

First Folio

by
William Shakespeare

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William Shakespeare



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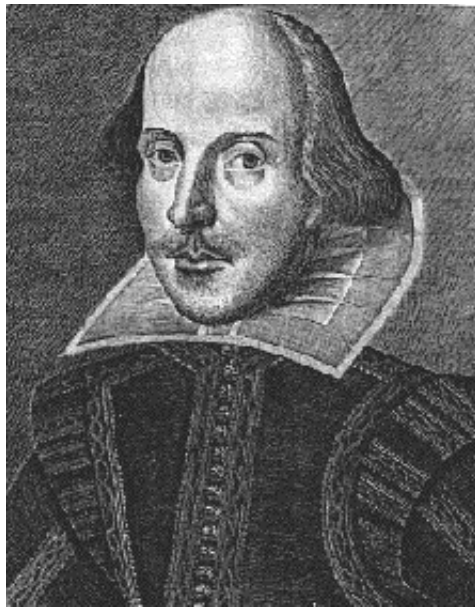
THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

nn4v

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.*
 3 *Barnardo.*
 4 Who's there?
 5 *Fran.* Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
 6 your selfe.
 7 *Bar.* Long liue the King.
 8 *Fran.* *Barnardo?*
 9 *Bar.* He.
 10 *Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre.
 11 *Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*
 12 *Fran.* For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
 13 And I am sicke at heart.
 14 *Barn.* Haue you had quiet Guard?
 15 *Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.
 16 *Barn.* Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
 17 *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.
 18 *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*
 19 *Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
 20 *Hor.* Friends to this ground.
 21 *Mar.* And Leige- men to the Dane.
 22 *Fran.* Giue you good night.
 23 *Mar.* O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
 24 *Fra.* *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
 25 *Exit Fran.*
 26 *Mar.* Holla *Barnardo.*
 27 *Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?
 28 *Hor.* A peece of him.
 29 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
 30 *Mar.* What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
 31 *Bar.* I haue seene nothing.
 32 *Mar.* *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
 33 And will not let beleefe take hold of him
 34 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
 35 Therefore I haue intreated him along
 36 With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
 37 That if againe this Apparition come,
 38 He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.
 39 *Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

40 *Bar.* Sit downe a- while,
41 And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
42 That are so fortified against our Story,
43 What we two Nights haue seene.
44 *Hor.* Well, sit we downe,
45 And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
46 *Barn.* Last night of all,
47 When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
48 Had made his course t' illumine that part of Heauen
49 Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
50 The Bell then beating one.
51 *Mar.* Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*
52 Looke where it comes againe.
53 *Barn.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
54 *Mar.* Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.
55 *Barn.* Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.
56 *Hora.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
57 *Barn.* It would be spoke too.
58 *Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.
59 *Hor.* What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
60 Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
61 In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
62 Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.
63 *Mar.* It is offended.
64 *Barn.* See, it stalkes away.
65 *Hor.* Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
66 *Exit the Ghost.*
67 *Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
68 *Barn.* How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
69 Is not this something more then Fantasie?
70 What thinke you on't?
71 *Hor.* Before my God, I might not this beleuee
72 Without the sensible and true auouch
73 Of mine owne eyes.
74 *Mar.* Is it not like the King?
75 *Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe,
76 Such was the very Armour he had on,
77 When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:
78 So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
79 He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
80 'Tis strange.
81 *Mar.* Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
82 With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
83 *Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know not:
84 But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
85 This boades some strange eruption to our State.

86 *Mar.* Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
 87 Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
 88 So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
 89 And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
 90 And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
 91 Why such impresse of Ship- wrights, whose sore Taske
 92 Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
 93 What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
 94 Doth make the Night ioynt- Labourer with the day:
 95 Who is't that can informe me?
 96 *Hor.* That can I, [nn5
 97 At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
 98 Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
 99 Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
 100 (Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
 101 Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
 102 (For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
 103 Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
 104 Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
 105 Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
 106 Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 107 Against the which, a Moity competent
 108 Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
 109 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 110 Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
 111 And carriage of the Article designe,
 112 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 113 Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
 114 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
 115 Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
 116 For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
 117 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
 118 (And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
 119 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 120 And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
 121 So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
 122 Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
 123 The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
 124 Of this post- hast, and Romage in the Land.
 125 *Enter Ghost againe.*
 126 But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
 127 Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
 128 If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
 129 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
 130 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
 131 If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate

132 (Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
 133 Or, if thou hast vp- hoorded in thy life
 134 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
 135 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 136 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.
 137 *Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
 138 *Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.
 139 *Barn.* 'Tis heere.
 140 *Hor.* 'Tis heere.
 141 *Mar.* 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost*.
 142 We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
 143 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 144 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 145 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
 146 *Barn.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
 147 *Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing
 148 Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
 149 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
 150 Doth with his lofty and shrill- sounding Throate
 151 Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
 152 Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
 153 Th' extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
 154 To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
 155 This present Obiect made probation.
 156 *Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
 157 Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
 158 Wherein our Sauious Birch is celebrated,
 159 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
 160 And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
 161 The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
 162 No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
 163 So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.
 164 *Hor.* So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.
 165 But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
 166 Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
 167 Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
 168 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 169 Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
 170 This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
 171 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 172 As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
 173 *Mar.* Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
 174 Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

176 *Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,*
 177 *Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-phelia,*
 178 *Lords Attendant.*
 179 *King.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
 180 The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
 181 To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
 182 To be contracted in one brow of woe:
 183 Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 184 That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
 185 Together with remembrance of our selues.
 186 Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
 187 Th' imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
 188 Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
 189 With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
 190 With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 191 In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
 192 Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
 193 Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
 194 With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
 195 Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras,*
 196 Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
 197 Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
 198 Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
 199 Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
 200 He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
 201 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 202 Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
 203 To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
 204 *Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.*
 205 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 206 Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
 207 To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras,*
 208 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
 209 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 210 His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
 211 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 212 Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
 213 You good *Cornelius,* and you *Voltemand,*
 214 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
 215 Giuing to you no further personall power
 216 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 217 Of these dilated Articles allow:
 218 Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.
 219 *Volt.* In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

220 *King.* We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
 221 *Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.*
 222 And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you? [nn5v
 223 You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 224 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 225 And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 226 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 227 The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
 228 The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
 229 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 230 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
 231 *Laer.* Dread my Lord,
 232 Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
 233 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
 234 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 235 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 236 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 237 And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
 238 *King.* Haue you your Fathers leaue?
 239 What sayes *Pollonius*?
 240 *Pol.* He hath my Lord:
 241 I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.
 242 *King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 243 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 244 But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
 245 *Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
 246 *King.* How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
 247 *Ham.* Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.
 248 *Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 249 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 250 Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
 251 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 252 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
 253 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
 254 *Ham.* I Madam, it is common.
 255 *Queen.* If it be;
 256 Why seemes it so particular with thee.
 257 *Ham.* Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
 258 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 259 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 260 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
 261 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
 262 Nor the dejected hauiour of the Visage,
 263 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 264 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
 265 For they are actions that a man might play:

266 But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
 267 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
 268 *King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable
 269 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 270 To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
 271 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 272 That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound
 273 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 274 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
 275 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 276 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
 277 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
 278 A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
 279 An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
 280 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 281 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 282 Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
 283 Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 284 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 285 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 286 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 287 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 288 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 289 This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 290 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 291 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 292 And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
 293 Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
 294 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 295 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 296 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 297 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 298 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 299 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.
 300 *Qu.* Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 301 I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
 302 *Ham.* I shall in all my best
 303 Obey you Madam.
 304 *King.* Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
 305 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 306 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 307 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 308 No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 309 But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
 310 And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 311 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

312 *Manet Hamlet.*
 313 *Ham.* Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 314 Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
 315 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 316 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe- slaughter. O God, O God!
 317 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 318 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 319 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 320 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 321 Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this:
 322 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 323 So excellent a King, that was to this
 324 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 325 That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
 326 Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
 327 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 328 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 329 By what is fed on; and yet within a month?
 330 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 331 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 332 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 333 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
 334 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 335 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
 336 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 337 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
 338 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
 339 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 340 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 341 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 342 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 343 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.
 344 *Enter Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.*
 345 *Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.
 346 *Ham.* I am glad to see you well:
 347 *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.
 348 *Hor.* The same my Lord,
 349 And your poore Seruant euer.
 350 *Ham.* Sir my good friend,
 351 Ile change that name with you:
 352 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*? [nn6
 353 *Marcellus*.
 354 *Mar.* My good Lord.
 355 *Ham.* I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
 356 But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?
 357 *Hor.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.

358 *Ham.* I would not haue your Enemy say so;
 359 Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
 360 To make it truster of your owne report
 361 Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
 362 But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?
 363 Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
 364 *Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
 365 *Ham.* I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
 366 I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
 367 *Hor.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
 368 *Ham.* Thrift thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt- meats
 369 Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
 370 Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
 371 Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.
 372 My father, me thinkes I see my father.
 373 *Hor.* Oh where my Lord?
 374 *Ham.* In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
 375 *Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
 376 *Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all:
 377 I shall not look vpon his like againe.
 378 *Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
 379 *Ham.* Saw? Who?
 380 *Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father.
 381 *Ham.* The King my Father?
 382 *Hor.* Season your admiration for a while
 383 With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
 384 Vpon the witsnesse of these Gentlemen,
 385 This maruell to you.
 386 *Ham.* For Heauens loue let me heare.
 387 *Hor.* Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
 388 (*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
 389 In the dead wast and middle of the night
 390 Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
 391 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
 392 Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
 393 Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
 394 By their opprest and feare- surprized eyes,
 395 Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
 396 Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
 397 Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
 398 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
 399 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 400 Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
 401 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
 402 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
 403 These hands are not more like.

404 *Ham.* But where was this?
 405 *Mar.* My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht.
 406 *Ham.* Did you not speake to it?
 407 *Hor.* My Lord, I did;
 408 But answere made it none: yet once me thought
 409 It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
 410 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 411 But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
 412 And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
 413 And vanisht from our sight.
 414 *Ham.* Tis very strange.
 415 *Hor.* As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
 416 And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
 417 To let you know of it.
 418 *Ham.* Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
 419 Hold you the watch to Night?
 420 *Both.* We doe my Lord.
 421 *Ham.* Arm'd, say you?
 422 *Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.
 423 *Ham.* From top to toe?
 424 *Both.* My Lord, from head to foote.
 425 *Ham.* Then saw you not his face?
 426 *Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
 427 *Ham.* What, lookt he frowningly?
 428 *Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
 429 *Ham.* Pale, or red?
 430 *Hor.* Nay very pale.
 431 *Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?
 432 *Hor.* Most constantly.
 433 *Ham.* I would I had beene there.
 434 *Hor.* It would haue much amaz'd you.
 435 *Ham.* Very like, very like: staid it long?
 436 *Hor.* While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-|(dred.
 437 *All.* Longer, longer.
 438 *Hor.* Not when I saw't.
 439 *Ham.* His Beard was grisly? no.
 440 *Hor.* It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
 441 A Sable Siluer'd.
 442 *Ham.* Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-|(gaine.
 443 *Hor.* I warrant you it will.
 444 *Ham.* If it assume my noble Fathers person,
 445 Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
 446 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 447 If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
 448 Let it bee treble in your silence still:
 449 And whatsoever els shall hap to night,

450 Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
 451 I will requite your loues; so fare ye well:
 452 Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
 453 Ile visit you.
 454 *All.* Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
 455 *Ham.* Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
 456 My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
 457 I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
 458 Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
 459 Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

461 *Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*
 462 *Laer.* My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
 463 And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
 464 And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
 465 But let me heare from you.
 466 *Ophel.* Doe you doubt that?
 467 *Laer.* For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
 468 Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloude;
 469 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
 470 Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
 471 The suppliance of a minute? No more.
 472 *Ophel.* No more but so.
 473 *Laer.* Thinke it no more:
 474 For nature cressant does not grow alone,
 475 In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
 476 The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
 477 Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
 478 And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
 479 The vertue of his feare: but you must feare [nn6v
 480 His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
 481 For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
 482 Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
 483 Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
 484 The sanctity and health of the whole State.
 485 And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
 486 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
 487 Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
 488 It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it;
 489 As he in his peculiar Sect and force
 490 May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
 491 Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.

492 Then weight what losse your Honour may sustaine,
 493 If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
 494 Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open
 495 To his vnmasred importunity.
 496 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
 497 And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
 498 Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 499 The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
 500 If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 501 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
 502 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 503 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 504 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 505 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 506 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 507 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.
 508 *Ophe.* I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 509 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
 510 Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
 511 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
 512 Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
 513 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 514 And reaks not his owne reade.
 515 *Laer.* Oh, feare me not.
 516 *Enter Polonius.*
 517 I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
 518 A double blessing is a double grace;
 519 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
 520 *Polon.* Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
 521 The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 522 And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
 523 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 524 See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 525 Nor any vnproportion'd thoughts his Act:
 526 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
 527 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 528 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 529 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
 530 Of each vnhatc't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 531 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 532 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 533 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 534 Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
 535 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 536 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 537 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.

