THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Barnard and Francisco, Two Centinels.

Barnard.

Wilt there be a good man? Franc. Nay, answer me: stand up and unroll your felce. Barn. Long live the King. Franc. Barnard?

Barn. He.

Franc. You come most carefully upon your hour. Barn. This is the most stately step to bed Francisco. Franc. For this reliefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart. Barn. Have you had quiet guard?

Franc. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatius and Marcellus, the rivals of my watch, bid them make both. Enter Horatius and Marcellus.

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

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Franc. Give you good night.

Mar. O swerel honest Soldier, who hast relie'd you?

Franc. Barnard's ha'my place: give you goodnight. Exit Franc.


Barn. Say, what is Horatius there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Mar. Welcome Horatius, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, hast's this thing appear'd against to night, Barnard? I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatius saith, 'tis but our Fantastick,
And will not let berea take hold of him.
Touching this dreaded night, twice feme of vs,
Therefore I have increased him along.
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if a saile this Apparition come,
He may approove our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Then, yee, will not appear.

Barn. Sit downe a while,

And lye us once againe affaire your ears,
That ye be fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have fene.

Hor. Well, if we downe,

And let us heare Barnard's speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond fame Stare that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course till he that part of Heauen

Where now it burns, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then being one.

Mar. Peace, break thee of: Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes againe.

Mar. In the stame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler, speake to it Horatius.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatius.

Hor. Moll like it: it howres me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Queffion it Horatius.

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

Mar. It is offend'd

Barn. See, it itakes away.

Hor. Stay speake: speake: I Charge thee speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now Horatius? You tremble & look pale:

Is not this something worse then Fantacie?

What thinke you not'st?

Barn. Before my God, I might not this beleue

Without the senible and true auouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art so thy felce,

Such was the very Armour he had on,
When the Ambitious Norwey combatted:

So frownde he on vs, when in an angry parte
He smote the fuddled Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and last at this dead houre,

With Maritall itake, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,

This boades some strange erupcion to our State.

Mar. Good night, sit downe & tell me he that knows
Why this fame strikf and most obieruent Watch,

So nightely toyes the subject of the Land,

And why such dayly Caft of Brason Cannon

And Forsaigne Mart for Implements of warre:

Why such impreffe of Ship-wrights, whole foes Taska

Do's not divide the Sunday from the wecke,

What might be toward, that this sweatey haft

Dost make the Night joyner Labourage with the day?

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King.

Whole Image even but now appears to us,
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulatE Pride)
Dar't do the Combat. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,
(For to this side of our kingdom we were esteem'd him)
Did lay this Fortinbras, the, who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratifie by Law, and Heraldrie.
Did Dorsete (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he flied fez'd on, to the Conqueror;
Against the which, a Moity content
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,
Hid he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Counsall
And carriage of the Article dispose,
His fell to Hamlet. Now sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unproumed Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Lift of Landelle Reforles,
For Fodie and Diet, to some Enterprizze
That hath a flamacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare mine State)
But to recover of ye by strong band
And termes Compulsative, those forreign Lands
So by his Father loft: and this (I take it)
Is the same Motive of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hall, and Romage in the Land,
Exit Ghost againe.

But soft, behold! low, where it comes againe?
It crost it, though it blast me. Stay illusion:
If thou hast any found, or vie of Voyage,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do safe, and grace to me; speake to me,
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-bonded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombbe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirites oft walke in death).
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Parizian?

Her. Do, if it will not stand.

Bar. This heere.

Her. This heere.

Mar. This gone.

Exit Ghost.

Bar. It was about speake, when the Cocke crewke.

Her. And then it Started, like a guilty thing
Upon a peacock summation. I haunt heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lothly and thrift-founding Toare
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extraumpst, and error Spirit, hyes
To his Conbine. And of the truth herein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It failes on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some sayes, that euer they that Sease cometh
Wherein our Saints Birth is celebrat'd,
The Bird of Dawning figneth all night long:
And then (they say) no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome then, no Planets strike,
No Faery talks, nor Witches hath power to charm:

So hallow'd; and so gracius is the time.

Her. So haue I heard, and do in part beleewe it.

But looke, the Monk in Ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of you high Eastern Hill,
Breakes we our Watch vp, and by my advice
Let vs impart what we have seene to night
 unto young Hamlet. For upon my life,
This Spirit dummbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you confess we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Courses, fitting our Duty?

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia,
Lord and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it be restricted.
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be continued in one brow of woe:
Yet to faire hath Difcretion fought with Nature,
That we with vsefull sorrow thynke on him,
Together with remembrance of our felieus.
Therefore our sometymes Sifer, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall streffe of this wakle State,
Hate we, as twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we herein bare'd
Your better Wifedoomes, which haue freely gone
With this aifeine along, for all our Thanks.
Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake toppefall of our worth:
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be dijouynt, and out of Frame,
Collegauned with the dreame of his Advantages
He hath not Fay'd to peffer vs with Message.
Importing the surrender of these Lands
Lole by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valliant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltcmand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young Fortinbras,
Who Impeant and Beurid, heartely heares
Of this his Nepheus purpose, to tuppresse
His further gate herein. In that the Leueus,
The Lift, and full proportion are all made
Out of his subiect: and we hauee dispatched
You good Cornelius, and you Voltcmand,
For bearer of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:

Firewell and let your hart commend your duty,

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

King. We doubt is nothing, heartely firewell.

Exit Voltcmand and Cornelius.

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

You told us of some suite. What is't Laurence?  
You cannot speak of Rea'son to the Dane,  
And lose your voyage. What would thou beg Laurence,  
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?  
The Head is not more Nature to the Heart,  
The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,  
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.  
What would thou have Laurence?  
Lor.  Dread my Lord,  
Your lean and favour to return to France?  
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark  
To shew my duty in your Coronation,  
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,  
And bow them to your gracious lean and parden.  
King. Have you your Fathers leave?  
What fayres Pollinum?  
Pil. He hath my Lord;  
I do beseech you give him leave to go,  
King. Take thy faire hour Laurence, time be thine,  
And thy best grace spend at thy will.  
But now to Colin Hamlet, and my Sonne?  
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.  
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?  
Ham, Not to my Lord, I am too much in't Sun.  
Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy mighly colour off,  
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy veyled lids  
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;  
Thou knowest it is common, all that lives must dye,  
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.  
Ham. I Madam, it is common.  
Queen. If it be;  
Why seemes it so particular with thee.  
Ham Seem's Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seem's  
'Tis not alone my lindy Cloake (good Mother)  
Nor Customary suites of Solemine Blacke,  
Nor windy Impatience of fore'd breath,  
Nor, nor the frostfull Riser in the Eye,  
Nor the deceitful hauour of the Village,  
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,  
That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seem'd;  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I haue this Within, which palfeth fowle;  
These, but the Trappings, and the Soundes of woe.  
King. To sweect and commendable  
In your Nature Hamlet,  
To give thefe mourning dutics to your Father:  
But you must know, your Father left a Father,  
That Father left, lett his, and the Sunnuer bound  
In sillill Obligation, for some terme  
To do oblicious Sorrow. But to peruse  
In oblitrate Cordolensce, is a course  
Of impious Subbotomne. This unnanly greefe,  
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen.  
A Heart unfortifed, a Minde impatient,  
An Understanding simple, and vutchool'd:  
For, what we know must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to fence,  
Why should we in our peeciful Opposition  
Take it to heart? Pye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,  
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,  
To Relashion most absurd, whose common Theame  
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first Corolle, till he that dyed to day,  
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unpearening woe, and thynke of vs  
As of a Father; For let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our Throne,  
And with no litle Nobility of Lour,  
Then that which decreeth Father beares his Sonne,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our defire:  
And we befeech you, bend you to remaine  
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye,  
Our cheerefull Courtier Colin, and our Sonne.

ly. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet;  
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.  
Ham. I shall in all my best  
Obey you Madam.  
King. Why 'tis a Louing, and a faire Reply,  
Be as our selfe in Denmark. Madam come,  
This gentle and vnfor'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits cunning to my heart; in grace whereof,  
No iocund health that Denmark drinks to day,  
But the great Cannon to the Clowdes shall retell,  
And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall braue againe,  
Repeaking earthy Thunder. Come away,  
Excuse Hamlet.  
Ham. Oh that this too too fold Fleth, would melt,  
Thaw, and refulce it selfe into a Dew:  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt  
His Cannon'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!  
How weary, Hale, flat, and vanquishable  
Seemes to me all the worse of this world?  
Fie on't! O fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden  
That grows to Seed: Things rank and groffe in Nature  
Possethe it meerely. That it should come to this:  
But two months dead? Nay, not so much; not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
Hippomenes to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother,  
That he might not betene the windes of heaven  
Visit her face too rooughly. Heaven and Earth  
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
By what it led on; and yet within a month?  
Let me not think he's: Frailty, thy name is woman,  
A little Month, or ere those thones were old.  
With which the followed my poore Fathers body  
Like Niki, all teares. Why the, even the.  
(O Heauen! A beast that wants dicourse of Reason  
Would have mouth'd longer) married with mine Vakle,  
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?  
Ere yet the fall of most enghtighfull Teares  
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
She married. O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to Inclefulent sheeets  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.  
Curt.  Caller's to your Lordship.  
Ham. I am glad to see you well;  
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.  
Curt. The fame my Lord,  
And your poore Servant euer.  
Ham. Sir my good friend,  
Ile change that name with you:  
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?  
Mar.

