The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. Mr. Wm. Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
Sprint for Shakespeare

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

First publication edition. 23 April 2014

Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford

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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB³], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ χg⁶ h-v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.] 2[para.] 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a- 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.] 2[para.] 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of Droeuchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
leaving the Library.

Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf.

Bound for the
Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
cloth ties, red
sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head
of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
spine.

Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
Gibson in
Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
sent out
on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from
a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between
1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
work see: Bod.

Inc. Cat., C-322.

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
Charleton. The
printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
was sent out to William Wildgoose on
17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library
Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
Humfrey at
shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
publication
of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the
newer
Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
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  <persName type="form">Ha.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">La.</persName>
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<lb/>E OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.</head>
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<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
<cb n="1"/>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.</stage>
<p rend="center italic">Barnardo.</p>
<p>
</p>
<c rend="decoratedCapital">W</c>Ho's there?</p>
<sp who="#F-ham-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<l>Nay answer me: Stand & vfold</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
<l>Long liue the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<l>
</l>
<hi rend="italic">Barnardo</hi>?
</sp>
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<speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
<l>He.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<l>You come most carefully vpon your houre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
</sp>
'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.

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

Haue you had quiet Guard?

Not a Mouse stirring.

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Friends to this ground.

And Leige-men to the Dane.

Giue you good night.

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

Giue you good night.
Barnardo's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Say, what is Horatio there?

A piece of him.

Welcome Marcellus.

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

Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Sit downe a while, and let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two Nights have seen.

Well, sit, we downe,
And let vs heare this.

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

Peace, breake thee of:

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.

Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.
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</sp>
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</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
</sp>
</sp>
Such was the very Armour he had on,

When th' Ambitious Norwey combatted:

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parl

He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,

With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

In what particular thought to work, l know not:

But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,

This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Good now sit down, & tell me he that knowes

Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,

So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,

And why such dayly of Brazon Cannon

And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:

Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske

Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might be toward, that this sweaty hast

Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

That can I,

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,

Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,

(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)

Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant

(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)

Did slay this: who by a

Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror;
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to Hamlet.
Now sir, young Fortinbras,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke m't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue os our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

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

Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
Shall I strike at

Do, if it will not stand.
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-ber">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>  
  <l>'Tis heere.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>  
  <l>'Tis heere.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-mar">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
  <l>'Tis gone.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Ghost.</stage>  
  <l>We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall</l>  
  <l>To offer it the shew of Violence,</l>  
  <l>For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,</l>  
  <l>And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-ber">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>  
  <l>It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>  
  <l>And then it started, like a guilty thing</l>  
  <l>Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,</l>  
  <l>The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,</l>  
  <l>Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate</l>  
  <l>Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,</l>  
  <l>Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,</l>  
  <l>Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes</l>  
  <l>To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,</l>  
  <l>This present Obiect made probation.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-mar">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>  
  <l>It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.</l>  
  <l>Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes</l>  
  <l>Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,</l>  
  <l>The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:</l>  
  <l>And then <hi rend="italic">(<hi>they say) no Spirit can</hi> walke abroad,</l>  
  <l>The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,</l>  
  <cb n="2"><l>No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:</l></cb>  
  <l>So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">  
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>  
  <l>So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.</l>  
</sp>
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

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

Though ye t of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To becontracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Fanerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we herein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother.

for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

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

In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite. What is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart.
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou have Laertes?

Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

Haue you your Fathers leave? What sayes Polonius?
I do beseech you giue him leave to go.
Take thy faire houre, Laertes, time be thine.
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

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

Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off.

And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids.

Secke for thy Noble Father in the dust;

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

Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

I Madam, it is common.

If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

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

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the deited hauior of the Visage,

Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play.

But I haue that Within, which passeth show;

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

'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature Hamlet,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd.
For, what we know must be, and is as common,

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our puerish Opposition

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

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,

To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

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

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs

As of a Father; For let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our Throne,

And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,

Then that which dearest Father beares his Sonne,

Do I impart towards you. For your intent

In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remaine

Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,

Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne,

I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

I shall in all my best

Obey you Madam.

I shall in all my

This gentle and vnforc'd accord of

Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,

But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,

And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Exeunt

Manet Hamlet.

Ham.

Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meereely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this

Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my
Mother,

That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason)
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor.
Haile to your Lordship.
I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

The same my Lord, And your poore Seruant euer.

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

Marcellus. My good Lord.

I would not haue your Enemy say so; Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence, To make it truster of your owne report Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant: But what is your affaire in Elsenour?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)</l>
<l>I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Thrift, thrift <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi> the Funerall Bakt-meats</l>
  <l>Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;</l>
  <l>Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,</l>
  <l>Ere I had euer scene that day <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <l>Oh where my Lord?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Saw? Who?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, the King your Father.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>The King my Father?</l>
</sp>
Season your admiration for a while; till I may deliver
Vpon the winesse of these Gentlemen, This maruell to you.

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

But where was this?
My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
My Lord, I did; But answere made it none: yet once me thought.
It lifted vp its head, and did address itself to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Tis very strange.

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

Hold you the watch to Night?

We doe my Lord.

Arm'd, say you?

Arm'd, my Lord.

Then saw you not his face?
O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

What, lookt he frowningly?

A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Pale, or red?

Nay very pale.

I would I had beene here.

It would haue much amaz'd you.

Very like, very like: staid it long?

While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life, A Sable Siluer'd.

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

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person, Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape and bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, Is you haue hitherto conceald this sight; Let it bee treble in your silence still: And whatsoever els shall hap to night, Giue it an understanding but no tongue: I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well: Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue, Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt.