538 And they in France of the best ranck and station,
 539 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
 540 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 541 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 542 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 543 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 544 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 545 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 546 Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.
 547 *Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
 548 *Polon.* The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.
 549 *Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 550 What I haue said to you.
 551 *Ophe.* Tis in my memory lockt,
 552 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
 553 *Laer.* Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
 554 *Polon.* What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
 555 *Ophe.* So please you, somthing touching the L[ord]. *Hamlet.*
 556 *Polon.* Marry, well bethought:
 557 Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 558 Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
 559 Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
 560 If it be so, as so tis put on me;
 561 And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
 562 You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
 563 As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
 564 What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
 565 *Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 566 Of his affection to me.
 567 *Polon.* Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
 568 Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
 569 Doe you beleeeue his tenders, as you call them?
 570 *Ophe.* I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
 571 *Polon.* Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
 572 That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
 573 Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
 574 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
 575 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
 576 *Ophe.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
 577 In honourable fashion.
 578 *Polon.* I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
 579 *Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
 580 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
 581 *Polon.* I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 582 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 583 Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,

584 Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
 585 Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
 586 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
 587 Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
 588 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 589 Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
 590 Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
 591 And with a larger tether may he walke,
 592 Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 593 Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
 594 Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
 595 But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
 596 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 597 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 598 I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
 599 Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
 600 As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 601 Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
 602 *Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*
 603 *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*
 604 *Ham.* The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?
 605 *Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
 606 *Ham.* What hower now?
 607 *Hor.* I thinke it lacks of twelue.
 608 *Mar.* No, it is strooke.
 609 *Hor.* Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the |(season,
 610 Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke. [oo1
 611 What does this meane my Lord?
 612 *Ham.* The King doth wake to night, and takes his |(rouse,
 613 Keepest wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
 614 And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
 615 The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
 616 The triumph of his Pledge.
 617 *Horat.* Is it a custome?
 618 *Ham.* I marry ist;
 619 And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
 620 And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
 621 More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.
 622 *Enter Ghost.*
 623 *Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.
 624 *Ham.* Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
 625 Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 626 Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
 627 Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
 628 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 629 That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

630 King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
 631 Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
 632 Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
 633 Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
 634 Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
 635 Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
 636 To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
 637 That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
 638 Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 639 Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
 640 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 641 With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
 642 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
 643 *Ghost beckens Hamlet.*
 644 *Hor.* It beckons you to goe away with it,
 645 As if it some impartment did desire
 646 To you alone.
 647 *Mar.* Looke with what courteous action
 648 It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
 649 But doe not goe with it.
 650 *Hor.* No, by no meanes.
 651 *Ham.* It will not speake: then will I follow it.
 652 *Hor.* Doe not my Lord.
 653 *Ham.* Why, what should be the feare?
 654 I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
 655 And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
 656 Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
 657 It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
 658 *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
 659 Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
 660 That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
 661 And there assumes some other horrible forme,
 662 Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
 663 And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?
 664 *Ham.* It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
 665 *Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.
 666 *Ham.* Hold off your hand.
 667 *Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
 668 *Ham.* My fate cries out,
 669 And makes each petty Artire in this body,
 670 As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
 671 Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
 672 By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
 673 I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
 674 *Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.*
 675 *Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

676 *Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
 677 *Hor.* Haue after, to what issue will this come?
 678 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
 679 *Hor.* Heauen will direct it.
 680 *Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
 681 *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*
 682 *Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-|(ther.
 683 *Gho.* Marke me.
 684 *Ham.* I will.
 685 *Gho.* My hower is almost come,
 686 When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
 687 Must render vp my selfe.
 688 *Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.
 689 *Gho.* Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 690 To what I shall vnfold.
 691 *Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.
 692 *Gho.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
 693 *Ham.* What?
 694 *Gho.* I am thy Fathers Spirit,
 695 Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
 696 And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
 697 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
 698 Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
 699 To tell the secrets of my Prison- House;
 700 I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
 701 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
 702 Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
 703 Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,
 704 And each particular haire to stand an end,
 705 Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
 706 But this eternall blason must not be
 707 To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
 708 If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue. [
 709 *Ham.* Oh Heauen!
 710 *Gho.* Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.
 711 *Ham.* Murther?
 712 *Ghost.* Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
 713 But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.
 714 *Ham.* Hast, hast me to know it,
 715 That with wings as swift
 716 As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
 717 May sweepe to my Reuenge.
 718 *Ghost.* I finde thee apt,
 719 And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
 720 That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
 721 Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:

722 It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
 723 A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
 724 Is by a forged processe of my death
 725 Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
 726 The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
 727 Now weares his Crowne.
 728 *Ham.* O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?
 729 *Ghost.* I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
 730 With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
 731 Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
 732 So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
 733 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
 734 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
 735 From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
 736 That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
 737 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 738 Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
 739 To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
 740 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
 741 So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 742 Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage. [oo1v
 743 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 744 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 745 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 746 Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
 747 With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 748 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 749 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 750 Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
 751 That swift as Quick- siluer, it courses through
 752 The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;
 753 And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
 754 And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
 755 The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
 756 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
 757 Most Lazar- like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 758 All my smooth Body.
 759 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 760 Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
 761 Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
 762 Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
 763 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 764 With all my imperfections on my head;
 765 Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
 766 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
 767 Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be

768 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 769 But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
 770 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
 771 Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
 772 And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 773 To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 774 The Glow- worme shows the Matine to be neere,
 775 And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
 776 Aduē, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit*.
 777 *Ham*. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
 778 And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 779 And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
 780 But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
 781 I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
 782 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
 783 Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
 784 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
 785 All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
 786 That youth and obseruation coppied there;
 787 And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
 788 Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
 789 Vnmixt with baser matter; yes yes, by Heauen:
 790 Oh most pernicious woman!
 791 Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
 792 My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
 793 That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
 794 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
 795 So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
 796 It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I haue sworn't.
 797 *Hor. & Mar. within*. My Lord, my Lord.
 798 *Enter Horatio and Marcellus*.
 799 *Mar*. Lord *Hamlet*.
 800 *Hor*. Heauen secure him.
 801 *Mar*. So be it.
 802 *Hor*. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
 803 *Ham*. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
 804 *Mar*. How ist my Noble Lord?
 805 *Hor*. What newes, my Lord?
 806 *Ham*. Oh wonderful!
 807 *Hor*. Good my Lord tell it.
 808 *Ham*. No you'l reueale it.
 809 *Hor*. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
 810 *Mar*. Nor I, my Lord.
 811 *Ham*. How say you then, would heart of man once |(think it?
 812 But you'l be secret?
 813 *Both*. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

814 *Ham.* There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
815 But hee's an arrant knaue.
816 *Hor.* There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
817 Graue, to tell vs this.
818 *Ham.* Why right, you are i'th' right;
819 And so, without more circumstance at all,
820 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
821 You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
822 For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
823 Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
824 Looke you, Ile goe pray.
825 *Hor.* These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
826 *Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
827 Yes faith, heartily.
828 *Hor.* There's no offence my Lord.
829 *Ham.* Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
830 And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
831 It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
832 For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
833 O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
834 As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
835 Giue me one poore request.
836 *Hor.* What is't my Lord? we will.
837 *Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.
838 *Both.* My Lord, we will not.
839 *Ham.* Nay, but swear't.
840 *Hor.* Infaith my Lord, not I.
841 *Mar.* Nor I my Lord: in faith.
842 *Ham.* Vpon my sword.
843 *Marcell.* We haue sworne my Lord already.
844 *Ham.* Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.
845 *Gho.* Swear. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*
846 *Ham.* Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-penny?
847 Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
848 Consent to swear.
849 *Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.
850 *Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
851 Swear by my sword.
852 *Gho.* Swear.
853 *Ham.* *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
854 Come hither Gentlemen,
855 And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
856 Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
857 Swear by my Sword.
858 *Gho.* Swear.
859 *Ham.* Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so |(fast?

860 A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
 861 *Hor.* Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.
 862 *Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
 863 There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
 864 Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
 865 Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
 866 How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
 867 (As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
 868 To put an Anticke disposition on:)
 869 That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
 870 With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
 871 Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
 872 As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 873 Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
 874 Or such ambiguous giuing out to note, [oo2
 875 That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
 876 So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
 877 Swear.
 878 *Ghost.* Swear.
 879 *Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
 880 With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
 881 And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 882 May doe t' expresse his loue and friending to you,
 883 God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
 884 And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 885 The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
 886 That euer I was borne to set it right.
 887 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

889 *Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.*
 890 *Polon.* Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo.*
 891 *Reynol.* I will my Lord.
 892 *Polon.* You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
 893 Before you visite him you make inquiry
 894 Of his behaiour.
 895 *Reynol.* My Lord, I did intend it.
 896 *Polon.* Marry, well said;
 897 Very well said. Looke you Sir,
 898 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 899 And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
 900 What company, at what expence: and finding
 901 By this encompassment and drift of question,

902 That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
 903 Then your particular demands will touch it,
 904 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 905 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 906 And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?
 907 *Reynol.* I, very well my Lord.
 908 *Polon.* And in part him, but you may say not well;
 909 But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
 910 Addicted so and so; and there put on him
 911 What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,
 912 As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
 913 But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
 914 As are Companions noted and most knowne
 915 To youth and liberty.
 916 *Reynol.* As gaming my Lord.
 917 *Polon.* I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 918 Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.
 919 *Reynol.* My Lord that would dishonour him.
 920 *Polon.* Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
 921 You must not put another scandall on him,
 922 That hee is open to Incontinencie;
 923 That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
 924 That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
 925 The flash and out- breake of a fiery minde,
 926 A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.
 927 *Reynol.* But my good Lord.
 928 *Polon.* Wherefore should you doe this?
 929 *Reynol.* I my Lord, I would know that.
 930 *Polon.* Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
 931 And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
 932 You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
 933 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working:
 934 Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would |(sound,
 935 Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
 936 The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
 937 He closes with you in this consequence:
 938 Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
 939 According to the Phrase and the Addition,
 940 Of man and Country.
 941 *Reynol.* Very good my Lord.
 942 *Polon.* And then Sir does he this?
 943 He does: what was I about to say?
 944 I was about say somthing: where did I leaue?
 945 *Reynol.* At closes in the consequence:
 946 At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
 947 *Polon.* At closes in the consequence, I marry,

948 He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
949 I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
950 Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
951 There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
952 There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
953 I saw him enter such a house of saile;
954 *Videlicet*, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
955 Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
956 And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach
957 With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias,
958 By indirections finde directions out:
959 So by my former Lecture and aduice
960 Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
961 *Reynol.* My Lord I haue.
962 *Polon.* God buy you; fare you well.
963 *Reynol.* Good my Lord.
964 *Polon.* Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
965 *Reynol.* I shall my Lord.
966 *Polon.* And let him plye his Musicke.
967 *Reynol.* Well, my Lord. *Exit.*
968 *Enter Ophelia.*
969 *Polon.* Farewell:
970 How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
971 *Ophe.* Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.
972 *Polon.* With what, in the name of Heauen?
973 *Ophe.* My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
974 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
975 No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
976 Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
977 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
978 And with a looke so pittious in purport,
979 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
980 To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
981 *Polon.* Mad for thy Loue?
982 *Ophe.* My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
983 *Polon.* What said he?
984 *Ophe.* He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
985 Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
986 And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
987 He fals to such perusall of my face,
988 As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
989 At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
990 And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
991 He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
992 That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
993 And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

994 And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
 995 He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
 996 For out adores he went without their helpe;
 997 And to the last, bended their light on me.
 998 *Polon.* Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 999 This is the very extasie of Loue,
 1000 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe, [oo2v
 1001 And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
 1002 As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
 1003 That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
 1004 What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
 1005 *Ophe.* No my good Lord: but as you did command,
 1006 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 1007 His accesse to me.
 1008 *Pol.* That hath made him mad.
 1009 I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
 1010 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 1011 And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:
 1012 It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
 1013 To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
 1014 As it is common for the yonger sort
 1015 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 1016 This must be knowne, being kept close might moue
 1017 More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

1019 *Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-sterne*
 1020 *Cum alijs.*
 1021 *King.* Welcome deere *Rosincrane* and *Guildensterne.*
 1022 Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
 1023 The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
 1024 Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
 1025 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 1026 Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
 1027 Resembles that it was. What it should bee
 1028 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 1029 So much from th' vnderstanding of himselfe,
 1030 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 1031 That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
 1032 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 1033 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 1034 Some little time: so by your Companies
 1035 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

1036 So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
 1037 That open'd lies within our remedie.
 1038 *Qu.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
 1039 And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
 1040 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 1041 To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,
 1042 As to expend your time with vs a- while,
 1043 For the supply and profit of our Hope,
 1044 Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
 1045 As fits a Kings remembrance.
 1046 *Rosin.* Both your Maiesties
 1047 Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
 1048 Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
 1049 Then to Entreatie.
 1050 *Guil.* We both obey,
 1051 And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
 1052 To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
 1053 To be commanded.
 1054 *King.* Thanks *Rosin*crance, and gentle *Guildensterne*.
 1055 *Qu.* Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin*crance.
 1056 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 1057 My too much changed Sonne.
 1058 Go some of ye,
 1059 And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
 1060 *Guil.* Heauens make our presence and our practises
 1061 Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*
 1062 *Queene.* Amen.
 1063 *Enter Polonius.*
 1064 *Pol.* Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
 1065 Are ioyfully return'd.
 1066 *King.* Thou still hast bin the father of good Newes.
 1067 *Pol.* Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
 1068 I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
 1069 Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
 1070 And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
 1071 Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
 1072 As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
 1073 The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.
 1074 *King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.
 1075 *Pol.* Giue first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
 1076 My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.
 1077 *King.* Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
 1078 He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
 1079 The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.
 1080 *Qu.* I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
 1081 His Fathers death, and our o're- hasty Marriage.

