vnprincipall of my caufe,  
And can fay nothing: No,not for a King,  
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,  
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?  
Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a-croffe?  
Pluckes off my Beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweakes me by'th'Nofe? giues me the Lye I'th'Throat,  
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd,and lacke Gall  
To make Oppreffion bitter, or eie this,  
I should have fatted all the Region Kites  
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy a Bawdy villaune,  
Remorfeleffe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaune!  
Oh Vengeance!  

Who? What an Affe am I ? I fure, this is moft braue,  
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,  
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,  
Muff (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,  
And fall acurrency like a very Drab,  
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play,  
Have by the very cunning of the Scene,  
Bene strokeo fo to the foule, that prefently  
They haue proclaim'd their Malefaicions.  
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake  
With moft myraculous Organ. Ile haue thefe Players,  
Play something like the murder of my Father,  
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obfure his lookes,  
Ile tent him to the quicke : If he but bлеч  
I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene  
May be the Diuell, and the Diuell hath power  
T'assume a pleashing fhape, yea and perhaps  
Out of my Weakneffe, and my Melancholly,  
As he is very potent with fuch Spirits,  
Abues me to damne me. Ile haue grounds  
More Relatue then this : The Play's the thing  
Wherein Ile catch the Confinence of the King.  

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rofin. 

Exeunt.  

Ham. And can you by no drift of circumstance  
Get from him why he puts on this Confufion:  
Grating fo harthily all his dayes of quiet  

With
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

_The Tragedie of Hamlet._

_With_ the Tragedie of Hamlet.

_Rofin._ He does confess he feels himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

_Guil._ Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madneffe keepest aloofe :
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

_Qu._ Did he receive you well?

_Rofin._ Moft like a Gentleman.

_Guild._ But with much forcing of his disposition.

_Rofin._ Niggard of question, but of our demands
Moft free in his reply.

_Qu._ Did you affay him to any pastime?

_Rofin._ Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

_Pel._ 'Tis most true:
And he befeech'd me to intreate your Maieffies
To heare, and see the matter.

_King._ With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

_Rofin._ We shall my Lord.

_Exit._

_Rofin._ We shall my Lord.

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as'twere by accident, may there
Affect Opheilia. Her Father, and my selfe(lawful espials)
Will fo bellow our felues, that seeing vnfeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be that affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he sufferes for!

_Qu._ I shall obey you,
And for your part Opheilia, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonded way againe,
To both your Honors.

_Opbe._ Madam, I wish it may.

_Pol._ Opheilia, walke you here. Gracious so pleafe ye
We will bellow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercisel may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deotions vifage,
And pious Action, we do furge o're
The diuell himselfe.

_King._ O'tis true:
How shall the Iath of speech doth give my Confiance?
The Harlots Cheke beautied with plaft'reng Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

_Pel._ I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

_Exit._

_Ham._ To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troublles,
And by oppoing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoultly to be with'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffeld off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs paufe. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of fo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreffors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the La was delay,
The inflonence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat ynder a weare life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vnaffhayed Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natie hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale caft of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looie the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Opheilia? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my innes remembred.

_Opbe._ Good my Lord,

_Ham._ How does your Honor for this many a day?

_Opbe._ My Lord, I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

_Ham._ No, no, I neuer gauie you ought.

_Opbe._ My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when gluers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

_Ham._ Ha, ha: Are you honest?

_Opbe._ My Lord.

_Ham._ Are you faire?

_Opbe._ What means your Lordship?

_Ham._ That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beatuy.

_Opbe._ Could Beatuy my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honesty?

_Ham._ I trulie: for the power of Beatuy, will sooner
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honesty can translate Beatuy into his likenesse.
This was somet ime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofs, I did loue you once.

_Opbe._ Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

_Ham._ You should not have beleued me. For vertue
cannot so innooculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish
of it. I loued you not.

_Opbe._ I was the more deceiued.

_Ham._ Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'th thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honesty,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were beter
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
vengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape, or time to acte them in. What shoulde fuch
Fel-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vp on him, that he may play the Foolo no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ie giue thee this Plague for thy Dower. Be thou as chaft as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiffe men know well enough, what monffers you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another you gidge, you amble, and you liffe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ie no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we haue no more Marriages. Thofe that are married already, all but one shall lie, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a noble minde is heere o're-thrown?

The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, fword, Th'expetanfie and Rohe of the faire State, The glaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'oibleru'd of all Obfervers, quiet, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most defect and wretched, That fuch'd the Honie of his Musick Vowes:

Now fee that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reafon, Like sweet Bels tangled out of tune, and harfh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, Th'haue fene that I haue fene: fee what I fee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affectiions do not that way tend, Nor what he fpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madneffe. There's something in his foule? O're which his Melancholly fits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the difclore Will be fome danger, which to prevent I haue in quicke determination Thus fet it downe. He fhall with fpee to Englon For the demand of our neglected Tribute:

Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiecfes, fhall expell This something fetled matter in his heart: Whereon his Brains fill beating, puts him thus From fashion of himfelfe. What thinkke you on't?

