

**The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. — Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

This text was downloaded from <http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>, where you can also find digital images of the Bodleian First Folio. It is published by the Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford, under a [CC BY 3.0](#) licence.

The first phase of the Bodleian First Folio project, to conserve the book, photograph it, and publish the images freely online, was funded, with [grateful thanks](#), by donations from the public.

The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

Find out more about this book's [remarkable history](#), [the campaign](#), and [the work that led to its digitization](#).

**THE TRAGEDIE OF  
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.**

[\[Page 152\]](#)

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

[Act 1, Scene 1]

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.*

*Barnardo.*

WHo's there?

Fran.

Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold  
your selfe.

Bar.

Long liue the King.

Fran.

*Barnardo?*

Bar.

He.

Fran.

You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar.

'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran.

For this releese much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn.

Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran.

Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn.

Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and  
*Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

Fran.

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

Hor.

Friends to this ground.

Mar.

And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran.

Giue you good night.

Mar.

O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra.

*Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

*Exit Fran.*

Mar.

Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar.

Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor.

A peece of him.

Bar.

Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar.

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

Bar.

I haue seene nothing.

Mar.

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

Hor.

Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar.

Sit downe a-while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor.

Well, sit, we downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn.

Last night of all,  
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole  
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen  
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,  
The Bell then beating one.

Mar.

Peace, breake thee of:

*Enter the Ghost.*

Looke where it comes againe.

Barn.

In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar.

Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn.

Lookes it not likNote: A hole in the page partially obscures this k.e the King? Marke  
it *Horatio*.

Hora.

Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn.

It would be spoke too.

Mar.

Question it *Horatio*.

Hor.

What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme  
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee Speake.

Mar.

It is offended.

Barn.

See, it stalkes away.

Hor.

Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, Speake.

*Exit the Ghost.*

Mar.

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn.

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

Hor.

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

Mar.

Is it not like the King?

Hor.

As thou art to thy selfe,  
Such was the very Armour he had on,  
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:  
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle  
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.  
'Tis strange.

Mar.

Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,  
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor.

In what particular thought to work, I know not:  
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,  
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar.

Good now sit down, & tell me he that knowes  
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,  
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,  
And why such dayly [Cast] of Brazon Cannon  
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:  
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske  
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast  
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor.

That can I,

At [\[Page 153\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,  
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,  
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,  
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)  
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,  
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,  
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,  
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands  
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror;  
Against the which, a Moity competent  
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd  
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,  
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant  
And carriage of the Article designe,  
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,  
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,  
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,  
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize  
That hath a stomacke m't: which is no other

(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands  
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)  
Is the maine Motiue os our Preparations,  
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head  
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

*Enter Ghost againe.*

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:  
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. stay Illusion:  
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,  
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.  
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate  
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.  
Or, if thou hast vp-hoarded in thy life  
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,  
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)  
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus.*

Mar.

Shall I strike at [it] with my Partizan?

Hor.

Do, if it will not stand.

Barn.

'Tis heere.

Hor.

'Tis heere.

Mar.

'Tis gone.

*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall  
To offer it the shew of Violence,  
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,  
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn.

It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor.

And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,  
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate  
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,  
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,  
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes  
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,  
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar.

It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.  
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes  
Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,  
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:

And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,  
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,  
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:  
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor.

So haue I heard, and do in part beleeeue it.  
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,  
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,  
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice  
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,  
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar.

Let do't I pray, and I this morning know  
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

*Exeunt*

## [Act 1, Scene 2]

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,  
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O*

*phelia, Lords Attendant. Note: There is an ink mark at the end of this stage direction.*

King.

Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death  
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted  
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome  
To becontracted in one brow of woe:

Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,  
Together with remembrance of our selues.

Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,  
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,  
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,  
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,  
With mirth in Fanerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,  
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole  
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd  
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.

Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*, Note: There is an ink mark at the end of this line.

Holding a weake supposall of our worth;  
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,  
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,  
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;  
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,  
Importing the surrender of those Lands  
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law

To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

*Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.*

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting  
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ  
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortibras*,  
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares  
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress  
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,  
The Lists, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch  
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,  
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,  
Giuing to you no further personall power  
To businesse with the King, more then the scope  
Of these dilated Articles allow:  
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.  
Volt.

In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King.

We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

*Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.*

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You [\[Page 154\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?

You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,  
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,

That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?

The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,  
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,  
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.

What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer.

Dread my Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to France, Note: There is an ink mark at the end of this line.

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

King.

Haue you your Fathers leaue?

What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pol.

He hath my Lord [...]:

I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King.

Take thy faire houre, *Laertes*, time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:  
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham.

A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King.

How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham.

Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen.

Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,  
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids

Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;

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

Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham.

I Madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham.

Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the dejected hauiour of the Visage,

Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I haue that Within, which passeth show;

These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King.

'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:

For, what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peeuish Opposition

Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,

To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs  
As of a Father; For let the world take note,  
You arc the most immediate to our Throne,  
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,  
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine  
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,  
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.  
Qu.

Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:  
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.  
Ham.

I shall in all my [best]  
Obey you Madam.

King.

Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,  
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,  
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,  
No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,  
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,  
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,  
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

*Exeunt*

*Manet Hamlet.*

Ham.

Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:  
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt  
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!  
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable  
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?  
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature  
Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this:  
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
*Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,  
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen  
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth  
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,  
With which she followed my poore Fathers body  
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.  
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason

Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,  
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?  
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares  
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
She married. O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.*

Hor.

Haile to your Lordship.

Ham.

I am glad to see you well:

*Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor.

The same my Lord,

And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham.

Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar[[Page 155](#)]The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Marcellus.

Mar.

My good Lord.

Ham.

I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.

But what in faith make you srom *Wittemberge*?

Hor.

A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham.

I would not haue your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Hor.

My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham.

I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor.

Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham.

Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My Father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor.

Oh where my Lord?

Ham.

In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

Hor.

I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham.

He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor.

My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham.

Saw? Who?

Hor.

My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham.

The King my Father?

Hor.

Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer  
Vpon the witsnesse of these Gentlemen,  
This maruell to you.

Ham.

For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor.

Two nights together, had these Gentlemen  
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch  
In the dead wast and middle of the night  
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,  
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,  
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march  
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,  
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,  
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd  
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,  
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me  
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,  
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,  
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,  
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,  
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:  
These hands are not more like.

Ham.

But where was this?

Mar.

My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham.

Did you not speake to it?

Hor.

My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp [its] head, and did addresse  
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:  
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;  
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,  
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham.

'Tis very strange.

Hor.

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

Ham.

Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to Night?

Both.

We doe my Lord.

Ham.

Arm'd, say you?

Both.

Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham.

From top to toe?

Both.

My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham.

Then saw you not his face?

Hor.

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

Ham.

What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor.

A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham.

Pale, or red?

Hor.

Nay very pale.

Ham.

And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor.

Most constantly.

Ham.

I would I had beene [...]here.

Hor.

It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham.

Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor.

While one with moderate hast might tell a hun  
(dred.

All.

Longer, longer.

Hor.

Not when I saw't.

Ham.

His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor.

It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

Ham.

Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a  
(gaine.

Hor.

I warrant you it will.

Ham.

If it assume my noble Fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

Is you haue hitherto conceald this sight;

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you.

All.

Our duty to your Honour.

*Exeunt.*

Ham.

Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;

Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,

Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.

*Exit.*

### [Act 1, Scene 3]

#### *Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*

Laer.

My necessaries are imbarck't; Farewell:

And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,

And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you.

Ophel.

Doe you doubt that?