1082 *Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*
 1083 *King.* Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
 1084 Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?
 1085 *Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
 1086 Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
 1087 His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
 1088 To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
 1089 But better look'd into, he truly found
 1090 It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
 1091 That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
 1092 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
 1093 On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
 1094 Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
 1095 Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
 1096 To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
 1097 Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
 1098 Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
 1099 And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
 1100 So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
 1101 With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
 1102 That it might please you to giue quiet passe
 1103 Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
 1104 On such regards of safety and allowance,
 1105 As therein are set downe.
 1106 *King.* It likes vs well:
 1107 And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
 1108 Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
 1109 Meane time we thanke you, for your well- tooke Labour.
 1110 Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
 1111 Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*
 1112 *Pol.* This businesse is very well ended.
 1113 My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
 1114 What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
 1115 Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
 1116 Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
 1117 Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
 1118 And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
 1119 I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
 1120 Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
 1121 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
 1122 But let that go.
 1123 *Qu.* More matter, with lesse Art.
 1124 *Pol.* Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
 1125 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
 1126 And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
 1127 But farewell it: for I will vse no Art. [oo3

1128 Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains
 1129 That we finde out the cause of this effect,
 1130 Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
 1131 For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
 1132 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 1133 I haue a daughter: haue, whil't she is mine,
 1134 Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
 1135 Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.
 1136 *The Letter.*
 1137 *To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautifed O-phelia.*
 1139 That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
 1140 Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
 1141 bosome, these.
 1142 *Qu.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her.
 1143 *Pol.* Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
 1144 *Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,*
 1145 *Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:*
 1146 *Doubt Truth to be a Lier,*
 1147 *But neuer Doubt, I loue.*
 1148 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to*
 1149 *reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-leeue*
 1150 *it. Adieu.*
 1151 *Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this*
 1152 *Machine is to him, Hamlet.*
 1153 This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 1154 And more aboue hath his solicensing,
 1155 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 1156 All giuen to mine eare.
 1157 *King.* But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?
 1158 *Pol.* What do you thinke of me?
 1159 *King.* As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
 1160 *Pol.* I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
 1161 When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
 1162 As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
 1163 Before my Daughter told me what might you
 1164 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
 1165 If I had playd the Deske or Table- booke,
 1166 Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 1167 Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
 1168 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 1169 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 1170 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 1171 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
 1172 That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
 1173 Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
 1174 Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,

1175 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
1176 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
1177 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
1178 Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
1179 Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
1180 And all we waile for.
1181 *King.* Do you thinke 'tis this?
1182 *Qu.* It may be very likely.
1183 *Pol.* Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
1184 That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
1185 When it prou'd otherwise?
1186 *King.* Not that I know.
1187 *Pol.* Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
1188 If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
1189 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
1190 Within the Center.
1191 *King.* How may we try it further?
1192 *Pol.* You know sometimes
1193 He walkes foure houres together, heere
1194 In the Lobby.
1195 *Qu.* So he ha's indeed.
1196 *Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
1197 Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
1198 Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
1199 And be not from his reason falne thereon;
1200 Let me be no Assistant for a State,
1201 And keepe a Farme and Carters.
1202 *King.* We will try it.
1203 *Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*
1204 *Qu.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch
1205 Comes reading.
1206 *Pol.* Away I do beseech you, both away,
1207 Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
1208 Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
1209 *Ham.* Well, God- a- mercy.
1210 *Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?
1211 *Ham.* Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.
1212 *Pol.* Not I my Lord.
1213 *Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.
1214 *Pol.* Honest, my Lord?
1215 *Ham.* I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
1216 one man pick'd out of two thousand.
1217 *Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.
1218 *Ham.* For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
1219 being a good kissing Carrion—
1220 Haue you a daughter?

1221 *Pol.* I haue my Lord.
 1222 *Ham.* Let her not walke i'thSunne: Conception is a
 1223 blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
 1224 looke too't.
 1225 *Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-ter:
 1226 yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-ger:
 1227 he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
 1228 I suffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile
 1229 speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?
 1230 *Ham.* Words, words, words.
 1231 *Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?
 1232 *Ham.* Betweene who?
 1233 *Pol.* I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.
 1234 *Ham.* Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here,
 1235 that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-kled;
 1236 their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum- Tree
 1237 Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
 1238 together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
 1239 most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it
 1240 not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
 1241 selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
 1242 go backward.
 1243 *Pol.* Though this be madnesse,
 1244 Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
 1245 Out of the ayre my Lord?
 1246 *Ham.* Into my Graue?
 1247 *Pol.* Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:
 1248 How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
 1249 A happinesse,
 1250 That often Madnesse hits on,
 1251 Which Reason and Sanitie could not
 1252 So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
 1253 I will leaue him,
 1254 And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
 1255 Betweene him, and my daughter.
 1256 My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
 1257 Take my leaue of you. [oo3v
 1258 *Ham.* You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
 1259 will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
 1260 life.
 1261 *Polon.* Fare you well my Lord.
 1262 *Ham.* These tedious old fooles.
 1263 *Polon.* You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there
 1264 hee is.
 1265 *Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.*
 1266 *Rosin.* God saue you Sir.

1267 *Guild.* Mine honour'd Lord?
 1268 *Rosin.* My most deare Lord?
 1269 *Ham.* My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
 1270 *Guildensterne?* Oh, *Rosincrane;* good Lads: How doe ye
 1271 both?
 1272 *Rosin.* As the indifferent Children of the earth.
 1273 *Guild.* Happy, in that we are not ouer- happy: on For-tunes
 1274 Cap, we are not the very Button.
 1275 *Ham.* Nor the Soales of her Shoo?
 1276 *Rosin.* Neither my Lord.
 1277 *Ham.* Then you liue about her waste, or in the mid-dle
 1278 of her fauour?
 1279 *Guil.* Faith, her priuates, we.
 1280 *Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true:
 1281 she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?
 1282 *Rosin.* None my Lord; but that the World's growne
 1283 honest.
 1284 *Ham.* Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is
 1285 not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue
 1286 you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune,
 1287 that she sends you to Prison hither?
 1288 *Guil.* Prison, my Lord?
 1289 *Ham.* Denmark's a Prison.
 1290 *Rosin.* Then is the World one.
 1291 *Ham.* A goodly one, in which there are many Con-fines,
 1292 Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th'
 1293 worst.
 1294 *Rosin.* We thinke not so my Lord.
 1295 *Ham.* Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
 1296 either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is
 1297 a prison.
 1298 *Rosin.* Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis
 1299 too narrow for your minde.
 1300 *Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and
 1301 count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that
 1302 I haue bad dreames.
 1303 *Guil.* Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the
 1304 very substance of the Ambitious, is meerey the shadow
 1305 of a Dreame.
 1306 *Ham.* A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.
 1307 *Rosin.* Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and
 1308 light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.
 1309 *Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Mo-narchs
 1310 and out- stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes:
 1311 shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-son?
 1313 *Both.* Wee'l wait vpon you.

1314 *Ham.* No such matter. I will not sort you with the
1315 rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest
1316 man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten
1317 way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?
1318 *Rosin.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
1319 *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes;
1320 but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks
1321 are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it
1322 your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
1323 deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.
1324 *Guil.* What should we say my Lord?
1325 *Ham.* Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were
1326 sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes;
1327 which your modesties haue not craft enough to co-lor,
1328 I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.
1329 *Rosin.* To what end my Lord?
1330 *Ham.* That you must teach me: but let mee coniure
1331 you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
1332 our youth, by the Obligation of our euer- preserued loue,
1333 and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge
1334 you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you
1335 were sent for or no.
1336 *Rosin.* What say you?
1337 *Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me
1338 hold not off.
1339 *Guil.* My Lord, we were sent for.
1340 *Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
1341 preuent your discouery of your secrie to the King and
1342 Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
1343 I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-ercise;
1344 and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-on;
1345 that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill
1346 Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre,
1347 look you, this braue ore- hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
1348 fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
1349 to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-pours.
1350 What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
1351 Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
1352 how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-gel?
1353 in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the
1354 world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is
1355 this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no,
1356 nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme
1357 to say so.
1358 *Rosin.* My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my
1359 thoughts.

1360 *Ham.* Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights
 1361 not me?

1362 *Rosin.* To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man,
 1363 what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue
 1364 from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are
 1365 they comming to offer you Seruice.

1366 *Ham.* He that playes the King shall be welcome; his
 1367 Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous
 1368 Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall
 1369 not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in
 1370 peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
 1371 are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde
 1372 freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players
 1373 are they?

1374 *Rosin.* Euen those you were wont to take delight in
 1375 the Tragedians of the City.

1376 *Ham.* How chanches it they trauaile? their resi-dence
 1377 both in reputation and profit was better both
 1378 wayes.

1379 *Rosin.* I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes
 1380 of the late Innouation?

1381 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did
 1382 when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

1383 *Rosin.* No indeed, they are not.

1384 *Ham.* How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

1385 *Rosin.* Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
 1386 pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
 1387 Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and
 1388 are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the [oo4
 1389 fashion, and so be- ratled the common Stages (so they
 1390 call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
 1391 Goose- quils, and dare scarce come thither.

1392 *Ham.* What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
 1393 How are they escorted? Will they pursue the Quality no
 1394 longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards
 1395 if they should grow themselues to common Players (as
 1396 it is most like if their meanes are not better) their Wri-ters
 1397 do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their
 1398 owne Succession.

1399 *Rosin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides:
 1400 and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Con-trouersie.
 1401 There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-ment,
 1402 vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
 1403 the Question.

1404 *Ham.* Is't possible?

1405 *Guild.* Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of

1406 Braines.
 1407 *Ham.* Do the Boyes carry it away?
 1408 *Rosin.* I that they do my Lord. *Hercules* & his load too.
 1409 *Ham.* It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of
 1410 Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him
 1411 while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred
 1412 Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is some-thing
 1413 in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could
 1414 finde it out.
 1415 *Flourish for the Players.*
 1416 *Guil.* There are the Players.
 1417 *Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your
 1418 hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion
 1419 and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe,
 1420 lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew
 1421 fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment
 1422 then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father,
 1423 and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.
 1424 *Guil.* In what my deere Lord?
 1425 *Ham.* I am but mad North, North- West: when the
 1426 Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.
 1427 *Enter Polonius.*
 1428 *Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.
 1429 *Ham.* Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each
 1430 eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet
 1431 out of his swathing clouts.
 1432 *Rosin.* Happily he's the second time come to them: for
 1433 they say, an old man is twice a childe.
 1434 *Ham.* I will Prophetise. Hee comes to tell me of the
 1435 Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday mor-ning
 1436 'twas so indeed.
 1437 *Pol.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
 1438 *Ham.* My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
 1439 When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—
 1440 *Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.
 1441 *Ham.* Buzze, buzze.
 1442 *Pol.* Vpon mine Honor.
 1443 *Ham.* Then can each Actor on his Asse—
 1444 *Polon.* The best Actors in the world, either for Trage-die,
 1445 Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall- Comicall- Historicall- Pastorall:
 1446 Tragicall- Historicall: Tragicall- Comicall- Historicall- Pastorall:
 1447 Scene indiuidible: or Po-em
 1448 vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus*
 1449 too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are
 1450 the onely men.
 1451 *Ham.* O *Iephtha* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st

1452 thou?
 1453 *Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?
 1454 *Ham.* Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
 1455 The which he loued passing well.
 1456 *Pol.* Still on my Daughter.
 1457 *Ham.* Am I not i'th' right old *Iephta*?
 1458 *Polon.* If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daugh-ter
 1459 that I loue passing well.
 1460 *Ham.* Nay that followes not.
 1461 *Polon.* What followes then, my Lord?
 1462 *Ha.* Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It
 1463 came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the
 1464 *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my
 1465 Abridgements come.
 1466 *Enter foure or fiue Players.*
 1467 Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see
 1468 thee well: Welcome good Friends. Oh my olde Friend?
 1469 Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to
 1470 beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mi-stris?
 1471 Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when
 1472 I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God
 1473 your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd
 1474 within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne
 1475 to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l
 1476 haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your qua-lity:
 1477 come, a passionate speech.
 1478 *1.Play.* What speech, my Lord?
 1479 *Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
 1480 neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I
 1481 remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the
 1482 Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose
 1483 iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an
 1484 excellent Play; well digested in the Scoenes, set downe
 1485 with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said,
 1486 there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-uory;
 1487 nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the
 1488 Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One
 1489 cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale
 1490 to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks
 1491 of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at
 1492 this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like
 1493 th'*Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
 1494 The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
 1495 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 1496 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
 1497 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd

1498 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 1499 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 1500 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
 1501 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 1502 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 1503 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 1504 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
 1505 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 1506 Olde Grandsire *Priam* seekes.
 1507 *Pol.* Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-cent,
 1508 and good discretion.
 1509 *1.Player.* Anon he findes him,
 1510 Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
 1511 Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
 1512 Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
 1513 *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
 1514 But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
 1515 Th' vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
 1516 Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
 1517 Stoo pes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
 1518 Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
 1519 Which was declining on the Milkie head
 1520 Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to sticke: [oo4v
 1521 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 1522 And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
 1523 But as we often see against some storme,
 1524 A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
 1525 The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
 1526 As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
 1527 Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
 1528 A row sed Vengeance sets him new a- worke,
 1529 And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
 1530 On Mars his Armour s, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
 1531 With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
 1532 Now falles on *Priam*.
 1533 Out, out, thou Strumpet- Fortune, all you Gods,
 1534 In generall Synod take away her power:
 1535 Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
 1536 And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
 1537 As low as to the Fiends.
 1538 *Pol.* This is too long.
 1539 *Ham.* It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-thee
 1540 say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
 1541 sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.
 1542 *1.Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.
 1543 *Ham.* The inobled Queene?