Pol. It fhall do well. But yet do I beleue The Origin and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now Opheilia? You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamler faide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleafe, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To frew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ie be plac'd fo, pleafe you in the ear Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England fend him: Or confine him where Your wifdombe bett fhall thinke.

King. It fhall be fo:

Madneffe in great Ones, muft not vnwatch'd go. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lieue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not faw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gentel; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeft, and (as I may fay) the Whirlie-winde of Paffion, you muft acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneffe. O it offendes mee to the Soule, to fee a robuffious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffion to tatters, to verie rages, to splitt the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moft part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe fhewes, & noife:I could have foue a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagent: it out-Hezod's Hezod. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obfervation: That you ore-stop not the modfie of Nature; for any thing fo ouer-done, is fro the purpofe of Playing, whose end both at the firft and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to fhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Ludicrous greate; The cenfure of the which One, muft in your allowance o'eway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue feene Play, and heard others praife, and that highly (not to fpake it prophane) that neyther hauing the accent of Christian, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue fo frutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures louerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity fo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thofe that play your Clowns, fpake no more then is fet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themfelues laugh, to fet on some quantitie of barren Specators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some neceffarie Question of the Play be then to be confidered: that's Villainous, & fhewes a moft pittfull Ambition in the Foole that vfe it. Go make you reade.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this pece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Botb. We will my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hora. Heere fweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as ifst a man As ere my Couerfaion coa'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haft, but thy good fpirits

To
To feed & cloth thee. Why hold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like aburd pomp, 
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fading? Doft thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Misfirs of my choyse,
And could of men distinguis, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou haft bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Piepe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop the pleafe. Give me that man,
That is not Factions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou feel'st that Aëte a-foot,
Euen with the vere Comment of my Soule
Obferue mine Vnkle : If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a daunted Ghost that we haue seene :
And my Imagination are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Gue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rueet to his Face :
And after we will both our judgements ioyne,
To censure of his feeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil't this Play is Playing,
And ecape detecting, I will pay the Thief.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance,
Guiltemerue, and other Lords attendant, with
by Guard carrying Torches. Danijt
March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent faiñth, of the Camelions dih: I eate
the Ayre promife-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this answcr Hamlet, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
i'th'Vnuiuerity, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Acor.

Ham. And what did you enaet?

Pol. I did enaet Iulius Cæsar, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill fo Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

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

Qu. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Hs. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attrafine.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerfully
my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-
onths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-lie his life halfe a yeare :
But bylady he must builde Churches then : or else shall
he fuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horse, whose
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very losingly; the Queene embrac-
ing him. She kneels, and makes fhow of Prostration unto
him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck.
Lays him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
a-sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his
Crowne, kifles it, and powres poiyon in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Queene returns, finds the King dead, and
makes passionate Action. The Poyjoner, with some two or
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with ber.
The dead body is carried away: The Poyjoner Woes the
Queene with Gifts, for feemes loath and unwilling amible,
but in the end, accepts his love.

Exeunt

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that means
Mischeefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keepe counfell, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any fhow that you'll fhow him. Bee not
you affam'd to fhow, hee'lt not thame to tell you what it
means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Here stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your bearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and by Queene.

King. Full thrite times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes falt Waft, and Telliis Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelve thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comittually, in moft sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so fikke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your fomne state,
That I driuft you: yet though I driuft,
Discomfit you (my Lord) it nothing muft:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitle,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, prove hath made you know,
And as my Loue is fie'd, my Fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt lieue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, beloved, and haply, one as kinde.

For Husband shalt thou—

Bap. Oh confound the reft: 
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my bref: 
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Befp. The inftances that second Marriage moue,
Are base refpefts of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisst me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speake:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpofe is but the flau'e to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe flickes on the Tree,
But tall vnhalen, when they mellow bee.
Most neceffary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt:
What to our felues in paflion we propofe,
The paflion ending, doth the purpofe lofe.
The violence of other Greefe or loy,
Their owne enaetors with themfelues destroy:
Where joy moft Reuels, Greefe doth moft lament;
Greefe ioyes, ioy greemics on flender accident.
This world is not for ay, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues shou'd with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a quefion left vs yet to prove,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elfe Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
The poore aduan't, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly feaftons him his Enemy.

But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no fecond Husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repofe locke from me day and night:
Each oppofite that blankets the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deftoy;
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lafting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with fleepse.

Qu. SLEEPE SLEEPE SLEEPES
And no more come mishance betweene vs twaine.

