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Received Dec. 21, 1850. No. 22449
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J. Payne Colliers

Maidenhead
Sept. 1858
THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse serv-
uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V-
niversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where

At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell.
1603.
Enter two Sentinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. Tis I.
1. O you come most carefully upon your watch,
2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest soouldier, who hath releued you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantastie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him;
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
Therefore I have intreated him along with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, 't will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Aflaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seen.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare Bernardo speake of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heaven. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that thus vlurps the state, in
Which the Maieftie of buried Denmarke did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. exis Ghost.

2. See, it Stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantastie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very armor he had on,

When he the ambitious Norway combated.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle

Helm the fleaded pollax on the yce,

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,

With Marshall stakke he pass'd through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,

But in the thought and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes

Why this fame strik't and most obseruant watch,

So nightly toyles the subject of the land,

And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon

And forraigne mart, for implements of warre,

Why such impresses of ship-writes, whose fore taske

Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:

What might be toward that this sweaty march

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,

Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-

Brasfe of Norway,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to

The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,

For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,

Did slay this Fortenbrasse,

Who by a scale compact well ratified, by law

And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His lands which he stode seazed of by the conqueror,

Against the which a moity competent,

Was gaged by our King:

Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,

Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there, Sharkc up a sight of lawleffe Resolves
For food and diet to some enterprize,
That hath a stomache in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefc head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile croffe it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirits oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it Marcellus.

2. Tis heere.
exit Ghost.

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestical,
to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelomorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a searefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Both with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
A woke the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The straungant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
Prince of Denmarke.

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirit dare walke abroade,
The nightes are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charmee,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

Her. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:
But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue feene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet: for vpon my life
This Spirtite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, sitting our dutie?

Marc. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Learis, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Aattendants.

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbrasse,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King;
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gen. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now Learis what's the newes with you?
You said you had a suite what is't Learis?

Lear: My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

I may have leave to go againe to France,
For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

King. Haue you your fathers leave, Learies?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt.

And I befeech you grant your Highnesss leave.

King. With all our heart, Learies fare thee well.

Lear. I in all love and dutie take my leave.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What meanes these sad and melancholy moods?
For your intent going to Wittenberg,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the joy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All Denmarks hope our cousin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, 'tis not the fable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauior in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward emblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
Thee but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King. This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so halbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loose her praiers Hamlet,
Stay here with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

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

King. Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,

But
Prince of Denmark.

But the great Canon to the closed shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

Jeruse all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieud and fallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the uiiuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vnclle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Fraitley, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like Njobe, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
forget myself.

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

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good even sirs:
But what is your affaire in Elsenoure?
We cleateach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hor. A truant disposition, my good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make me a truant Of your own report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no truant:
But what is your affair in Elfenoure?
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I prithee do not mock me fellow student,
I think it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard uppon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Ere ever I had seene that day Horatio;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my minde's eye Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentive care, till I may deliver,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them thrife, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of fear stands dumb,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.

Ham. Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do liue,my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.

Ham. Where was this?
Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euem then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We do my Lord,
Ham. Armed say ye?
All. Armed my good Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Why then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
Ham. How look't he, frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, verie pal
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you.
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Yea very like, very like, said it long?
Hor. While one with moderate pace
 Might tell a hundred.
Mar. O longer, longer.
Ham. His beard was gristled, no.
Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,

A fable filuer.
Ham. I will watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither concealed this fight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well,
Upon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelve,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. excunt.
Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some soule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, let still my soule, soule deeds will rise
Though all the world orwhelme them to mens eies. Exit.

Enter Lear & Ofelia.

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord,
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince Hamlet makes a shew of loue
Beware Ofelia, do not truft his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,

Speakes
Prince of Denmark.

Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue't Ophelia, therefore keepe a loose
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Oph. Brother, to this I haue lent attentive care,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heaven,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere Ophelia,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles upon a second leaue.

Enter Coramnis.

Cor. Yet here Learies? ahoord, ahoord, for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanses vulgare;
Those friends thou haft, and their adoptions tried,
Graple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
But do not dulle the palme with entertaine,
Of every new vnstieg'd courage,
Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
Beare it that the opposeed may beware of thee,
Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
But not expressd in fashion,
For the apparell oft proclaims the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
This above all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,

C2

Thou
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leave, farewell Ophelia,
And remember well what I have said to you. exit.