154
Hold you the watch to Night?
But, We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Bos. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe.
Bos. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Her. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookst he frowningly?
Her. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Her. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fix his eyes upon you?
Her. Moitconstantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Her. It would have much amaze'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: fixt it long?
Her. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun.
Ad. Longer, longer.
Her. Not when I sawt.
Ham. His Beard was grizzly, no?
Her. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night: perchance 'twill wake a.
Her. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assime my noble Fathers person,
Ille speake to it, though Helle it felte shoulde gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this light:
Let it bee treble in your silence full: 
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongues;
I will require your loyes; so, fare ye well:
Upon the Platform twixt eluen and tw-lue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. Exeunt.
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewel,
My Fathers Spirit in Armes 'All is not well;
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come; 
Till then fitt full my soule: foule deeds will rife,
Though all the earth overwhelm them to mens eies. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imboard; Farewell.
And Sifter, as the Winds give Benefit,
And Contoy is affiant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Opel. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashtion and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the youth of Priny Nature;
Fromward not permanent; sweeter not lasting
The fulphance of a minute? No more.
Opel. No more but so.
Laer. Thinkst it no more:
For nature creffant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Buttle: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ferruce of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loutes you now,
And now no foyle nor cautel dost befmerch
The versace of his feare: but you must feare

Marcell. Mar. My good Lord,
Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir. But what in faith make you from New-Lond?
Hym. A cruel disposicion, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so Nor shall you doe mine ears that violence, To make it truer of your owne report Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant: But what is your affaire in Elenoure? We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Her. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee do not mock me (Sellow Student), I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
Her. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon
Ham. Thine, thrift Haratio: the Funerall Bak-meat.
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Table;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had eues seene that day Haratio.
My father, me thinks I see my father,
Her. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (Haratio)
Her. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like again,
Her. My Lord, I think I saw him yeerlynnight.
Ham. Saw? What
Her. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Her. Seacon your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may delier
Upon the withesse of these Gentlemen,
This manuell to you
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Her. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen (Marcell and Barnard) on their Watch
In the dead night and middle of the night
Beene thus encounterd. A figure like your Father,
Armed at all points eexactly, Cap a Pe.
Appears before them, and with Solomon march
Goes down and stayeth: By them thrice he walks,
By their opprett and feared-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncous lengths whilst he befortune'd
Almost to felly with the A's of fare:
Stand dumbpe and speake not to him. This to me
In deadfull feccetic inpart they did,
And I wish them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had delier'd both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Appearance comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watched.
Ham. Did you not peake to it?
Her. My Lord, I did;
But anwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head, and did addresse
It fell to motion, like as it would speake:
But even then, the Morning Cocke crew loud;
And at the found it flincked in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis very strange
Her. As doe live my honourned Lord tis true;
And we did thinke it write downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs: but this troubles me.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

156

His greatnesss level'd, his will is not his own;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth.
Hee winde, as vmsall'd perfume doe,
Come for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The fancie, and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choyce be cumbsumbr'd
Vtto the voyce and yealding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
It fits your wife done to farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Scott and forces,
May giue his sayeing deede; which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmark goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may suffaine,
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaff Treatise open
To his vnmaimed importunity.
Fear it; 
Ophelia, fear it my deare Sifter,
And keep within the ear of your Affection;
Out of the first and danger of Define,
The charmed Maid isProdigall enough,
If the vnsake her beauty to the Moon:
Virtue it selfe escapes not calamious stroakes,
The glassy Galls, the Infants of the Spring.
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious bashments are most imminent.
Be wary then, beloit safety lies in tears;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else nere.

Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good Lesion keele,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vnicrous Pallas doe,
Shew me the sleepe and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilist like a pult and reckelffe Libertine
Himselfe, the Primer stroke of dalliance tries,
And realest not his owne face.

Lear. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I say too long; but heremy Father comes:
A double blesing is a double grace;
Occasion smilys vpon a second lease.

Polonius. Yet here Laertes; Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your face,
And you are fayd for here; my blesing with you;
And the few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any proportion'd thougest his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with houpes of Steele;
But doe not dull thy pulme, with entertainment
Of each whatch't, valde.The'g Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear that thopposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine care; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans care; but referre thy judgment:
Policy thy habic, as thy purse can buy;
But not express in facre; rich, not gawdye:
For the Apparell oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the beltrace and fracion,
Are a most felte and generose chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both it selfe and friend;
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry,
This above all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it muft follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be faile to any man.

Lear. Moit humblely doe I take my leave, my Lord.
Polonius. The time inuytes it, gree, your fauenrful stud.
Lear. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Ophelia. This is in my memory lockt,
And you your selue shall keep the key of it.

Lear. Farewell.

Polonius. What if Ophelia he hath said to you?
Ophelia. So please you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.

Polonius. Marry, well thought:
Tis told me he hath very of late
Givn private time to you; and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as to fit put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You do not undersland your selue so cleerly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, give me ye the truth?

Ophelia. He hath his Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affecction to me.

Polonius. Affection, puh. You speake like a greete Girle,
Vnfit in such perilous Circumstances.

Do you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Polonius. Marry, Ile teach you, think you your selfe a Baby,
That you have take his tenders for true pay,
Which are not standing. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poor Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you tender me a fool.

Ophelia. My Lord, he hath imparted me with love,
In honourable fasion.

Polonius. I fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophelia. And hast givn sonference to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowers of Heaven.

Polonius. 1. Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burns, how Prodigall the Soule
Gives the tongue vocyes; these be Lazars, Daughter,
Givng more light then harte; existz in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You maue not take for bite. For this time Daughter,
Be neverwhat treateas of your Mainden preface;
Set your entreaties at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tither may he wake,
Then may be gurnd young. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleue his vocyes for they are Brossets,
Not of the eye, which their insentiments shew:
But mere inplorators of vnlyche Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguill. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine traerues, from this time forth,
Have you to flander any moment leisure,
As to gue words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Looke too, I charge you, come your ways,

Ophelia. I shall obey my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, Floris, and Flaurian.

Hamlet. The Ayre bites threawly: is it very cold?

 Floris. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Hamlet. What hower now?

Floris. I think it lacks of twelve.

Hamlet. No, it is not.

(Floral, Floris. Indeed I heard it not: then it draws nearer the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

What does this mean, my Lord? [sighs, 
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his 
Keepes wassifels and the sweetering withspring reales, 
And as he drawes his draughts of Renine downe, 
The kette Drum and Trumpet thus bray out 
The triumph of his Pledge. 
Hor. Is it a customary? 
Ham. I marry, life 
And to my mind, though I am quite here, 
And in the manner born. It is a Custom. 
More honours in the breach, then the observance, 
Enter Ghost. 
Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes. 
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us: 
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin dam'd, 
Bring with thee eyes from Heaven, or blasts from Hell, 
Betray to me wicked or charitable, 
Though not in such a questionable shape. 
That I will speak to thee. He call the Hamlet, 
King, Father, Royal Duke: Oh, oh, and wearse, 
Let me not build in Ignorance: but tell, 
Why thy Canone d'bones Hearted in death, 
Hast build them carnets, why the Sepulchre 
Wherein we saw thee quietly cast, 
Hast op'd his pandourous and Marble awes, 
To cast thee vp again? What may this meane? 
That thou dead Corpse egs in compleat Fleece, 
Reunites the glittis of the Moon, 
Making Night his house: And we foules of Nature, 
So horridly to dislodge our disposition, 
With thoughts beyond these watches of our Soles, 
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe? 
Ghost shews Hamlet, 
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it, 
As if some impartation did destine 
To you alone. 
Mar. Look with what courteous action 
It waits you to a more removed ground: 
But doth not goe with it. 
Hor. No, by no means. 
Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it. 
Hor. Does not my Lord. 
Ham. Why, what should be the fear? 
I do not set my life at a pins fee; 
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that? 
Being a thing immorral as it selfe: 
It waies me for against, Icile follow it. 
Hor. What if it came you toward the Touch my Lord? 
Or to the dreadful Somme of the Cliffs, 
That becke't his habit into the Sea, 
And there affumes some other horrid forme. 
Which might depriue your Sovereignty of Reason, 
And draw you into maddest thinkes of it? 
Ham. It waies me litt: goe on, Icile follow thee. 
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord. 
Ham. Hold off your hand, 
Hor. Befall'd, you shall not goe. 
Ham. My Interesse out, 
And makes such petty Attire in this body, 
As hardy as the Nemen Lions mesure: 
Still am I fard: Unhand me Gentlemen: 
By Heaven, he make a Ghost of him that lets me: 
1Exit Ghost & Hamlet. 
Hor. He waies desperate with imagination. 
Mar. Let's follow: is not fit thus to obey him.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But oft, 'tis thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefer let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My clou'des always in the afternoon;
Vpon my secure lower thy Vielle stile
With thy slayes of curfed Heaven in a Violl,
And in the Porches eke of mine eares did pourne
The leprous Dithmore; whose whole effect
Hold'ssuch an enmyty with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, doth course through
The natural Garis and Allies of the Body;
And with a foda me vigour it doth poffet
And curr'd, like Aygrie drenpings into Milke,
The thin and wholesome blood: to do it line;
And a most infam Teater bad about;
Moff Lazar-like, with vile and fowtheome crust,
All my smough Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispaorte;
Cut of even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnozzeled, disappointed, vnmarred,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my impecffions on my head;
Very horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible;
If thou haft nature in thee bare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmerke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceit.
But howw oft thou pursueth this Aet,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrib
Against thy Mother ouch; leave her to Heaven;
And to that Thomas that in her bosome lodge,
To prick and fling her. Fare thee well at ones.
The Grow-worms showes the Matrine to be neere,
And guns to pale his vnfeefull Fire:
Aude, aude, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth, what ras;
And shall I couple Heli? Oh fields: held my heart;
And you my sinnes, grow not instant Old;
But bear me stiffeby vp: Remember thee?
I, thow poore Ghost, while memory holds a feate
In this distrubed Globe: Remember thee?
Yes,from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all trauall fond Records,
All fawes of Bookes, all formes, all prefures paff,
That youth and obfuration coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall line
Within the Bookes and Volume of my Braine,
Vnomix with barer matter:yes, yes, by Heaven:
Oh most perricious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Table; meet is it fet it downe,
That one may smyle, and smyle and be a Villaines.
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmerke;
So Vackle there you are: now to my word;
It is: Aude, Aude. Remember me: I hate Iwomt.


Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Her. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Her. Illa, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Illa, ho, ho, boys come bird, come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Her. What news, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Her. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'treuelse.
That you know ought of me; this not to do:
So grace and mercy at you most need help ye you:
Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, yet perturbed Spirit; to Gentlemen,
With all my soul I do commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe express his love and friend to you,
God willing shall not lack; let vs goe in together,
And fill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joint: On cursed night,
That euer I was borne to see it right.

Now come let's goe in together.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynaldo.