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but thel'keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but left, poyston in left, no Of-

fence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moue-trap: Marvel how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gon-
sage is the Dukes name, his wife Baptifia: you shall fee an-
on: 'tis a knauiue piece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maietie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
vs not: let the gall dade winch: our withers are vnrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwenee you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

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

Ham. It would cofl you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husband.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate feaon, elfe, no Creature feecing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Heats Ban, thriue blafhed, thriue infected,
Thy natural Magicke, and dire propertie,
Whom wholefome life, vforpe immediately.

Powers the poyston in his eares.

Ham. He poystons him i'th'Garden for's efate: His name's Gonsage: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall fee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of Gonsage's wife.

Ophe. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Guise o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. A way.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weep,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Rofes on my rac'd Shooses, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players fir.

Hor. Halfie a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doft know: Oh Damon deere,
This Realme dismanted was of loue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, lke take the Gofts word for
a thousand pound. Did't perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talle of the poystonig?
Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rofcrance and Guildenfterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come fome Mufick. Come y Recorder:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then beike he likes it not perdie.
Come fome Mufick.

Guld. Good my Lord, voucheffe me a word with you.

Ham.
Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wifedome should shew it selfe more ri-

cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put
the to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre
more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tare Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affil-
itation of spirt, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtseis is not of

the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
some anfwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Bufineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome anfwere: my wits diff-
eas'd. But sir, fuch anfwers as I can make, you shall com-
mand: or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

Rofin. Then thus the fayes: your behavoir hath broke
her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can fo astonish a
Mother. But is there no fquall at the heeles of this Mo-
thers admiration?

Rofin. She desires to speake with you in her Clofet,
ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our Mother. 

Have you any further Trade with vs?

Rofin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do flill, by these pickers and ftealers.

Rofin. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftem-
per? You do freely barren the doore of your owne Liber-
tie, if you deny your greeses to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rofin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of
the King himselfe, for your Succefsion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graffe growes, the Proverbe is
something myfty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why
do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you
would drive me into a touye.

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play
upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do belfech you.

Guild. I know noe touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eafe as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Muficke.
Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vetterance
of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
feeme to know my flops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Mysterie; you would found mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compaft: and there is much Mu-
cicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be
plied on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you,
and prefently.

Ham. Do you fee that Cloud? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.

Polon. By’th’MifTe, and it’s like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back’d like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Vere like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will fay fo.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is eaily faid. Leave me Friends:

’Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it felfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do fuch bitter bufineffe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bofome:

Let me be cruell, not vnnatural,
I will fpeake Daggers to her, but vfe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words fomeuer the be fent,
To give them Seales, neuer my Soule confernt.

Enter King, Rofinurse, and Guildenfterne.

King. I like him not, nor ftands it fafe with vs,
To let his madneffe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiffion will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England hall along with you:

The termes of our eftate, may not endure
Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our felues prouide:
Moit holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thofe many many bodies fafe
That live and feepe vpon your Maietie.

Rofin. The fingle

And peculiar life is bound
With all the ftrenghe and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it fafe from noyance: but much more
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and refts
The filies of many, the cafe of Maietie
Dies not alone, but like a Gule doth draw
What’s neere it, with it. It is a maffe wheel.

Fist on the Sonnet of the highest Mount,
To whole huge Spoakes, ten thoufand leffer things
Are mortis’d and adioyn’d: which when it falles,
Each fmall annexement, petty confequence
Attends the boyftrouf Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King figh, but with a generall groane.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this fpedie Voyage;

For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

When he is drunke asleep: or in his Rage, Or in thy incessuous pleasure of his bed, At gaming, swearing, or about some aile That han't no reliff of Salvation in't, Then trip him, that his heels may kickre at Heauen, And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stays, This Phyluckle but prolongs thy sickly days. Exit. King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below, Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. Exit. Enter Queen and Polonius. Pol. He will come straight: Looke you lay home to him, Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with, And that your Grace hath ffre'nd, and ftoode betwenee Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere: Pray be round with him. Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother. Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not. Withdraw, I hear him comming. Enter Hamlet. Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter? Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended. Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended. Qu. Come, come, you anfwer with an idle tongue. Ham. Go, go, you quifion with an idle tongue. Qu. Why how now Hamlet? Ham. Whats the matter now? Qu. Haue you forgot me? Ham. No by the Rood, not fo: You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife, But would you were not fo. You are my Mother. Qu. Nay, then Ile fet theye to you that can speake. Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not boude: You go not till I set you vp a glaffe, Where you may fee the inmoft part of you? Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me? Help, helpe, haue. Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe. Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead. Pol. Oh I am laine. Kilnes Polonius. Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done? Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King? Qu. Oh what a rafh, and bloody deed is this? Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother, As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother. Qu. As kill a King? Ham. I Lady, twas my word, Thou wretche, rafh, intruding foole farewell, I took thee for thy Betteres, take thy Fortune, Thou find'ft to be too bufie, is fome danger. Leave wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe, And let me wring your heart, for fo I shall If it be made of penetrable fluffe; If damned Cufome have not braced it fo, That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense. Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong, In noife so rude againste me? Ham. Such an Aet That burres the grace and blufe of Modelfie, Cals Vertue Hypocrize, takes off the Rose From the faire forehead of an innocent loue, And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes As fallse as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contradiction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this soliditie and compound maffe,
With tristfull vifage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Q. Aye me; what aet, that roares so lowd, & thun-
ders in the Imax.
Ham. Lookhe heere vpon this Piture, and on this,
The counterfet preuentment of two Brotheres:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the fronte of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kifling hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did feeme to fet his Seale,
To give the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Lookhe you now what folowes.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd ear.
Blasting his wholofm breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountain leaque to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Judgement: and what Judgement
Wou'd step from this, to this? What diewall's was't,
That thus hath coufend you at hooodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsory Ardue guies the charge,
Since Froft it selfe, as actuell doth burne,
As Reafon panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'tt mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I fee such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaque their Tinft.
Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue,
Ouer the naftY Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slauae, that is not twentie patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem ftote,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Gloft.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houver o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardie Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by
Th'important ac ting of your dread command? Oh say.