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

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not
well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth oerwhelm them to mens eies.

Exit.

[Act 1, Scene 3]
Scena Tertia.
Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primi Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:

Hee may not, as vnvalued persons doe,

carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends

The sanctity and health of the weole State.

And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd

Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,

Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,

It fits your wisedome so farre to beleuue it;

As he in his peculiar Sect and force

May giue his saying deed: which is no further,

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.

Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,

If with too credent eare you list his Songs;

Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open

to his vnmastred importunity.

Fear it Ophelia, fear it my deare Sister,

And keepe within the reare of your Affection;

Out of the shot and danger of Desire.

The chariest Maid is Prodiggall enough,

If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone;

Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,

The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring.

Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,

And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;

Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,

As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother

Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,

Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;

Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine

Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,

And reaks not his owne reade.

I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,

As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother

Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,

Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;

Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine

Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,

And reaks not his owne reade.

Oh, feare me not.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:

A double blessing is a double grace;

Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polonius.
Yet heere Laertes? Aboord, aboord for shame,

The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,

And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;

And these few Precepts in thy memory,

See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:

Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,

Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele;

But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment

Of each vn hatch't, vn fledg'd Comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in

Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.

Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:

Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;

But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:

For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.

And they in France of the best ranck and station,

Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;

For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:

And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.

This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:

And it must follow, as the Night the Day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Farewell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue said to you.
<sp who="#F-ham-laе">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Farewell.</hi>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Laer.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>What ist <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi> he hath said to you?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>So please you, somthing touching the</l>

<abbr>L.</abbr>

<l>Lord</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>Marry, well bethought:</l>
<l>Tis told me he hath very oft of late</l>
<l>Given pruiate time to you; and you your selfe</l>
<l>Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.</l>
<l>If it be so, as so tis put on me;</l>
<l>And that in way of caution: I must tell you,</l>
<l>You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleeerly,</l>
<l>As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.</l>
<l>What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
</sp>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,</l>
<l>Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.</l>
<l>Do you beleue his tenders, as you call them?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol"/>
Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

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

I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few,

Do not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inвестments show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth, Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe.

I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

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

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

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

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The Tragedie of Hamlet.

This page is either worn or imperfectly inked, so parts of many letters are missing.
The King doth Wake to night, and takes his 
rend="turnover"/>
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor.
Is it a custome?
I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am natiuue heere,
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.
Looke my Lord, it comes.
Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bringing with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy e'uents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee 
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cermets, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

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

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

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

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

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

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

You shall not goe my Lord.

Hold off your hand.

Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

My fate cries out, And makes each petty Artire in this body, As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue: Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen: By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Heauen will direct it.

Nay, let's follow him.
Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">
  Enter Ghost and
</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-
  <lb rend="turnover">
  <pc rend="turnover"></pc>ther.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gho">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
  <l>Marke me.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>I will.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gho">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
  <l>My hower is almost come,\</l>
  <l>When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames</l>
  <l>Must render vp my selfe.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Alas poore Ghost.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gho">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
  <l>Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing\</l>
  <l>To what I shall vnfold.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Speake, I am bound to heare.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gho">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
  <l>So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>What?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gho">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
  <l>I am thy Fathers Spirit.\</l>
</sp>
Doom'd for a certain terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list

Hamlet, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

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

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

Ham.
O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?
Ghost.
I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce?
Won?

To the most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed,
Garbage.

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

Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell?
Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe a way all triuiall fond Records,
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue I sworn't.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus. <note resp="#ES">There is an ink mark at the end of this stage direction.</note>

My Lord, my Lord.

Lord Hamlet.

Heauen secure him.

So be it.

Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

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

How ist't my Noble Lord?

What newes, my Lord?

Oh wonderfull!

Good my Lord tell it.
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>No you'l reuale it.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor#

   <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
   <l>Not I, my Lord, by Heaun.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-mar#

   <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
   <l>Nor I, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham#

   <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
   <l>How say you then, would heart of man once think it?</l>
   <l>But you'l be secret?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar#

   <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
   <l>I, by Heau'n, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham#

   <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
   <l>There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke.</l>
   <l>But hee's an arrant knaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor#

   <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
   <l>There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the Graue, to tell vs this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham#

   <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
   <l>Why right, you are i'th'right;</l>
   <l>And so, without more circumstance at all.</l>
   <l>I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:</l>
   <l>You, as your busines and desires shall point you:</l>
   <l>For euer y man ha's businesse and desire;</l>
   <l>Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,</l>
   <l>Looke you, Ile goe pray.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor#

   <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
   <l>These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham#

   <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
   <l>I'm sorry they offend you heartily:</l>
</sp>
Yes faith, heartily,

There's no offence my Lord,

And much offence too, touching this Vision here:

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

For your desire to know what is between you,

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

As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

What is't my Lord? we will.

Neuer make known what you have seen to night.

My Lord, we will not.

Vpon my sword.

We have sworn my Lord already.

Nay, but swer't.

Infaith my Lord, not I.

Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Vpon my sword.

We have sworn my Lord already.
Ham.

Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

Gho.

Sweare.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ham.

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

Propose the Oath my Lord.

Neuer to speake of this that you haue seen. Sweare by my sword.

Sweare.

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

Come hither Gentlemen.

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword.

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Sweare by my Sword.

Sweare.

Sweare.

Well said old Mole. can't worke i' th' ground so
Hor. Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horatio,

Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. Here a full-stop has not been inked.