1544 *Pol.* That's good: Inobled Queene is good.
 1545 1.*Play.* Run bare- foot vp and downe,
 1546 Threatning the flame
 1547 With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
 1548 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
 1549 About her lanke and all ore- teamed Loines,
 1550 A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.
 1551 Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
 1552 'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
 1553 But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
 1554 When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
 1555 In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
 1556 The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
 1557 (Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
 1558 Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
 1559 And passion in the Gods.
 1560 *Pol.* Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
 1561 ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.
 1562 *Ham.* 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
 1563 soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-stow'd.
 1564 Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
 1565 the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
 1566 your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
 1567 their ill report while you liued.
 1568 *Pol.* My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-sart.
 1570 *Ham.* Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
 1571 after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse
 1572 them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
 1573 deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
 1574 in.
 1575 *Pol.* Come sirs. *Exit Polon.*
 1576 *Ham.* Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-row.
 1577 Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
 1578 murther of *Gonzago*?
 1579 *Play.* I my Lord.
 1580 *Ham.* Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
 1581 need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
 1582 I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?
 1583 *Play.* I my Lord.
 1584 *Ham.* Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
 1585 mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
 1586 you are welcome to *Elsonower*?
 1587 *Rosin.* Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*
 1588 *Manet Hamlet.*
 1589 *Ham.* I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
 1590 Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?

1591 Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
 1592 But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
 1593 Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
 1594 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
 1595 Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
 1596 A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
 1597 With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
 1598 For *Hecuba*?
 1599 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 1600 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 1601 Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
 1602 That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 1603 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
 1604 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 1605 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 1606 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 1607 A dull and muddy- metled Rascall, peake
 1608 Like Iohn a- dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
 1609 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 1610 Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
 1611 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
 1612 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a- crosse?
 1613 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 1614 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 1615 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 1616 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 1617 But I am Pigeon- Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
 1618 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 1619 I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
 1620 With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 1621 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
 1622 Oh Vengeance!
 1623 Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,
 1624 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
 1625 Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
 1626 Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
 1627 And fall a Cursing like a very Drab.
 1628 A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
 1629 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 1630 Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene,
 1631 Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 1632 They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
 1633 For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
 1634 With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
 1635 Play something like the murder of my Father,
 1636 Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,

1637 Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench
 1638 I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
 1639 May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
 1640 T' assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
 1641 Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
 1642 As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 1643 Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
 1644 More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
 1645 Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*
 1646 *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-sincrance,*
 1647 *Guildestern, and Lords.*
 1648 *King.* And can you by no drift of circumstance
 1649 Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
 1650 Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet [oo5
 1651 With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
 1652 *Rosin.* He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
 1653 But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
 1654 *Guil.* Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
 1655 But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
 1656 When we would bring him on to some Confession
 1657 Of his true state.
 1658 *Qu.* Did he receiue you well?
 1659 *Rosin.* Most like a Gentleman.
 1660 *Guild.* But with much forcing of his disposition.
 1661 *Rosin.* Niggard of question, but of our demands
 1662 Most free in his reply.
 1663 *Qu.* Did you assay him to any pastime?
 1664 *Rosin.* Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
 1665 We ore- wrought on the way: of these we told him,
 1666 And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
 1667 To heare of it: They are about the Court,
 1668 And (as I thinke) they haue already order
 1669 This night to play before him.
 1670 *Pol.* 'Tis most true:
 1671 And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
 1672 To heare, and see the matter.
 1673 *King.* With all my heart, and it doth much content me
 1674 To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
 1675 Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
 1676 To these delights.
 1677 *Rosin.* We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
 1678 *King.* Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
 1679 For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
 1680 That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
 1681 Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
 1682 Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene

1683 We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
 1684 And gather by him, as he is behaued,
 1685 If't be th' affliction of his loue, or no.
 1686 That thus he suffers for.
 1687 *Qu.* I shall obey you,
 1688 And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
 1689 That your good Beauties be the happy cause
 1690 Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
 1691 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 1692 To both your Honors.
 1693 *Ophe.* Madam, I wish it may.
 1694 *Pol.* *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
 1695 We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
 1696 That shew of such an exercise may colour
 1697 Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
 1698 'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
 1699 And pious Action, we do surge o're
 1700 The diuell himselfe.
 1701 *King.* Oh 'tis true:
 1702 How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
 1703 The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
 1704 Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
 1705 Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
 1706 Oh heaue burthen!
 1707 *Pol.* I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
 1708 *Exeunt.*
 1709 *Enter Hamlet.*
 1710 *Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 1711 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 1712 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
 1713 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 1714 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 1715 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
 1716 The Heart- ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
 1717 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
 1718 Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
 1719 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 1720 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 1721 When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
 1722 Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
 1723 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 1724 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 1725 The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
 1726 The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
 1727 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 1728 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,

1729 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
 1730 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
 1731 To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
 1732 But that the dread of something after death,
 1733 The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne
 1734 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
 1735 And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
 1736 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 1737 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
 1738 And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
 1739 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
 1740 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 1741 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 1742 And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 1743 The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
 1744 Be all my sinnes remembred.
 1745 *Ophe.* Good my Lord,
 1746 How does your Honor for this many a day?
 1747 *Ham.* I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
 1748 *Ophe.* My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
 1749 That I haue longed long to re- deliuer.
 1750 I pray you now, receiue them.
 1751 *Ham.* No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
 1752 *Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
 1753 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 1754 As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
 1755 Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
 1756 Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
 1757 There my Lord.
 1758 *Ham.* Ha, ha: Are you honest?
 1759 *Ophe.* My Lord.
 1760 *Ham.* Are you faire?
 1761 *Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship?
 1762 *Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
 1763 should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
 1764 *Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
 1765 then your Honestie?
 1766 *Ham.* I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
 1767 transforme Honestie from what is, to a Bawd, then the
 1768 force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
 1769 This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
 1770 proofe. I did loue you once.
 1771 *Ophe.* Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.
 1772 *Ham.* You should not haue beleued me. For vertue
 1773 cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish
 1774 of it. I loued you not.

1775 *Ophe.* I was the more deceiued.

1776 *Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou
 1777 be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
 1778 but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-ter
 1779 my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-uengefull,
 1780 Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
 1781 then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
 1782 them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such [oo5v
 1783 Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
 1784 We are arrant Knaues all, beleuee none of vs. Goe thy
 1785 wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

1786 *Ophe.* At home, my Lord.

1787 *Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
 1788 play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

1789 *Ophe.* O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

1790 *Ham.* If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
 1791 for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
 1792 thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
 1793 Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
 1794 for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you
 1795 make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-well.

1797 *Ophe.* O heauenly Powers, restore him.

1798 *Ham.* I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
 1799 God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-other:
 1800 you gidge, you amble, and you lisper, and nickname
 1801 Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-norance.
 1802 Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
 1803 I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
 1804 married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
 1805 as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

1806 *Ophe.* O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
 1807 The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
 1808 Th' expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
 1809 The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
 1810 Th' obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
 1811 Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
 1812 That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
 1813 Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
 1814 Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
 1815 That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
 1816 Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
 1817 T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

1818 *Enter King, and Polonius.*

1819 *King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
 1820 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
 1821 Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?

1822 O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
 1823 And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
 1824 Will be some danger, which to preuent
 1825 I haue in quicke determination
 1826 Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
 1827 For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
 1828 Haply the Seas and Countries different
 1829 With variable Obiects, shall expell
 1830 This something setled matter in his heart:
 1831 Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
 1832 From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?
 1833 *Pol.* It shall do well. But yet do I beleuee
 1834 The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
 1835 Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
 1836 You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
 1837 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 1838 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 1839 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 1840 To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
 1841 And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
 1842 Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
 1843 To England send him: Or confine him where
 1844 Your wisdome best shall thinke.
 1845 *King.* It shall be so:
 1846 Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.
 1847 *Exeunt.*
 1848 *Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.*
 1849 *Ham.* Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 1850 it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
 1851 as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town- Cryer
 1852 had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
 1853 your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-rent,
 1854 Tempest, and (as I say) the Whirle- winde of
 1855 Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
 1856 may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
 1857 to see a robustious Pery- wig- pated Fellow, teare a Passi-on
 1858 to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
 1859 Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
 1860 nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
 1861 haue such a Fellow whipt for o're- doing Termagant: it
 1862 out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.
 1863 *Player.* I warrant your Honor.
 1864 *Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
 1865 Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
 1866 the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:
 1867 That you ore- stop not the modestie of Nature; for any

1868 thing so ouer- done, is fro[m] the purpose of Playing, whose
 1869 end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere
 1870 the Mirrou vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
 1871 Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and
 1872 Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this
 1873 ouer- done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskil-full
 1874 laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The
 1875 censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way
 1876 a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players
 1877 that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that
 1878 highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing
 1879 the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
 1880 or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue
 1881 thought some of Natures Iouerney- men had made men,
 1882 and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab-hominably.
 1884 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
 1885 vs, Sir.
 1886 *Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those that
 1887 play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for
 1888 them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh,
 1889 to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh
 1890 too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question
 1891 of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, &
 1892 shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses
 1893 it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*
 1894 *Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.*
 1895 How now my Lord,
 1896 Will the King heare this peece of Worke?
 1897 *Pol.* And the Queene too, and that presently.
 1898 *Ham.* Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
 1899 Will you two helpe to hasten them?
 1900 *Both.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*
 1901 *Enter Horatio.*
 1902 *Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*?
 1903 *Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.
 1904 *Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man
 1905 As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.
 1906 *Hora.* O my deere Lord.
 1907 *Ham.* Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
 1908 For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
 1909 That no Reuennue hast, but thy good spirits [oo6
 1910 To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
 1911 No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
 1912 And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
 1913 Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
 1914 Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,

1915 And could of men distinguish, her election
 1916 Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
 1917 As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
 1918 A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
 1919 Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
 1920 Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co- mingled,
 1921 That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger.
 1922 To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
 1923 That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
 1924 In my hearts Core. I, in my Heart of heart,
 1925 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 1926 There is a Play to night to before the King.
 1927 One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance
 1928 Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
 1929 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a- foot,
 1930 Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
 1931 Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
 1932 Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
 1933 It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
 1934 And my Imaginations are as foule
 1935 As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
 1936 For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:
 1937 And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
 1938 To censure of his seeming.
 1939 *Hora.* Well my Lord.
 1940 If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
 1941 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.
 1942 *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,*
 1943 *Guildesterne, and other Lords attendant with*
 1944 *his Guard carrying Torches. Danish*
 1945 *March. Sound a Flourish.*
 1946 *Ham.* They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
 1947 Get you a place.
 1948 *King.* How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?
 1949 *Ham.* Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
 1950 the Ayre promise- cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
 1951 *King.* I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
 1952 words are not mine.
 1953 *Ham.* No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
 1954 i'th' Vniuersity, you say?
 1955 *Polon.* That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
 1956 Actor.
 1957 *Ham.* And what did you enact?
 1958 *Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol:
 1959 *Brutus* kill'd me.
 1960 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a

1961 Calfe there. Be the Players ready?
 1962 *Rosin.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.
 1963 *Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.
 1964 *Ha.* No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.
 1965 *Pol.* Oh ho, do you marke that?
 1966 *Ham.* Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?
 1967 *Ophe.* No my Lord.
 1968 *Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
 1969 *Ophe.* I my Lord.
 1970 *Ham.* Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
 1971 *Ophe.* I thinke nothing, my Lord.
 1972 *Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly betweene Maids legs
 1973 *Ophe.* What is my Lord?
 1974 *Ham.* Nothing.
 1975 *Ophe.* You are merrie, my Lord?
 1976 *Ham.* Who I?
 1977 *Ophe.* I my Lord.
 1978 *Ham.* Oh God, your onely ligge- maker: what should
 1979 a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-ly
 1980 my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
 1981 Houres.
 1982 *Ophe.* Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.
 1983 *Ham.* So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
 1984 for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-neths
 1985 ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
 1986 great mans Memorie, may out- liue his life halfe a yeare:
 1987 But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall
 1988 he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby- horsse, whose
 1989 Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby- horse is forgot.
 1990 *Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.*
 1991 *Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embra-cing*
 1992 *him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto*
 1993 *him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.*
 1994 *Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him*
 1995 *a- sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his*
 1996 *Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and*
 1997 *Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and*
 1998 *makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or*
 1999 *three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.*
 2000 *The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the*
 2001 *Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnwilling awhile,*
 2002 *but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt*
 2003 *Ophe.* What meanes this, my Lord?
 2004 *Ham.* Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes
 2005 Mischeefe.
 2006 *Ophe.* Belike this shew imports the Argument of the