Ophel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i'th Ophelia he hath saide to you?

Ophel. Something touching the prince Hamlet.

Cor. Mary well thought on, 'tis given me to understand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnito Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis given to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not understand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ophel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

Ophel. And withall, such earnest vowes.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tendering thus you'll tender mee afoole.

Ophel. I shall obey my lord in all I may.

Cor. Ophelia, receive none of his letters,

"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnito Desire;
Come in Ophelia, such men often proue,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ophel. I will my lord. exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'th?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, sound Trumpets.

Mar. No, tis strucke.

Hora.
Prince of Denmark.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his round,
Keep wassell, and the swaggering up - spring reels,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'ft and though I am
Native here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honour'd in the breach,
Then in the observance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answer mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canoniz'd bones heard in death
Have burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly inter'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,
Reifflets thus the glimces of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to make our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what custeous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But do not go with it.
  Hor. No, by no means my Lord.
  Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.
  Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your soueraignty of reason,
And drive you into madnesse: thinke of it.
  Ham. Still am I called, go on, i'le follow thee.
  Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.
  Ham. Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnees see,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, i'le follow thee.
  Mar. My Lord berulde, you shall not goe.
  Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each petty Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen i'le make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, i'le follow thee,
  Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.
  Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.
  Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?
  Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?
Ghost Make me.
Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the soule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurred and burnt away.
  Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
  Ghost Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding

Lend
Prince of Denmarke.

Lend thy listening eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prifon house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quills uppon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this fame blazon must not be, to cares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his soule, and most vnnatural murder:

Ham. Murder.

Gho. Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most soule, beastly, and vnnatural.

Ham. Hast me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as mediation, or the thought of it, may swepe to my reuenge.

Gho. O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in eafe
On Lethe wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Profles of my death rankely abuse:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my yncle! my yncle!

Gho. Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertue, as it neuer wili be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

Sleeping
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vnclle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickefylner, it posteth through
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And turns the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once deprivued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

Ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vnneffual fire:

Hamlet aide, aide, aide: remember me. Exit

Ham. O all you holfe of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damn'd pernicious villaine,
Murderous, bawdy, smilling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,

That
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.
So uncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soet is enough I have sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord. Enter. Horatio,
Mar. Lord Hamlet. and Marcehus.
Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho. Mar. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.
Hor. Heaven's secure him. Mar. How is't my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord? Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it. Ham. No not I, you'll reneale it.
Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'll be secret.
Both. I by heauen, my lord. Ham. There's never a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.
Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part: you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Every man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord. Ham. I am sorry they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
Hor. That's no offence my Lord. Ham. Yes by Saint Pasrike but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For your desires to know what is betwenee vs,
Or eemailst as you may:
And now kind friends, as you are friends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.

Both: What st my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue scene to night

Both. My lord,we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Nay upon my sword, indeed upon my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

The Gost under the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige,

Here consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue scene to night,

Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Hie et ubique, nay then weele shift our ground:

Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes

Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake

Of that which you haue scene, sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?

so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remove.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,

Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,

But come here,as before you neuer shall

How strange or odde ere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With
Prince of Denmark.

With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some undoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giving out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe you, sweare

Ghost. sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. so gentlemen,

In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come letts go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come letts go together. Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

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

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,

I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
What was I about to say,

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.

Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drinking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus do we see that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirecions, finde directions forth,
And so shall you my sonnes you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.
Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. And bid him ply his musicke
Mon. My lord I wil. exit.

Enter, Ophelia;

Cor. Farewel, how now Ophelia, what's the news with you?
Oph. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearfull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my Ophelia?
Oph. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
He is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is flecht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shoes untide,
And fixt his eyes steadfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while he floode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holdes my pulse still with a sigh
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the midstime of the night:
And as he went, his eye was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
Prince of Denmarke.

For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leave me.

Cor. Madde for thy loue,
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?

Ofelia. I did repel his letters, deny his gifts
As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n tis as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as tis for the yonger fort
To leave their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash; but what remedy?

Let to the King, this madness may prove,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. 

Enter King and Queen, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.

King. Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,
It is most right, and we most sory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, even as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.

Doe this, the king of Denmarke shall be thankefull.