But come.

Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy;

How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;

(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet)

That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;

As well, we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speak; or there be and if there might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:

Sweare.

Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,

With all my loue I doe commend me to you;

And what so poore a man as Hamlet

is,

May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,

God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,

The time is out of ioynt: Oh Cursed spight,

That euer I was borne to set it right,

Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.
Reynoldo. 

Giue him his money, and these notes. 

I will my Lord. 

You shall doe maruels wisely: good. 

Before you visite him you make inquiry. 

Of his behauiour. 

My Lord, I did intend it. 

Marry, well said; 

Very well said. Looke.you Sir; 

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; 

And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe; 

What company, at what expence: and finding 

By this encompassement and drift of question, 

That they doe know my sonne: Come you more nearer 

Then your particular demands will touch it, 

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him. 

And thus I know his father and his friends, 

And in part him. Doe you marke this. 

Reynoldo? 

I, very well my Lord. 

And in part him, but you may say not well; 

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

Reynol.
As gaming my Lord.
Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.
But my good Lord.
Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynol.
Very good my Lord.

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

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

At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;

Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

My Lord I haue.

My Lord I haue.
God buy you; fare you well.<br/>

Reynol.<br/>
I shall my Lord.<br/>

Polon.<br/>
And let him plye his Musicke.<br/>

Reynol.<br/>Well, my Lord.<br/>

Exit.<br/>
Enter Ophelia.<br/>

Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.<br/>

With what, in the name of Heauen?<br/>

My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber, Lord with his doublet all vnbrac'd, No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd, Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle, Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, And with a looke so pitious in purport, As if he had been loosed out of hell, To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <l>Mad for thy Loue<e rend="italic">?</e></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <l>What said he?</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <l>Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,</l>
  <l>This is the very extasie of Loue,</l>
  <l>Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,</l>
  <l>And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,</l>
  <l>As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,</l>
  <l>That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,</l>
  <l>What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
  <l>No my good Lord: but as you did command,</l>
  <l>I did repell his Letters, and deny'de</l>
  <l>His accesse to me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>That hath made him mad.</l>
  <l>I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement</l>
  <l>I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle.</l>
  <l>And meant to wrack thee: but beshrew my iealousie;</l>
  <l>It seemes it is as proper to our Age,</l>
  <l>To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,</l>
  <l>As it is common for the yonger sort</l>
  <l>To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,</l>
  <l>This must be knowne, w<hi rend="superscript">c</hi> being kept close might moue</l>
  <l>More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene, <choice>
    <orig>Rosincrane</orig>
    <corr>Rosincrance</corr>
  </choice>, and Guilden-stere Cumalijs.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Welcome deere <hi rend="italic">Rosincrance</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Guildensterne</hi>,</l>
    <l>Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,</l>
    <l>The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke</l>
    <l>Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard</l>
    <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> transformation: so I call it,</l>
    <l>Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man</l>
    <l>Resembles that it was. What it should bee</l>
    <l>More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him</l>
    <l>So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,</l>
    <l>I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,</l>
    <l>That being of so young dayes brought vp with him</l>
    <l>And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour</l>
    <l>That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court</l>
    <l>Some little time: so by your Companies</l>
    <l>To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather</l>
    <l>So much as from Occasions you may gleane</l>
    <l>That open'd lies within our remedie.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,</l>
  </sp>
</div>
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

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

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

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

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

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

Thankes Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.

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

Qu.
Thankes Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.

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

Enter Polonius.
Th'Ambassadors from Norwey,

Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,

He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found

I doubt it is no other, but the maine,

His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Uoltumand, and Cornelius.

Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:

Say Voltumand, what from our
Brother Norwey? <ref><i>italic</i></ref>?<ref></i></ref>

<sp who="#F-ham-vol">

<speaker rend="italic">Volt.</speaker></sp>

<ref><l>Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.</l></ref>
<ref><l>Vpon our first, he sent out to supresse</l></ref>
<ref><l>His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd</l></ref>
<ref><l>To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak;</l></ref>
<ref><l>But better look'd into, he truly found</l></ref>
<ref><l>It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,</l></ref>
<ref><l>That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence</l></ref>
<ref><l>Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests</l></ref>
<ref><l>On <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>, which he (in breefe) obeyes,</l></ref>

<ref>Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,</ref>
<ref>Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more</ref>
<ref>To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie</ref>
<ref>Whereon old Norwey, overcome with ioy</ref>
<ref>Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee</ref>
<ref>And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers</ref>
<ref>So leuied as before, against the Poleak</ref>
<ref>With an intreaty heerein further shewne</ref>
<ref>That it might please you to giue quiet passe</ref>
<ref>Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize</ref>
<ref>On such regards of safety and allowance</ref>
<ref>As therein are set downe</ref>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker></sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker></sp>

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

But let that go.

More matter, with lesse Art.

I sweare I vse no Art at all:

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,

And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,

But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll,

the most beautified O-

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Prase, beautified is a vilde

Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white

bosome, these.

Came this from Hamlet to her.

Good Madam stay the "y" here is only partially inked.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

Bt never Doubt, I loue.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-

leue it. Adieu.</p>

Thine euermore most deere Lady,

whilst this

Machine is to him, Hamlet.</hi>

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:

And more aboue hath his soliciting,

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

All giuen to mine eare.

But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

What do you thinke of me?