2007 Play?
 2008 *Ham.* We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
 2009 cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.
 2010 *Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this shew meant?
 2011 *Ham.* I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not
 2012 you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it
 2013 meanes.
 2014 *Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
 2015 Play.
 2016 *Enter Prologue.*
 2017 *For vs, and for our Tragedie,*
 2018 *Heere stooping to your Clemencie:*
 2019 *We begge your hearing Patientlie.*
 2020 *Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
 2021 *Ophe.* 'Tis briefe my Lord.
 2022 *Ham.* As Womans loue.
 2023 *Enter King and his Queene.*
 2024 *King.* Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
 2025 Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
 2026 And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
 2027 About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
 2028 Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
 2029 Vnite comutuell, in most sacred Bands.
 2030 *Bap.* So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
 2031 Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
 2032 But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
 2033 So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
 2034 That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
 2035 Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
 2036 For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie, [oo6v
 2037 In neither ought, or in extremity:
 2038 Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
 2039 And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.
 2040 *King.* Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
 2041 My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
 2042 And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
 2043 Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
 2044 For Husband shalt thou—
 2045 *Bap.* Oh confound the rest:
 2046 Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
 2047 In second Husband, let me be accurst,
 2048 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
 2049 *Ham.* Wormwood, Wormwood.
 2050 *Bapt.* The instances that second Marriage moue,
 2051 Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
 2052 A second time, I kill my Husband dead,

2053 When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
 2054 *King.* I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:
 2055 But what we do determine, oft we breake:
 2056 Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
 2057 Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
 2058 Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,
 2059 But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
 2060 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 2061 To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
 2062 What to our selues in passion we propose,
 2063 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 2064 The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
 2065 Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:
 2066 Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
 2067 Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
 2068 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 2069 That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
 2070 For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 2071 Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
 2072 The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
 2073 The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
 2074 And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
 2075 For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
 2076 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 2077 Directly seasons him his Enemie.
 2078 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 2079 Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
 2080 That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
 2081 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 2082 So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
 2083 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
 2084 *Bap.* Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
 2085 Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
 2086 Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
 2087 Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
 2088 Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 2089 If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
 2090 *Ham.* If she should breake it now.
 2091 *King.* 'Tis deeply sworne:
 2092 Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
 2093 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 2094 The tedious day with sleepe.
 2095 *Qu.* Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
 2096 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*
 2097 *Ham.* Madam, how like you this Play?
 2098 *Qu.* The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

2099 *Ham.* Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
 2100 *King.* Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-fence
 2101 in't?
 2102 *Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-fence
 2103 i'th' world.
 2104 *King.* What do you call the Play?
 2105 *Ham.* The Mouse- trap: Marry how? Tropically:
 2106 This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gon-zago*
 2107 is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista:* you shall see
 2108 anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
 2109 Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
 2110 vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrunge.
 2111 *Enter Lucianus.*
 2112 This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
 2113 *Ophe.* You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
 2114 *Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
 2115 if I could see the Puppets dallying.
 2116 *Ophe.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
 2117 *Ham.* It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
 2118 edge.
 2119 *Ophe.* Still better and worse.
 2120 *Ham.* So you mistake Husbands.
 2121 Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
 2122 begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-ueenge.
 2124 *Lucian.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
 2125 Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
 2126 Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
 2127 Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
 2128 With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 2129 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
 2130 On wholesome life, vsurpe immediately.
 2131 *Powres the poyson in his eares.*
 2132 *Ham.* He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
 2133 name's *Gonzago:* the Story is extant and writ in choyce
 2134 Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
 2135 loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
 2136 *Ophe.* The King rises.
 2137 *Ham.* What, frighted with false fire.
 2138 *Qu.* How fares my Lord?
 2139 *Pol.* Giue o're the Play.
 2140 *King.* Giue me some Light. Away.
 2141 *All.* Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*
 2142 *Manet Hamlet & Horatio.*
 2143 *Ham.* Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
 2144 The Hart vngalled play:
 2145 For some must watch, while some must sleepe;

2146 So runnes the world away.
 2147 Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 2148 my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
 2149 Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
 2150 of Players sir.
 2151 *Hor.* Halfe a share.
 2152 *Ham.* A whole one I,
 2153 For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
 2154 This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
 2155 And now reignes heere.
 2156 A verie verie Paiocke.
 2157 *Hora.* You might haue Rim'd.
 2158 *Ham.* Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for
 2159 a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
 2160 *Hora.* Verie well my Lord.
 2161 *Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
 2162 *Hora.* I did verie well note him.
 2163 *Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.*
 2164 *Ham.* Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come y Recorders:
 2165 For if the King like not the Comedie,
 2166 Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
 2167 Come some Musicke.
 2168 *Guild.* Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you. [pp1
 2169 *Ham.* Sir, a whole History.
 2170 *Guild.* The King, sir.
 2171 *Ham.* I sir, what of him?
 2172 *Guild.* Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.
 2173 *Ham.* With drinke Sir?
 2174 *Guild.* No my Lord, rather with choller.
 2175 *Ham.* Your wisdome should shew it selfe more ri-cher,
 2176 to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
 2177 to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
 2178 more Choller.
 2179 *Guild.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some
 2180 frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.
 2181 *Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce.
 2182 *Guild.* The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-ction
 2183 of spirit, hath sent me to you.
 2184 *Ham.* You are welcome.
 2185 *Guild.* Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
 2186 the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-some
 2187 answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
 2188 if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
 2189 my Businesse.
 2190 *Ham.* Sir, I cannot.
 2191 *Guild.* What, my Lord?

2192 *Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer: my wits dis-eas'd.
 2193 But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-mand:
 2194 or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more
 2195 but to the matter. My Mother you say.
 2196 *Rosin.* Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath stroke
 2197 her into amazement, and admiration.
 2198 *Ham.* Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
 2199 Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-thers
 2200 admiration?
 2201 *Rosin.* She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
 2202 ere you go to bed.
 2203 *Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
 2204 Haue you any further Trade with vs?
 2205 *Rosin.* My Lord, you once did loue me.
 2206 *Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.
 2207 *Rosin.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-per?
 2208 You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-tie,
 2209 if you deny your greefes to your Friend.
 2210 *Ham.* Sir I lacke Aduancement.
 2211 *Rosin.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of
 2212 the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?
 2213 *Ham.* I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is
 2214 something musty.
 2215 *Enter one with a Recorder.*
 2216 O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why
 2217 do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you
 2218 would driue me into a toyle?
 2219 *Guild.* O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
 2220 is too vnmanly.
 2221 *Ham.* I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play
 2222 vpon this Pipe?
 2223 *Guild.* My Lord, I cannot.
 2224 *Ham.* I pray you.
 2225 *Guild.* Beleeue me, I cannot.
 2226 *Ham.* I do beseech you.
 2227 *Guild.* I know no touch of it, my Lord.
 2228 *Ham.* 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
 2229 with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your
 2230 mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
 2231 Looke you, these are the stoppes.
 2232 *Guild.* But these cannot I command to any vtterance
 2233 of hermony, I haue not the skill.
 2234 *Ham.* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
 2235 you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
 2236 seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
 2237 of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest

2238 Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-sicke,
 2239 excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
 2240 you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
 2241 plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
 2242 though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
 2243 blesse you Sir.
 2244 *Enter Polonius.*
 2245 *Polon.* My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
 2246 and presently.
 2247 *Ham.* Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
 2248 like a Camell.
 2249 *Polon.* By'th' Masse, and it's like a Camell indeed.
 2250 *Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
 2251 *Polon.* It is back'd like a Weazell.
 2252 *Ham.* Or like a Whale?
 2253 *Polon.* Verie like a Whale.
 2254 *Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
 2255 They foole me to the top of my bent.
 2256 I will come by and by.
 2257 *Polon.* I will say so. *Exit.*
 2258 *Ham.* By and by, is easily said. Leau me Friends:
 2259 'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
 2260 When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
 2261 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
 2262 And do such bitter businesse as the day
 2263 Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
 2264 Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
 2265 The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
 2266 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 2267 I will speake Daggars to her, but vse none:
 2268 My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
 2269 How in my words someuer she be shent,
 2270 To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.
 2271 *Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.*
 2272 *King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
 2273 To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
 2274 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 2275 And he to England shall along with you:
 2276 The termes of our estate, may not endure
 2277 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
 2278 Out of his Lunacies.
 2279 *Guild.* We will our selues prouide:
 2280 Most holie and Religious feare it is
 2281 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 2282 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.
 2283 *Rosin.* The single

2284 And peculiar life is bound
 2285 With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
 2286 To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
 2287 That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
 2288 The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
 2289 Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
 2290 What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
 2291 Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount.
 2292 To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
 2293 Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
 2294 Each small annexment, pettie consequence
 2295 Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
 2296 Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.
 2297 *King.* Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
 2298 For we will Fetters put vpon this feare, [pp1v
 2299 Which now goes too free- footed.
 2300 *Both.* We will haste vs. *Exeunt Gent.*
 2301 *Enter Polonius.*
 2302 *Pol.* My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
 2303 Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
 2304 To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
 2305 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 2306 'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
 2307 Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're- heare
 2308 The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
 2309 Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
 2310 And tell you what I know.
 2311 *King.* Thankes deere my Lord.
 2312 Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
 2313 It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
 2314 A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
 2315 Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
 2316 My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
 2317 And like a man to double businesse bound,
 2318 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 2319 And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
 2320 Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
 2321 Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
 2322 To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
 2323 But to confront the visage of Offence?
 2324 And what's in Prayer, but this two- fold force,
 2325 To be fore- stalled ere we come to fall,
 2326 Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
 2327 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 2328 Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
 2329 That cannot be, since I am still possest

2330 Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
 2331 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
 2332 May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
 2333 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 2334 Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
 2335 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 2336 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
 2337 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 2338 In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
 2339 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 2340 To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
 2341 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 2342 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 2343 Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
 2344 Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 2345 Art more engag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 2346 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 2347 Be soft as sinewes of the new- borne Babe,
 2348 All may be well.
 2349 *Enter Hamlet.*
 2350 *Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 2351 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
 2352 And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
 2353 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 2354 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 2355 To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
 2356 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 2357 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 2358 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
 2359 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 2360 'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
 2361 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 2362 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
 2363 Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
 2364 When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
 2365 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 2366 At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
 2367 That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
 2368 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
 2369 And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
 2370 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother staves,
 2371 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
 2372 *King.* My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
 2373 Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*
 2374 *Enter Queene and Polonius.*
 2375 *Pol.* He will come straight:

2376 Looke you lay home to him,
 2377 Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
 2378 And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stooode betweene
 2379 Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
 2380 Pray you be round with him.
 2381 *Ham. within.* Mother, mother, mother.
 2382 *Qu.* Ile warrant you, feare me not.
 2383 Withdraw, I heare him coming.
 2384 *Enter Hamlet.*
 2385 *Ham.* Now Mother, what's the matter?
 2386 *Qu. Hamlet,* thou hast thy Father much offended.
 2387 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
 2388 *Qu.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
 2389 *Ham.* Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
 2390 *Qu.* Why how now *Hamlet*?
 2391 *Ham.* Whats the matter now?
 2392 *Qu.* Haue you forgot me?
 2393 *Ham.* No by the Rood, not so:
 2394 You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
 2395 But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
 2396 *Qu.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
 2397 *Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
 2398 boudge:
 2399 You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
 2400 Where you may see the inmost part of you?
 2401 *Qu.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
 2402 Helpe, helpe, hoa.
 2403 *Pol.* What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
 2404 *Ham.* How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
 2405 *Pol.* Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*
 2406 *Qu.* Oh me, what hast thou done?
 2407 *Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?
 2408 *Qu.* Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
 2409 *Ham.* A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
 2410 As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
 2411 *Qu.* As kill a King?
 2412 *Ham.* I Lady, 'twas my word.
 2413 Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
 2414 I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
 2415 Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
 2416 Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
 2417 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 2418 If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
 2419 If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
 2420 That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.
 2421 *Qu.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,

2422 In noise so rude against me?
 2423 *Ham.* Such an Act
 2424 That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
 2425 Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 2426 From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
 2427 And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
 2428 As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed, [pp2
 2429 As from the body of Contraction pluckes
 2430 The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
 2431 A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
 2432 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 2433 With tristfull visage as against the doome,
 2434 Is thought- sicke at the act.
 2435 *Qu.* Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thun-ders
 2436 in the Index.
 2437 *Ham.* Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
 2438 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 2439 See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
 2440 *Hyperions* curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
 2441 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
 2442 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
 2443 New lighted on a heauen- kissing hill:
 2444 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
 2445 Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
 2446 To giue the world assurance of a man.
 2447 This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
 2448 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
 2449 Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
 2450 Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
 2451 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
 2452 You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
 2453 The hey- day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 2454 And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
 2455 Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
 2456 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman- blinde?
 2457 O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 2458 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 2459 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
 2460 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 2461 When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
 2462 Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
 2463 As Reason panders Will.
 2464 *Qu.* O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
 2465 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
 2466 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 2467 As will not leaue their Tinct.