Ros. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then we perswasions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by dutie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the grieue troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indueour all the best we may,
So in all dutie doe we take our leaue.

King. Thankes Gilderstone, and gentle Rosencraft.

Que. Thankes Rosencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
Return'd from Norway.

King. Thou still hast bee the father of good news.

D 3    Cor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Have I my Lord? I assure your grace, I holde my dutie as I holde my life, Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King: And I beleue, or else this braine of mine Hunts not the traine of policie so well As it had wont to doe, but I haue found The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queen God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now Veltemar, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returns of greetings and desires, Upon our first he lent forth to suppresse His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd To be a preparation against the Polacke: But better look't into, he truely found It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued, That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortenbraffe, which he in briefe obays, Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes vow before his vncle, never more To giue the affay of Armes against your Maiestie, Whereon olde Norway overcometh with ioy, Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee, And his Commission to employ those soldiers, So leuied as before, against the Polacke, With an intreaty heerein further shewne, That it would please you to giue quiet passe Through your dominions, for that enterprise On such regards of safety and allowances As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure Weele reade and answere these his Articles, Meane time we thank you for your well Took labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together: Right welcome home. exeunt Ambassadors.

Cor.
Prince of Denmarke.

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

Now my Lord touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then;
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
Hauing while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is sureft, we often loose: now to the Prince.

My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliver'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord,

Doubt that in earth is fite,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.

To the beautifull Ofelia:
Thine ever the most vnhappy Prince Hamlet.

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.

Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cros'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straightway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,

And
The Tragedy of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frequest, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King. Thinke you tis so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue faide tis so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this fame?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Principles wallke is here in the galerie,
There let Ofelia wallke untill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you haerte the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then love,
Then let my censure faile another time.

King. see where hee comes poring yppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. exit.

Cor. And here Ofelia, readie you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shall be vnseene.

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an everlafting Judge,
From whence no passenger euer return'd,
The undiscovered country, at whose light
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattering of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curst'd of the poore?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pules the braine, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orisons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliever to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofel. What meanes my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty have better priviledge than with honesty?

Ham. Yea mary may it, for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of love,
As would have moou'd the stoniest breast alioe,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giiftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I neuer loued you.

Ofel. You made me beleewe you did.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. O thou should'st not a beleeued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why should'st thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainesfull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofe. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofe. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house:to a Nunnery goe.

Ofe. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ie giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Bethou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofe. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofe. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one,shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
Prince of Denmarke.

To a Nunnery goe.   

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this? The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him, All dasht and splinter'd thence, O woe is me, To a scene what I haue scene, see what I see.  

Exit.

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, Enter King and Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Corambis. 

Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while, I will my selfe goe seele him: let me worke, I etry him every way: see where he comes, Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone To finde the depth of this, away, be gone.  

Exit King.

Now my good Lord, do you know me?  

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Ye a very well, y' are a fishmonger.  

Cor. Not I my Lord.  

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man, For to be honest, as this age goes, Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?  

Ham. Wordes, wordes.  

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?  

Ham. Betweene who?  

Cor. I mean the matter you reade my Lord.  

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:  

For here the Satyrical Satyre writes, That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes, Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammers, bowty legges, All which sir, I most potently beleue not: For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am, If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.  

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit: Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger: All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue, And when I was yong, I was very idle, And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this: Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. E 2
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Into my grave.
Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leave of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.

Ham: You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.

Cor, You secke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. exit.

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Roffencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elsanoure.

Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenberg.

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde sits,

Come, you were sent for.

Roff. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I think not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauen, nor earth, nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.

What entertainement the Players shall haue,
Prince of Denmarke.

We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.

_Ham._ Players, what Players be they?

_Reff._ My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

_Thofe that you tooke delight to see so often._ (flie?

_Ham._ How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

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

_Ham._ How then?

_Gil._ Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that
 Came to them, are turned to private playes,
 And to the humour of children.

_Ham._ I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes
 At my uncle, when my father liued,
 Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
 For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
 He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
 The ventrous Knight shall vfe his foyle and target,
 The lover shall sigh gratis,
 The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,
 That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
 And the Lady shall have leave to speake her minde freely.

_The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis._

Do you see yonder great baby?

_He is not yet out of his swadling clowts._

_Gil._ That may be, for they say an olde man
 Is twice a childe.