Gloft. Do not forget: this Vifitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunt purpofe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest worke.

Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayrre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping SOLDIOURS in th'Alarime,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and fland an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy difpermer
Sprinkle coole patience. Wherecon do you lookke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe consol'd, preching to stones,
Would make them capables. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this piteous aotion you conuer't,
My ferne effects: then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you feek nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Lookhe where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exit.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extaife is very cunning in.

Ham. Extaife?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madneffe,
That I have vterted; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vmction to your soule,
That not your trefpaife, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vicerous place,
While it ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infected vnfeene. Confeffe your selfe to Heauen,
Repet what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compoft or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneffe of this purifie times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courth, and woe, for leaque to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
Thau haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkeles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinffe
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are defirous to be bleft,
Ile bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,
To punishe me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minifter.
I will beffow him, and anfwear well
The death I gave him: fo againe, good night.
I must be cruel, onely to be kinde;-
Thus bad begins, and worfe remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheekes, call you his Moufe,
And let him for a pare of reechie kifles,
Or palting in your neck with his damn’d Fingers, 
Make you to rauell all this matter out, 
That I essentially am not in madnesse, 
But made in craft. ‘Twere good you let him know, 
For who that’s but a Queene, faire, sober, wife, 
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, 
Such deere concerns hide, Who would do so, 
No in despight of Senfe and Secrecie, 
Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top : 
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape 
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe 
And breake your owne necke downe. 

Qu. Be thou affur’d, if words be made of breath, 
And breath of life: I have no life to breath 
What thou haft faide to me. 

Ham. I muft to England, you know that ? 

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: ‘Tis fo concluded on. 

Ham. This man fhall let me packing: 
Ile luge the Guts into the Neighbor roome, 
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counfelloe 
Is now moft still, moft secreat, and moft graue, 
Who was in life, a foolish pratting Knaue. 
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you. 
Good night Mother. 

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius. 

Enter King. 

King. There’s matters in these lighes. 
These profound heaues 
You muft translate: ‘Tis fit we understand them. 
Where is your Sonne ? 

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night ? 

King. What Gertrude? How do’s Hamlet ? 

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend 
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit 
Behind the Arras, hearing something firre, 
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, 
And in his brainish apprehension killes 
The vnfeene good old man. 

King. Oh heauy deed : 
It had bin fo with vs had we beene there : 
His Liberty is full of threats to all, 
To you your felfe, to vs, to every one. 
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be anfwered ? 
It will be laide to vs, whose proudence 
Should haue kept short, refrained, and out of haunt, 
This mad yong man. But fo much was our loue, 
We would not understand what was moft fit, 
But like the Owner of a foule difeafe, 
To keepe it from divulging, let’s it feede 
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone ? 

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild, 
O’er whom his very madnesse like fome Oare 
Among a Mineral of Mettels bare 
Shewes it felfe pure. He weepes for what is done. 

King. Oh Gertrude, come away : 
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch, 
But we will fpit him hence, and this wilde deed, 
We muft with all our Maiesty and Skill 
Both countenance, and excuse. Enter Ref. & Guild. 

Ho Guildenfner : 
Friends both goionye you with fome further ayde: 
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius flaine, 
And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag’d him. 
Go feeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body 
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this. Exit Gent. 

Come Gertrude, we’l call vp our wilfe friends, 
To let them know both what we meane to do, 
And what’s vn timely done. Oh come away, 
My foule is full of difcord and dismay. Exeunt. 

Enter Hamlet. 

Ham. Safely flowed. 

Gentleman within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet. 

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? 
Oh here they come. Enter Ref. and Guildenfner. 
Re. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body? 

Ham. Compounded it with duft, wheroeto ‘tis Kinne. 

Rofin. Tell vs where ‘tis, that we may take it thence, 
And bear it to the Chappell. 