2468 *Ham.* Nay, but to liue
2469 In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
2470 Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
2471 Ouer the nasty Sty. e.
2472 *Qu.* Oh speake to me, no more,
2473 These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
2474 No more sweet *Hamlet*.
2475 *Ham.* A Murderer, and a Villaine:
2476 A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
2477 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
2478 A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
2479 That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
2480 And put it in his Pocket.
2481 *Qu.* No more.
2482 *Enter Ghost.*
2483 *Ham.* A King of shreds and patches.
2484 Saue me; and houere o're me with your wings
2485 You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?
2486 *Qu.* Alas he's mad.
2487 *Ham.* Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
2488 That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
2489 Th' important acting of your dread command? Oh say.
2490 *Ghost.* Do not forget: this Visitation
2491 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
2492 But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
2493 O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
2494 Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
2495 Speake to her *Hamlet*.
2496 *Ham.* How is it with you Lady?
2497 *Qu.* Alas, how is't with you?
2498 That you bend your eye on vacancie,
2499 And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
2500 Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
2501 And as the sleeping Soldiours in th' Alarme,
2502 Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
2503 Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
2504 Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
2505 Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
2506 *Ham.* On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
2507 His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
2508 Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
2509 Least with this pitteous action you conuert
2510 My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
2511 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
2512 *Qu.* To who do you speake this?
2513 *Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

2514 *Qu.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
 2515 *Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare?
 2516 *Qu.* No, nothing but our selues.
 2517 *Ham.* Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
 2518 My Father in his habite, as he liued,
 2519 Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
 2520 *Qu.* This is the very coynage of your Braine,
 2521 This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
 2522 *Ham.* Extasie?
 2523 My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
 2524 And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
 2525 That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
 2526 And I the matter will re- word: which madnesse
 2527 Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
 2528 Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
 2529 That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
 2530 It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
 2531 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
 2532 Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
 2533 Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
 2534 And do not spred the Compost on the Weedes,
 2535 To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
 2536 For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
 2537 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 2538 Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.
 2539 *Qu.* Oh *Hamlet*,
 2540 Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
 2541 *Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it,
 2542 And liue the purer with the other halfe.
 2543 Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
 2544 Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
 2545 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 2546 To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
 2547 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 2548 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
 2549 I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
 2550 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 2551 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 2552 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 2553 The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.
 2554 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
 2555 Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.
 2556 *Qu.* What shall I do?
 2557 *Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
 2558 Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
 2559 Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,

2560 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses, [pp2v
 2561 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
 2562 Make you to rauell all this matter out,
 2563 That I essentially am not in madnesse,
 2564 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 2565 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 2566 Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
 2567 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
 2568 No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
 2569 Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
 2570 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 2571 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
 2572 And breake your owne necke downe.
 2573 *Qu.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 2574 And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
 2575 What thou hast saide to me.
 2576 *Ham.* I must to England, you know that?
 2577 *Qu.* Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.
 2578 *Ham.* This man shall set me packing:
 2579 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
 2580 Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
 2581 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 2582 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
 2583 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 2584 Good night Mother.
 2585 *Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*
 2586 *Enter King.*
 2587 *King.* There's matters in these sighes.
 2588 These profound heaues
 2589 You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
 2590 Where is your Sonne?
 2591 *Qu.* Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?
 2592 *King.* What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?
 2593 *Qu.* Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 2594 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 2595 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
 2596 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
 2597 And in his brainish apprehension killes
 2598 The vnseene good old man.
 2599 *King.* Oh heauy deed:
 2600 It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
 2601 His Liberty is full of threats to all,
 2602 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
 2603 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
 2604 It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
 2605 Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

2606 This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
 2607 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 2608 But like the Owner of a foule disease,
 2609 To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
 2610 Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
 2611 *Qu.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 2612 O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
 2613 Among a Minerall of Mettels base
 2614 Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.
 2615 *King.* Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
 2616 The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
 2617 But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
 2618 We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
 2619 Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
 2620 *Ho Guildenstern:*
 2621 Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
 2622 *Hamlet* in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
 2623 And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
 2624 Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
 2625 Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
 2626 Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,
 2627 To let them know both what we meane to do,
 2628 And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
 2629 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*
 2630 *Enter Hamlet.*
 2631 *Ham.* Safely stowed.
 2632 *Gentlemen within.* *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.
 2633 *Ham.* What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
 2634 Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*
 2635 *Ro.* What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?
 2636 *Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.
 2637 *Rosin.* Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 2638 And beare it to the Chappell.
 2639 *Ham.* Do not beleeeue it.
 2640 *Rosin.* Beleeue what?
 2641 *Ham.* That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 2642 owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-plication
 2643 should be made by the Sonne of a King.
 2644 *Rosin.* Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?
 2645 *Ham.* I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
 2646 Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 2647 best seruice in the end. He keepees them like an Ape in
 2648 the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
 2649 when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-zing
 2650 you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.
 2651 *Rosin.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.

2652 *Ham.* I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a
 2653 foolish eare.

2654 *Rosin.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
 2655 and go with vs to the King.

2656 *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not
 2657 with the body. The King, is a thing—

2658 *Guild.* A thing my Lord?

2659 *Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
 2660 after. *Exeunt*

2661 *Enter King.*

2662 *King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
 2663 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
 2664 Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
 2665 Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
 2666 Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
 2667 And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
 2668 But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
 2669 This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
 2670 Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
 2671 By desperate appliance are releued,
 2672 Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

2673 How now? What hath befalne?

2674 *Rosin.* Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
 2675 We cannot get from him.

2676 *King.* But where is he?

2677 *Rosin.* Without my Lord, guarded to know your
 2678 pleasure.

2679 *King.* Bring him before vs.

2680 *Rosin.* Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord.

2681 *Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.*

2682 *King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

2683 *Ham.* At Supper.

2684 *King.* At Supper? Where?

2685 *Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-taine
 2686 conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
 2687 is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else
 2688 to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
 2689 and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
 2690 but to one Table that's the end.

2691 *King.* What dost thou meane by this? [pp3

2692 *Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
 2693 a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

2694 *King.* Where is *Polonius*.

2695 *Ham.* In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-ger
 2696 finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
 2697 selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you

2698 shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.
 2699 *King.* Go seeke him there.
 2700 *Ham.* He will stay till ye come.
 2701 *K. Hamlet,* this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
 2702 Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
 2703 For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
 2704 With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
 2705 The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
 2706 Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
 2707 For England.
 2708 *Ham.* For England?
 2709 *King.* I *Hamlet.*
 2710 *Ham.* Good.
 2711 *King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
 2712 *Ham.* I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
 2713 England. Farewell deere Mother.
 2714 *King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*
 2715 *Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
 2716 wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
 2717 for England. *Exit*
 2718 *King.* Follow him at foote,
 2719 Tempt him with speed aboard:
 2720 Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
 2721 Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
 2722 That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.
 2723 And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
 2724 As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
 2725 Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
 2726 After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
 2727 Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
 2728 Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
 2729 By Letters coniuring to that effect
 2730 The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
 2731 For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
 2732 And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
 2733 How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*
 2734 *Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*
 2735 *For.* Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
 2736 Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
 2737 Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
 2738 Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
 2739 If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
 2740 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
 2741 And let him know so.
 2742 *Cap.* I will doo't, my Lord.
 2743 *For.* Go safely on. *Exit.*

2744 *Enter Queene and Horatio.*
 2745 *Qu.* I will not speake with her.
 2746 *Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
 2747 will needs be pittied.
 2748 *Qu.* What would she haue?
 2749 *Hor.* She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
 2750 There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 2751 Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
 2752 That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
 2753 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
 2754 The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
 2755 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
 2756 Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 2757 Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
 2758 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
 2759 *Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with,
 2760 For she may strew dangerous coniectures
 2761 In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
 2762 To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
 2763 Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
 2764 So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
 2765 It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.
 2766 *Enter Ophelia distracted.*
 2767 *Ophe.* Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.
 2768 *Qu.* How now *Ophelia*?
 2769 *Ophe.* How should I your true loue know from another one?
 2770 *By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.*
 2771 *Qu.* Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?
 2772 *Ophe.* Say you? Nay pray you marke.
 2773 *He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,*
 2774 *At his head a grasse- greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.*
 2775 *Enter King.*
 2776 *Qu.* Nay but *Ophelia*.
 2777 *Ophe.* Pray you marke.
 2778 *White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.*
 2779 *Qu.* Alas, looke heere my Lord.
 2780 *Ophe.* Larded with sweet Flowers:
 2781 *Which bewept to the graue did not go,*
 2782 *With true- loue showres.*
 2783 *King.* How do ye, pretty Lady?
 2784 *Ophe.* Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
 2785 a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
 2786 know not what we may be. God be at your Table.
 2787 *King.* Conceit vpon her Father.
 2788 *Ophe.* Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
 2789 they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

2790 *To morrow is S[aint]. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,*
 2791 *And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.*
 2792 *Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,*
 2793 *Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.*
 2794 *King. Pretty Ophelia.*
 2795 *Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.*
 2796 *By gis, and by S[aint]. Charity,*
 2797 *Alacke, and fie for shame:*
 2798 *Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,*
 2799 *By Cocke they are too blame.*
 2800 *Quoth she before you tumbled me,*
 2801 *You promis'd me to Wed:*
 2802 *So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,*
 2803 *And thou hadst not come to my bed.*
 2804 *King. How long hath she bin thus?*
 2805 *Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,*
 2806 *but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should*
 2807 *lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,*
 2808 *and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my*
 2809 *Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:*
 2810 *Goodnight, goodnight. Exit.*
 2811 *King. Follow her close,*
 2812 *Giue her good watch I pray you:*
 2813 *Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs*
 2814 *All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,*
 2815 *When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,*
 2816 *But in Battalians. First, her Father slaine,*
 2817 *Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author*
 2818 *Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,*
 2819 *Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers*
 2820 *For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly*
 2821 *In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia*
 2822 *Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement, [pp3v*
 2823 *Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.*
 2824 *Last, and as much containing as all these,*
 2825 *Her Brother is in secret come from France,*
 2826 *Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,*
 2827 *And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare*
 2828 *With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,*
 2829 *Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,*
 2830 *Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne*
 2831 *In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,*
 2832 *Like to a murdering Peece in many places,*
 2833 *Giues me superfluous death. A Noise within.*
 2834 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2835 *Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?*

2836 *King.* Where are my *Switzers*?
 2837 Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
 2838 *Mes.* Saue your selfe, my Lord.
 2839 The Ocean (ouer- peering of his List)
 2840 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
 2841 Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
 2842 Ore- beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 2843 And as the world were now but to begin,
 2844 Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
 2845 The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
 2846 They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
 2847 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
 2848 *Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.
 2849 *Qu.* How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
 2850 Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.
 2851 *Noise within. Enter Laertes.*
 2852 *King.* The doores are broke.
 2853 *Laer.* Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
 2854 *All.* No, let's come in.
 2855 *Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.
 2856 *Al.* We will, we will.
 2857 *Laer.* I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
 2858 Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
 2859 *Qu.* Calmely good *Laertes*.
 2860 *Laer.* That drop of blood, that calmes
 2861 Proclaimes me Bastard:
 2862 Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
 2863 Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
 2864 Of my true Mother.
 2865 *King.* What is the cause *Laertes*,
 2866 That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant- like?
 2867 Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
 2868 There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
 2869 That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
 2870 Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
 2871 Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
 2872 Speake man.
 2873 *Laer.* Where's my Father?
 2874 *King.* Dead.
 2875 *Qu.* But not by him.
 2876 *King.* Let him demand his fill.
 2877 *Laer.* How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
 2878 To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
 2879 Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
 2880 I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
 2881 That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

2882 Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
 2883 Most throughly for my Father.
 2884 *King.* Who shall stay you?
 2885 *Laer.* My Will, not all the world,
 2886 And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
 2887 They shall go farre with little.
 2888 *King.* Good *Laertes*:
 2889 If you desire to know the certaintie
 2890 Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
 2891 That Soop- stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
 2892 Winner and Looser.
 2893 *Laer.* None but his Enemies.
 2894 *King.* Will you know them then.
 2895 *La.* To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
 2896 And like the kinde Life- rend'ring Politician,
 2897 Repast them with my blood.
 2898 *King.* Why now you speake
 2899 Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
 2900 That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
 2901 And am most sensible in greefe for it,
 2902 It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
 2903 As day do's to your eye.
 2904 *A noise within. Let her come in.*
 2905 *Enter Ophelia.*
 2906 *Laer.* How now? what noise is that?
 2907 Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
 2908 Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
 2909 By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
 2910 Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
 2911 Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
 2912 Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
 2913 Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
 2914 Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
 2915 It sends some precious instance of it selfe
 2916 After the thing it loues.
 2917 *Ophe.* *They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,*
 2918 *Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:*
 2919 *And on his graue raines many a teare,*
 2920 *Fare you well my Doue.*
 2921 *Laer.* Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-uenge,
 2922 it could not moue thus.
 2923 *Ophe.* You must sing downe a- downe, and you call
 2924 him a- downe- a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
 2925 the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
 2926 *Laer.* This nothings more then matter.
 2927 *Ophe.* There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.

2928 Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
 2929 Thoughts.
 2930 *Laer.* A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-brance
 2931 fitted.
 2932 *Ophe.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
 2933 Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
 2934 Herbe- Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
 2935 with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
 2936 some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-ed:
 2937 They say, he made a good end;
 2938 *For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.*
 2939 *Laer.* Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
 2940 She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.
 2941 *Ophe.* And will he not come againe,
 2942 And will he not come againe:
 2943 *No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death- bed,*
 2944 *He neuer wil come againe.*
 2945 *His Beard as white as Snow,*
 2946 *All Flaxen was his Pole:*
 2947 *He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,*
 2948 *Gramercy on his Soule.*
 2949 And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
 2950 God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
 2951 *Laer.* Do you see this, you Gods?
 2952 *King.* *Laertes,* I must common with your greefe,
 2953 Or you deny me right: go but apart, [pp4
 2954 Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
 2955 And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
 2956 If by direct or by Colaterall hand
 2957 They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
 2958 Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
 2959 To you in satisfaction. But if not,
 2960 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
 2961 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
 2962 To giue it due content.
 2963 *Laer.* Let this be so:
 2964 His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
 2965 No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
 2966 No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
 2967 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
 2968 That I must call in question.
 2969 *King.* So you shall:
 2970 And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
 2971 I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*
 2972 *Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.*
 2973 *Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?