_Ham._ Ile prophesie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
 You say true, a monday laft, t'was so indeede.

_Cor._ My lord, I haue news to tell you.

_Ham._ My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

When _Reffios_ was an _Actor_ in _Rome._

_Cor._ The Actors are come hither, my lord.

_Ham._ Buz,buz.

_Cor._ The best Actors in Christendome,
 Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall, Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plato too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha, O Iephæ Judge of Israel! what a treasure hadst thou?
Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Cor. A, still harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me Iephæ, I have a daughter that
I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Will tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, Enter players.

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to heard me in Denmarke?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flic at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,

But it was never acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauairy
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde,
Cried in the topp of their judgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no salfets in the lines to make the saury,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

But called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Aeneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrrus, like th' arganian beast:
No tis not so, it begins with Pirrus:
O I have it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismal, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise, horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandf examinee:
So goe on.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spake, and with good

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,

His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

Pyrrus at Pryam driues, but all in rage,
Stikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued fater falles.

Cor. Enough my friend, tis too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hees for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or else he sleepe, come on to Hecuba, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her wheake and all ore-temming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademme stonde,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,

Would
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Would treason have pronounced,
For if the gods themselves had scene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malicious strokes,
Minting her husbandes limbs,
It would have made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not change his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. Tis well, tis very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracfts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man, use every man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Use them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserve, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither masters, can you not play the murder of Gonago?

Players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And couldst not thou for a neede essay me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

Players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. Tis well, I thank you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare first? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thank you,
And for a time I would desire you leave me.

Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiot am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

For
Prince of Denmark

For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? What would he do and if he had my losse? His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him, He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood, Amaze the standers by with his laments, Strike more then wonder in the judiciall cares, Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise, Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an affe and John a Dreames, Having my father murdred by a villaine, Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward: Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose, Give's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs, Sure I should take it, or else I have no gall, Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites With this flaues offell, this damned villaine, Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine: Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father, Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe Thus raile in wordes. About my braine, I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play, Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confess a murder Committed long before. This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell, And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such men, Doth seke to damne me, I will haue founder proofes, The play's the thing, Wherein I'l catch the conscience of the King. exit.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie? You being so neere in love, euen from his youth, Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could, To wring from him the cause of all his grieue, But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes Would make an answere to that we exposde. 

Ros. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth Before we left him, and I take it, He hath giuen order for a play to night, At which he craues your highnesse company. 

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well: Gentlemen, secke still to increase his mirth, Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open, And we vnto your selues will still be thankefull. 

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall command. 

Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (Denmarke 

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince. 

King Thanks to you both: Gertrud you'lt see this play. 

Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth. 

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me: And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake, We cannot yet finde out the very ground Of his distemperance, therefore I holde it meete, if so it please you, Else they shall not meete, and thus it is. 

King What i' th Corambis? (done, 

Cor. Mary my good lord this,soone when the sports are Madam, send you in haffe to speake with him, And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras, There question you the cause of all his grieue, And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all: My Lord,how thinke you on't? 

King It likes vs well, Gertrud, what say you? 

Queene With all my heart, soone will I send for him. 

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger, Who hopes his grieue will be reueal'd to her. 

Declamatores

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue every thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a repustious periwig
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbes shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellows that I haue scene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That having neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
Take heede, auyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? Let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselves, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be observed: O'tis vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you have some agen, that keepes one fute
Of lieafes, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his lieafes downe

F 2
The Tragedy of Hamlet

In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages; and, my coate wants a cullison:
And your beere is sour; and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of iestfs,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a leaf
Unleffe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maifters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready. execunt players.

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as iust a man,
As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.
There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that A& afoote,
Markethou the King, doe but observe his lookes,
For I mine eies will ruuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghof that we haue seene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallesi alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?