As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

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

When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,

As I perceiued it, I must tell you that

Before my Daughter told me, what might you

Or my <choice>

Maiestie your Queene heere, think,</l>

If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,<l>

Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,<l>

Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,<l>

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

And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake,<l>

Lord <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> is, a Prince out of thy Starre,</l>

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

That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,<l>

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens;<l>

Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,<l>

And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,<l>

Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,<l>

Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension o

And all we waile for.

Do you thinke 'tis this?

It may be very likely.

Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,

That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

Not that I know.

Take this from this; if this be otherwise,

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

How may we try it further?

You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, here

In the Lobby.

So he ha's indeed.

At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farne and Carters.

We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

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

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord
Well, God-a-mercy.

Do you know me, my Lord?
Honest, my Lord?
Then I would you were so honest a man.
Honest, my Lord?

On a Booke.

Enter Hamlet reading

But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

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

Exit King &

Queen.

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord
Well, God-a-mercy.

Do you know me, my Lord?
Honest, my Lord?
Then I would you were so honest a man.
Honest, my Lord?
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>That's very true, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion &amp;x2E3A; Haue you a daughter?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>I haue my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Let her not walke i'th'Sunne; Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Words, words, words.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>What is the matter, my Lord?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Betweene who?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slae saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
ked; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifullocke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

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

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

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

Fare you well my Lord.
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>These tedious old foole.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>You goe to seeke my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>;</p>
</sp>

There

<lb/>heie is.</lb>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <choice>
<orig>Rosincran</orig>
<corr>Rosincrance</corr>
</choice> and Guildensterne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>God saue you Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>My honour'd Lord?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>My most deare Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>My excellent good friends? How doe'st thou</p>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Guildensterne</hi>? Oh, <hi rend="italic">
  <choice>
    <orig>Rosincrane</orig>
    <corr>Rosincrance</corr>
  </choice>
</hi>; good Lads: How doe ye

<lb/>both?</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>As the indifferent Children of the earth.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For-
  <lb/>tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Nor the Soales of her Shoo?</p>
</sp>
Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

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

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

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

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.
Rosin.

We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Guil.

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

Ham.

A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Both.

Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham.

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

To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

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

What should we say my Lord?

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

To what end my Lord?

What say you?

That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.
Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.

Guil.

My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secracie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositio; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in sorme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

Rosin.

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

Ham.

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

No indeed, they are not.

How comes it doe they grow rusty?

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

What are they? Children? Who maintains 'em?

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

Faith there has been much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnslesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Is't possible?

Oh there has been much throwing about of Braines.

Do the Boyes carry it away?

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

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

There are the Players.

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

In what my deere Lord?

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

Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday mor-
My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When <hi rend="italic">Rossius</hi> an Actor in Rome—

The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Then can each Actor on his Asse—

The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall - Comicall - Historicall - Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem unlimited. <hi rend="italic">Seneca</hi> cannot be too heauy, nor <hi rend="italic">Plautus</hi> too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

O <hi rend="italic">Iephta</hi> Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

What a Treasure had he, my Lord?
Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Still on my Daughter.

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

Nay that followes not.

What followes then, my Lord?

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

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

1. Play.
What speech, my Lord?

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caius to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'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 modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-oury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affection, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas Æneas Tale especially, where he speaks of Priams slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged Pyrrhus like the Hyrcanian Beast. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their Wilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Old Grandsire Priam seekes. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-cent, and good discretion. 1. Player.
Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His antike Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,

Pyrrhus at Priam driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senseless Illium,
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend Priam, seem'd i'th'Ayre:
So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falles on Priam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power.
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

This is too long.
It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepees. Say on; come to Hecuba. 

But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

Run bare-foot vp and downe, Threatning the flame With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head, Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines, A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp, Who this had seeen, with tongue in Venome steep'd, 'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd? But if the Gods themselues did see her then, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes, The instant Burst of Clamour that she made!(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all) Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen, And passion in the Gods.

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

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

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-pol"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Pol.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
	&lt;lb/&gt;sart.&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-ham"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ham.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
	&lt;lb/&gt;after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse
	&lt;lb/&gt;them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
	&lt;lb/&gt;deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
	&lt;lb/&gt;in.&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-pol"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Pol.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Come sirs.&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Polon.&lt;/stage&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-ham"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ham.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
	&lt;lb/&gt;row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
	&lt;lb/&gt;murther of &lt;hi rend="italic">Gonzago&lt;/hi&gt;?&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-plk"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Play.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;I my Lord.&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-ham"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ham.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
	&lt;lb/&gt;need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines,

which

	&lt;lb/&gt;I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-plk"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Play.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;I my Lord.&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-ham-ham"
	&lt;speaker rend="italic">Ham.&lt;/speaker&gt;
&lt;p&gt;Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
	&lt;lb/&gt;mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
	&lt;lb/&gt;you are welcome to &lt;hi rend="italic">Elsonower&lt;/hi&gt;?&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;cb n="2"/&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-ham-ros"/&gt;
Rosin.

Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham.

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

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,

That from her working, all his visage warm'd:

Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,

That from her working, all his visage warm'd:

Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting

That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,

Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion

That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:

Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculty, of Eyes and Eares, Yet I,

A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake

Like John a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing: No, not for a King,

Vpon whose property, and most deere life,

A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?

Who calles me Villaine?

Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face

Tweakes me by'th'Nose?

As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?

Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,

But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall

To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,

I should haue fatted all the Region Kites

With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,

Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!

Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,

That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpack my heart with words,
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,

I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Sc\oe
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
Haue by the very cunning of the Sc\oe
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently

For Further, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seen
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
<speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>

Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,

But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloofe:

When we would bring him on to some Confession

Of his true state.