Reyn. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe mansly well; good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him you make inquiry
Of his behawour.

Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said; very well said. Look ye Sir,
Empire me first, what Drunkards are in Paris,
And how, and whatso! what, and where they keep;
What company, at what expense: and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my forme; Come ye more nearer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Do you make this Reynaldo?

Reyn. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be here I meanes, hees very wild;
Addicted to and for, and there put on him
What forgesones you please; marry, none to ranke,
As may dissemble him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and wild slips,
Are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reyn. As gaining my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbling. You may goe to faire.

Reyn. My Lord that would dissemble him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feacon it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to incencements;
That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may perceive the staints of liberty,
The fl raison and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A fagonies in unexpre'ed blood of general assault.
Reyn. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reyn. My Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir; here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these flight fulleys on your Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd I'v'th working:
(Found,
Mark ye your party in conuerce; him you would
Having euer frene. In the pronominous crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be affir'd.
He closes with you in this consequece:
Good sir, or le, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Playde and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reyn. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

Reyn. What was I about to say?
I was about to say something; where did I leave?

Reyn. At closes in the consequece:

At friend, or le, or Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequece, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterdays, or other day;
Or then or then, with such and such, and as you say.
There was he ganing, there e'toke in's Room.
There falling out at Temes; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of idle;
Endeavour, a Brothell, or to forth. See you now;
Your bathe of falshood, rakes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wife done and of teach
With windlebree, and with shiffes of Bias,
By indirectes finde directions out.

So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonnaye you have me have you not?

Reyn. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reyn. God my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Reyn. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musick.

Reyn. Well, my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Oph. My Lord, as I was fowling in my Chamber,
I heard Hamlet with his doubltall vbracht, 
No hast upon his head, his stakings fould,
Vagranted, and downe gied to his Ankle,
Pale as his skin, his knees knock'd each other,
And with a looke so pittishe in purpur,
As if he had beene leade out of hell.
To speake of ordered: he comes before me,

Polon. Mad for this Loue?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.

Polon. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the writh, and held me hard;
Then goe he to the length of all his armes;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to touch, or all of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shakeing of mine Arme:
And thence his hand thus waching vp and downe;
He rais'd a figh, so pittishe and profound,
That it did amone to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being, That done, he lets me goe,
And with his hand ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpes,
And to the left, head'd their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seek the King.

This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whole violent property forsoes it selfe,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Queen. Amen. Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th’Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord, are joyfully return’d.

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

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Affire you, my good Liege, I hold my duty, as I hold my Soul, both to my God, one to my gracious King.

Ham. And I do think, or else this braine of mine Hunts not the truie of Police, so sure As I have vs’d to do; that I have found The very cause of Hamlet’s Lunacies.

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

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

Ham. Thy felde do grace to them, and bring them in.

He tells me my sweet Queene, that he hath found The head and substance of all your sonses dissemer.

Ham. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o’er-hasty Marriage.

Pol. Enter Polonius, Voltumnus, and Curnalpiss.

King. Well, we shall lift him. Welcome good Friends: Say vokaumans, what from our Brother Norway?

Pol. Moll faire returne of Greetings, and Delites.

W. upon our first, be sent out to supprese His Newes of Leuses, which to him appers’d To be a preparation ’gainst the Poleak:

But better look’d into, he truly found It was against his Highnesse, whereat grieved, That to his Sickness, Age, and Impotence Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Armies On Fardibra, which he (in brevity) obeys, Receiveth rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes Vow before his Valve, never more To give the thrally of Armes against your Maiestie. Wherein old Norway, outcrieth with joy, Giveth him three hundred Crownes in Annual Fee, And his Commisson to employ those Soldiers So leaue as before, against the Poleak: With an intereat herein further thewne, That it might please you to give quiet passe Through your Dominions, for his Enterprise, On such regards of safety and allowance, As therein are yet downside.

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more consider’d time we’ld read, Answer, and think we upon this Bufineffe. Meane time we thank you for your well-tokke Labour, Go to your rest, at night we’ld rest together. Moll welcome home.

Pol. This bufineffe is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to espositione What Maiestie should be, what Dute is, Why day is day; night is night; and time is time, Were nothing but to waste N.ght, Day and Time.

Therefore, since Beinisse is the Soule of Wit, And sediouinisse, the limbes and outward Bonifies, I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad: Mach 1; for to define true Madreffe, What it is; but to be nothing else but mad, But let that go.

Quo. More matter, with leffe Art.

Pol. Madam. I sweare I vie no Act at all:

That he is mad, ’tis true: ’tis true ‘tis pittie, And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,

But farewell it: so I will vie no Act.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In the Lobby.

Qn. So be he's indeed.

Pol. At such a time He loose my Daughter to him, Be you and I behinde an Arras then, Marke the encounter: If he loose her not, And be not from his reason false theerupon; Let me be no Affiliment for a State, And keepe a Famine and Carters, King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qn. But looke where fadily the poore wretch Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away, He board him prettily. Exit King & Queen.

Qn. How does my good Lord Hamlet? Ham. Well, God's mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord? Ham. Excellent, excellent well: 'tis a Falsmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honesst a man, Pol. Honesst, my Lord? Ham. I find, to be honesst as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kifling Carrion—

Have you a daughter? Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk 'th Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter my conceit. Friend looke soot.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Falsmonger: he is faire gone, faire gone: and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love: very near this he speaks to him againe. What do you read my Lord? Ham. Words, words, words.


Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Systricalt Hair faire faire, that old men have gray Beardes: that their faces are wrinkled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentiful locke of Wit, together with weakke Hammers. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and powerfully beloved; yet I hold it not Honesst to have it thus let downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madniness, Yet there is Method in't: will you walke Out of the ayle my Lord? Ham. Into my Grave? Pol. Indeed that is our oth' Ayre. How pregant (sometimes) this Replies are? A hapiness, That ofter Madniness hits on, Which Reaon and Sanitie could not So prosperously be deliuer'd of, I will leave him, And sodainly contrive the means of meeting Betweene him, and my daughter. My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly Take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thise tedious old foole.

Polon. You goe to seke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God sawe you Sir.

Gild. Mine honou'rd Lord?

Ros. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How doe you? Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the earth. Guild. Happy, in that we are not one-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiste, or in the middle of her bunner?

Gild. Faith, her priviues, wee.

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

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

Ham. Then is Doomsday neere: But your neues is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, defeated at the hands of Fortune, that she leads you to Peison hither?

Gild. Peison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Peison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confiners, Warders, and Dangongers: Denmark being one of 'em.

Ros. We think not so my Lord.

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

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

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshel, and count my finke a King of infinite space: were it not that I had bad dreams.

Gild. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very substanse of the Ambititious, is meerely the shadow of a Drone.

Ham. A dreame it is ife it be but a shadow.

Ros. Trueely, and I hold Ambition of so ayy and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

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

Ros. Wee wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not for you with the rest of my tenants: for so speake to you like an honest man: I am most drestfully attendid; but in the beaen with of Friendship, What make you at Effemorer?

Ros. To visit your Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thank you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny: were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal feely with me: come, come: my speake.

Gild. What should we say my Lord?

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

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the conformation of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-prefered love, and by what more deare, a better propostle could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Gild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation present your discouery of your secrete to the King and Queene: most no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my minr, forgone all outlout of excercice: and indeed, it goes so heaynously with my dispositioun: this goodly frame the Earth, jaunecs me to a fer-
till. Pridomery; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this bratse one-hanging, this Marshall of Roofe, fretted with gilden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, than a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours, What a piece of works is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculaty? in forme and moving, how express and admirable in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals: and yette, what is this Quinteance of Dull? Man delights not on mee; no, Nor Womanneither; though by you finding you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such state in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not on mee?

Ros. To think, my Lord: if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coasted them on the way, and higher are they comming to youer Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of mee: the aduernous Knights that vie his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not long grace, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make thofe laugh whose lungs are tickled a'by'fere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the blanke Verfe shall halt for: what Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the Citie.

Ham. How chances it they transile? their refection both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citie? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it, do they grow ruly?

Ros. Nay, their endeanour keepe in the wonted pace: But there is Sir an ayele of Children, little Yales, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for: these are now the fash-
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

263

fashion, and to be called the common Stages (to they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come to the Play. Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they put the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most of their manneres are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them excus'd against their owne Succeeding. Rep. Faith there he's beene much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no sine, to curze them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for arguement, unlefe the Poet and the Player went to Cusses in the Question. Ham. Is he possible? Could. Oh there hi's beene much throwing about of Brains. Ham. Do the Boys carry it away? Rep. I that they do my Lord, Hercules & his load too. Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vucke is King of Denmark, and thosethat should make mowes at him while my Father lived; guy twenty, forty, an hundred Dacuses a peace, for his picture in Little. There is some thing in this more then Natural; if Philosophie could finde it out. 

Enter for the Players. God. There are the Players. Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsounor; your hands, come: The apperance of Welcome, is Fashon and Ceremonie. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must be) finely outward; and should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vucke Father, and Aunt Mother are dese'n. God. In what you deare Lord? Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawk on a Handsaw. Enter Polonius. God. Well be with you Gentlemen. Ham. Hearke you Goddenborne, and you too: so each ere a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swelling clouds. Rep. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe. Ham. I will Prophecy: Hee comes to tell the of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning twos and so. God. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. When Repulius an Actor in Rome. ——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord, Ham. Buzze, buzze. Pol. Upon mine Honor. Ham. Then can each Actor on his Age ——

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie,Historical, Pastoral: Pastoral-Historical; Pastoral-Historical: Tragedical-Historicall: Tragedical-Historicall-Historicall-Pastoral: Scene indissoluble, or Poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the only men. Ham. O Iphes Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had't thou? Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord? Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well. Pol. Still on my Daughter. Ham. Am I not the right old Iphes? Polon. If you call me Iphes my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. Ham. Nay that follows not. Polon. What follows then, my Lord? Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know. It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the Peas Chafon will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgeements come.