2974 *Ser.* Saylor's sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
 2975 *Hor.* Let them come in,
 2976 I do not know from what part of the world
 2977 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.
 2978 *Enter Saylor.*
 2979 *Say.* God blesse you Sir.
 2980 *Hor.* Let him blesse thee too.
 2981 *Say.* Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
 2982 for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was
 2983 bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
 2984 to know it is.
 2985 *Reads the Letter.*
 2986 *Horatio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these*
 2987 *Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters*
 2988 *for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very*
 2989 *Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too*
 2990 *slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I*
 2991 *boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so*
 2992 *I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like*
 2993 *Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe*
 2994 *a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue*
 2995 *sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest*
 2996 *flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee*
 2997 *dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.*
 2998 *These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance*
 2999 *and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them*
 3000 *I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*
 3001 *He that thou knowest thine,*
 3002 *Hamlet.*
 3003 Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
 3004 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 3005 To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*
 3006 *Enter King and Laertes.*
 3007 *King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 3008 And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
 3009 Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
 3010 That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
 3011 Pursued my life.
 3012 *Laer.* It well appeares. But tell me,
 3013 Why you proceeded not against these feates,
 3014 So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
 3015 As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
 3016 You mainly were stirr'd vp?
 3017 *King.* O for two speciall Reasons,
 3018 Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
 3019 And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,

3020 Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
 3021 My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
 3022 She's so coniunctiue to my life, and soule;
 3023 That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
 3024 I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
 3025 Why to a publike count I might not go,
 3026 Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
 3027 Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
 3028 Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
 3029 Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
 3030 Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
 3031 Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
 3032 And not where I had arm'd them.
 3033 *Laer.* And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
 3034 A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
 3035 Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
 3036 Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
 3037 For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
 3038 *King.* Breake not your sleepes for that,
 3039 You must not thinke
 3040 That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
 3041 That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
 3042 And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
 3043 I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
 3044 And that I hope will teach you to imagine—
 3045 *Enter a Messenger.*
 3046 How now? What Newes?
 3047 *Mes.* Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*, This to your
 3048 Maiesty: this to the Queene.
 3049 *King.* From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?
 3050 *Mes.* Saylor my Lord they say, I saw them not:
 3051 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.
 3052 *King.* *Laertes* you shall heare them:
 3053 Leau vs. *Exit Messenger*
 3054 *High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your*
 3055 *Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leau to see your Kingly*
 3056 *Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-count*
 3057 *th' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*
 3058 Hamlet.
 3059 What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
 3060 Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?
 3061 *Laer.* Know you the hand? [
 3062 *Kin.* 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-script
 3063 here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?
 3064 *Laer.* I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
 3065 It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,

3066 That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
 3067 Thus diddest thou.
 3068 *Kin.* If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
 3069 How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?
 3070 *Laer.* If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.
 3071 *Kin.* To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
 3072 As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
 3073 No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
 3074 To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
 3075 Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
 3076 And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
 3077 But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
 3078 And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
 3079 Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
 3080 I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
 3081 And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant [pp4v
 3082 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
 3083 And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
 3084 As had he beene encorps't and demy- Natur'd
 3085 With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
 3086 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
 3087 Come short of what he did.
 3088 *Laer.* A Norman was't?
 3089 *Kin.* A Norman.
 3090 *Laer.* Vpon my life *Lamound*.
 3091 *Kin.* The very same.
 3092 *Laer.* I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
 3093 And Iemme of all our Nation.
 3094 *Kin.* Hee mad confession of you,
 3095 And gaue you such a Masterly report,
 3096 For Art and exercise in your defence;
 3097 And for your Rapier most especiall,
 3098 That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
 3099 If one could match you Sir. This report of his
 3100 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
 3101 That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
 3102 Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
 3103 Now out of this.
 3104 *Laer.* Why out of this, my Lord?
 3105 *Kin.* *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
 3106 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 3107 A face without a heart?
 3108 *Laer.* Why aske you this?
 3109 *Kin.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
 3110 But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
 3111 And that I see in passages of prooffe,

3112 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
 3113 *Hamlet* comes backe: what would you vndertake,
 3114 To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
 3115 More then in words?
 3116 *Laer.* To cut his throat i'th' Church.
 3117 *Kin.* No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
 3118 Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 3119 Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
 3120 *Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home:
 3121 Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
 3122 And set a double varnish on the fame
 3123 The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
 3124 And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
 3125 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
 3126 Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
 3127 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 3128 A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
 3129 Requit him for your Father.
 3130 *Laer.* I will doo't.
 3131 And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
 3132 I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
 3133 So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
 3134 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
 3135 Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
 3136 Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
 3137 That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
 3138 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 3139 It may be death.
 3140 *Kin.* Let's further thinke of this,
 3141 Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
 3142 May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
 3143 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 3144 'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
 3145 Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
 3146 If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
 3147 Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
 3148 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 3149 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
 3150 And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
 3151 A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
 3152 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 3153 Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.
 3154 *Enter Queene.*
 3155 *Queen.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
 3156 So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*
 3157 *Laer.* Drown'd! O where?

3158 *Queen.* There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
 3159 That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
 3160 There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
 3161 Of Crow- flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
 3162 That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name;
 3163 But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
 3164 There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
 3165 Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
 3166 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
 3167 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
 3168 And Mermaid- like, a while they bore her vp,
 3169 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 3170 As one incapable of her owne distresse,
 3171 Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
 3172 Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
 3173 Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
 3174 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 3175 To muddy death.
 3176 *Laer.* Alas then, is she drown'd?
 3177 *Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.
 3178 *Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 3179 And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
 3180 It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
 3181 Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
 3182 The woman will be out: Aduie my Lord,
 3183 I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
 3184 But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
 3185 *Kin.* Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
 3186 How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
 3187 Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
 3188 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*
 3189 *Enter two Clownes.*
 3190 *Clown.* Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
 3191 wilfully seekes her owne saluation?
 3192 *Other.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
 3193 straight, the Crouner hath sate on her, and finds it Chri-stian
 3194 buriall.
 3195 *Clo.* How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in
 3196 her owne defence?
 3197 *Other.* Why 'tis found so.
 3198 *Clo.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
 3199 heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-gues
 3200 an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
 3201 Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
 3202 wittingly.
 3203 *Other.* Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

3204 *Clown.* Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
 3205 heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-ter
 3206 and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
 3207 marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
 3208 him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
 3209 guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.
 3210 *Other.* But is this law?
 3211 *Clo.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law. [pp5
 3212 *Other.* Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
 3213 beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried
 3214 out of Christian Buriall.
 3215 *Clo.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that
 3216 great folke should haue countenance in this world to
 3217 drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christi-an.
 3218 Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
 3219 but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue- makers; they hold vp
 3220 *Adams* Profession.
 3221 *Other.* Was he a Gentleman?
 3222 *Clo.* He was the first that euer bore Armes.
 3223 *Other.* Why he had none.
 3224 *Clo.* What, ar't a Heathen? how doth thou vnder-stand
 3225 the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;
 3226 could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another que-stion
 3227 to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-fesse
 3228 thy selfe—
 3229 *Other.* Go too.
 3230 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger then either the
 3231 Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?
 3232 *Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a
 3233 thousand Tenants.
 3234 *Clo.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
 3235 does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
 3236 that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
 3237 built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
 3238 may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.
 3239 *Other.* Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-wright,
 3240 or a Carpenter?
 3241 *Clo.* I, tell me that, and vnyoake.
 3242 *Other.* Marry, now I can tell.
 3243 *Clo.* Too't.
 3244 *Other.* Masse, I cannot tell.
 3245 *Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*
 3246 *Clo.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
 3247 dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when
 3248 you are ask't this question next, say a Graue- maker: the
 3249 Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee

3250 to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.
 3251 *Sings.*
 3252 *In youth when I did loue, did loue,*
 3253 *me thought it was very sweete:*
 3254 *To contract O the time for a my behoue,*
 3255 *O me thought there was nothing meete.*
 3256 *Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
 3257 he sings at Graue- making?
 3258 *Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-sinesse.
 3260 *Ham.* 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath
 3261 the daintier sense.
 3262 *Clowne sings.*
 3263 *But Age with his stealing steps*
 3264 *hath caught me in his clutch:*
 3265 *And hath shipped me intill the Land,*
 3266 *as if I had neuer beene such.*
 3267 *Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
 3268 once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it
 3269 were *Caines* Iaw- bone, that did the first murther: It
 3270 might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Of-fices:
 3271 one that could circumuent God, might it not?
 3272 *Hor.* It might, my Lord.
 3273 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-row
 3274 sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
 3275 might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
 3276 a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?
 3277 *Hor.* I, my Lord.
 3278 *Ham.* Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
 3279 Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
 3280 Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to
 3281 see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
 3282 to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
 3283 on't.
 3284 *Clowne sings.*
 3285 *A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,*
 3286 *for and a shrowding- Sheete:*
 3287 *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*
 3288 *for such a Guest is meete.*
 3289 *Ham.* There's another: why might not that bee the
 3290 Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
 3291 Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
 3292 doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
 3293 the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
 3294 his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
 3295 time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-nizances,
 3296 his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:

3297 Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Reco-ueries,
 3298 to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
 3299 Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-ble
 3300 ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
 3301 Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
 3302 hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe
 3303 haue no more? ha?
 3304 *Hor.* Not a iot more, my Lord.
 3305 *Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep- skinnes?
 3306 *Hor.* I my Lord, and of Calue- skinnes too.
 3307 *Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu-rance
 3308 in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's
 3309 this Sir?
 3310 *Clo.* Mine Sir:
 3311 *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*
 3312 *for such a Guest is meete.*
 3313 *Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.
 3314 *Clo.* You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
 3315 for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.
 3316 *Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
 3317 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
 3318 lyeest.
 3319 *Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
 3320 to you.
 3321 *Ham.* What man dost thou digge it for?
 3322 *Clo.* For no man Sir.
 3323 *Ham.* What woman then?
 3324 *Clo.* For none neither.
 3325 *Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?
 3326 *Clo.* One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
 3327 shее's dead.
 3328 *Ham.* How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
 3329 by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
 3330 Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
 3331 the Age is growne so pickt, that the toe of the Pesant
 3332 comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
 3333 Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue- maker?
 3334 *Clo.* Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day
 3335 that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.
 3336 *Ham.* How long is that since?
 3337 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
 3338 It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
 3339 that was mad, and sent into England.
 3340 *Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into England?
 3341 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
 3342 wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there. [pp5v

3343 *Ham.* Why?
 3344 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as
 3345 mad as he.
 3346 *Ham.* How came he mad?
 3347 *Clo.* Very strangely they say.
 3348 *Ham.* How strangely?
 3349 *Clo.* Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.
 3350 *Ham.* Vpon what ground?
 3351 *Clo.* Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixteene
 3352 heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.
 3353 *Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?
 3354 *Clo.* Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue
 3355 many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
 3356 the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine
 3357 yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.
 3358 *Ham.* Why he, more then another?
 3359 *Clo.* Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that
 3360 he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
 3361 is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
 3362 now: this Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.
 3363 *Ham.* Whose was it?
 3364 *Clo.* A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
 3365 Whose doe you thinke it was?
 3366 *Ham.* Nay, I know not.
 3367 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a
 3368 Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
 3369 Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.
 3370 *Ham.* This?
 3371 *Clo.* E'ene that.
 3372 *Ham.* Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-ratio*,
 3373 a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he
 3374 hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how
 3375 abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere
 3376 hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft.
 3377 Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your
 3378 Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to
 3379 set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own
 3380 Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies
 3381 Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this
 3382 fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee
 3383 *Horatio* tell me one thing.
 3384 *Hor.* What's that my Lord?
 3385 *Ham.* Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fa-shion
 3386 i'th' earth?
 3387 *Hor.* E'ene so.
 3388 *Ham.* And smelt so? Puh.

3389 *Hor.* E'ene so, my Lord.
 3390 *Ham.* To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*.
 3391 Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *A-lexander*,
 3392 till he find it stopping a bunghole.
 3393 *Hor.* 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.
 3394 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
 3395 with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.
 3396 *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re-turneth
 3397 into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
 3398 Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-ted)
 3399 might they not stopp a Beere- barrell?
 3400 Imperiall *Caesar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
 3401 Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
 3402 Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 3403 Should patch a Wall, t' expell the winters flaw.
 3404 But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.
 3405 *Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,*
 3406 *with Lords attendant.*
 3407 The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
 3408 And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
 3409 The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
 3410 Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
 3411 Couch we a while, and mark.
 3412 *Laer.* What Cerimony else?
 3413 *Ham.* That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.
 3414 *Laer.* What Cerimony else?
 3415 *Priest.* Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
 3416 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
 3417 And but that great Command, o're- swaies the order,
 3418 She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
 3419 Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
 3420 Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
 3421 Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
 3422 Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 3423 Of Bell and Buriall.
 3424 *Laer.* Must there no more be done ?
 3425 *Priest.* No more be done:
 3426 We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
 3427 To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
 3428 As to peace- parted Soules.
 3429 *Laer.* Lay her i'th' earth,
 3430 And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
 3431 May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
 3432 A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
 3433 When thou liest howling?
 3434 *Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia*?