Laer.

For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel.

No more but so.

Laer.

Thinke it no more:

For nature cressant does not grow alone,  
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,  
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule  
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,  
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch  
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare  
His [\[Page 156\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;  
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:  
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends  
The sanctity and health of the weole State.  
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,  
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,  
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it;  
As he in his peculiar Sect and force  
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,  
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.  
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,  
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;  
Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open  
To his vnmasred importunity.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,  
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;  
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.  
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,  
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone;  
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,  
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring  
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,  
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;  
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.  
Ophe.

I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,  
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother  
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,  
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;  
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine  
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer.

Oh, feare me not.

*Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:

A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polon.

Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,  
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;  
And these few Precepts in thy memory,  
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,  
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele;  
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
Of each vnatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.  
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;  
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
And they in France of the best ranck and station,  
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:  
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
This about all; to thine owne selfe be true:  
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer.

Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon.

The time inuites you, goe, your seruants send.

Laer.

Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I haue said to you.

Ophe.

Tis in my memory lockt,  
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer.

*Farewell.*

*Exit Laer.*

Polon.

What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe.

So please you, something touching the (L.)Lord *Hamlet*.

Polon.

Marry, well bethought:

Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me;

And that in way of caution: I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,  
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.  
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe.

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

Polon.

Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,  
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.  
Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe.

I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon.

Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,  
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,  
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;  
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,  
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe.

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

Polon.

I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe.

And hath giuen countenance to his speech,  
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon.

I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know  
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule  
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,  
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;  
You [must] not take for fire. For this time Daughter,  
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,  
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,  
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walke,  
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,  
Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,  
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:  
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,  
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:  
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

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

**[Act 1, Scene 4]**

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*

Ham.  
The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor.  
It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham.  
What hower now?

Hor.  
I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar.  
No, it is strooke.

Hor.  
Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the  
(season,

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What [\[Page 257\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet. Note: This page is either worn or imperfectly  
inked, so parts of many letters are missing.

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham.  
The King doth Wake to night, and takes his  
(rouse,  
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,  
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,  
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat.  
Is it a custome?

Ham.  
I marry ist;  
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,  
And [...] the manner borne: It is a Custome Note: The final "e" here and in the previous  
line are only partially inked.  
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

*Enter Ghost.*

Hor.  
Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham.  
Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:  
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,  
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,  
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell

Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,  
Hauē burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher  
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?  
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,  
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,  
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?  
*Ghost beckens Hamlet.*

Hor.

It beckons you to goe away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

Mar.

Looke with what courteous action  
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:  
But doe not goe with it.

Hor.

No, by no meanes.

Ham.

It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor.

Doe not my Lord.

Ham.

Why, what should be the feare?  
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;  
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?  
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:  
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor.

What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?  
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,  
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,  
And there assumes some other horrible forme,  
Which might deprivue your Soueraignty of Reason,  
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham.

It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar.

You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham.

Hold off your hand.

Hor.

Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham.

My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty Artire in this body,  
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:

Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:  
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:  
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.*

Hor.

He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar.

Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor.

Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar.

Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor.

Heauen will direct it.

Mar.

Nay, let's follow him.

*Exeunt.*

### [Act 1, Scene 5]

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham.

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur

(ther.

Gho.

Marke me.

Ham.

I will.

Gho.

My hower is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham.

Alas poore Ghost.

Gho.

Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall vnfold.

Ham.

Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho.

So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham.

What?

Gho.

I am thy Fathers Spirit,

Doom'd for a certain terme to walke the night;

And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature

Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;

I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,  
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,  
And each particular haire to stand an end,  
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:  
But this eternall blason must not be  
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,  
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham.

Oh Heauen!

Gho.

Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham.

Murther?

Ghost.

Murther most foule, as in the best it is;  
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Ham.

Hast, hast me to know it,  
That with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,  
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost.

I finde thee apt,  
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede  
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,  
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:  
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,  
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,  
Is by a forged processe of my death  
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,  
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham.

O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost.

I that incestuous, that adul [...]erate Beast  
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.  
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power  
So to seduce? Won [to] this shamefull Lust  
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:  
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,  
From *me*, whose loue was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow  
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline  
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore  
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,  
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:  
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,  
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.  
OoBut [\[Page 258\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;  
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole  
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure  
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,  
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through  
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;  
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset  
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,  
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth Body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;  
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,  
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;  
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be  
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,  
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue  
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,  
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,  
To picke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;  
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,  
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:  
Aduie, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me.

*Exit.*

Ham.

Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?  
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;  
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;  
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?  
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate  
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?  
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,  
Ile wipe a way all triuiall fond Records,  
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,  
That youth and obseruation coppied there;  
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue  
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,  
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:  
Oh most pernicious woman!  
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!

My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,  
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;  
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;  
It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I haue I sworn't.

Hor. & Mar.

*within.*

My Lord, my Lord.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus. Note: There is an ink mark at the end of this stage direction.*

Mar.

Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor.

Heauen secure him.

Mar.

So be it.

Hor.

Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham.

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

Mar.

How [is't] my Noble Lord?

Hor.

What newes, my Lord?

Ham.

Oh wonderfull!

Hor.

Good my Lord tell it.

Ham.

No you'l reueale it.

Hor.

Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar.

Nor I, my Lord.

Ham.

How say you then, would heart of man once  
(think it?

But you'll be secret?

Both.

I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham.

There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor.

There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the  
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham.

Why right, you are i'th'right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your busines and desires shall point you:

For euery man ha's businesse and desire,

Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,  
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor.

These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham.

I'm sorry they offend you heartily:

Yes faith, heartily,

Hor.

There's no offence my Lord.

Ham.

Ycs, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,  
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is betweene vs,

O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,

As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,

Giue me one poore request.

Hor.

What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham.

Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both.

My Lord, we will not.

Ham.

Nay, but swear't.

Hor.

Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar.

Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham.

Vpon my sword.

Marcell.

We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham.

Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

Gho.

*Swear.*

*Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham.

Ah ha boy. sayest thou so. Art thou there true  
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge  
Consent to swear.

Hor.

Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham.

Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.

Swear by my sword.

Gho.

Swear.

Ham.

*Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,

Come hither Gentlemen,  
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,  
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:  
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho.  
Sweare.

Ham.  
Well said old Mole. can'st worke i'th' ground so  
(fast?  
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor.  
Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.  
Ham.

And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.  
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,  
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. Note: Here a full-stop has not been inked. But  
come,

Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,  
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;  
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet  
To put an Anticke disposition on:)  
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall  
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;  
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,  
Or if we list to speak; or there be and if there might,  
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,  
That [\[Page 259\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:  
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  
Sweare.

Ghost.  
Sweare.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus.*  
[Act 2, Scene 1]

*Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.*

Polon.  
Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol.

I will my Lord.

Polon.

You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,  
Before you visite him you make inquiry  
Of his behaiour.

Reynol.

My Lord, I did intend it.

*Polon.* Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke.you Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:  
What company, at what expence: and finding  
By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more nearer  
Then your particular demands will touch it,  
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him.

And thus I know his father and his friends,

And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol.

I, very well my Lord.

Polon.

And in part him, but you may say not well;  
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;  
Addicted so and so; and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,  
As may dishonour him; take need of that:  
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,  
As are Companions noted and most knowne  
To youth and liberty.

Reynol.

As gaming my Lord.

Polon.

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

Reynol.

My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon.

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

Reynol.

But my good Lord.

Polon.

Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol.