Enter some or sixe Players. Y're welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to fee the well: Welcome good Friends. O my old Friends? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com it thou to be heard in Denmark? What, my yong Lady and Mil- thi? By lady thy Ladiship is nearer Hones then when I saw you last, by the difference of Chappinge. Pray God your voice like a piece of incontinent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome we're cleane to't like French Faulconers, the at any we fee'd we've a Speech straight. Come give us a satisf of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord? Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never a Speech; or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember please'd not the Million, 'twas Cominie to the General: but it was (as I recin'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modell, as cunning, I remember one said, there was no Salles in the lines, to make the matter fa- mous; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affraction, but call'd it an honest method. One cleafe Speech in it, I cleefe look'd, 'twas a Amens Tale to Didde, and therabout of it specially, where he speaks of Prisms laughter. If live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see: The rugged Pyrhuu like th'Hypercian baleat. It is not so: it begins with Pyrhuu. The rugged Pyrhuu, he whole Sable Arnes Blaue as his purpose, did th' night reflex. When he lay couched in the Oxus Horie, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion finner'd With Heraldy more diuell: Head to foote Now is he to take Greilles, horribiely Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonsnes, Bisk'd and impaithed with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vile Musters, rosted in wrath and fire, And thus o'c'c'f'd with comminglue gore. VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrhuu Old Grandifie Prisam feake.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discrip. 3. Player. Aonon he findes him, Striking too short at Grettches. His antiche Sword, Rebellion to his majesty where it failes Repugnant to command: venemall match, Pyrhuu at Prisam drives, in rage stikes wide: Bat with the whiffle and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vanneered Father falls. Then sence a sword, Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top Stoops to his knee, and with a hideous craft Takes Prisoner Pyrhuu care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milke head. O'Reagnent Prisam, feene'd at the Ayre to slake:
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some horsemen,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold winde speakelethe, and the Orbe below
As hulph as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus paufe,
A ro wild Vengeance fets him newe a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammer fall.
On Man his Armours, forge'd for proofe Eternne,
With lèffe remorle then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falles on Priam,
Our, ou, thou Stumpem-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boole the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall roth Barbars, with your bread, Prythee fay on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudrye, or he sleepe.
Say on; come to Hecuba.

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

2. Play. Run foot vp and downe,
Threatening the flamme
With Bifon Rheuma: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem flood, and for a Robe
About her lacke and all ore-tameid lones,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had feene, with tounge in Venome sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortune State, would Tresson have pronounce?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When the law Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mixing with his Sword her Husband's limbes,
The incontinent Blush of Clamour that she made
(Vanellis things mortall moste them not atall)
Would hau'e made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Locke where he's now turn'd his colour, and
' ha' tearest in his eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Is well, Hee haue the speake out the reft.
Soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
flow'd. Doy ye heare, let them be well vs'd. for they are the Abstracks and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epistle, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will vie them according to their de-
farr.

Ham. Gods bodykins men, better. Vie euermie after his defart, and who should fcape whippes: vie them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they deffere, the more merite is in your bounte. Take them in.

Pol. Come sir.

Ham. Follow me. Friend, we'll heare a play to mor-
row. Doth then heare me old Friend, can you play the
mother of Geronius?

Play. I play my Lord.

Ham. We'ld that to morrow night. You could for a need fluey a speche of some dofen or sixteene lines, which I would let downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I play my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, He leaue you til night
you are welcome to Elfrances?
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Roy. He does confesse he feeleth himselfe distraeted, But from what cause he will by no means speake.

Gost. Nor do we finde him forward to be confirmed, But with a craftie Madnike keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Roy. Moft like a Gentleman.

Gost. But with much forcing of his disolution.

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

Qu. Did you affay him to any pastime?

Roy. Madam, it to sell out, that certaine Players
We once-worshipt on the way: of these we told him,
And there did feeme in him a kind of toy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pet. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to interruse your Mates
To heare, and see the matter.

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

Roy. We shall our Lord, Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely fent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'were by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her father, and my felse (lawful epigals)
Will to bewail our fathers, that seeing vaneene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
It be't infringement of his love, or no,
That thus he suffer's for a
Qg, I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good Beatrice be the happy caufe
Of Hamlet's wilfulness: to shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pet. Ophelia, walke you here. Gracious so please ye
We will bewail our fathers: Read on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.
We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much pride, that with Denouements filage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The duell himselfe.

King. Oh! 'tis true:
How smart a laft: that speech doth gliue my Conscience?
The Flarrios Checke beauteous with plaiting Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my moft painted word.
Oh beaute bushe!


Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or no to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune; Or to take Arms again a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them; to dye, to sleepe:
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-take, and the thousand Natural shocks

That Pith is heire they're to? Titl eexconumation
Deoquently to be with'd. 'To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dream, I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe there's death, when sleepe dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this morral code,
Mutt guve vs paws. There's the reperct
That makes Calamity of fo long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mams Consumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Lour, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Queste make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vindiected Countrie, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Puzles the will,
And makes vs rather beare the lilies whanere,
Then die? to other that we know not of,
Thus Conscience doth make Cowards vs all,
And thus the Native law of Revolution
Is sickled o're, with the pale call of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Gritrances turn away,
And looke the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia! Nimph, in thy Otrizons
Be all thy former remembered.

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

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receiv'em.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honorable Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume felt:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore, when givers prove vnkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha! ha! Are you honest?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you false?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honest
I shall admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comes he then your Honestie?

Ham. I trifie: for the power of Beautie, willcume
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can transtand Beautie into his likenelie.
This was sometimse a Paradox, but now the time giues it proved: I did lose you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe.

Ham. You should not have beleued me. For vertue
Cannot to innoculate out old flocke, but we shall effilish of it. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why shouldst thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am thy sole indifferent honest, but yet I could not love me of such things, that it were better
My Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, resungefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my bcke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players;

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lief the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but use it gently; for in the very T取出, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whistle-wind of Passion, you might acquire and beget a Temperance that may grace it Smoothly. Oleiened mee to the Soule, to be a rabblous Perry-wig-panied Fellow, teare a Puffing on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb lyes, & so I could have such a Fellow whisper for o’re-doing Tremagunt: it out-Herod’s Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your owne discretion be your Tutor. Suse the Achiou to the Word, the Word to the Achiou, with this speciall observance: That you o’re-stop not the modellie of Nature; for any thing to out-done, is to lose the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the first and now, was, and is to hold as twere the Mirror vp to Nature; to show Verue her owne Feature, Scone her owne Image, and the verie Age and Body of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this mount-don, or come cardie off, though it make the vnkind-lull laugh, cannot but make the Indiscreet grieve; The cenfure of the which One, must in your allowance o’re-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian Pagust, or Norman, have so trustted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature loneney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity abominably.

Why. I hope we have reform’d that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to let on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary Questions of the Play be then to be considered; that is Villanistes, &esse a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vies it. Compose you radie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Ruelience, and Guilderstone.

How now my Lord.

Will the King hear this piece of Worke?

Pol. Andache Quence too, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two help to helten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hor. Here sweet Lord, at your Service, Horatio, thou art eene as infall a man As eere my Conversation could entangle.

Hor. O my die Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I lattre:

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no Rentnewnshafft, but thy good spirits

End.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To feed & cloath thee. Why shoulde the poor be flatter'd? No, let the Candle tongue, like abord pompe, and crooke the prouren Hindgles of the knee, where thoyr may follow fasting? Doth thou have, Since my deere Soule was Murther'd in my choyle, and could of men distingush, her election Hath feald thee for her selfe. For thou haft bene As one in suffering all, that soffereth nothing. A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards Hath given to equal Thankefull, And biffet are those, whole Blood and judgement are well conmungled, that they are not a Pipe for Fortunes fingers. To found what hop please. Give me that man, that is not Passions slave, and I will weare him in my hearts Core. I, in my heart of hearts, As I doe the. Something too much of this, there is a play to night before the King. One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance Which I have told thee of my Fathers death; I preythee, when thou feest at that a foot, Even with the verie Comment of my Soule Oubeste mine Vakle; If this occulted guid, Do not let it be unkennell in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we have scene; And my Imaginations are as foule As Volcans Systhe. Give him needfull note, For I mine eyes will sister this Face; And after we will both our judgements joyne, To confute of his feeming. Hora. Well my lord, if he feale outhe the whilst this play is Playing, And scape deteath, I will pay the Theif.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torchess. Danilo March. Send a Florishe.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place. King. How faire our Cosin Hamlet? Ham. Excellent Haith, of the Camelions disp: I eat the Ax promis; gra'md, you cannot feed Capons fo. King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words are not mine. Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once Vniversity, you say? Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enfl that? Pol. I did enflt Phoebus Caelor, I was kill'd at the Capitol: Brutus kill'd me. Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capital a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?


Oph. What is my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my love is, proofs both made you know,
And as my Loue is fix'd, my Fears is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou that live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and happy, one as mine,
For Husband that thou choosest.

Bap. Oh confound the fifte.
Such Loue, must needs be Tenion in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accur'd,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first:

Ham. Warrwood, Warrwood.

Bap. The just meet that second MARRiage move,
Are hate respects of Tambour, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kill me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the skue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like fraute vineipes flickes on the Tree,
But fall within, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary' is, that we forger:
To pay our duties, what to our duties is debt:
What to our duties, in million we prepare,
The passion ending, dash the purpofe offe.
The violence of other Greece or Joy,
Their own amansators with themselves destroy:
Where Joy mom Reuels, Greece doth mom lament:
Greece joyes, Joy greenes on slander accident.
This world is not for eye, nor is't not strange
That one out, Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For this a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether Loues lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great aim downe, you make his favourites flies,
The poore aslum'd makes Friends of Enemies:
And hither doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall needes lacke a Friend:
And who in wages a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly feares him his Enemies,
But orderly to end, where I began,
Our Wills and Fortunes do fo contrary run,
That our Desires still are cross'd downe,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So think I thou vs no second Husband wed.
But die thy thought, when thy foul'd Lord is dead.

Bap. Not Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Spare, and regoe to come from me day and night:
Each oppo'tude thatblankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have wide, and it destroy:
Both here, and hence, purifie me lafting turfes,
If once a Widding, ever the Wife.

Ham. If the should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply tweone:
Sweet, leasure here a while,
My spirit groweth, and fame I would begaull.

Thered is a true repose.

On. Sleep, sleep rocks thy Brain.

Slumber
And never come mischance betweene vs swaine, Exit

Tham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Cam. The I aby protest to much me thinkes,

Ham. Oh but the I keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no of-

Fence in't.