Ham. Do not beleue it. 

Rofin. Beleue what? 

Ham. That I can keepe your counfell, and not mine owne. 
Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re- 

ciplication should be made by the Sonne of a King. 

Rofin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord? 

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his 
Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King 
beft feruice in the end). He keepes them like an Ape in 
the corner of his law, first mouth’d to be laft fwallowed, 
when he needs what you have glean’d, it is but fquee- 
zying you, and Spundge you fhall be dry againe. 

Rofin. I vnderfand you not my Lord. 

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaufh speech sleepe in a 
foolih care. 

Rofin. My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is, 
and go with vs to the King. 

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

Guild. A thing my Lord? 

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all 
after. Exeunt. 

Rofincran. 

Enter King. 

King. I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the bodie: 
How dangerous is it that this man goes loafe: 
Yet muft not we put the strong Law on him: 
Hec’s loued of the diftrafted multitude, 
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: 
And where ‘tis fo, th’Offenders fconvre is weigh’d 
But neerer the offence : to beare all smooth, and eu’n, 
This foaine sending him away, muft feeme 
Deliberate paffe, difeases desperate growne, 
By desperate appliance are releue’d, 
Or not at all. Enter Rofin. 

Ham. How now? What hath befalne? 

Rofin. Where the dead body is bleftow’d my Lord, 
We cannot get from him. 

King. But where is he? 

Rofin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your 
pleasure. 

King. Bring him before vs. 


Enter Hamlet and Guildenferne. 

King. Now Hamlet, where’s Polonius? 

Ham. At Supper. 

King. At Supper? Where? 

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer- 
taine conuocation of wormes are e’re him at. Your worm 
is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe 
to fall vs, and we fat our felfe for Magots. Your fat King, 
and your leane Beggar is but variable feruice to difhes, 
but to one Table that’s the end. 

King. What doft thou meane by this? 

Ham.
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress through the guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seek him i'th' other place your felo: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nofe him as you go vp the flaires into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safetie Which we do tender, as we dearly greeue For that which thou hast done, muft tend thee hence With fierce Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy felo, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Thy Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see a Cherube that fee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England.

King. Follow him at foote,

Temp't him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ite haue him hence to night,

Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leans on th'Affaire, pray you make haft.

And England, in my loue thou holdest at oght, As my great power thereof may glue thee fene,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danifh Sword, and thy freer aye
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly fet
Our Souraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that eftect
The prefent death of Hamlet. Do it England,
For like the Hefticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muft cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my joyes were ne'er begun.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,

Tell him that by his licene, Fortinbras
Claims the contenueyce of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendezvous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall exprefse our dutie in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap. I will dou't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. Exit.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is infortunate, indeed diftraft, her mood will needs be pitted.

Qu. What would she haue?

Her. She speakes much of her Father; faies she heares
There's tricks shear'd in'th'world, and hem's, and betts her heart,
Spurns enouhounly at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe fene: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vfe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collectio:n: they ayme at it,
And both the wordes vp ftrt to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhapplie.

Qu. 'Twere good she were saken with,
For she may threwe dangerous coniecurres
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

To my fickle foule(as finnes true Nature is)
Each toy femees Prologue, to fome great amiffe,
So full of Artifiue lealoufie is guilt,
It fill's it felle, in fearing to be fill'd.

Enter Ophelia diftraft.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Malefy of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How fyould I your true loue know from another one?

By his Cocke hat and faffe, and his Sandal fhoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?


He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graffe-greene Turfe, at his beales a fone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White bis fhow'd as the Moutaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bdeen to the grave did not go,

With true-loue fhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dit'd you. They fay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they ask you what it meanes, fay you this:

To morrow is S. Valentine's day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

Then up be refe, & don't bis clothes, & durt the chamber dore,

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath I le make an end ont.

By gis, and by S. Charity, Alacke, and fie for fhame:
Tong men wil don't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoat fie before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ba done by yonder Sunne,

And thou bad'nt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient, but I cannot chufe but weep, to thinke they should lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her clofe,

Gie her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greeue, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,

When forrowes comes, they come not finge fpies,

But in Battaliaes. Firft, her Father flaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he muft violent Author

Of his owne luft remoue: the people muddied,

Thicke and vnwholome in their thoughts, and whifpers

For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia

Diudled from her felle, and her faire Judgement,
Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my Switters?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Meff. Saeue your felie, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peeing of his Lift)

Eates not the Flats with more impiituous haste

Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,

Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Cuftome not knoune,

The Ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry chooipe we? Laertes shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the falle Traile they cry,

Oh this is Countre you falle Danifh Dogges.

Noyse within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keppe the doore.

Oh thou vile King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaims me Baffard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaffe vnsmirched brow

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the caufe Laertes,

That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant-like?

Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon:

There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,

That Treafon can but pepe to what it would,

And little of his will. Tell me Laertes,

Why thou art thus Incenf? Let him go Gertrude.

Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I le not be Iuggel'd with.

To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackeft diuell.

Confiance and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit.

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd

Moff thoroughlie for my Father.

King. Who shall flay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,

And for my meanes, Ile husband them fo well,

They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you defire to know the certaintie

Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,

That Soop-flake you will draw both Fiend and Foe,

Winner and Loofer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:

And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,

Repafi them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.

That I am guiltieffe of your Fathers death,

And am most feffible in greefe for it,

It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce

As day do's to your eye.

A noyse within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noyse is that?

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt,

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madneffe shall be payed by waignt,

Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roofe of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet Ophelia:

Oh Heauens, is't poiffible, a yong Maids wits,

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,

It fends some precious inftance of it felfe

After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fat'd on the Beer,

Hey nonnony, nony, boy nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Deue.

Laer. Had'th thou thy wits, and did't perfwade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You muft fing downe a-downe a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is

the falle Steward that ftole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance.

Pray loue remember: and there is Paconies, that's for

Thoughts.


Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbies: ther's Rew for you, and here's some for me. Wee may call it

Herbe-Grace a Sundayes: Oh you muft weare your Rew

with a difference. There's a Dayse, I would giue you

some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyd:

They fay, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affifition, Faffion, Hell it felfe:

She turns to Faour, and to prettieneffe.

Oph. And will be not come againe,

And will be not come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never will come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flor'd was bis Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,

Gramercy on bis Soule.

And of all Chriftian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must common with your greefe,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Make choice of whom your wifht Friends you will,
And they shall have and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by dirct or by Colateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome glue,
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 us,
And we shall loyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Lear. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Ser. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir.
Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.
Say. Hee shall Sir, and't pleafe him. There's a Letter
for you Sir : It comes from th'Ambaffadours that was
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt have overtook'd this, giue those
Fellows some meanes to the King : They have Letters
for him. Ere were we two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selves too
flow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boarded them: On the instant they clore cleare of our Shippe, jo
alone became their Prifoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them... Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repair to you to me with as much haste as thou wouldst
flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
The good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance
and Guildenferne, bold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your confidence my acquittance feal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Purliued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) feeme much vnfinish'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lies almost by his lookes: and for my felfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's feo conjunctue to my life and soule;
That as the Stare mouses not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publique count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender heare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuer it Gyes to Graves. So that my Arrows
Too slighty timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Lear. And so haue I a Noble Father loft,
A Sifter druen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praifes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfecions. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your fleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, fo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be fhooke with danger,
And thinke it pafime. You shortly shall haue more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfes,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What News?

Mes. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maiestie : this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they fay, I faw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiued them.

King. Laertes you shall haue them:

Leave vs.

Exit Messenger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am yet naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow fball I begge leave to fee your
Kingly Eyes. When I fball (first asking your Pardon thereby) re-
count th'Occafions of my fodeaine, and more strange returne.

Hamlet.

What should this meanes? Are all the reft come backe ?
Or is it some abufe? Or no fuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. "This Hamlet's Characcr", naked and in a Pof-
script here he fayes alone : Can you aduife me?

Laer. I'm loft in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very fickneffe in my heart,
That I fball liue and tell him to his teeth;

Thus diddefe thou.

Kin. If it be fo Laertes, as how should it be fo :
How otherwife will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If you not o'erule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an explovt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he fball not choofe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame fhall breath,
But euen his Mother fhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Moneths hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I'ue feene my felfe, and feru'd againft the French,
And they ran well on Horfebacke; but this Gallant

Had
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to fuch wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he beeenc encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaf, fo farre he paft my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Cometh short of what he did.

Lae. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Lae. Vpon my life Lamound.
Kin. The very fame.
Lae. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And lemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And give you fuch a Matterly report,
For Art and exercife in your defence;
And for your Rapier moft efpacially,
That he cryed out, 'tould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet fo envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your fodaline comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Lae. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,
A face without a heart?

Lae. Why ask you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I fee in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the fparkes and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To fhow your felfe your Fathers fonne indeed,
More then in words?

Lae. To cut his throat in'th Church.
Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should have no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, fhall know you are come home:
We'll put on those fahrll praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not perufe the Foiles? So that with eafe,
Or with a little fhuffling, you may chooe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Lae. I will do't,
And for that purpofe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnicion of a Mountebanke
So mortal, I but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaume fo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I call him flightly
I may be death.

Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaid: therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or fecond, that might hold,
If this should blait in proofe: Soft, let me fee
We'll make a folemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowes more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but fipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woel doth tread vpone anothers heele,
So fay them follow: your Sifter's drown'd Laertes.
Lae. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes allant a Brooke,
That shews his hore leaues in the glaffie freame:
There with fantafick Garlands did he come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daylies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepheardes give a groffer name;
But our cold Maides doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambringe to hang; an enuous fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes fpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted fetnaches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diuifrfe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Into that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drank,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Lae. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Lae. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let fame fay what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

Kin. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will give it flart againe;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully feeke her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnaife she drownd her felfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It muft be Se offending, it cannot bee elfe: for
heere lies the point; If I drown me felfe wittingly, it argues an Aet: and an Aet hath three branches. It is an
Aet to doe and to perfome; argall she drown'd her felfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Give me leave; heere lies the water; good:
heere flands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drown himfelf; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drown him; hee drownes not himfelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marre is't, Crowners Quest Law.

D

Other.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for thy dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, fay a Graue-maker: the Houlfs that he makes, lafts till Doome-day: go, get thee to Taugban, fetch me a foup of Liquor.

Sing:

In youth when I did love, did love,
I thought it was very sweete:
To contraf't O the time for a my belove,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he fings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cutforme hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier fenfe.

Clowne fings.

But Age with his feeling feps
bath caught me in his clutch:
And bath fhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene fuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' ground, as if it were Caines law-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Politian which this Affe o're Offices:one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Morn sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that prais'd my Lord fuch a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n fo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazar with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to feet'. Did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne fings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a thowing-Sheets:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guefl is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quedits now? his Quillets? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he fuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fene of his Fines, and the recoverie of his Recoveries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchafes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muft the Initter himselfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheepr-skinnes?

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

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out affurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whom Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guefl is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lyte out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lyte in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lyte in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quecke, therefore thou lyte.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill wait away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord Horatio, these three years I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Peaffant comes fo neere the heele of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th yeare, I came too't that day that our laft King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

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

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.
Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The Coarse they follow, did with disparate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?
Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.
Laer. What Cerimony else?
Priet. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-fiwies the order,
She should in ground vnSanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prair,
Shar'd, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maidens frowemrets, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priet. No more be done:
We should prophane the feruice of the dead,
To sing fage Requiem, and such reft to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her faire and vppolluted fleth,
May Violets spring. I tell the(Churlish Priest)
A Minitring Angel shall my Sifter be,
When thou lefst howling ?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?
Quene, Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'rt have bin my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt(fweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woeer,
Fall ten times treble, on that cursed head
Whole wicked deed, thy most Ingeniousfence
Depri'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quickes, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountain you have made,
To o're top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of bleft Olympia.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of Sorrow
Conjure the wandering Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devill take thy foule.

Ham. Thou prai'rt not well?
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raff,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifeneffe fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eilders will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame ?
Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't wepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy felse?
Woo't drinke vp &c, eate a Crocodile?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ile doo't. Doft thou come here to whine;  
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw  
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,  
Make Offa like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,  
Ile rant as well as thou.  

Kin. This is meere Madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:  
Anon as patient as the female Doue,  
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;  
His silence will fit drooping.  

Ham. Heare you Sir:  
What is the reason that you vfe me thus?  
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:  
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may,  
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day.  

Exit.  

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other,  
You doe remember all the Circumstance.  

Hor. Remember it my Lord?  

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay  
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,  
(And praffe be rafhneffe for it) let vs know,  
Our indirection sometimes serues vs well,  
When our deare plots do paule, and that shoul teach vs,  
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.  

Hor. That is most certaine.  

Ham. Vp from my Cabin  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,  
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my defire,  
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew  
To mine owne roomes againe, making to bold,  
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale  
Their great Commission, where I found Horatio,  
Oh royall knauey : An exact command,  
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reason;  
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands too,  
With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;  
That on the superfize no leafe bated,  
No not to fay the grinding of the Axe,  
My head shoul be fruck off.  

Hor. Ift possible?  

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leyfure:  
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?  

Hor. I belefe you.  

Ham. Being thus beneted round with Villaines,  
Ere I could make a Prelogue to my braines,  
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,  
Des'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,  
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,  
A bafenese to write faire; and laboured much  
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,  
It did me Yeomans servise: wilt thou know  
The effects of what I wrote?  

Hor. I, good my Lord.  

Ham. An earnest Conciation from the King,  
As England was his faithfull Tributary,  
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,  
As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare,  
And fland a Comma'tweene their amities,  
And many fuch like Affis of great charge,  
That on the view and know of these Contents,  
Without debatement further, more or leffe,  
He shoul the bearers put to fodaine death,  
Not shruing time allowed.  

Hor. How was this feall'd?  

Ham. Why, euin in that was Heauen ordinate;  
I had my fathers Signet in my Purfe,  
Which was the Modell of that Dania Seale:  
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,  
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac't it safely,  
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day  
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fement,  
Thou know'st already.  

Hor. So Guildenfterne and Rofincrance, go to't.  

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment  
They are not neere my Confiance; their debate  
Doth by their owne innaturation grow:  
'Tis dangerous, when the bafer nature comes  
Betweene the paffe, and fell incenf'd points  
Of mighty opposites.  

Hor. Why, what a King is this?  