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  Did he receiue you well?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  Most like a Gentleman.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  But with much forcing of his disposition.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  Niggard of question, but of our demands
  Most free in his reply.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  Did you assay him to any pastime?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  Madam.it so fell out, that certain Players
  We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
  And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
  To heare of it: They are about the Court,
  And (as I thinke) they haue already order
  This night to play before him.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  'Tis most true:
  And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
  To heare, and see the matter.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  With all my heart, and it doth much content me
  To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
  Give him a further edge, and drieve his purpose on
  To these delights.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros"/>
Rosin.

We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. leaue vs too,

For we haue closely sent for Hamlet

hither,

That he, as 'twere by accident, may there

Affront Ophelia. Her Father and my

selfe (lawful espials)

Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene

We may of their encounter frankly iudge,

And gather by him, as he is behaued,

That thus he suffers for.

I shall obey you,

And for your part Ophelia, I do

That your good Beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope

your Vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your Honors.

I shall obey you,

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your Vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your Honors.
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Oh'tis true:</l>
  <l>How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?</l>
  <l>The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art</l>
  <l>Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it</l>
  <l>Then is my deede, to my most painted word</l>
  <l>Oh heauie burthen!</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <l>I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>To be, or not to be, that is the Question:</l>
  <l>Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer</l>
  <l>The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,</l>
  <l>Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,</l>
  <l>And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe</l>
  <l>No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end</l>
  <l>The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation</l>
  <l>Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,</l>
  <l>To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,</l>
  <l>For in that sleepe of death, what dreams may come,</l>
  <l>When we haue shufflel'd off this mortall coile,</l>
  <l>Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect</l>
  <l>That makes Calamity of so long life:</l>
  <l>For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,</l>
  <l>The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,</l>
  <l>The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,</l>
  <l>The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes</l>
  <l>That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,</l>
  <l>When he himse</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Quietus</hi>
  <l>make</l>
  <l>With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare</l>
  <l>To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,</l>
  <l>But that the dread of something after death,</l>
  <l>The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne</l>
  <l>No Traueller returns, Puzels the will,</l>
  <l>And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue</l>
  <l>Then flye to others that we know not of.</l>
  <l>Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all</l>
  <l>And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution</l>
  <l>Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,</l>
  <l>And enterprizes of great pith and moment.</l>
</sp>
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>? Nimph, in thy
Orizons</l>

Be all my sinnes remembred.</l>

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

I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-delivery.
I pray you now, receiue them.

No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

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

Ha, ha: Are you honest

My Lord.

Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

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

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honestie?

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

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeued me. For ver truth cannot so innocculate our old stocke, but we shall resolve of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

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

Fel-
Fellows as I do crawling between heaven and Earth.
We are arrant knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe.
At home, my Lord.

Ophe.
O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ophe.
O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ophe.
O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham.
I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.

Ham.
I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.

Ham.
I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.

O heauenly Powers, restore him.

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

Exit Hamlet.
O what a Noble minde is heere o're throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me,
Th'aue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke youon't?

It shall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now <hi>Ohphelia?</hi>
You neede not tell vs, what Lord <hi>Hamlet</hi> saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him,
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare,
Of all their conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.
King.

It shall be so:

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

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham.

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

I warrant your Honor.

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

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

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

shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses
iit. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.
Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

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

And the Queene too, and that presently.

And the Queene too, and that presently.

Bid the players make hast.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

We will my Lord.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

We will my Lord.

Exeunt.
Enter Horatio.
Ham. What hoa, Horatio? Horatio, thou art even as just a man. As ere my conversation coap'd withall.

Nay, do not think I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, that no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits. To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?

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

A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards. Hath 'tane with equal Thanks. And blest are those, Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, To sound what stop she please. Give me that man, That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him. In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart. As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a Play to night before the King. One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance. Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death. I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot, Even with the verie Comment of my Soule. Observe mine Unkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkenell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Gieue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riueto his Face:
And after we will both our judgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

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

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

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

How fares our Cosin Hamlet?

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

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

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

And what did you enact?

Pol.

I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol:

Brutus kill'd me.

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

Rosin.

I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu.

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

No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

No my Lord.

I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

No my Lord.

I my Lord.
Ham.

Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe.

I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ophe.

That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe.

What is my Lord?

Ophe.

You are merrie, my Lord?

Ophe.

I my Lord.

Ophe.

Nothing.

Ophe.

Nay,'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ophe.

I my Lord.

Ophe.

Nothing.

Ophe.

Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ophe.

Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:

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

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

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneels and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and his head vpon her neck:

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

Exeunt.

Ophe.

What meanes this, my Lord?

Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

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

Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Mischeefe.

What means this, my Lord?

Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

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

Will they tell us what this shew meant?
I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe.

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

Enter Prologue.

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

Ham.

As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

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

Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done. But woe is me, you are so sicke of late.

So farre from cheere, and from your forme state, That I distrust you: yet though I distrust, Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must.

For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity: Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know, And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

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

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

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

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak: But what we do determine, oft we breake: Purpose is but the slaeue to Memorie, Of violent Birth, but poore validitie: Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,

But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt: What to our selues in passion we propose, The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy, Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy: Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends, none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

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

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

Sleepes
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exit.

Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

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

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

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse‐trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gon-zago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peecce of worke: But what o'that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall d iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Lucianus. Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
"You are keene my Lord, you are keene.""It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge."