Ham. No, no, they do but left, seyson in left, no of-

Scene it the world.

Ham. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mousetrap; Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in France: Go-
za is the Dukes name, his wife Bappis: you shall see an-
onis a knauff piece of worke: But what other:
Your Majestie, and wee that have se free foules, it touche-
vs not: lest the gull jade winch withour victors are winnynge.

Enter Lucianus

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King,

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

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

Oph. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coll you a graining, to take off my

edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husband.

Begin Murderer. Poe, lese thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come the crooking Rauren doth hellow for Re-
venge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands sors,

Drugges fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate feafton, else no Creature feeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hearne Bas, twice bluffed, thrice infected,
Thy natural Magicks, and dire proprie,
On wholesome life, viure immediately.

Powers the payson in his ears.

Ham. He payson him. 1st. Garden for his etasse:
His name is Gomez: the story is extant and wite in choyce
Italian. You shall se how the Murtherer get the
love of Gomez's wife.

Oph. The King rifer.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

O. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Gie me the Play.

King. Gie me some Light. 13ay.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Excus

Enter Hamlet & Horatio

Ham. Why let the sluttcan Deere go wepe,
The Hart vragelled play?

For some must weep, whilst some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreft of Feathers, the rest of
my Fortunes turne Tukey me with me, with two Provinciall
Rofs on my rac'd Shoos, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players fitt.

Hor. Haffe a share.

Ham. A wholee one I.

For than doth know: Oh charm deere,
This Resume disannointed was of Loue himselfe,
And now reignes here.

A very very Piacock.

Hor. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. On good Horatio, I take the Ghosts word for a
thousand pound. Did it perceive?

Hor. Yes, well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the take of the paysoning?

Hor. I did very well noke him.

Enter Rosencrance and Guildenstern.

Ham.Oh, ha, Come some Muffick.Come some Recorder?
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then behike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Muffick.

Could Good my Lord, vouchesafe me a word with you.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I prithee, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retreatment, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wifeworde should Hew it selfe more ritcher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for me to put him to his Purging, would perhaps plunde him into faire more Choller.

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

Ham. I am came Sir: pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great satisfact

Ham. I pray you Sir, your commandement: if not, your pardon, and my returns shall be the end of my bufferie.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits differ.

Rofin. Then thus the fayres: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so stonish a Mother. But is there no fequall at the heels of this Mothet's admiration?

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

Ham. We shall obey, were the tentimes our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rofin. My Lord, you once did lose me.

Ham. So I doe thil, by these pickers and fleasers.

Guild. Good my Lord, what is your cause of difference? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your geeseles to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lack A devastating.

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

Ham. I but while the graffe growes, the Proverb is something mufy.

Guild. Enter me with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdrawe with you, why do you go about to recover the windes of men, as if you would drine me into a toyale?

Guild. My Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnanerly.

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

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do not fear you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. This as easy as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Looke you, there are the flemmes.

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

Ham. Why looks you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me; you would seeme to know my steps; you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would found me from my lowest Nose, to the top of my Compaide: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be played on, than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can let me, you cannot play upon me. God bleste you Sir.

Enter Polen.

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

Ham. Do you fee that Clouds, that is almost in shape like a Camel.

Polen. By th' Misse, and it is like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Weazell.

Polen. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polen. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: they boole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polen. I will say so.

Enter.

Ham. By and by, is easely said. I leave me Friends:
Tis now the very witching time of night.
When Churghyards yawe, and Hell it faire breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter bufferie as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looke not thy Nature: let not ener
The Soul of Ainerary, enter this frame before:
Let me be cruel, not vnnatural,
I will speake Daggers to her, but sly none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words sometyme the be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule content.

Enter King, Rosencranz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor standes it safe with vs,
To let his madonffe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shal along with you:
The terms of our efface, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies,

Guild. We will our selves prouide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies sate
That hurt and feede upon your Maiestie.

Rofin. The angle
And peculie life is bound
With all the stength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it felle from noyance; but much more,
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and refts
The lines of many, the scale of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulle doth draw
What's beere it, with it. It is a muffie wheele
Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mounse,
To whose huge Spokeses, ten thousand letter things
Are mortiz'd and adloyed: which when it faileth,
Each small annexment, petty conifence
Attends the boyrous Ruines. Never alone
Did the King firthe, but with a general grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this special Voyage;
For we will Pettes put upon this fear,</n
Which
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Which now goeth too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs. Exeunt Gent. Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closets.

Behinde the Arras Ile consey my felle.

To heare the Proceesse. He warrant she'll tax him home.

And as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meete that some more audience shew a Mother,

Since Nature makes them partiall, should ore-see.

The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Ligs,

He call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks desce my Lord,

Oh my offence is rank, it stinks to heaven,

It hath the primal chiet curfe vnpon't,

A Brothers murder. Prayer can I not.

Though inclination be as sharpe as will:

My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,

And like a man to double businesse bound,

I stand in paule where I shall first begin,

And both neglect; what if this cursed hand

Were thicker then it felle with Brothers blood.

Is there not Rainie enough in the sweete Heaven?

To wash it white as Snow? Wherefore feres mercy,

But to confront the visage of Offence?

And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,

To be fore-halled ere we come to fall,

Or pardem being downe? Then hee looke vp,

My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer

Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foul Murther.

That cannot be, since I am still poffeft

Of those effects for which I did the Murther.

My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

May one be pardem, and retaine the offence?

In the corrupted curtsies of this world,

Offences gilded hand may shew by justice,

And oft his feene, the wicked prize it felle.

Buyes out the Law: but 'tis not to above,

There is no stufling, there the Action lyes.

In his true Nature, and we our felves compell'd

Ease to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

To ghuie in evidence. What then? What relifs?

Try what Repentance can. What can it now?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

Oh wretched rate! Oh bofonie, blacke as death!

Oh limed foule, that stringing to be free,

Art more ingaggi'd. Helpes Angels, make asay:

Bow (stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,

Be soft as finewes of the new-borne Babe,

All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, now he is praying,

And now he doe't, and so he goes to Heaven,

And so am I turnd; that would be fromd,'t

A Villaine kills my Father, and for that,

I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine tend

To heaven, Oh this is lyce and Sallery, not Reuenge.

He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread,

With all his Crimes broad blowe, as freth as May,

And how his Andit hands, who knowes,are Heaven:

But in our circumstance and course of thought:

'Tis beneke with him and I am then treuged,'t

To take him in the purging of his Soule,

When he is fit and fexion d for his passage? No.

VP Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunk asleep; or in his Rage,

Or in the incefluous pleasure of his bed,

At gaming, swearing, or about some acie

That he's no relish of Salvation in't,

Then trip him, that his heels may kicke at Heaven,

And that his Soulle may be as damnd and blacke

As Hell, whereo it goes. My Mother fares,

His Physicke but prolongs thy tickly daies.

Exit. King. My words bye vp my thoughts remaine below,

Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go.

Exit.

Enter queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come freight.

Looke you lay home to him,

Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to bear with,

And that your Grace hath feene and, and finde betweene

Much beate, and him. He silence me e none here:

Pray you be read with him.

Ham. Mother, mother, mother.

Que. Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, Theare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Que. Mother, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

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

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Que. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Que. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:

You are the Queene, your Husbands brother wife.

But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Que. Nay, then Ile let thoes to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge:

You go not till I set you vp a glaife,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Que. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not marther me?

Helpe, helpe, helpe. Pol. What hast, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rats dead for a Ducate,dead.

Que. Oh I am halme. Killes Polen int.

Que. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know nor, is it the King?

Que. Oh what a rath, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,

As is a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Que. As kill a King?

Ham. 1 Lady, was my word.

Thou wretched, rats, intruding foule farewell,

I took thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,

I found it to be too base, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable flutte,

If damned Cusome have not brad it fo,

That it is proffes and bulwarke against Senfe.

Que. What have I done, that thou darst wag thy tong,

In noise to rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurses the grace and bluth of Modelfie,

Cals Venus Hypocrasse, takes off the Roife

From the faire forehead of an innocent jade,

And makes a blifer there. Makes marriage-vowes

As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

As from the body of Contraction pluckes The very soul, and sweeter Religion makes A rapids of words. Heaven's face doth glow, Yea this folly and compound maffs, With thristful visage as against the doome, is thought-lique at the act. 

Qn. Any one of what act, that roares so loud, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Lookes heere upon this Picture, and this. The counterfeits pretencem't of two Brothers. See what a grace was feard on his Brow. Hypocresie dyed, the front of Loue himselfe, Any eye like Mars, to threaten or command A Station, like the Herald Mercury. New lighted on a heauen-keeling hill: A Conspiration, and a Truce indeede, Where euer God did feeme to hit his Scale, To give the whole sullenne of a man. This was your Husband. Lookes you now what follows. Here is your Husband, like a Mildeew'd care Blasphing his wholebom breath. Have you eyes? Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed, And dares on this Moore? Is'tHave you eyes? You cannot call it Loue: For as your auncell The hey-day in the blood is tame, its humble, And waite upon the Judgement: and what Judgement Would step from this, to this? What dust was't, That thus hath confound you at hoadd'm-blinde? O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell, If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones, To flamo yout youth, let Veuce be as waxe, And melt in her owne fire. Proclaim no name, When the complices Arduce gives the charge, Since Froth it fells, as snarly doue blurs, As Resol punsh Not will.

Qn. O Hamlet, speake no more. Thou turnst mine eyes into my very soule, And there I see such blake and grained spoit, As will not leaue their Tint.

Ham. Nay, but to oule In the ranke sweat of an enfeaded bed, Stewed in corruption: honnuying and making lone Out the nasty styre.

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

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine: A Slaue, that is not twentie part the synde Of your preceident Lord. A Vice of kings, A Cuprine of the Empire and the Rule. That from a fliebe the precious Diadem stole, And putt it in his Pocket.

Qn. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of thredes and patches. Saus me; and houre of me with thy wings You heavenlyy Guards,What would you gracious figure? Qn. Alas he's mad. 