King How now son Hamlet, how fare you, shall we haue

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,

feede
Prince of Denmarke.

feede a the ayre.
I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.
   Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
   Ham. What did you enact there?
   Cor. My lord, I did aet Iulius Cesar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.
   Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be these Players ready?
   Queen Hamlet come sit downe by me.
   Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you give me leave, and so forth: (traitiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?
   Ofel. No by my Lord.
   Ham. Upon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
   Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits
downe in an Arbor, she leaves him: Then enters Luci-
   anus with poysion in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and finds him
dead: and goes away with the other.
   Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.
   Ham. This is my ching Mallico, that means my chiefe.
   Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?
   Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.
   Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
   Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le nor be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.
   Pro. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stowpug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
   Ham. Is't a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
   Ofel. T'is short my Lord.
   Ham. As womens loue.
   Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.
   Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Since happy time joyn'd both our hearts as one:  
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veins,  
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines  
Of musteke, which whilome pleade mine eare,  
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:  
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,  
To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you.

Duchesse O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,  
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,  
Thon maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,  
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

Duchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,  
None weds the second, but she kills the first:  
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,  
When second husband kisles me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!  
Duke I doe beleeue you sweete, what now you speake,  
But what we doe determine oft we breake,  
For our demises still are overthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:  
So thinke you will no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Duchesse Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a widdow, euer I be wise.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke 'Tis deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,  
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.

Duchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,  
And never come mischance between vs twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but thee'le keepe her word.

King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No offence in the world, poyson inuest, poyson in inest.

King. What do you call the name of the phy? (ieft.

Ham. Mouse-trap: mary how trapically this play is

The image of a murder done in guyana, Albertus

Was the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
Father, it is a knauish pecece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Ya’re as good as a Chorus my lord.

Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y’are very pleasant my lord.

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerfully my mo-
ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.

Ofel. Nay, t’is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For ’ie haue a suite of Sables: Iesu, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there’s some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outluye memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

Ofel. Your iefts are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leave thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate seafon, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With Hecates bane thrife blasted, thrife infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately. exit.

Ham.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. He poysons him for his estate.

King. Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. The king riseth, lights hooe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

Ham. What, frighted with false fires?
Then let the stricken decree goe wepe,
The Hart ungalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must wepe,
Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.
Hor. I Horatio, i'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in Denmarke.

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Ros. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ros. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let us againe intreate
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-

Gil. My lord, your mother craves to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Ros. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play upon this pipe?

Ros. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I have no skill my Lord.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
Tis but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot.

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of

You
Prince of Denmark

You would seeme to know my stops, you would play upon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And doe into the secret of my soule.
Zounds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can fret mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge.

Ros. How a spunge my Lord?

Ham. Sir, a spunge, that sakes vp the kings
Countenance, favours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king, in the end, best serve;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, tis but squeezing of you,
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Ros. Well my Lord wee'dle take our leave.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God bless you.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.

Cor. Tis back't like a weasell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. exit Horatio.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:

O God, letne're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent.    exit.

Enter the King.

King  O that this wet that faules vpon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crye out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vnpardondeable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is heat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I butt still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act againft the univerfal power,
Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaine.

hee kneels.    enters Hamlet

Ham.  I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
And how his soule floode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefcit,
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,
(drunke,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes.    exit Ham.

King  My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.

No
Prince of Denmark.

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. exit King.

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. exit Cor.

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?

Ham. I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you shall heare me speake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:

Helpe hoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

Rash intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,

As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King; nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitable stuffe,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horrid there and blace it shews. (words?

Queene Hamlet, what mean'ft thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whole heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Unleon.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same hawe you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
Al haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.
Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.
Ham. Nay but still to persift and dwell in sinne.
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to scale damnation.
Queene Hamlet, no more.
Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Whole chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breaft?
Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gratious
Powers above, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull/
Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,

And
And ever part that should assist revenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pity.

_Ghost_ Hamlet, I once againe appeare to theee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it offf.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's searefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her se is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

_Ham._ How i'ft with you Lady?
_Queene_ Nay, how i'ft with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

_Ham._ Why doe you nothing heare?
_Queene_ Not I.

_Ham._ Nor doe you nothing see?
_Queene_ No neither.

_Ham._ No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. _exit ghost._

_Queene_ Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieves:
But as I have a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

_Ham._ Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,
It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbear the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

_Queene_ Hamlet, I vow by that majestie,
Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and toffes me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At laft I call'd for help: and as I cried, Coramis
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killest.

King Why this his madnede will vn doe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil We will my Lord. Exeunt Lordes.

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by Rosencraft and Gilderstone,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happily the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham At supper, not where he is eating, but

Where
Prince of Denmarke.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes are euyn now at him.