3435 *Queene.* Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
 3436 I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
 3437 I thought thy Bride- bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
 3438 And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.
 3439 *Laer.* Oh terrible woer,
 3440 Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
 3441 Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
 3442 Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
 3443 Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
 3444 *Leaps in the graue.*
 3445 Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
 3446 Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
 3447 To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
 3448 Of blew *Olympus*.
 3449 *Ham.* What is he, whose griefes
 3450 Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
 3451 Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
 3452 Like wonder- wounded hearers? This is I,
 3453 *Hamlet* the Dane.
 3454 *Laer.* The deuill take thy soule.
 3455 *Ham.* Thou prai'st not well,
 3456 I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
 3457 Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
 3458 Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
 3459 Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.
 3460 *King.* Pluck them asunder.
 3461 *Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.*
 3462 *Gen.* Good my Lord be quiet.
 3463 *Ham.* Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
 3464 Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.
 3465 *Qu.* Oh my Sonne, what Theame?
 3466 *Ham.* I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
 3467 Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
 3468 Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?
 3469 *King.* Oh he is mad *Laertes*,
 3470 *Qu.* For loue of God forbear him.
 3471 *Ham.* Come show me what thou'lt doe.
 3472 Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
 3473 Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile? [pp6
 3474 Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
 3475 To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
 3476 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 3477 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 3478 Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
 3479 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 3480 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,

3481 Ile rant as well as thou.
 3482 *Kin.* This is meere Madnesse:
 3483 And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
 3484 Anon as patient as the female Doue,
 3485 When that her Golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
 3486 His silence will sit drooping.
 3487 *Ham.* Heare you Sir:
 3488 What is the reason that you vse me thus?
 3489 I lou'd you euer; but it is no matter:
 3490 Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
 3491 The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*
 3492 *Kin.* I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
 3493 Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
 3494 Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
 3495 Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
 3496 This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
 3497 An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
 3498 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*
 3499 *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*
 3500 *Ham.* So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
 3501 You doe remember all the Circumstance.
 3502 *Hor.* Remember it my Lord?
 3503 *Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
 3504 That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
 3505 Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
 3506 (And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
 3507 Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
 3508 When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
 3509 There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
 3510 Rough- hew them how we will.
 3511 *Hor.* That is most certaine.
 3512 *Ham.* Vp from my Cabin
 3513 My sea- gowne scarft about me in the darke,
 3514 Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
 3515 Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
 3516 To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
 3517 (My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
 3518 Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
 3519 Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
 3520 Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
 3521 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
 3522 With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
 3523 That on the superuize no leasure bated,
 3524 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 3525 My head should be struck off.
 3526 *Hor.* Ist possible?

3527 *Ham.* Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
 3528 But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
 3529 *Hor.* I beseech you.
 3530 *Ham.* Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
 3531 Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
 3532 They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
 3533 Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
 3534 I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
 3535 A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
 3536 How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
 3537 It did me Yeomans seriuce: wilt thou know
 3538 The effects of what I wrote?
 3539 *Hor.* I, good my Lord.
 3540 *Ham.* An earnest Coniuration from the King,
 3541 As England was his faithfull Tributary,
 3542 As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
 3543 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
 3544 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
 3545 And many such like Assis of great charge,
 3546 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 3547 Without debatement further, more or lesse,
 3548 He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
 3549 Not shriuing time allowed.
 3550 *Hor.* How was this seal'd?
 3551 *Ham.* Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
 3552 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
 3553 Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
 3554 Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
 3555 Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impression, plac't it safely,
 3556 The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
 3557 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
 3558 Thou know'st already.
 3559 *Hor.* So *Guiltensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.
 3560 *Ham.* Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
 3561 They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
 3562 Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
 3563 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 3564 Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
 3565 Of mighty opposites.
 3566 *Hor.* Why, what a King is this?
 3567 *Ham.* Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
 3568 He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
 3569 Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
 3570 Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
 3571 And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
 3572 To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd

3573 To let this Canker of our nature come
 3574 In further euill.
 3575 *Hor.* It must be shortly knowne to him from England
 3576 What is the issue of the businesse there.
 3577 *Ham.* It will be short,
 3578 The *interim*'s mine, and a mans life's no more
 3579 Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
 3580 That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
 3581 For by the image of my Cause, I see
 3582 The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
 3583 But sure the brauery of his grieffe did put me
 3584 Into a Towing passion.
 3585 *Hor.* Peace, who comes heere?
 3586 *Enter young Osricke.*
 3587 *Osr.* Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-|(marke.
 3588 *Ham.* I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?
 3589 *Hor.* No my good Lord.
 3590 *Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
 3591 know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
 3592 be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
 3593 Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-session
 3594 of dirt.
 3595 *Osr.* Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
 3596 I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.
 3597 *Ham.* I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
 3598 your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.
 3599 *Osr.* I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.
 3600 *Ham.* No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
 3601 Northerly.
 3602 *Osr.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
 3603 *Ham.* Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my
 3604 Complexion. [pp6v
 3605 *Osr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere
 3606 I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me sig-nifie
 3607 to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
 3608 Sir, this is the matter.
 3609 *Ham.* I beseech you remember.
 3610 *Osr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
 3611 Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at
 3612 his weapon.
 3613 *Ham.* What's his weapon?
 3614 *Osr.* Rapier and dagger.
 3615 *Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but well.
 3616 *Osr.* The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary hor-ses,
 3617 against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
 3618 Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,

3619 Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very
 3620 deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate
 3621 carriages, and of very liberall conceit.
 3622 *Ham.* What call you the Carriages?
 3623 *Osr.* The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.
 3624 *Ham.* The phrase would bee more Germaine to the
 3625 matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would
 3626 it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Hor-ses
 3627 against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three
 3628 liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but a-gainst
 3629 the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?
 3630 *Osr.* The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes be-tweene
 3631 you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits;
 3632 He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to
 3633 imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the
 3634 Answer.
 3635 *Ham.* How if I answer no?
 3636 *Osr.* I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person
 3637 in tryall.
 3638 *Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please
 3639 his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let
 3640 the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the
 3641 King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if
 3642 not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.
 3643 *Osr.* Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?
 3644 *Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na-ture
 3645 will.
 3646 *Osr.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.
 3647 *Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it
 3648 himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.
 3649 *Hor.* This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his
 3650 head.
 3651 *Ham.* He did Complie with his Dugge before hee
 3652 suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty
 3653 that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of
 3654 the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of
 3655 yesty collection, which carries them through & through
 3656 the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow
 3657 them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.
 3658 *Hor.* You will lose this wager, my Lord.
 3659 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
 3660 I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
 3661 oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere a-bout
 3662 my heart: but it is no matter.
 3663 *Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.
 3664 *Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of

3665 gain- giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.
 3666 *Hor.* If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-stall
 3667 their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.
 3668 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall
 3669 Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
 3670 to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
 3671 be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
 3672 man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-times?
 3674 *Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Atten-dants*
 3675 *with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and*
 3676 *Flagons of Wine on it.*
 3677 *Kin.* Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
 3678 *Ham.* Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
 3679 But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
 3680 This presence knowes,
 3681 And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
 3682 With sore distraction? What I haue done
 3683 That might your nature honour, and exception
 3684 Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
 3685 Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
 3686 If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
 3687 And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
 3688 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
 3689 Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
 3690 *Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 3691 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
 3692 Sir, in this Audience,
 3693 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
 3694 Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
 3695 That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
 3696 And hurt my Mother.
 3697 *Laer.* I am satisfied in Nature,
 3698 Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
 3699 To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
 3700 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
 3701 Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
 3702 I haue a voyce, and president of peace
 3703 To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
 3704 I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
 3705 And wil not wrong it.
 3706 *Ham.* I do embrace it freely,
 3707 And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
 3708 Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.
 3709 *Laer.* Come one for me.
 3710 *Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
 3711 Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,

3712 Sticke fiery off indeede.
 3713 *Laer.* You mocke me Sir.
 3714 *Ham.* No by this hand.
 3715 *King.* Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
 3716 Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.
 3717 *Ham.* Verie well my Lord,
 3718 Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side.
 3719 *King.* I do not feare it,
 3720 I haue seene you both:
 3721 But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.
 3722 *Laer.* This is too heauy,
 3723 Let me see another.
 3724 *Ham.* This likes me well,
 3725 These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*
 3726 *Osricke.* I my good Lord.
 3727 *King.* Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
 3728 If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
 3729 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 3730 Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
 3731 The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
 3732 And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
 3733 Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
 3734 In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne. [qq1
 3735 Giue me the Cups,
 3736 And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
 3737 The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
 3738 The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
 3739 Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
 3740 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
 3741 *Ham.* Come on sir.
 3742 *Laer.* Come on sir. *They play.*
 3743 *Ham.* One.
 3744 *Laer.* No.
 3745 *Ham.* Iudgement.
 3746 *Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.
 3747 *Laer.* Well: againe.
 3748 *King.* Stay, giue me drinke.
 3749 *Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,
 3750 Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
 3751 *Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*
 3752 *Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set by a- while.
 3753 Come: Another hit; what say you?
 3754 *Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
 3755 *King.* Our Sonne shall win.
 3756 *Qu.* He's fat, and scant of breath.
 3757 Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

3758 The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
 3759 *Ham*. Good Madam.
 3760 *King*. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
 3761 *Qu*. I will my Lord;
 3762 I pray you pardon me.
 3763 *King*. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
 3764 *Ham*. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
 3765 By and by.
 3766 *Qu*. Come, let me wipe thy face.
 3767 *Laer*. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
 3768 *King*. I do not thinke't.
 3769 *Laer*. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
 3770 *Ham*. Come for the third.
 3771 *Laertes*, you but dally,
 3772 I pray you passe with your best violence,
 3773 I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
 3774 *Laer*. Say you so? Come on. *Play*.
 3775 *Osr*. Nothing neither way.
 3776 *Laer*. Haue at you now.
 3777 *In scuffling they change Rapiers*.
 3778 *King*. Part them, they are incens'd.
 3779 *Ham*. Nay come, againe.
 3780 *Osr*. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
 3781 *Hor*. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
 3782 *Osr*. How is't *Laertes*?
 3783 *Laer*. Why as a Woodcocke
 3784 To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,
 3785 I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
 3786 *Ham*. How does the Queene?
 3787 *King*. She sounds to see them bleede.
 3788 *Qu*. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
 3789 Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
 3790 I am poyson'd.
 3791 *Ham*. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
 3792 Treacherie, seeke it out.
 3793 *Laer*. It is heere *Hamlet*.
 3794 *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,
 3795 No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
 3796 In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
 3797 The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
 3798 Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
 3799 Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
 3800 Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
 3801 I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
 3802 *Ham*. The point envenom'd too,
 3803 Then venome to thy worke.

3804 *Hurts the King.*
 3805 *All.* Treason, Treason.
 3806 *King.* O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
 3807 *Ham.* Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
 3808 Damned Dane,
 3809 Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
 3810 Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
 3811 *Laer.* He is iustly seru'd.
 3812 It is a poyson temp' red by himselfe:
 3813 Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
 3814 Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
 3815 Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
 3816 *Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 3817 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
 3818 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
 3819 That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
 3820 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
 3821 Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
 3822 But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
 3823 Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
 3824 To the vnsatisfied.
 3825 *Hor.* Neuer beleeeue it.
 3826 I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
 3827 Heere's yet some Liquor left.
 3828 *Ham.* As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
 3829 Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
 3830 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 3831 (Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
 3832 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
 3833 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 3834 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 3835 To tell my Storie.
 3836 *March afarre off, and shout within.*
 3837 What warlike noyse is this?
 3838 *Enter Osricke.*
 3839 *Osr.* Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro[m] Poland
 3840 To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.
 3841 *Ham.* O I dye *Horatio*:
 3842 The potent poyson quite ore- crowes my spirit,
 3843 I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
 3844 But I do prophesie th' election lights
 3845 On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
 3846 So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
 3847 Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*
 3848 *Hora.* Now cracke a Noble heart:
 3849 Goodnight sweet Prince,

3850 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
 3851 Why do's the Drumme come hither?
 3852 *Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,*
 3853 *Colours, and Attendants.*
 3854 *Fortin.* Where is this sight?
 3855 *Hor.* What is it ye would see;
 3856 If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
 3857 *For.* His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
 3858 What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
 3859 That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
 3860 So bloodily hast strooke.
 3861 *Amb.* The sight is dismall,
 3862 And our affaires from England come too late,
 3863 The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
 3864 To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd, [qqlv
 3865 That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
 3866 Where should we haue our thanks?
 3867 *Hor.* Not from his mouth,
 3868 Had it th' abilitie of life to thanke you:
 3869 He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
 3870 But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
 3871 You from the Polake warres, and you from England
 3872 Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
 3873 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 3874 And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
 3875 How these things came about. So shall you heare
 3876 Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
 3877 Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
 3878 Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
 3879 And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
 3880 Falne on the Inuentors head. All this can I
 3881 Truly deliuer.
 3882 *For.* Let vs hast to heare it,
 3883 And call the Noblest to the Audience.
 3884 For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
 3885 I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
 3886 Which are to claime, my vantage doth
 3887 Inuite me,
 3888 *Hor.* Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
 3889 And from his mouth
 3890 Whose voyce will draw on more:
 3891 But let this same be presently perform'd,
 3892 Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
 3893 Lest more mischance
 3894 On plots, and errors happen.
 3895 *For.* Let foure Captaines

3896 Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
3897 For he was likely, had he beene put on
3898 To haue prou'd most royally:
3899 And for his passage,
3900 The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
3901 Speake lowdly for him.
3902 Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
3903 Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
3904 Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.
3905 *Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of*
3906 *Ordenance are shot off.*

FINIS.

**3908 The tragedie of
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.**