"Still better and worse."

"So you mistake Husbands. Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Revenge."

"Thoughts blacke, hands apt, Drugges fit, and Time agreeing: Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,On wholesome life, usurpe immediately."

"Powres the poyson in his eares."

"He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of Gonzago's wife."
<p>How fares my Lord?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
  <p>Giue o're the Play.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p>Giue me some Light. Away.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <p>Lights, Lights, Lights.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Hamlet &amp; Horatio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Why let the strucken Deere go wepe,<l>
  <l>The Hart vngalled play:<l>
  <l>For some must watch, while some must sleepe:<l>
  <l>So runnes the world away.<l>
  <p>Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>Halfe a share.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>A whole one I,<l>
  <l>For thou dost know: Oh Damon</l>
  <l>This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,<l>
  <l>And now reignes heere.<l>
  <l>A verie verie Paiocke.<l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
  <p>You might haue Rim'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie</l>
  <l>of Players sir.</l>
</sp>
<p>Oh good <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
  <p>Verie well my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Vpon the talke of the poysoning?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>I did verie well note him.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterene.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, ha? Comome some Musick. Come y</p>
</sp>

<p>For if the King like not the Comedie,</p>

<p>Why then belike he likes it not perdie.</p>

<p>Come some Musick.</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.</p>
</sp>

<p>If the King like not the Comedie,</p>

<p>Why then belike he likes it not perdie.</p>

<p>Come some Musick.</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>The King, sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, what of him?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.</p>
</sp>
Ham.

With drink Sir?

Guild.

No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham.

Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richly,

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

Guild.

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

Ham.

You are welcome.

Guild.

Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment:

if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham.

Sir, I cannot.

Guild.

What, my Lord?
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Make you a wholsome answere: my wits dis-eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, you once did loue me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <p>Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-tie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Sir I lacke Aduancement.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
</sp>

<note resp="#ES">This m, and other letters on this page, are distorted by a crease running diagonally across the paper.</note>
How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

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

Enter one with a Recorder.

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

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

Beleeue me, I cannot.

I know no touch of it, my Lord.

'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.
<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
  <p>But these cannot I command to any utterance
  <lb>of hermony, I haue not the skill.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing
  <cb n="2"/>
  <lb>you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
  <lb>seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
  <lb>of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest
  <lb>Note, to the top of my Compaše: and there is much Mu-
  <lb>sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
  <lb>you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
  <lb>plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
  <lb>though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me, God
  <lb>blesse you Sir.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Polonius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
  <lb>and presently.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
  <lb>like a Camell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>It is back'd like a Weazell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Or like a Whale?</p>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
<p>Verie like a Whale.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
      <lb>
      They foole me to the top of my bent.</lb>
      <p>I will come by and by.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>I will say so.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.<note resp="#PW">Brown ink smudge.</note></stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends:</l>
  <l>Tis now the verie witching time of night,</l>
  <l>When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breaths out</l>
  <l>Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,</l>
  <l>And do such bitter businesse as the day</l>
  <l>Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother</l>
  <l>Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever</l>
  <l>The Soule of <hi rend="italic">Nero</hi>, enter this firme bosome:</l>
      <l>Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,</l>
      <l>I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:</l>
      <l>My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.</l>
      <l>How in my words someuer she be shent,</l>
      <l>To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.</l>
</sp>

<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.</stage>
</div>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,</l>
  <l>To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you</l>
  <l>I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,</l>
  <l>And he to England shall along with you</l>
  <l>The termes of our estate, may not endure</l>
  <l>Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow</l>
  <l>Out of his Lunacies.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
  <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
</sp>
We will our selues prouide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

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

Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Who = "#F-ham-cla"

Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen.
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens to wash it white as Snow?
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther;
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Justice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then?

What rests?

Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blakke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Exit.

[Act 3, Scene 4]
Enter Queene and Polonius.

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

Much, and stood betweene

Muth heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Mother, mother, mother.
Ile warrant you, feare me not. Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Now Mother, what's the matter?

Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Why how now Hamlet?

Whats the matter now?

Haue you forgot me?

No by the Rood, not so: You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife, But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speake.

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

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

What Wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?

Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Oh I am slaine.

Killes Polonius.

Oh me, what hast thou done?

A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,

As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

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

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

Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
Is thought sicke at the act.

Aye me; what act; that roares so lowd,
Thooke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
A Station, like the Heraland Mercurie.
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Prodaime no shame,
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu.
O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

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

A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth
The tythe

<orig>patt</orig>
<corr>part</corr>
</choice> the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings.
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

No more.

Enter Ghost.

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

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

Speake to her Hamlet.

How is it with you Lady?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with thei'r corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper.
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

On him, on him: look you how pale he glares.

His forme and cause coniyn'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,

Least with this pitteous ac

My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,

Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

To who do you speake this?

Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Nor did you nothing heare?

No, nothing but our selues.

Why look you there: looke how it steals away:

My Father in his habite, as he liued,

Look where he goes euen now out at the Portall.

This is the very coy

This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Why look you there: looke how it steals away:

My Father in his habite, as he liued,

Look where he goes euen now out at the Portall.

This is the very coy

This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Exctasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,

And makes as healthful Musick: it is not madnesse

That I haue vtttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word. which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes;
It will but skin and f
me the Vlcerous place,
Whil's ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseeene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leave to do him good.

Oh Hamlet, Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
O throw away the worser past of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,

Ile blessing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleased it so,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night,
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.