Ham. Does it not, thinkeft thee, fland me now vp  
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,  
Popt in betweene the'eleccion and my hopes,  
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with fuch cozenages; is not perfect confiance,  
To quitt him with this arme? And is't not to be dam'd  
To let this Canker of our nature come  
In further euill.  

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England  
What is the issue of the businesse there.  

Ham. It will be short,  
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more  
Then to fry one: but I am very forry good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot my felfe;  
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee  
The Portrait of his; Ile count his favours:  
But fure the brauery of his grieue did put me  
Into a Towring passion.  

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?  

Enter young Ofrick.  

Ofrrick. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den -  
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterfie?  

Hor. No my good Lord.  

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaf  
be Lord of Beasts, and his Cribe shall stand at the Kings  
Meffe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I faw fpacious in the pol-  
feation of dirt.  

Ofrrick. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leyfure,  
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.  

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spirits; put  
your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head.  

Ofrrick. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.  

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is  
Northerly.  

Ofrrick. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.  

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very fowle, and hot for my  
Complexion.
Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very fowry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majestie bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter. 

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon. 

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

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

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with theirs affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infaute are very deare to fancy, very repofruue to the hilt, moft delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers. 

Ham. The phraue would bee more Germaine to the matter: if we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then: but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three liberal conceit Carriages, that's the French but a-gainst the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the oppofition of your perfon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleafe his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyle bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoze; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ie gaine nothing but my shame, and the odd hits. 

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n fo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourifh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship, 

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himfelfe, there are no tongues else for tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dogge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beaure that I know the droffe age dotes on;only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the moft fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lofe this wager, my Lord. 

Ham. I doe not thinke fo, since he went into France, I haue bene in continual practice; I hall winne at the oddes: but thou would'nt thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter. 

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman. 

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey I will forfall their repair hit, and fay you are not fit. 

Ham. Not a whit, we define Augury; there's a particular Prudence in the fall of a fparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readiness is all, fince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyle, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flags of Wine on it.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. 

This preffence knowes, 
And you must needs have heard how I am punifht With fore diftraction? What I have done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneffe: Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet. 

If Hamlet from himfelfe be tane away: And when he's not himfelfe, do's wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet defies it: Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be fo, Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madneffe is poore Hamlets Enemy. 

Sir, in this Audience, 
Let my defcraffing from a purpofe euill, 
Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts, That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house, 
And hurt my Mother. 

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature, 
Whole motuie in this cafe shoulde firre me moft 
To my Reuenge. But in my terms of Honor I fland aloofe, and will no reaccompliment, 
Till by fome elder Masters of knowne Honor, 
I haue a voyce, and preffident of peace 
To keepe my name vnfor'd. But till that time, 
I do receive your offer'd love like love, 
And will not wrong it. 

Ham. I do embrace it freely, 
And will this Brothers wager frankly play. 

Glue vs the Foyle: Come on. 

Laer. Come one for me. 

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance, 
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkeft night, 
Sticke fiery off indeede. 

Laer. You mocke me Sir. 

Ham. No by this hand. 

King. Glue them the Foyle yong Ofricke, 
Coffen Hamlet, you know the wager. 

Ham. Verie well my Lord, 
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker fide. 

King. I do not feare it, 
I haue teene you both: 
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes. 

Laer. This is too heavy, 
Let me fee anothe. 

Ham. This likes me well, 
These Foyle have all a length. Prepare to play. 

Ofricke. I my good Lord. 

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table: 
If Hamlet give the firft, or second hit, 
Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange, 
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, 
The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath, 
And in the Cup an union shal he throw 
Richer then that, which foure fucceflue Kings 
In Denmarke's Crowne haue worn.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,
Dammed Dane,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

Laer. He is iuftly feru'd.
It is a poiyon temp'rd by himselfe:
Exchange forgiueneffe with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon 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 aète:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleevue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet fome Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknovne) fhall lie behind me.
If thou did'ft eu'er hold me in thy heart,
Abfent thee from felicite awhile,
And in this harfth world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afterre off, and shou't within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England gius rhs warlike volley.

Ham. O I dye Horatio:
The potent poiyon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophifie th'election lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrences more and leffe,
Which haue folicited. The refit is silence. O, o, o, o. Dyes

Hara. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels finge thee to thy reft,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.

For. Where is this fght?

Hor. What is it ye would fee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your search.

For. His quarrie cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What faeft is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou fo many Princes, at a floothe,
So bloodyly hat'ft ooke.

Amb. The fght is difmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fenefeffe that shoulde gius vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

That
That Rosinence and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?

_Hor._ Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He never gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the Polacke warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vphot, purposes misfooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

_For._ Let vs haue to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

_Hor._ Of that I shall haue always cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this fame be prefently perform'd,
Euen whyles mens minde are wilde,
Left more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

_For._ Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage.
The Souldiers Mufick, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

_Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.