Father, your fafte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King But sonne Hamlet, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misle him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, aud if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

King Make haste and finde him out.

Ham. Nay do you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.

King Well sonne Hamlet, we in care of you; but specially
in tender preseruation of your health,
The which we price euyn as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night.
Lord Rosencraft and Gilderstone shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart; farewell mother.

King Your louing father; Hamlet.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewell: for England hie.

Exeunt all but the king.

King Gertrud, leave me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne'ere to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

He presently without demanding why,
That Hamlet loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free.   exit.

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbrasse nephew to old Norway,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away.  exeunt all.

enter King and Queene.

King  Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If every thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene  God grant it may, heau'ns keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mischance of olde Corambis death,
Hath pierced so the yong Oseilia's heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King  Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Queene. O see where the yong Ofelia is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe singing.

Ofelia  How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shone.
White his throwde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his hecles a stone.

king How i'ft with you sweete Ofelia?
Ofelia Well God yeeld you,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weep:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all chriſten foules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?

A noyſe within. enter Learces.

Lear Stay there untill I come,
Oh thou vilde king, giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?
king Dead.
Lear Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queen True, but not by him.

H Learces
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.

king. Let him goe Gertred, away, I feare him not,

There's such divinitie doth wall a king,

That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,

Tis true, and we most for it,

Being the chiefeste pilier of our state:

Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,

Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le open mine arms,

And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,

I will no reconcilement but by bloud.

king. Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:

And that in soule we sorrow for his death,

Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,

Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, Ofelia? O my deere sister!

I'lt possible a yong maides life,

Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?

O heau'ns themselves! how now Ofelia?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:

Here, here is rew for you,

You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,

Heree's some for me too : you must weare your rew

With a difference, there's a dazie.

Here Loue, there's rosemary for you

For remembrance : I pray Loue remember,

And there's panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts, remembrance:

O God, O God!

Ofelia. There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you

Some violets, but they all withered, when

My father died: alas, they say the owle was

A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,

But can not tell what we shall be.
Prince of Denmarke.

For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Ofe. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, tis a the Kings daughter
And the false steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is saint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And dup't the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisfe, and by saint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. exit Ofelia.

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sifter thus distraeted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked aet.

king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lear. You haue prouall'd my Lord, a while I le striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Which once unheards, then the world shall hear
Leartes had a father he held deere.

king. No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall hear that you do not dreame vpon. 

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sone is safe arriv' de in Denmarke,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crost by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conversion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene. Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are always jealous,
But know not you Horatio where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene. O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, left that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinkes by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv' de, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene. But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?

Hor. He being set a shore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Scale,
So all was done without discovery.

Queen Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leave,
With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.
Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Lear. 

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?
What chance is this; they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for joy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
Lear, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your revenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.

King. Nay but Lear, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
You some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Lear. And how for this?

King. Mary Lear, thus: I'll lay a wager,
Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the mastry, that in twelue venues
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lov'd de
Will ever haue Lear in suspect.
Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord Hamlet should refuse this match.
King I'll warrant you, wee'll put on you

Such
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'll have a potion that shall ready stand.
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

Lear. This excellent, O would the time were come!

Here comes the Queene. 

Enter the Queene.

king How now Getrid, why looke you heauily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong Ofelia

Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of flources,
Sitting vp on a willow by a brooke,
The envious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she late smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vn-capable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drown'd:

Too much of water haft thoy Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuengce it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drown'd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,

If the water come to me, I drowne not my selue:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

Ergo
Prince of Denmarke.

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Yare gone, goe y'are gone sir.
2. I but see, she hath christian burial,

Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should have more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselves, more than other people:
Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,

And will indure long.

Clowne That's pretty, too't agen, too't agen.
2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,

And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Pretty agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
doos it well ? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:
And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doome's-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, he throwes vp a shouel.
For such a gheft most meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the Slave joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing:
For and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is for to be made,
For such a gheft most meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another Horatio.

Why
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Why ma'nt not be the scull of some Lawyer? Me thinkes he should indite that fellow Of an action of Batterie, for knocking Him about the pate with's shoule: now where is your Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and Double vouchers, your leave and free-holde, And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce Holde the conueniance of his land, and must The honor lie there? O pitifull transformation! Iprethee tell me Horatio, Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes? Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too. Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselves sheepe and calues That deal with them, or put their trust in them. There's another, why may not that be such a ones Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse, When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee Lets question yonder fellow. Now my friend, whose graue is this?