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

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.
Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.
Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.
This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>There's matters in these sighes.</l>
    <l>These profound heaues</l>
    <l>You must translate; Tis fit we understand them.</l>
    <l>Where is your Sonne?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Ah my good Lord, what have I seen to night?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>What <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi>? How does <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend</l>
    <l>Which is the Mightier in his lawless fit</l>
    <l>Behinde the Arras, hearing some thing stirre</l>
    <l>He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat</l>
    <l>And in his brainish apprehension killeth</l>
    <l>The unseen good old man.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Oh heauy deed</l>
    <l>It had bin so with us had we beene there</l>
    <l>His Liberty is full of threats to all</l>
    <l>To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.</l>
    <l>Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>To draw apart the body he hath kild</l>
    <l>O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare</l>
    <l>Among a Minerall of Mettels base</l>
  </sp>
</div>
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

Oh Gertrude, come away:

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

Enter Ros.

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.

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

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 2] Enter Hamlet.

Safely stowed.

Ham.


Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.


Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.
<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
  <l>What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Resin.</speaker>
  <l>Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And beare it to the Chappell.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Do not beleeeue it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <l>Beleeue what?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-poundation should be made by the Sonne of a King.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
  <l>Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, first mou'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
</sp>
I understand you not my Lord.

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

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

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

Guild. A thing my Lord?

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

Exeunt

Enter King.

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

Enter <choice><orig>Rosincrane</orig><corr>Rosincrance</corr><choice> How now? What hath befalne?
Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

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

King. Bring him before us.

Hoa, Guildensterne? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

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

Ham. At Supper. Where?

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain congregation of worms are even at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.
What dost thou meane by this?

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

Where is Polonius.

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

Go seeke him there.

He will stay till ye come.

This deed of thine, for thine especial safety

Which we do tender, as we deereely greeue

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent

For England.

For England?

I Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety

Which we do tender, as we deereely greeue

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent

For England.
Ham. 

Good. 

Ham. 

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

Ham. 

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

Ham. 

I love my Father <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.

My Mother: Father and Mother is man and <lb/>wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother.

Come,

<lb/>for England.

<lb/>for England.

King. 

Follow him at foote, <lb/>Tempt him with speed ahoord: <lb/>Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. <lb/>Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done <lb/>That else leans on th'Affaire, pray you make hast. <lb/>And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought, <lb/>As my great power thereof may giue thee sense, <lb/>Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red <lb/>After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe <lb/>Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set <lb/>Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full <lb/>By Letters conjuring to that effect <lb/>The present death of <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>. Do it England, <lb/>For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages, <lb/>And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done, <lb/>How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.
Fortinbras with an Armie.</div>

Enter

<sp who="#F-ham-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
  <l>Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,</l>
  <l>Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras</l>
</sp>

<l>Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March</l>
<l>Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous</l>
<l>If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,</l>
<l>We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,</l>
<l>And let him know so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <l>I will doo't, my Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
  <l>Go safely on.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>I will not speake with her.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>She is importunate, indeed distract her moode
  <lb>will needs be pittied.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>What would she haue?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <l>She speaks much of her Father; saies she heares</l>
  <l>There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart.</l>
  <l>Spumes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,</l>
  <l>That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,</l>
  <l>Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue</l>
  <l>The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it.</l>
</sp>
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

"2"

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

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

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.
How now Ophelia?
Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.
Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Pray you marke. White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Larded with sweet flowers: Which bewept to the graue did not go, With true-loue showres.

How do ye, pretty Lady?

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

Conceit vpon her Father.

Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this: To morrow is Saint Valentines day, all in the morning betime, And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, don'd his clothes, & dup't the chamber dore.

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed
King. Pretty Ophelia. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by Saint Charity, Alacke, and fie for shame: Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't, By Cocke they are too blame. Quoth she before you tumbled me, Yon promis'd me to Wed: So would I ha done by yonder Sunne, And thou hadst not come to my bed.

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

Exit. Follow her close, Gius her good watch I pray you: Oh this is the poysom of deepe greefe, it springs All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, death; and we haue
done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore

Ophelia

Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,

Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,

Without which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her Brother is in secret come from France,

Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare

With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,

Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,

Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne

In eare and eare. O my deere

Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering Ppeece in many places,

Gues me superfluous death.

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,

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

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props o every word,

They cry choose we? Laertes shall be

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

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

How cheerfully on the false Traile they cry.

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within.
Enter Laertes.
The doores are broke.

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

I pray you giue me leaue.

We will, we will.

I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Calmely good Laertes.

That drop of blood, that calmes Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot Even here between the chaste vnsmirched brow

Of my true Mother.
King.

What is the cause Laertes.

There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King.

That Treason can but peep to what it would.

Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes.

Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go Gertrude.

Speake man.

Where's my Father?

How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.

To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.

Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd

Most throughly for my Father.

Who shall stay you?

My Will, not all the world,

And for, my meanes, Ile husband them so well,

They shall go farre with little.
Good Laertes: If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

None but his Enemies.

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

And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within.

Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

How now? what noise is that?
Oh heatedry vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,

Till our Scale turns the beame. Oh Rose of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet

Ophelia:

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

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

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

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loues.

They bore him Bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-

They bore him Bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

This nothings more then matter.

There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.

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

Thoughts.

There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's

Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it

Herbe Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:

She turnes to Fauour, and to prettiness.

And will he not come againe,

And will he not come againe:

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

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

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

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Ophelia

Do you see this, you Gods?