I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon.  
Marry Sir, here's my drift,  
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:  
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,  
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:  
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would  
(sound,  
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,  
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd  
He closes with you in this consequence:  
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.  
According to the Phrase and the Addition,  
Of man and Country.

Reynol.  
Very good my Lord.

Polon.  
And then Sir does he this?  
He does: what was I about to say?  
I was about to say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol.  
At closes in the consequence:  
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon.  
At closes in the consequence, I marry,  
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,  
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;  
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,  
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,  
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,  
I saw him enter such a house of saile;  
*Videlicet*, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;  
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;  
And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach  
With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias,  
By indirections finde directions out:  
So by my former Lecture and aduice  
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol.  
My Lord I haue.

Polon.  
God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol.  
Good my Lord.

Polon.  
Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol.  
I shall my Lord.

Polon.  
And let him ply his Musicke.

Reynol.  
Well, my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

Polon.

Farewell:

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Ophe.

Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

Polon.

With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe.

My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,  
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,  
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,  
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
And with a looke so pitious in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon.

Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe.

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

Polon.

What said he?

Ophe.

He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;  
And with his other hand thus o're his brow  
He fals to such perusall of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,  
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:  
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;  
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,  
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,  
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,  
For out adores he went without their helpe;  
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon.

Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extasie of Loue,  
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,  
And [\[Page 260\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,  
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,  
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe.

No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de

His accesse to me.  
Pol.  
That hath made him mad.  
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement  
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,  
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:  
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,  
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,  
As it is common for the yonger sort  
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,  
This must be knowne, w<sup>c</sup> being kept close might moue  
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.  
*Exeunt.*

**[Act 2, Scene 2]**  
*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter King, Queene, [Rosinrance], and Guilden  
sterne Cumalijs.*

King.  
Welcome deere *Rosinrance* and *Guildensterne*.  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke  
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard  
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,  
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should bee  
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,  
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,  
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:  
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time: so by your Companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,  
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu.  
Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a-while,  
For the supply and profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin.  
Both your Maiesties  
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command  
Then to Entreatie.

Guil.  
We both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,  
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,  
To be commanded.

King.  
Thankes *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.  
Qu.

Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed Sonne.  
Go some of ye,  
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

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

*Exit.*

Queene.

Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

Pol.  
Th'Ambassadors from Norway, [...]my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

King.  
Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol.  
Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,  
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure  
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found  
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

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

Pol.  
Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,  
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King.  
Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found  
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

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

*Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*

King.  
Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:  
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt.  
Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:  
But better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,  
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests  
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,  
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.  
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,  
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers  
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:  
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,  
On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set downe.

King.

It likes vs well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,  
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.  
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.  
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.  
Most welcome home.

*Exit Ambass.*

Pol.

This businesse is very well ended.  
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate  
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,  
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.  
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,  
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,  
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:  
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.  
But let that go.

Qu.

More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol.

Madam [...] I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,  
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,  
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

MaNote: The "a" here is only partially inked.d[Page 261]The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines  
That we finde out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,  
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,  
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,  
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

*The Letter.*

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O  
phelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Prase, beautified is a vilde  
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white  
bosome, these.

Qu.

Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol.

Good Madam stayNote: The "y" here is only partially inked. awhile, I will be faithfull.

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,*

*Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:*

*Doubt Truth to be a Lier,*

*Bt never Doubt, I loue.*

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to  
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be  
leeue it. Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this*

*Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:

And more about hath his solliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,

All giuen to mine eare.

King.

But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol.

What do you thinke of me?

King.

As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol.

I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?

When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,

As I perceiued it, I must tell you that

Before my Daughter told me, what might you

Or my [deere] Maiestie your Queene heere, think,

If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,

Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,

Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,

What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,

And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake

Lord *Hamlet* is, a Prince out of thy Starre,

This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,

That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:

Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,

And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,

Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,  
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,  
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension  
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,  
And all we waile for.

King.

Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu.

It may be very likely.

Pol.

Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,  
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,  
When it prou'd otherwise?

King.

Not that I know.

Pol.

Take this from this; if this be otherwise,  
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

King.

How may we try it further?

Pol.

You know sometimes  
He walkes foure houres together, here  
In the Lobby.

Qu.

So he ha's indeed.

Pol.

At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,  
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason falne thereon;  
Let me be no Assistant for a State,  
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King.

We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*

Qu.

But looke where sadly the poore wretch  
Comes reading.

Pol.

Away I do beseech you, both away,  
Ile boord him presently.

*Exit King & Queen.*

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham.

Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol.

Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham.

Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol.

Not I my Lord.

Ham.

Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol.

Honest, my Lord?

Ham.

I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol.

That's very true, my Lord.

Ham.

For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion □

Haue you a daughter?

Pol.

I haue my Lord.

Ham.

Let her not walke i'th'Sunne; Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol.

How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extreimity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham.

Words, words, words.

Pol.

What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham.

Betweene who?

Pol.

I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham.

Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol.

Though this be madnesse,  
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke  
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham.

Into my Graue?  
Pol.  
Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:  
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?  
A happinesse,  
That often Madnesse hits on,  
Which Reason and Sanitie could not  
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.  
I will leaue him,  
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting  
Betweene him, and my daughter.  
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly  
Take my leaue of you.

oo3Ham

[\[Page 262\]](#)

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham.

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

Polon.

Fare you well my Lord.

Ham.

These tedious old fooles.

Polon.

You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there  
hee is.

*Enter [Rosinrance] and Guildensterne.*

Rosin.

God saue you Sir.

Guild.

Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin.

My most deare Lord?

Ham.

My excellent good friends? How do'st thou  
*Guildensterne*? Oh, [*Rosinrance*]; good Lads: How doe ye  
both?

Rosin.

As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild.

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

Ham.

Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin.

Neither my Lord.

Ham.

Then you liue about her waste, or in the mid  
dle of her fauour?

Guil.

Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham.

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

Rsin.

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

Ham.

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

Guil.

Prison, my Lord?

Ham.

Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin.

Then is the World one.

Ham.

A goodly one, in which there are many Con  
fines, Wards and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th'  
worst.

Rosin.

We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Guil.

Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the  
very substance of the Ambitious, is meerey the shadow  
of a Dreame.

Ham.

A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin.

Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and  
light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham.

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

Both.

Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham.

No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?

Rosin.

To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham.

Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guil.

What should we say my Lord?

Ham.

Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin.

To what end my Lord?

Ham.

That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin.

What say you?

Ham.

Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.

Guil.

My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your seccricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in sorme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the

world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin.

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

Ham.

Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin.

I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham.

Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin.

No indeed, they are not.

Ham.

How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin.

Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashi [\[Page 263\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham.

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

Rosin.

Faith thre ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham.

Is't possible?

Guild.

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

Ham.

Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

*Flourish for the players.*

Guil.

There are the Players.

Ham.

Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil.

In what my deere Lord?

Ham.

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

*Enter Polonius.*

Pol.

Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Pol.

My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham.

My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol.

The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham.

Buzze, buzze.

Pol.

Vpon mine Honor.

Ham.

Then can each Actor on his Asse□

Polon.

The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicali-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham.

O *Iephtha* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol.

What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham.

Why one faire Daughter, and no more,  
The which he loued passing well.

Pol.

Still on my Daughter.

Ham.

Am I not i'th'right old *Iephtha*?

Polon.

If you call me *Iephtha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham.

Nay that followes not.

Polon.

What followes then, my Lord?

Ha.

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

*Enter foure or five Players.*

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my old Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play.

What speech, my Lord?

Ham.

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboute once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Canarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affection, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus* The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol.