Clowne Mine sir.
Ham. But who must lie in it? (sir.
Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
Ham. What man must be buried here?
Clowne No man sir.
Ham. What woman?
Clowne. No woman neither sir, but indeede One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio, This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant, Comes so neere the heele of the courtier, That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing, How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes, He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.
Prince of Denmark

Ham. And why a tanner?
Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Demourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I ever since our last king Hamlet
Slew Fortenbrajes in combat, yong Hamlets father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I marly, how came he madde?
Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clowne A this ground, in Denmark.
Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, 'tis no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?
Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.
Ham. Whose scull was this?
Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one Yoricke's scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore Yoricke
I knew him Horatio,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
upon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
your iiefs now Yoricke? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come Yoricke. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus!

Hor. Even so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the bounghole of a beere barrell? Imperious Cesar dead and turnd to clay, Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes, with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments? It shews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

Lear. What ceremony else? Say, what ceremony else?
Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for fauour of the king, and you,
She haue beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian burial.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlif Priest, a ministring Angell
shalt my sister be, when thouliest howling.

Ham. The faire Osels dead!

Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorn thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee unto thy graue.

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:
Leartes leapes into the graue.

Now powre your earth on Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde Pellon: Hamlet leapes in after Learites

Whats he that conjures so?

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy soule.

Ham. O thou praiest not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throte,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
I lou'de Ofelia as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'ft thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a life,
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Ofella as a Wart.

King. Forbeare Learst, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
A none as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therefore a while give his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, Learst.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore Learst be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come Gertrude, wee'haue Learst, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befitthes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. exunct omnes.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. beleue mee, it greues mee much Horatio,
That to Learst I forgot my selle:
For by my selle me thinkes I feele his griece,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Gent. Now God save thee, sweete prince Hamlet.
Ham. And you sir; soh, how the muske-cod smels!
Gent. I come with an embassage from his maiefty to you
Ham. I shall sir give you attention:

By my troth, me thinkes it is very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Ham. Tis hot me thinkes.

Gent. It come with an embassage from his maiefty to you
Ham. I (hall fir giue you attention:

By my troth, me thinkes it is very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Ham. Tis hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very souldery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six French rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The carriages sir, I do not know what you meane.
Gent. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Ham. The worde had beene more coxin geman to the
phrase, if he could have carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I understand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that young Learst in twelve veries
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiefty,
With the rest of the best judgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tell his maieftie, I wil attend him.

Gent. I shall deliever your most sweet answer. exit.

Ham. You may sir, none better, for y're spiced,
Else he had a bad nofe, could not smell a foole.

Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine

Very sore, all here about.

Hor. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, not I; if danger be now,

Why then it is not to come, there's a predestinate providence.
in the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Lear, Lords.

King Now sonne Hamlet, we have laid upon your head,
And make no question but to have the best.

Ham. Your maieftie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles.

Ham. First Lear, here's my hand and love,
Protesting that I never wrong'd Lear.

If Hamlet in his madnefe did amiss,
That was not Hamlet, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I c're did to Lear.
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.

King Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle Lear, these foyles,
Hau all a laught, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none. Heere they play.

Ham. Judgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe. They play againe.

Ham. Another. Judgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.

King Here Hamlet, the king doth drinke a health to thee

Queen Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King Give him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
I'le drinke anone.

Queen Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.

King Do not drinke Gertrude: O tis the poynesed cup!
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Learstes come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
Lear. If say you so: haue at you,
Ie hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come on sir.

They catch one another's Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Learstes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King Looke to the Queene.
Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.
Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How ist my Lord Learstes?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an house of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. The king dies.

Lear. O he is justly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgive thee. Learstes dies.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.
Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

Ham. Upon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leave behind?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his vfe:
Farewel Horatio, heauen receive my soule. Ham. dies.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Voltiemar and the Ambassadors from England.
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloudy sight?
Hor. Ifaught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke vpon this tragick e spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Haft thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (land,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your selues, He shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That never mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdom,
Which now to claime my leisure doth invite mee:
Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a proud most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amistle.

Finis