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide, That slept in Time and Passion, lest go by Th importance acting of your dread command? Oh say. Ghost. Do not forget this Visitation Is to wark thy almost blunted purpose. But looke, Amazemente on thy Mother sits; O flit between her, and her fighting Soule, Conceit in weakeft bodies, strongest worke. 

Speake to her Hamlet. 

Ham. How is it with you Lady? 

Qn. Alas, how is it with you? That you bend your eyne on vacanice, And with their corporall syre do hold discoure. Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peape, And as the sleeping Soldeours in th'Altarme, Your bedded hate, like life in excrements, Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle bonne, Upon the heate and flame of thy dis perse. Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke? 

Ham. On him, on him; look how pale he glares, His forme and cause contion'd, preaching to foes, Would make them capable. Do not look upon me, Left with this pittious action you concern: My seruice effects: then what I have to do, Will want the colour: resting pardon for blood, 

Qn. To who do you speake this? 

Ham. Do you see nothing there? 

Qn. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see. 

Ham. Nor did you nothing hene? 

Qn. No, nothing but our felues.

Ham. Why do you looke on there; looke how it fleas away: My Father in his habite, as he lived, 

Qn. This is the very coynage of your Braine, This bodilie Exaltation is very cunning in. 

Ham. Exalti. My Pleafe as yours death temperately keepstine, And makes as healthful Mufeckie, it is not madaffe That I have vittered: bring me to the Peft 

Qn. And I the matter will re-word, which madaffe Would gangue from. Mother, for love of Grace, Lay not a flattering Vindication to your soule, That not your trepapher, but my madaffe spake: It will but shir and hmac the Vicious place, While I ranke Corruption mining all within, Infects vaynefe. Conder your tale to Heaven, Repent what was past, anyd what is to come, And do not fire the Compost or the Weedes, To make them ranke. Forbode me this my Verteue, For in the famesse of this hale time, 

Qn. Vicke much, of Vice must pardon begge, Yea courth, and woe, for leaue to do him good. 

Qn. Oh Hamlet, Thou haft left my heart in waisme. 

Ham. I throw away the worser part of it, And laze the purer with the better hate. Good night, but go not to mine Yokes bed, Afsume a Verteue, if you have it not, retaine to night, And that shall lend a kinde of esesse To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight, And when you are defrous to be blest, Ie blessing begge of you. For this same Lord, I do repent: but heauen hath pleased it so, To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be the coarse and Miniffer. I will bellow him, and will and ever well The death I gave him; so againe goodnight; I must be cruel, onely to be kinde; Thus bad begins, and worrie remains behinde. 

Qn. What shall I do? 

Ham. Nor this by no means that I bid you do: Let the blunt King tempert your aigne to bed, Pinch Witches on your chariot, call you his Meufe, And let him for a pairte of rekesh kiffe.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Or padding in your necke with his damnd Fingers, Make you to rauell all this matter out, That I officially am not in madneffe, But made in craft. Twere good you let him know, For who that is but a Queene, faire, foster, wife, Would from a Paddocke, from a Baw, a Gibbe, Such as are concerning him, Who would do fo, No in delight of Scorn and Secrecie, Vynpege the Basket on the houslift top: Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe And brake your owne recke downe.

"Bye, Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath, And breath of life: I have no life to breathe What thou haft saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alack I have forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing: He lugges the Guts into the Neighbor room, Mother goodnight. Indeed this Counsellor Is now most stile., moist secret, and moist grave, Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave. Come fit, to draw toward an end with you. Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet bearing in Polonius. Enter King.

King. There's matters in these fitches. These profound heues You must tranlate: 'Tis we vnderstand them. Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude! How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Sea, and winde, when both contend Which is the Mightier. in his lawlesse fit Behinde the Atras, hearing something flire, He whips his Raper out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, And in his Bramble apprehension killes The wisene good old man. King. On heavy dead: It had bin so with vs had we beene there: His Liberty is full of threats to all, To your felle, to vs, to every one. Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd? It shall be laide to vs, whose pridefull proudeene Should have kept thort, refrained, and out of haunts, This mad young man. But so much was our love, We would not vnderstand what was most fit, But like the Owner of a foule diseaue, To kepe it from divulging, let's feeke Even on the path of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild, O're whom his very madneffe like some Oare Among a Mineral of Mettels bafe Sheeress it felle pure. He weepes for what is done. King. Oh Gertrude, come away. The Sunne no sooner shall the Mountains touch, But we will shew him hence, and this wise deed, We must with all our Maiesty and Skill Both countenance, and excuse. Enter Rof & Guild.

Ho Guildenforn: Friends both go inayng you with some further ayde: Hamlet in maneness hath Polonius Iaine, And from his Mother Cloffers hath he drag'd him. Go seeketh him out, faire he faire, and bring the body Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this. Exit Gent. Come Gertrude, well' call vp our wifhest friends.

To let them know both what we mean to do, And what's unmeetly done. Oh come away, My soule is full of discordes and dismay.

Enter Hamlet.


Ham. What noife? Who eats on Hamlet?

Oh heare they come. Enter Rof and Guildenforn. Rof. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body? Ham. Compounded it with duff, where to 'tis Kinne. Rofin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And bace it to the Chappell. Ham. Do not beleue it. Rofin. Beleue what?

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

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

Ham. I trow that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authoritie but such Officers do the King belf iurese in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his law, flift mou'h to be latt swallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd it, is but figee- zyng you, and Spundging you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I vnderstand you not so my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaue speech sleepeles in a foolish ear.

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

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing --- Guild. A thing my Lord?

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

Enter King.

King. I haue fent to seekke him, and to finde the bodie: How dangerous it is that this man goes loose: Yet must not we put the strong Law on him: He's lورد of the distarcted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: And where 'ts so, 'thOffenders scourge is weigh'd But neerer the offence: to bose all this imouch, and even, This fadine sending him away, must fene Deliberate paufe, diseses desperate growne, By depperape appliance are releache.

Enter Referenceman.

How now! What hath befalne?

Rofin. Where the dead body is besevod my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

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

King. Bring him before vs.


Enter Hamlet and Guildenforn.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer- taine conconacion of worms are e're at him. Your worm is your owne Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elie to fast vs, and we fat our felle for Madagascar. Your fast King, and your lean Beggger is but variable fentuce to differ, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doth thou mean by this?

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

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

King. Where is Polonius?

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

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will lay till ye come. K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety Which we do tender, as we dearly greese For that which thou hast done, must tend thee hence With very Quickness. Therefore prepare thy life, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th'Associates send, and every thing at bent For England. Ham. For England? King. I Hamlet. Ham. Good. King. So is it, if thou knew'rt our purposes. Ham. I fee a Churbute that fee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother. King. Thy loving Father Hamlet. Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one feth, and so my mother: Come, for England. Exit King. Follow him at foot, Tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, Ile haunce him hence to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That else leane on th'Affaire, pray you make haft. And England, if my love thou holdest to aught, As my great power thereof may give thee free, Since yet thy Cencrata lookes raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy free aw. Payes hommage to vs; thou mailest not coldly yet Our Soueraigne Procede, which imports at full By Letters coniuring to that effect. The present death of Hamlet. Do it England, For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages, And thou muft cure me: Till I know its done, How ere my happes, my loydes were neere begun. Exit Enter Fortinbras with an Armie. Fort. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, Tell him that by his licenc, Fortinbras Claims the conuoyance of a promis'd March Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendezoue: If he have his Magestry would ought with vs, We shall express our dutie in his eye, And let him know so. Capt. I will do't, my Lord. Fort. Go safely on. Exit Enter Queen and Horatio. Que. I will not speake with her. Hor. She is imperious, indeed strait, her mood will needs be piated. Que. What would the hauze? Hor. She speakes much of her Father; fates the heares There's tricke's th't world, and herms, and bea'ts her heart, Strues emioultly at Straves, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe fente: Her speech is nothing, Yet the ynspayed yf of oft moute The heares to Collection; they ayme at it, And bow the wings wp fixt to their owne thoughtes, Which as a winker, and nod, and gestures yeald them, Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing fure, yet such cunningly.

Que. 'Twere good the two were spoken with, For the may shew dangerous conferences In ill breeding minds. Let her come in. To my sicke foule(as times true Nature is) Each toy femees Prologue, to some great amisse, So full of Arleffie sealoue is guilt, It spiks it selfe, in feare to be spilt. Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke. Que. How now Ophelia? Oph. How should I your true love know from another one? By his Cockle hat and flפסק, and his Sandal boone. Que. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song? Oph. Say you? Nay pray you marke, He is dead and gone Lady he is dead and gone, At his head a grave-grate trains, at his head a flowers. Exit King.

Que. Nay but Ophelia. Oph. Pray you marke. While his Shelf is at the Mountains snow, Que. Alas, looke heere my Lord. Oph. Laided with sweet flowers: Which bempes to the grave did not go, With true-love's breath.

King. How dyoe, pretty Lady? Oph. Well, God did you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table. King. Conceit upon her Father. Oph. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this: To morrow is S.Patentues day, all in the morning betime, And I at Maid with you at the Window to be your Palatine. Then vp behife & dres'd his clothes, & dpte the chamber dore, Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia. Oph. Indeed is't without an oath Ile make an end on.

By go, and by S. Charities, Alacke, and so for thame:

Tong men will dont, if they come too's, By Cock they are two hyme.

Que. but before you tumbled me,

Ten promis'd me to wed:

So would it be done by yonder Sonne,

And thou hast not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this? Oph. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weeppe, to thinke they should lay him in cold ground: My brother shal knowe of it, and so I thynke you for you good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. Exit.

King. Follow her olde.

Give her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyson of deepc greefe, it springs All from her Father's death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,

When forrowes come, they cannot single spies, But in Battallies, First, her Father claine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author: Of his owne infeuromone: the people muddred, Thiche and knowdolome in their thoughts, and whispers For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly In huggetes mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia

Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts.
Life, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzees to infect his cere
With pellicent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where he is a necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing tickle our pernious to Arraigne
In cere and cere. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Pece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. A Neixe within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qn. Alacke, what noyse is this?
Kng. Where are my Swearets?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Msf. Save your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (outer-peering of his Life)
Eates not the Flas with more impunitious hafe
Then young Laerets, in a Riveous head,
One-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forger, Cullome not knowne,
The Rattlers and props of every word.
They cry choo se we? Laerets shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laerets shall be King, Kng. King.