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

1. Player.

Anon he findes him,  
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,  
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles  
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,  
*Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,  
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senseless Illium,  
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top  
Stoope to his Bace, and with a hideous crash  
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword  
Which was declining on the Milkie head  
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to [sticke]:  
So[Page 264]The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,  
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.  
But as we often see against some storme,  
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,  
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below  
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder  
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,  
A ro wsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,Note: An ink mark follows this line.  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall  
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,  
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword  
Now falles on *Priam*.  
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,  
In generall Synod take away her power:  
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,  
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,  
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol.

This is too long.

Ham.

It shall to'th Barbar, with your beard. Pry  
thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee  
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. Play.

But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham.

The inobled Queene?

Pol.

That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. Play.

Run bare-foot vp and downe,

Threatmng the flame

With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?

But if the Gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport  
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,  
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made  
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)  
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,  
And passion in the Gods.

Pol.

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

Ham.

'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,  
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be  
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are  
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After  
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then  
their ill report while you liued.

Pol.

My Lord, I will vse them according to their de  
sart.

Ham.

Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man  
after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse  
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they  
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them  
in.

Pol.

Come sirs.

*Exit Polon.*

Ham.

Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor  
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the  
murther of *Gonzago*?

Play.

I my Lord.

Ham.

Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a  
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which  
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play.

I my Lord.

Ham.

Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you  
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night  
you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin.

Good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Hamlet.*

Ham.

I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?  
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,  
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,  
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage warm'd:  
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,  
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting  
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?  
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,  
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,  
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion  
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,  
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:  
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,  
The very faculty, of Eyes and Eares, Yet I, Note: A mark has been drawn in pencil following the end of this line.

A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake  
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,  
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,  
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?  
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croffe?  
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?  
Tweakes me by'th'Nose? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,  
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,  
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall  
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,  
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites  
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,  
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!  
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,  
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,  
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,  
Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,  
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,  
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.  
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play, Note: Marks have been drawn in pencil on either side of this line.

Haue by the very cunning of the Scène,  
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently  
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.  
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake  
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,  
Play something like the murder of my Father,  
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,  
Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench  
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene

May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power  
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps  
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,  
As he is very potent with such Spirits,  
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds  
More Relatiue then this: 'The Play's the thing,  
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.  
*Exit.*

**[Act 3, Scene 1]**

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosin-  
sincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King.

And can you by no drift of circumstance  
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:  
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet  
With [\[Page 265\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin.

He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,  
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.  
Guil.

Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:  
When we would bring him on to some Confession  
Of his true state.

Qu.

Did he receiue you well?

Rosin.

Most like a Gentleman.

Guil.

But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin.

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

Qu.

Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin.

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

Pol.

'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties  
To heare, and see the matter.

King.

With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,  
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on  
To these delights.

Rosin.

We shall my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

King.

Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there  
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father.and my selfe (lawful espials)  
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene  
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,  
And gather by him, as he is behaued,  
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.  
That thus he suffers for. [...]

Qu.

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

Ophe.

Madam, I wish it may.

Pol.

*Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye  
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,  
That shew of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,  
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,  
And pious Action, we do surge o're  
The diuell himselfe.

King.

Oh'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?  
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art  
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,  
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.  
Oh heaue burthen!

Pol.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

Ham.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe  
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end

The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes  
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,  
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
When we haue shuffle'd off this mortall coile,  
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect  
That makes Calamity of so long life:  
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make  
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare  
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne  
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,  
Then flye to others that we know not of.  
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution  
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their Currants turne away,  
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe.

Good my Lord,  
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham.

I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe.

My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,  
That I haue longed long to re-deliuier.

I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham.

No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe.

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

Ham.

Ha, ha: Are you honest [...]?

Ophe.

My Lord.

Ham.

Are you faire?

Ophe.

What meanes your Lordship?

Ham.

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

Ophe.

Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce then your Honestie?

Ham.

I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe. I did loue you once.

Ophe.

Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

Ham.

You should not haue beleued me. For verNote: This r is partially worn away.tue cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall rNote: This r is partially worn away.ellish

of it. I loued you not.

Ophe.

I was the more deceiued.

Ham.

Get thee to a Nonnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fel

[Page 266]The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Fellows as I do crawling between heaven and Earth.

We are arrant knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe.

At home, my Lord.

Ham.

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

Ophe.

O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham.

If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for, thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise mem know well enough, what monsters you

make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far well.

Ophe.

O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham.

I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.

God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

*Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe.

O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?

The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,

Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,

The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,

Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.

Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,

That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:

Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,

Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,

That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,

Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me,

T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

*Enter King, and Polonius.*

King.

Loue? His affections do not that way tend,

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,

Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?

O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,

And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose

Will be some danger, which to preuent

I haue in quicke determination

Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England

For the demand of our neglected Tribute:

Haply the Seas and Countries different

With variable Obiects, shall expell

This something setled matter in his heart:

Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus

From fashion of himselfe. What thinke youon't?

Pol.

It shall do well. But yet do I beleuee

The Origin and Commencement of this greefe

Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?

You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,

We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,

But if you hold it fit after the Play,

Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him

To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,  
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare  
Of all their conference. If she finde him not,  
To England send him: Or confine him where  
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King.

It shall be so:

Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

*Exeunt.*

**[Act 3, Scene 2]**

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.*

Ham.

Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd  
it to you trippingly on the Tongue; But if you mouth it,  
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer  
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much  
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor  
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of  
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that  
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,  
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi  
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the  
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of  
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could  
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it  
out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player.

I warrant your Honor.

Ham.

Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne  
Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,  
the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:  
That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any  
thing so ouer-done, is (frō) from the purpose of Playing, whose  
end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere  
the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne  
Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and  
Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this  
ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskil  
full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The  
censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're  
way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players  
that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that  
highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing  
the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,  
or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue  
thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men,  
and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab  
hominably.

Play.

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

Ham.

O reforme it altogether. And let those that  
play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for  
them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh,  
to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh  
too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question  
of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, &  
shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses  
it. Go make you readie.

*Exit Players.*

*Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.*

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

Pol.

And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham.

Bid the players make hast.

*Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both.

We will my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio.*

Ham.

What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora.

Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham.

*Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man  
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hora.

O my deere Lord.

Ham.

Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,  
That no Reuennue hast, but thy good spirits  
To [\[Page 267\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,  
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene  
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.

A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards  
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,  
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,  
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,  
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him  
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a Play to night before the King.  
One Scène of it comes neere the Circumstance  
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.  
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,  
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule  
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,  
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,  
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:  
And my Imaginations are as foule  
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,  
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:  
And after we will both our iudgements ioine,  
To censure of his seeming.

Hora.

Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinrance,  
Guidensterne, and other Lords attendant with  
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish  
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham.

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

King.

How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham.

Excellent I faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate  
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King.

I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these  
words are not mine.

Ham.

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

Polon.

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

Ham.

And what did you enact?

Pol.

I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol:  
*Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham.

It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a  
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?.

Rosin.  
I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.  
Qu.  
Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.  
Ha.  
No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.  
Pol.  
Oh ho, do you marke that?  
Ham.  
Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?  
Ophe.  
No my Lord.  
Ham.  
I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?  
Ophe.  
I my Lord.  
Ham.  
Do you thinke I meant Country matters?  
Ophe.  
I thinke nothing, my Lord.  
Ham.  
That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs  
Ophe.  
What is my Lord?  
Ham.  
Nothing.  
Ophe.  
You are merrie, my Lord?  
Ham.  
Who I?  
Ophe.  
I my Lord.  
Ham.  
Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should  
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful  
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two  
Houres.  
Ophe.  
Nay,'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.  
Ham.  
So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,  
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo  
neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a  
great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:  
But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall  
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose  
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

*Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.*

*Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embra  
cing him. She kneeles and makes shew of Protestation vnto  
him. He takes her vp, and [declines] his head vpon her neck:*

*Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnrwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue.*

*Exeunt.*

Ophe.

What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham.

Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe.

Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham.

We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Ophe.

Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham.

I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe.

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

*Enter Prologue.*

*For vs, and for our Tragedie,  
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:  
We begge your hearing Patientlie.*

Ham.

Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophe.

'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham.

As Womans loue.

*Enter King and his Queene.*

King.

Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,  
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:  
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,  
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,  
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
Vnite comutually, in most sacred Bands.

Bap.

So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone  
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,  
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,  
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,  
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:  
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,  
In [\[Page 268\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
In neither ought, or in extremity:  
Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,  
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King.

Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:  
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:  
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,  
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.  
For Husband shalt thou□

Bap.

Oh confound the rest:  
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:  
In second Husband, let me be accurst,  
None wed the second. but who kill'd the first.  
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Ham.

Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt.

The instances that second Marriage moue,  
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.  
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,  
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King.

I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:  
But what we do determine, oft we breake:  
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,  
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:  
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,  
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.  
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:  
What to our selues in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,  
Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy:  
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;  
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.  
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,  
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.  
The great man downe you marke his faourites flies,  
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:  
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,  
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend:

And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his Enemy.  
But orderly to end, where I begun,  
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,  
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends, none of our owne.  
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.  
Bap.

Nor Earth to giue me food, not Heauen light,  
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:  
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,  
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:  
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham.

If she should breake it now.

King.

'Tis deeply sworne:

Sweet, leaue me heere a while,  
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu.

Sleepe rocke thy Braine,

*Sleepes*

And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

*Exit.*

Ham.

Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu.

The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham.

Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King.

Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of  
fence in't?

Ham.

No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of  
fence i'th'world.

King.

What do you call the Play?

Ham.

The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:

This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gonzago*  
is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see  
anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?  
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches  
vs not: let the gall [...]d iade winch: our withers are vnrunge.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe.

You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham.

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

Ophe.

You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham.

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

Ophe.

Still better and worse.

Ham.

So you mistake Husbands.

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

Lucian.

Thoughts blacke, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,

With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,

On wholesome life, vsurpe immediatly.

*Poures the poyson in his eares.*

Ham.

He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His  
name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce  
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the  
loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe.

The King rises.

Ham.

What, frighted with false fire.

Qu.

How fares my Lord?

Pol.

Giue o're the Play.

King.

Giue me some Light. Away.

All.

Lights, Lights, Lights.

*Exeunt*

*Manet Hamlet & Horatio.*

Ham.

Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,

The Hart vngalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleepe;

So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of  
my Fortunes [turne] Turke with me; with two Prouinciall

Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie  
of Players sir.

Hor.

Halfe a share.

Ham.

A whole one I,

For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,  
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,  
And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora.

You might haue Rim'd.

Ham.

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

Hora.

Verie well my Lord.

Ham.

Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor.

I did verie well note him.

*Enter Rosinrance and Guildenstere.*

Ham.

Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come y<sup>e</sup> Recorders:  
For if the King like not the Comedie,  
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.  
Come some Musicke.

Guild.

Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

[\[Page 269\]](#)

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham.

Sir a whole History.

Guild.

The King, sir.

Ham.

I sir, what of him?

Guild.

Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Ham.

With drinke Sir?

Guild.

No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham.

Your wisdom should shew it selfe more ri  
cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him  
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre  
more Choller.

Guild.

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

Ham.

I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild.

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

Ham.

You are welcome.

Guild.

Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whole answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham.

Sir, I cannot.

Guild.

What, my Lord?

Ham.

Make you a wholesome answer: my wits decreased. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin.

Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath strooke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham.

Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin.

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

Ham.

We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.

Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin.

My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham.

So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin.

Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? Note: This m, and other letters on this page, are distorted by a crease running diagonally across the paper.

You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham.

Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rosin.

How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham.

I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

*Enter one with a Recorder.*

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild.

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

Ham.

I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild.

My Lord, I cannot.

Ham.

I pray you.

Guild.

Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham.

I do beseech you.

Guild.

I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham.

'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild.

But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham.

Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me, God blesse you Sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

Polon.

My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham.

Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon.

By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham.  
Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.  
Polon.  
It is back'd like a Weazell.  
Ham.  
Or like a Whale?  
Polon.  
Verie like a Whale.  
Ham.  
Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:  
They foole me to the top of my bent.  
I will come by and by.  
Polon.  
I will say so.  
*Exit. Note: Brown ink smudge.*  
Ham.  
By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:  
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out  
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter businesse as the day  
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:  
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer  
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:  
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

### [Act 3, Scene 3]

*Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.*

King.  
I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,  
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,  
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
The termes of our estate, may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow  
Out of his Lunacies.  
Guild.  
We will our selues prouide:  
Most holie and Religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.  
Rosin.  
The single  
And peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,  
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,

That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests  
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie  
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw  
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele  
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,  
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,  
Each small annexment, pettie consequence  
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone  
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.  
King.

Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;  
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,  
ppWhich [\[Page 270\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both.

We will haste vs.

*Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

Pol.

My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:  
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe  
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,  
And as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,  
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,  
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thankes deere my Lord.  
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen.  
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,  
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:  
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,  
And like a man to double businesse bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,  
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heaue [...]s  
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,  
But to confront the visage of Offence?  
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,  
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,  
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer  
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:  
That cannot be, since I am still possest  
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.  
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?  
In the corrupted currants of this world,  
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,  
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe  
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,  
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes  
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd  
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?  
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!  
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,  
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:  
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,  
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,  
All may be well.

*Enter Hamlet.*

Ham.  
Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,  
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,  
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,  
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that  
I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send  
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.  
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,  
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,  
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:  
But in our circumstance and course of thought  
'Tis heauie with him; and am I then reueng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his Soule,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.  
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent  
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,  
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte  
That ha's no relish of Saluation in't,  
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,  
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke  
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,  
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

*Exit.*

King.  
My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,  
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go.  
*Exit.*

### [Act 3, Scene 4]

*Enter Queene and Polonius.*

Pol.

He will come straight:  
Looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,  
And that your Grace hath [screen'd], and stooode betweene  
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:  
Pray you be round with him.

Ham.

*within.*

Mother, mother, mother.

Qu.

Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him comming.

*Enter Hamlet.*

Ham.

Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu.

*Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham.

Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu.

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham.

Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu.

Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham.

Whats the matter now?

Qu.

Haue you forgot me?

Ham.

No by the Rood, not so:

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,  
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu.

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

Ham.

Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not  
boudge:

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,  
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu.

What Wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?

Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol.

What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham.

How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol.

Oh I am slaine.

*Killes Polonius.*

Qu.

Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham.

Nay I know not, is it he King?

Qu.

Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham.

A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,  
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu.

As kill a King?

Ham.

I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,  
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,  
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.  
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,  
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall  
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;  
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,  
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu.

What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,  
In noise so rude against me?

Ham.

Such an Act

That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,  
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes  
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,  
As [\[Page 271\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
As from the body of Contraction pluckes  
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes  
A rapsodie of words. Heauens face doth glow,  
Yea this solidity and compound masse,  
With tristfull visage as against the doome,  
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu.

Aye me; what act; that roares so lowd, & thunders  
in the Index.

Ham.

Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:  
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,  
*Hyperions* curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command  
A Station, like the Heraland Mercurie  
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:  
A Combination, and a forme indeed,  
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,  
To giue the world assurance of a man.

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.  
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare  
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?  
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,  
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?  
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement  
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,  
That thus hath cousend yon at hoodman-blinde?  
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,  
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,  
And melt in her owne fire. Prodaime no shame,  
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,  
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,  
As Reason panders Will.

Qu.

O *Hamlet*, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,  
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,  
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham.

Nay, but to liue  
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,  
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue  
Ouer the nasty Sty.

Qu.

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

Ham.

A Murderer, and a Villaine:  
A Slaue, that is not twentieth [part] the tythe  
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,  
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.  
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,  
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu.

No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

Ham.

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

Qu.

Alas he's mad.

Ham.

Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,  
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by  
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost.

Do not forget: this Visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;  
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,  
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham.

How is it with you Lady?

Qu.

Alas, how is't with you?  
That you bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.  
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,  
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,  
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,  
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,  
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham.

On him, on him: look you how pale he glares.  
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,  
Least with this pitteous action you conuert  
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,  
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu.

To who do you speake this?

Ham.

Do you see nothing there?

Qu.

Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham.

Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu.

No, nothing but our selues.

Ham.

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

*Exit.*

Qu.

This is the very coynage of your Braine,  
This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham.

Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,  
And makes as healthful Musicke. it is not madnesse  
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test  
And I the matter will re-word . which madnesse  
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,

Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,  
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes;  
It will but skin and f [...]me the Vlcerous place,  
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,  
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,  
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,  
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,  
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,  
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu.

Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham.

O throw away the worser past of it,  
And liue the purer with the other halfe.  
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,  
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,  
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse  
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,  
And when you are desirous o be blest,Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.  
Ile blessing begge of you. For this fame Lord,  
I do repent: but heauen hath pleased it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night,  
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;  
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.

Qu.

What shall I do?

Ham.

Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:  
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,  
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,  
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,  
pp2Or[Page 272]The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
Or paddling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,  
Make you to rauell all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,  
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,  
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,  
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,  
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,  
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:  
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape  
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe  
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu.

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

Ham.

I must to England, you know that?

Qu.

Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham.

This man shall set me packing:

Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,  
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,  
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.  
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
Good night Mother.

*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*

### [Act 4, Scene 1]

*Enter King.*

King.

There's matters in these sighes.  
These profound heaues  
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.  
Where is your Sonne?

Qu.

Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King.

What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu.

Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend  
Which is the Mightier in his lawless fit  
Behinde the Arras, hearing some thing stirre,  
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,  
And in his brainish apprehension killes  
The vnseene good old man.

King.

Oh heauy deed:

It had bin so with vs had we beene there:  
His Liberty is full of threats to all,  
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?  
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence  
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,  
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,  
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,  
But like the Owner of a foule disease,  
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede  
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu.

To draw apart the body he hath kild,

O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare  
Among a Minerall of Mettels base  
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.  
King.

Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,  
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill  
Both countenance, and excuse.

*Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Ho *Guildenstern*:

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:  
*Hamlet* in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,  
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.  
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body  
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.

*Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,  
To let them know both what we meane to do,  
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,  
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

*Exeunt.*

## [Act 4, Scene 2]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham.

Safely stowed.

Gentlemen

*within.*

*Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*

Ham.

What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come.

*Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro.

What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham.

Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Resin.

Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham.

Do not belecue it.

Rosin.

Belecue what?

Ham.

That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine  
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re  
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin.

Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham.

I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, first mou [...]h'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd [...], it is but squee zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin.

I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham.

I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Guild.

A thing my Lord?

Ham.

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

*Exeunt*

### [Act 4, Scene 3]

*Enter King.*

King.

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

*Enter [Rosinrance].*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin.

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

King.

But where is he?

Rosin.

Without my Lord, guarded to know your  
pleasure.

King.

Bring him before vs.

Rosin.

Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord.

*Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.*

King.

Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham.

At Supper.

King.

At Supper? Where?

Ham.

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

King.

What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.

[\[Page 273\]](#)

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham.

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

King.

Where is *Polonius*.

Ham.

In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King.

Go seeke him there.

Ham.

He will stay till ye come.

K.

*Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent For England.

Ham.

For England?

King.

I *Hamlet*.

Ham.

Good.

King.

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

Ham.

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

King.

Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet.

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

*Exit*

King.

Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done

That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.

And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red

After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set

Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full

By Letters coniuring to that effect

The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,

For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

*Exit*

#### [Act 4, Scene 4]

*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

For.

Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*

Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March

Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:

If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,

We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap.

I will doo't, my Lord.

For.

Go safely on.

*Exit.*

#### [Act 4, Scene 5]

*Enter Queene and Horatio.*

Qu.

I will not speake with her.

Hor.

She is importunate, indeed distract her moode  
will needs be pittied.

Qu.

What would she haue?

Hor.

She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares  
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
Spumes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,  
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue  
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,  
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,  
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,  
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu.

'Twere good she were spoken with,  
For she may strew dangerous coniectures  
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.  
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)  
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,  
So full of Artlesse ieaalousie is guilt,  
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia distracted.*

Ophe.

Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Qu.

How now *Ophelia*?

Ophe.

*How should I your true loue know from another one?  
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.*

Qu.

Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe.

Say you? Nay pray you marke.

*He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.*

*Enter King.*

Qu.

Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe.

Pray you marke.

*White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.*

Qu.

Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe.

*Larded with sweet flowers:*

*Which bewept to the graue did not go,*

*With true-loue showres.*

King.

How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe.

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

King.

Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe.

Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when  
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

*To morrow is (S.)Saint Valentines day, all in the morning betime,  
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.  
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,  
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.*

King.

Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe.

Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

*By gis, and by (S.)Saint Charity,*

*Alacke, and fie for shame:*

*Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,*

*By Cocke they are too blame.*

*Quoth she before you tumbled me,*

*Yon promis'd me to Wed:*

*So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,*

*And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King.

How long hath she bin this?

Ophe.

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

*Exit.*

King.

Follow her close,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs

All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*

When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,

Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers

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

In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*

Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,

pp3Without[Page 274]The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her Brother is in secret come from France,  
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,  
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare  
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,  
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,  
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne  
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,  
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,  
Giues me superfluous death.

*A Noise within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

Qu.

Alacke, what noyse is this?

King.

Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes.

Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,

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

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props of euery word,

They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,

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

*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu.

How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry.

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

*Noise within.*

*Enter Laertes.*

King.

The doores are broke.

Laer.

Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All.

No, let's come in.

Laer.

I pray you giue me leaue.

Al.

We will, we will.

Laer.

I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu.

Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer.  
That drop of blood, that calmes  
Proclames me Bastard:  
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  
Euen here between the chaste vnsmirched brow  
Of my true Mother.

King.  
What is the cause *Laertes*,  
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?  
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:  
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,  
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,  
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,  
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.  
Speake man.

Laer.  
Where's my Father?

King.

Dead.

Qu.

But not by him.

King.

Let him demand his fill.

Laer.

How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.  
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.  
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.  
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd  
Most throughly for my Father.

King.

Who shall stay you?

Laer.

My Will, not all the world,  
And for, my meanes, Ile husband them so well,  
They shall go farre with little.

King.

Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie  
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,  
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,  
Winner and Looser.

Laer.

None but his Enemies.

King.

Will you know them then.

La.

To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope [...]my Armes:  
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,  
Repast them with my blood.