Q. How cheerfully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falsee Daniell Dogger.
Neixe within, Enter Laerets.
Kng. The doores are broke.
Larr. Where is the King, sir? Stand you all without.
A. No, let's come in.
Larr. I pray you give me leave.
A. We will, we will.
Larr. I thank you. Keep the doors.
Oh thou vile King, give me my Father.
Q. Calmely good Laerets.
Larr. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaims me Baffard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Haslot
Even herehe betweene the chaffe unfinisht brow
Of my true Mother.

Kng. What is the cause Laerets,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not fear our person:
There's ditch Dinty doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peere to what it would,
As little of his will. Tell me Laerets,
Why thou ant thus Incin'd? Let him go Gertrude,
Speak man.
Larr. Where's my Father?
Kng. Dead.
Q. But not by him;
Kng. Let him demand his fill.
Larr. How came he dead? Ile not be lagg'd with
To hell Allcience: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Confiance and Grace, to the profoundest Pit,
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I gliese to negligence,
Let come what comes tolie Ile be reun'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

Kng. Who shall play you?
Larr. My Will, not all the world,
And for my means, Ile husband them to well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Lauretts:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your renowne,
That Soop-flake you will draw both Friend and Poe,
Winner and Lover.

Larr. None but his Enemies.
Kng. Will you know them then?
Larr. To his good Friends, thus wide ile open my Armes:
And like the kinds Life-rendiring Politician,
Repaist them with my blood.
Kng. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guileless of your Fathers death,
And am most tentible in greefe for it,
It shall as lauell to your Judgement piece
As day do's to your eye.
A Neixe within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Larr. How now? what noyse is that?
Oh heart drece vp my Braine, teares seven times falle,
Burne out the Sence and Virtue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madneffe shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the breame. Oh Roce of May,
Decre Maid, kindle Sifter, sweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauen, 's is poisible, a young Mails wie,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life.
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 's tine's,
It sends some precious influence of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Oph. They have vsed him here sauc'd on the Beere,
Hey now why, why now why:
And on his grave raises many a trewe,
Fare you well my Duow.
Larr. Had'f thou thy wie, and didst perpersude Re-
uenge it could not move this.
Oph. You must fig downe a downe-
and you call
him a downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? Is it
the falle Seward that flote his matters daughter.
Larr. This nothings more then matter.
Oph. There's Rosiemarry, that's for Remembrance.
Pray lose remember, and there is Parecious, that's for
Thoughts.

Larr. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remembrance
fitted,
Oph. There's Fenell for you, and Columbites: that's
Rew for you, and heere's fame for me.
Wec may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundays: Oh you must wear your Rew with
a difference. There's a Daytie, I would you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;
For honey sweetes Robin is all my joy.

Larr. Thought, and Affiliation, Paffion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettiness.
Oph. And will be not come againe,
And will be not come againe:
No, we be dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He weere are come awaue.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pale:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away more,
Crambery on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God,
God buy ye.

Larr. Do you fee this, you Gods?

Kng. Lauretts, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me rights go but spare,

Make
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You mainly were fain'd up?

King. O for two speciall Resoants, Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsmooved, And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother, Lives almoast by his lockes: and for my selfe, My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which, She's so commonclue to my life and foule; That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere, I could not but be her. The other Montue, Why to a publike count I might not goe, Is the great loue the generall gender bear him, Who dipping all his Faults in their affections, Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, Convert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Atrosee Too lightlyimbred for to loud a Wilde, Would have returned to my Bowe againe, And not where I had armd them.

Lear. And so chance I a Noble Father lost, A Sister driven into desperate resymes, Who was (if prais'd may goe backe againe) Stood Challenger on moont of all the Age For her perfecions. But my restynge will come. King. Break not your sleepe for that, You must not thinke That we are neede a flute, so flat, and dull, That we can let our Beard be flocked with danger, And thinke it palme. You shortly shall hearre more, I'd yonder Father, and we loue our Selves, And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! What News?

Mess. Letters from the Lord Hamlet. This to your Maitrely this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mess. Sayles your Lord they say, I saw them not: They were given me by Claudius, he receiued them.

Lear. You shall hearre them: Leave vs. Exit Messenger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am not pock'd on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (full asking your Pardon shornent) recount the Occasions of my fatnes, and more frequently receive your tenders, and your Kingly Hamlet.

What should this meanes? Are all the rest come backe? Or is it some abuete? Or no such thing?

Lear. Know ye the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character, naked in a Postscript here he failes alone: Can you aduise me?

Lear. I'm lovt in it my Lord; but let him come, It warmes the very ficklest in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, Thus diddeth thou.

King. If he be so Learers, as how should it be so: How other wise will you be ruled by me?

Lear. If so you'll not overtere me to a peace. King. To theire owne peace: if he be now return'd, As checking at his Voyage, and that he means No more to vndertake it, I will work him To an exploye nowriper in my Deuise, Vnder the which he shall not choose but full; And for his death no winde of blame shall breath, But euen his Mother shall vouchsafe the practice, And call it accidents: Some two or Threee Months hence Here was a Gentleman of Normandy, The like mee fayre you under'd against the French, And they ran on Horfesbacke, but this Gallant

Had
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat, And to such wondrous doing brought his Horfe, As had lie beene encorps'd and demy-Nature's With the braue Beatif, jo faire he paff my thought, That I in forgery of shapes and tricks, Considereth of what he did.

Lear. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed, And vennone of all our Nation. Kim. He was the confeffion of you, And gave you such a Matterly report, For Art and exercise in your defence; And for your Rapier most especially, That he cryed out, 'twill be a fight indeed, If one could match you Sir. This report of his Did Hamlet to evemone with his Emory, That he could nothing doe but with and begge, Your fondaine comming or to play with him; Now of this:
Lear. Why out of this, my Lord? Kim. Leares was your Father deare to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?

Lear. Why aske you this? Kim. Not that I think you did not love your Father, But that I know Love is began by Time: And that I fee in passages of proofes, Time qualifies the sparkle and fire of it: Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake, To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed, More then in words?

Lear. To cut his higthest t'ch Church, Kim. No place indeed should murder Sancturized; Revenge should have no bounds: but good Leares Will you doe this, kepe close within your Chamber, Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home: We'll put on those shall praise your excellence, And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together, And wanger on your heads, he being remisse, Moft generous, and free from all contriving, Will not perfec the Follies: So that with eale, Or with a littleuffling, you may choose A Sword unsheathed, and in a passage of practice, Requite him for your Father.

Lear. I will do't, And for that purpofe He annoint my Sword: I bought an Obelion of a Mountebanke So morreall, I but dip a knife in it, Where it drawes blood, no Caraplaime so rare, Collected from all simples that have Vertue Under the Moon, can faine the thing from death, That is but stratcht without: Ie toucht my point, With this convent, that if I call him Flighty, I may be death.

Kim. Let's further think of this, Weigh what convenience both of time and means May be vs to our shape; if this should faile; And that the drift looke through our bad performance, Twice better or affay, therefore this Project Should have a backe or second, that might be hold, If this shou'd blast in proofe: Soft, let me fee We'll make a solenme wager on your comming,

I hate: when in your motion you are hot and dry, As make your bownt more violent to the end, And that he eals for drinke, he haue prepar'd him A Chalice for the nonce: whereon but sipping, If the by chance escape your venem'd stick, Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queenie.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woold thon drowne upon another's heel, So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd Leares.
Lear. Drown'd? O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growers a slant a Brooke, That sheues his horse leaues in the glaftic streame: There with fantafick Garlandis did he come, Of Coral-flowres, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples, That liberall Shepherds gue'se grotto name; But our cold Mailad doe Dead Men Fingers call them: There on the pendent boughes her Coronet weudes Clambrong to hang: an enuious frier brooke, When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe, Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide, And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp, Which time she chantet snatches of old tunes, As incapable of her owne disire, Or like a creature Nature, and indeed Vnto that Element: but long it could not be, Till that her garments, heay with her drinke, Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious buy, To muddy death.

Lear. Alas then, is the drown'd? Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Lear. Too much of water hath too prope Oplexia, And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet It is our triche, Nature her custome holds, Let thame say what it will; when these are gone The woman will be out: Adieu my Lord, I have a speech of fire, that fame would blaze, But that this folly doubles it.

Kim. Let's follow, Gertrude;

Enter two Clowens.

Clowen. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that willfully seeks her owne defatation?

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

Clowen. How can that be, vultur she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clowen. It must be So offendeas, it cannot bee eile: for here he lies the pointes if I drown this my selfe withoutly, it is an Argue ten Aet and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe warningly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

Clowen. Give me leaue; here lies the watere good: here stands the man good; if the man goe to this water and drownes himselfe, it is will hee will he; he goest make you thyself But if the water come to him & drownes him she drownes not him selfe, Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, thatt hems not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowen. I marry it's, Crowners Queat Law.

Other.
Other. Will you ha the truth on’t: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christopher Butfall.

Cleo. Why there thou sayst it. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more then their less Christian. Come, my Spade: there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditches and Grave-makers: they hold vp Adams Protection.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Cleo. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

Other. Why he had none.

Cleo. What, art’st a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture saies Adam digg’d; could hee digge without Armes? he put another question to the Scripture thou sayest me not to the purpose, consequently thy felte——

Other. Go too.

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

Other. The Gallowes maker, for that Frame outlives a thousand Tenors.

Cleo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too’s against, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Cleo. I, tell me that, and voyozake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Cleo. Too’s.

Other. Maffe, I can not tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Cleo. Cudgel thy braines no more about it: for your dulle Aife will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are askt this question next, say’s Graue-maker: the Horrow of that he makes, he llst till Doonmelody day: goe, get thee to Taunton, fetch me a roupe of Liqueur.

Singe.

In your when I did lose, did I lose,
me thought I was very sore:
To contrav’lt O the time for a my behoove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.

Ham. He’s this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Cleo. Custome hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. Tis ee’n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier fesse.

Cleo. Sing.

But Age with his healing fesse
hath caught me in his cloth;
And hath lopped me unti the Land,
as if I had never beene fesse.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how that knaweoluseth it to th’ ground, as if it were Caumer Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: it might be the Pate or a Politician what this Affe o’ts Of-fices heone that could circumvent God, might it not?

Ham. It might, my Lord.

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

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e’en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplelley, and knock at the Mazarad with a Sextons Spade; here’s fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to fee’t. Did they bones colt no more the breeding, but to play at Leggers with ’em? mine ake to thinken on’t.

Cleo. Sing.

A Picklake and a Spade, a Spade,
for a and a Throwing Swoose.
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Goose to meete.

Ham. There’s another: why might not that be the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddities now? his Quillers? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why do’t he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about, the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? h’m. This fellow might be in’s time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Peace full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands, will hardly lyce in this Book; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? h’m?

Hor. Not a lott more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

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

Ham. They are Shepe and Calves that seek out aflurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue this Sir?

Cleo. Mine Sir;

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

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou liest in’t.

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

Ham. Thou dost lye in’t, to be in’t, and say ’tis thine; ’tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Cleo. ’Tis a quicke lyce Sir, ’twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doth thou digge it for?

Cleo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Cleo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in’t?

Cleo. One that was a woman Sir; but red her Soul, shee’s dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is: wee must speake by the Carde, or equivoication will vndee vs: by the Lord Horatio, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is grown to pickled, that the toe of the Pfandre comes to nearer the heels of our Courier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Cleo. Of all the daies 17th yeare, I cam’t too that day that our last King Hamlet o’came Fortunibraez.

Ham. How long is that since?

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

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

Cleo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recover his wits thence; or if he do not, it’s no great matter there.
And with such moimed rites? This doth betoken, 
The Coarse they follow, did with disparate hand, 
Forsooth in owne like; 'twas some Effete, 
Couch we a wholesome and mark.

Law. What Cerimony eile? 
Ham. That is Laetzer, a very Noble youth: Mark.
Law. What Cerimony eile?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as faire in larg'd as, 
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubfull.
And but that great Command, o're-swawe the order, 
She should in ground unsanctifie haue lyne'd, 
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer, 
Shardes, Flints, and PEEoles, should bee true wine on her. 
Yet haere she is allowed her Virgin Rites. 
Her Maiden shrewment, and the bringing home 
Of Bell and Burial.

Law. Muir there no more be done? 

Priest. No more be done: 
We shoule prophane the seruice of the dead, 
Toeing forge Tombs, and such reft to her 
As to peace-paier Souls.

Law. Lay her her thor, 
And from her faire and rapolated flesh, 
May Violets spring. I tell thee (chuffish Priest) 
A Minifring Angell shall my Sitter be, 
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the face Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets, to the fower farewell, 
I hop'd thou shoule have bin my Hamlet's wife; 
I thought thy Bride bed to haue deck'd (sweet Maid) 
And not haue swore'd thy Graue.

Law. Oh terrible war, 
Fallt ten times treble on that cursed head 
Whole wicked deed, thy most Ingeniousence 
Denupt thee of. Hold off the earth a while, 
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms 
That's my Lord?

Ham. Duft thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fa-
Hion 'tis' earthy? 
Hor. Evere so.

Ham. And finell so? Pah, 
Hor. Evere so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vies we may return 
Hearst. 
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duff of A-
lexander, till he find it hopping a bung-hole.
Hor. 'Twere to consider: so curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, no riot. But to follow him thether 
with modeste enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. 
Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander re-
turn'd into duff; the duff is earth; of earth we make 
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereeto he was conver-
ted, might they not stopp a Beere-barel? 
Inconstall Calf, fiend and turn'd to clown. 
Might stop a horse to keepen the winde away, 
Oh, that earth, which kept the world in awe, 
Should patch a Wall, expell the winters flaw. 
But for, but left, aside; here come the King.

Kiser King, Queen, Laetzer, and a Ceffin 
with Lordi attendant.

The Queenes the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

Hor. I, good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest Conspiration from the King,
As England was his faithful Tributary,
As love betwixt us was the Palm that did flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'twixt our amities,
And many fuch like Aff's of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or Jeffe,
He should the bearers put to fainaine death,
Not troubling time allowed.

Hor. How was this fay'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordain'd;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Write vp in forme of the other,
Subscript'd it, gau'th impreffion, plac'd itafely,
The changelling neer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was femente,
Thon know it already.

Hor. So Gildasfarre and Pountance, goe too's.
Ham. Why man, they did make loute to this employment
They are not neere my Confidence; their debate
Dough by their owne infirmation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the bafe nature comes
Betweene the paffe, and fell incendiat points
Of mighty oppotuits.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?
Ham. Does it not, thinke thee, fland me now upon
He that hath kill'd my King, and who'd my Mother,
Popin betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch cozenage; 'tis not perfect confidence,
To quip him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euil.

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

Ham. It will be fhort,
The interne's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to lay one: but I am very foftey good Horatius,
That to Lorett I forget my life;
For by the image of my Cats, I fee
The Portraiture of his; He count his favours:
But fure the brauery of his grieue did put me
Into a Tawing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Ofrick:

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, do not know this waterfly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy flate is the more gracious for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile: let a Beaff
be Lord of Beaff, and his Crib shall fland at the Kings
Mealley 'tis a Chowgby, but I saw spacious in the poli-
fition of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your frifendship were at leyure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majefity.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spiritt put
your Books to his right we; 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank you Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe mee 'tis very cold, the wind is Nottherly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

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

Ofrick.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Off. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foul weather; I cannot tell how; but my Lord, his Majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

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

Ham. What's his weapon?

Off. Rapier and dagger.

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

Off. The fir King his wag'd with him fix Barbary Horses, against the which he impont'd as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their Affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or, to three of the Carriages inns of the Carriages are very dear to fancy, very repose to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceits.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Off. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phære would bee more Germanie to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horses against fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the French but a gale of the Danes: why is this impont'd as you call it?

Off. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen puffs between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath one twelwe for mine, and that would come to immediate train, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Off. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in train.

Ham. Sir, I will walk heere in the Hall; if it plese his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me: let the Foyleys bee brough, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his parole; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odder hits.

Off. Shall I deliver you so far?

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

Off. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues elcs for his tongue.

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

Ham. He did Comply with his Dugge before hee flocked it; that had he and mine more of the fame Beouy that I know the drosie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habitue of encounter; a kinde of yeelly collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls; the Bubbles are out.

Ham. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, for since he went into France, I have beene in continual practice, I shall winne at the odd of 5: but that would not thinke how all here a-bour my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

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

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will forbear their repaire hinder, and say you are not fit.

Ham. No's what, we defe Augury; there's a special Prudence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it beon't to come, it will bee now; if it be not now, yet it will come the readiness is all, since no man has's ought of what he leaving. What's to be leaving be-times?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyleys, and Countenies, A Table and Flags of white on it.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, but pardon as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am purifi'd
With fore distraction? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneffe:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd? Laertes? Neere Hamlet,
If Hamlet from himselfe be taken away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneffe? I'ts be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneffe is poore Hamlets Enemy,
Sir, in this Audience.
Let my declaiming from a purport'd eulal,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shou'd mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laur. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should fibre me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elether Masters of knowne Honor,
I have a voyage, and president of peace
To keep my name vender'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd Isaac like louse,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Give vs the Foyleys: Come on.

Laur. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your forl Cawt, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre in darkest night,
Stickie of indifferent.

Laur. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyleys young Opprinky,
Costen Hamlet, you know the wager.

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

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

Laur. This is too heavy,
Let me fee another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyleys haue all a length.

Propre to play.

Offr. I'm your good Lord.

King. Set me the Stope of wine upon that Table:
If Hamlet glue the first, or second hit,
Or quitt in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King that glaake to Hamlet better breath,
And in the Cup an unlawful he throw.
Richer then that, which fowre successor Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue borne.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

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

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy works.

Hurs the King.

All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere those unceulous, murderous, damned Danes,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Vision heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Larr. He is actually serv'd.
It is a poiyon temper'd by himself:
Exchange forienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor shine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead Horatio, wept, the Queene adieu,
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you,
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liest report me and my causes right
To the unfrustrated.

Hor. Never beleue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As that a man, give me the Cup.

Larr. Go, by Heaven He haue't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unlike some) shall lie behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absence thee from felicite awhile,
And in this hard world dreath thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afars off, and soon within.

What warslike noyse is this?

Enter Officers.

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquist come from Poland
To th Ambassadors of England gives this warslike vally.

Ham. O I dye Horatio:
The potent poiyon quite o'crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England;
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On Fortinbras, he's that my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe,
Which have solicited. The reft is silence, O, o, o, o, Dyet

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

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador with Drumme,
Officers, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Ham. What is it ye would fee?
If ougth of wo, or wonder, cease your search.
For. His quarry cries on haucock. Oh proud death,
What saunt is toward in thine eternal Cell,
That thou lo to many Princes, as a shoate,
So bloodyly half strooke.

Amb. The fight is small,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are enfebleth that should give vs hearing,
To tell him his commaundment is fulfill'd,

q 9 7
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

That Resurgence and Gaudenstane are dead:

Where should we have our thaknes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,

Had it th'abilitie of life to thank ye:

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since to speke upon this bloody question,

You from the Polacke waters, and you from England

Are here arriv'd. Give order that these bodies

High on a flagge be placed to the view,

And let me speke to this yet unknowing world,

How these things came about. So shall you heare

Of carnall, bloudie, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters

Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,

And in this vphost, purposes mithoike,

Paine on the Invertors heads. All this can I

Truly deliver.

For. Let us haft to heare it,

And call the Noblesst to the Audience.

For me, with forrest, I embrace my Fortune,

I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are no clame, my vantage doth

 Invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speke,

And from his mouth

Whose voyage will draw on more:

But let this fame be presently perform'd,

Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,

Left more mishance

On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let some Captaines

Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,

For he was likely, had he beene put on

To have prou'd most royally:

And for his passage,

The Souledours Musick, and the rite of Warre

Speake lowdly for him.

Take vp the body; Such a sight as this

Becomes the Field, but here it were much anis.

Go, bid the Soulediers musique.

Excuse Marching: after the which, a Pede of

Ordinance are shot off.

FINIS.