King.  
Why now you speake  
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.  
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death, [...]  
And am most sensible in greefe for it,  
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce  
As day do's to your eye.  
*A noise within.*  
Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia.*

Laer.  
How now? what noise is that?  
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,  
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.  
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,  
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,  
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:  
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,  
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?  
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of it selfe  
After the thing it loues.

Ophe.  
*They bore him Bare fac'd on the Beer,  
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:  
And on his graue raines many a teare,  
Fare you well my Done.*

Laer.  
Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re  
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Ophe.  
You must sing downe a-downe, and you call  
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is  
the false steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer.  
This nothings more then matter.

Ophe.  
There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.  
Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for  
Thoughts.

Laer.  
A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem  
brance fitted.

Ophe.  
There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's  
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it  
Herbe Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew  
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you  
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy  
ed: They say, he made a good end;  
*For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.*

Laer.

Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:  
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe.

*And will he not come againe,*

*And will he not come againe:*

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

*He neuer wil come againe.*

*His Beard as white as Snow,*

*All Flaxen was his Pole:*

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,*

*Gramercy on his Soule.*

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

*Exeunt Ophelia*

Laer.

Do you see this, you Gods?

King.

Laertes, I must common with your greefe,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make [\[Page 275\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,

And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;

If by direct or by Colaterall hand

They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,

Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours

To you in satisfaction. But if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to vs,

And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule

To giue it due content.

Laer.

Let this be so:

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;

No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,

No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,

That I must call in question.

King.

So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

*Exeunt*

## [Act 4, Scene 6]

*Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.*

Hora.

What are they that would speake with me?

Ser.

Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor.

Let them come in,  
I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

*Enter Saylor.*

Say.

God blesse you Sir.

Hor.

Let him blesse thee too.

Say.

Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter  
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was  
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let  
to know it is.

*Reads the Letter.*

*HOratio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these  
Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters  
For him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very  
Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too  
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I  
boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so  
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like  
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe  
A good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue  
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest  
flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee  
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.  
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance  
and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them  
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

*He that thou knowest thine,*

Hamlet.

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

*Exit.*

#### [Act 4, Scene 7]

*Enter King and Laertes.*

King.

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

Laer.

It well appeares. But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feates,  
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,  
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King.

O for two speciall Reasons,  
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,  
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,  
Liues almost by his looks: and for my selfe,  
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,  
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;  
That as the starre moues not but in his Sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,  
Why to a publike count I might not go,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,  
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,  
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes  
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,  
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,  
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer.

And so haue I a Noble Father lost,  
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,  
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)  
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age  
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King.

Breake not your sleepes for that,  
You must not thinke  
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,  
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,  
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,  
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine□

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? What Newes?

Mes.

Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your  
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

King.

From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes.

Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:  
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King.

*Laertes* you shall heare them:

Leaue vs.

*Exit Messenger*

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your  
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly  
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re  
count th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?

Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer.

Know you the hand?

Kin.

'Tis [...] *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer.

I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,  
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,  
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;  
Thus diddest thou.

Kin.

If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:  
How other wise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer.

If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin.

To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,  
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him  
To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,  
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,  
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,  
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence  
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,  
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,  
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant  
Had [\[Page 276\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,  
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd  
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,  
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,  
Come short of what he did.

Laer.

A Norman was't?

Kin.

A Norman.

Laer.

Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Kin.

The very same.

Laer.

I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,  
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin.

Hee mad confession of you,  
And gaue you such a Masterly report,  
For Art and exercise in your defence;  
And for your Rapier most especially,

That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you Sir. This report of his  
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;  
Now out of this.

Laer.

Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin.

*Laertes* was your Father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

Laer.

Why aske you this?

Kin.

Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,  
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:  
*Hamlet* comes backe: what would you vndertake,  
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,  
More then in words?

Laer.

To cut his throat i'th'Church.

Kin.

No place indeed should murder Sancturize;  
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home:  
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads, he being remisise,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,  
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,  
Requit him for your Father.

Laer.

I will doo't,

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:  
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,  
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,  
With this contagion that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

Kin.

Let's further thinke of this,

Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project  
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see  
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,  
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bowts more violent to the end,  
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him  
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

*Enter Queene.*

Queen.

One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer.

Drown'd! O where?

Queen.

There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,  
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:  
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,  
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;  
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds  
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,  
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued  
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,  
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,  
To muddy death.

Laer.

Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen.

Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer.

Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,  
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet  
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone  
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord.  
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,  
But that this folly doubts it.

*Exit.*

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

### [Act 5, Scene 1]

*Enter two Clownes.*

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

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

Clo.  
How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other.  
Why 'tis found so.

Clo.  
It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other.  
Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

Clown.  
Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other.  
But is this law?

Clo.  
I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.  
[\[Page 277\]](#)  
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Other.  
Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo.  
Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie tha [...] great folke should haue countenance in this world to

drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi  
an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,  
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp  
*Adams* Profession.

Other.

Was he a Gentleman?

Clo.

He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other.

Why he had none.

Clo.

What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder  
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;  
could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another que  
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con  
fesse thy selfe□

Other.

Go too.

Clo.

What is he that builds stronger then either the  
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other.

The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a  
thousand Tenants.

Clo.

I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes  
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those  
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is  
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes  
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other.

Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship  
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo.

I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other.

Marry, now I can tell.

Clo.

Too't.

Other.

Masse, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*

Clo.

Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your  
dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when  
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the  
Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee  
to *Taughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

*Sings.*

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,  
me thought it was very sweete:*

*To contract O the time for a my behoue,  
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

Ham.

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

Hor.

Custom hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham.

Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne

*sings.*

*But Age with his stealing steps  
hath caught me in his clutch:  
And hath shipped me intill the Land,  
as if I had neuer beene such.*

Ham.

That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Of fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor.

It might, my Lord.

Ham.

Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor.

I, my Lord.

Ham.

Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to fee't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne

*sings.*

*A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,  
for and a shrowding-Sheete:  
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,  
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham.

There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of

his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's  
time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, his Recog  
nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:  
Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Reco  
ueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his  
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou  
ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of  
Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will  
hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe  
haue no more? ha?

Hor.

Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham.

Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor.

I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham.

They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu  
rance in that. I will speake to this fellow; whose Graue's  
this Sir?

Clo.

Mine Sir:

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

Ham.

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

Clo.

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

Ham.

Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:  
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou  
lyest.

Clo.

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

Ham.

What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo.

For no man Sir.

Ham.

What woman then?

Clo.

For none neither.

Ham.

Who is to be buried in't?

Clo.

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

Ham.

How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake  
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the  
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,  
the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant  
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his  
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo.

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

Ham.

How long is that since?

Clo.

Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:

It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee  
that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham.

I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo.

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

Ham.

[\[Page 278\]](#)

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham.

Why?

Clo.

'Twill not beseene in him, there the men are  
as mad as he.

Ham.

How came he mad?

Clo.

Very strangely they say.

Ham.

How strangely?

Clo.

Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham.

Vpon what ground?

Clo.

Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene  
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

How long will a man lie'ith'earth ere he rot?

Clo.

Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue  
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold  
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine  
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham.

Why he, more then another?

Clo.

Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham.

Whose was it?

Clo.

A whorson mad Fellowes it was;

Whose doe you think it was?

Ham.

Nay, I know not.

Clo.

A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a [pour'd] a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham.

This?

Clo.

E'ene that.

Ham.

Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times. And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. VWhere be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor.

What's that my Lord?

Ham.

Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth?

Hor.

E'ene so.

Ham.

And smelt so? Puh.

Hor.

E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham.

To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor.

'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham.

No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether  
with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.

*Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re  
turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make  
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer  
ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin,  
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,  
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,  
Fore do it owne life; 'twas fome Estate.  
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer.

What Cerimony else?

Ham.

That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer.

What Cerimony else?

Priest.

Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.

As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,  
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,  
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,  
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, I should be throwne on her:  
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,  
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer.

Must there no more be done?

Priest.

No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer.

Lay her i'th'earth,  
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,  
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)  
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,  
When thou liest howling?

Ham.

What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene.

Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:  
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)  
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer.

Oh terrible woer,  
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head  
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence  
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

*Leaps in the graue.*

Now pile your dust, vpon the quick, and dead,  
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,  
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham.

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

Laer.

The deuill take thy soule.

Ham.

Thou prai'st not well,  
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;  
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,  
Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King.

Pluck them asunder.

Qu.

*Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen.

Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham.

Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,  
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu.

Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham.

I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers  
Could not (with all there quantie of Loue)  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King.

Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu.

For loue of God forbear him.

Ham.

Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?

Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile [\[Page 259\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;  
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw  
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,  
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin.

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

Ham.

Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?  
I [lou'd] you euer; but it is no matter:  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,  
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.

*Exit.*

Kin.

I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,  
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,  
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:  
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,  
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:  
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;  
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

*Exeunt.*

## [Act 5, Scene 2]

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham.

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

Hor.

Remember it my Lord?

Ham.

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

Hor.

That is most certaine.

Ham.

Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarf't about me in the darke,  
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,  
finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,  
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale  
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,  
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,  
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;  
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,  
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,  
that on the superuize no leasure bated,  
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,  
My head should be struck off.

Hor.

Ist possible?

Ham.

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

Hor.

I beseech you.

Hem.

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

Hor.

I, good my Lord.

Ham.

An earnest Coniuration from the King,  
As England was his faithfull Tributary,  
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,  
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,  
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,  
And many such like Assis of great charge,  
That on the view and know of these Contents,  
Without debatement further, more or lesse,  
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,  
Not shriuing time allow [...]d.

Hor.

How was this seal'd?

Ham.

Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;  
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,  
Which was the Model of that Danish Seale:

Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,  
Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impression, plac't it safely,  
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day  
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sement,  
Thou know'st already.

Hor.

So Guildensterne and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham.

Why man, they did make loue to this imployment  
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate  
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

Hor.

Why, what a King is this?

Ham.

Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon  
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,  
Pop t in betweene th'election and my hopes,  
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd  
To let this Canker of our nature come  
In further euill.

Hor.

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

Ham.

It will be short,  
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more  
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,  
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;  
For by the image of my Cause, I see  
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:  
But sure the brauery of his grieffe did put me  
Into a T'owring passion.

Hor.

Peace, who comes heere?

*Enter young Osricke.*

Osr.

Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den  
(marke.

Ham.

I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor.

No my good Lord.

Ham.

Thy state is the more gracious; for'tis a vice to  
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast  
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings

Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr.

Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham.

I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vse,'tis for the head.

Osr.

I thanke your Lordship,'tis very hot.

Ham.

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

Osr.

It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham.

Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osricke.

[\[Page 280\]](#)

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Osr.

Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soutry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham.

I beseech you remember.

Osr.

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

Ham.

What's his weapon?

Osr.

Rapier and dagger.

Ham.

That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr.

The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so; three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham.

What call you the Carriages?

Osr.

The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham.

The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr.

The King Sir, bath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham.

How if I answer no?

Osr.

I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham.

Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr.

Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham.

To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr.

I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham.

Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor.

This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham.

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

Hor.

You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham.

I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor.

Nay, good my Lord.

Ham.

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

Hor.

If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore  
stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall  
Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not  
to come: if it bee not come, it will bee now: if it  
be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no  
man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be  
times?

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Atten  
dants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and  
Flagons of Wine on it.*

Kin.

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

Ham.

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

This presence knowes,

And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht

With sore distraction? What I haue done

That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,

*Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,

And hurt my Mother.

Laer.

Iam satisfied in Nature,

Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most

To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,

I haue a voyce, and president of peace

To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,

I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,

And wil not wrong it.

Ham.

I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer.

Come one for me.

Ham.

Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,  
Your Skill shall like a starre i'th'darkest night,  
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer.

You mocke me Sir.

Ham.

No by this hand.

King.

Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,  
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham.

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

King.

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

Laer.

This is too heauy,  
Let me see another.

Ham.

This likes me well,  
These Foyles haue all a length.

*Prepare to play.*

Osricke.

I my good Lord.

King.

Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:  
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,  
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,  
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw  
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings  
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue [\[Page 281\]](#) The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Giue me the Cups,  
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,  
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,  
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,  
Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,  
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham.

Come on sir.

Laer.

Come on sir.

*They play.*

Ham.

One.

Laer.

No.

Ham.

Iudgement.

Osr.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer.

Well: againe.

King.

Stay, giue me drinke.

*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.

*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*

Ham.

Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer.

A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King.

Our Sonne shall win.

Qu.

He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham.

Good Madam.

King.

*Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu.

I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King.

It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham.

I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu.

Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer.

My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King.

I do not thinke't.

Laer.

And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham.

Come, for the third.

*Laertes*, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

Say you so? Come on.

*Play.*

Osr.

Nothing neither way.

Laer.

Haue at you now.

*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*

King.

Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham.

Nay come, againe.

Osr.

Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor.

They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Osr.

How is't *Laertes*?

Laer.

Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham.

How does the Queene?

King.

She sounds to see them bleede.

Qu.

No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd.

Ham.

Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.

Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer.

it is heere *Hamlet*.

*Hamlet*, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham.

The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

*Hurts the King.*

All.

Treason, Treason.

King.

O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham.

Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,  
Damned Dane,  
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?  
Follow my Mother.

*King Dyes.*

Laer.

He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:  
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;  
Mine and ray Fathers death come not vpon thee,  
Nor thine on me.

*Dyes.*

Ham.

Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.  
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,  
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,  
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:  
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death  
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.  
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,  
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right  
To the vnsatisfied.

Hor.

Neuer beleeeue it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:  
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham.

As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.  
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.  
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,  
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.  
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicitie a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,  
To tell my Storie.

*March afarre off, and shout within.*

What warlike noyse is this?

*Enter Osricke.*

Osr.

Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come (frõ)from Poland  
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham.

O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,  
But I do prophesie th'election lights  
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,  
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,  
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o, o.

*Dyes*

Hora.

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

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,  
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin.

Where is this sight?

Hor.

What is it ye would see;  
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For.

His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.  
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,  
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb.

The sight is dismall,  
And our affaires from England come too late,  
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,  
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,  
That [\[Page 280\]](#)The Tragedie of Hamlet.  
That *Rosincrance* and *Guiltensterne* are dead:  
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor.

Not from his mouth,  
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:  
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.  
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,  
You from the Polake warres, and you from England  
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me spake to th'yet vnknowing world,  
How these things came about. So shall you heare  
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,  
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters  
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,  
And in this vp shot, purposes mistooke,  
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I  
Truly deliuer.

For.

Let vs hast to heare it,  
And call the Noblest to the Audience.  
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,  
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,  
Which are [to] claime, my vantage doth  
Inuite me,

Hor.

Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,

And from his mouth  
Whose voyce will draw on more:  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,  
Lest more mischance  
On plots, and errors happen.  
For.  
Let foure Captaines  
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the stage,  
For he was likely, had he beene put on  
To haue prou'd most royally:  
And for his passage,  
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre  
Speake lowdly for him.  
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this  
Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amis.  
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.  
*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of  
Ordenance are shot off.*  
FINIS.