Laertes, I must common with your greefe,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,

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

If by direct or by Colaterall hand

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

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

To you in satisfaction. But if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to vs,

And we shall joynly labour with your soule

To giue it due content.

Make

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To you in satisfaction. But if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to vs,

And we shall joynly labour with your soule

To giue it due content.

Laertes, I must common with your greefe,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Let this be so:

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;

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

No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,

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

That I must call in question.

So you shall:

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

I pray you go with me.

Enter Saylor.

God blesse you Sir.

Let him blesse thee too.

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

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

These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.<br/>

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.<br/>

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

Exit.<br/>

[Act 4, Scene 7] Enter King and Laertes.
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

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

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

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

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

Enter a
<Messenger>
  <l>How now? What Newes?</l>
</Messenger>

<sp who="#F-ham-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <p>Letters my Lord from <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi> This to your Majesty: this to the Queene.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p>From <hi rend="italic">Hamlet?</hi> Who brought them?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not: They were giuen me by <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, he receiu'd them.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis you shall heare them: Leaue vs.</l>
</sp>

<Messenger>
  <p rend="italic">High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-count th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.</p>
</Messenger>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>Know you the hand?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
  <p>Tis</p>
</sp>
Hamlets Character, naked and in a Postscript here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,

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

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;

And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,

But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,

And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence

Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,

I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,

And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,

And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,

As had he beeene encorps't and demy-Natur'd

With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?
A Norman.

Vpon my life Lamound.

The very same.

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

Hee mad confession of you, And gaue you such a Masterly report, For Art and exercise in your defence; And for your Rapier most especially, That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed, If one could match you Sir. This report of his Did so envenom with his Enuy, That he could nothing doe but wish and begge, Your sodaine comming ore to play with him; Now out of this.

Why out of this, my Lord?

Why aske you this?

Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proove,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:

Hamlet comes backe: what would you
vndertake,

To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer.
To cut his throat i'th'Church.

Kin.
No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good
Laertes

Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Swo
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Under the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

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

Enter Queene.

One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd Laertes.
Drown'd! O where?

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

Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet Let shame say what it will; when these are gone The woman will be out: Adieu my Lord. But that this folly doubts it.

Exit.

Let's follow, Gertrude: Now feare I this will give it start again; Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

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

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

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

</div>
<sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
  <p>Why 'tis found so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>It must be <hi rend="italic">Se offindendo</hi> it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
  <p>Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
  <p>Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him &amp; drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
  <p>But is this law?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.</p>
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Other.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0787.jpg" n="277"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
  <p>Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beeene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beeene buried out of Christian Buriall.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that</p>
</sp>
great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp

Adams' Profession.

Was he a Gentleman?

He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Why he had none.

What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without Armes?

Ile put another que-

fesse thy selfe;

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

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

I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Marry, now I can tell.

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

In youth when I did loue, did loue, me thought it was very sweete: To contract O the time for a my behoue, O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>Custome hath made it in him a property of easiness.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic center">Clowne</speaker>
  <stage type="business" rend="italic inline">sings.</stage>
  <l rend="italic">But Age with his stealing steps hath caught me in his clutch: And hath shipped me intill the Land, as if I had neuer beene such.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave iowles it to th' ground, as if it were Caines law-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>It might, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>I, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazeard with a Sexton's Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to fee't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
<lb/>to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
<lb/>on't.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
<speaker rend="italic center">Clowne</speaker>
</sp>

<stage type="business" rend="italic inline">sings.</stage>

<1 rend="italic">A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.</1>
<1 rend="italic">for and a shrowding-Sheeete;</1>
<1 rend="italic">O a Pit of Clay for to be made;</1>
<1 rend="italic">for such a Guest is meete.</1>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>There's another: why might not that bee the
<lb/>Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
<lb/>Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
<lb/>doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
<lb/>the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
<lb/>his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
<lb/>time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, his Recog-
<lb/>nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:
<lb/>Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Reco-
<lb/>veries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
<lb/>Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-
<lb/>ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
<lb/>Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will
<lb/>hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe
<lb/>haue no more? ha?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Not a iot more, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu-
<lb/>rance in that. I will speake to this fellow; whose Graue's
<lb/>this Sir?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Mine Sir:</p>
<l rend="italic">O a Pit of Clay for to be made, </l>
<l rend="italic">for such a Guest is meete. </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
     'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
     lyest.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
     to you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>What man dost thou digge it for?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>For no man Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>What woman then?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>For none neither.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Who is to be buried in't?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
     shee's dead.</p>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
</p>

by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
<p>Lord <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, these three yeares I
haue taken note of it,
</p>

the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant
<p>comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
</p>

Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
</sp>

<p>Of all the dayes i'th yeare, I came too't that day
</p>

that our last King <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> o'recame <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>.

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
</p>

It was the very day, that young <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> was borne, hee
<p>that was mad, and sent into England.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>I marry, why was he sent into England?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
</sp>

<p>Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
</p>

wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.</p>

</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ham.</fw>
<p pb facs="FFimg:axc0788.jpg" n="278"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>Why?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
</sp>

<p>'Twill not beseene in him, there the men are
</p>

as mad as he.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>How long is that since?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>'Twill not beseene in him, there the men are
</p>

as mad as he.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
</sp>

<p>How long is that since?</p>
<p>How came he mad?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Very strangely they say.</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How strangely?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Upon what ground?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How long will a man lie'ith'earth ere he rot?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Whose was it?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Why he, more then another?</p>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Whose was it?</p>
A whorson mad Fellowes it was;

Whose doe you think it was?

Nay, I know not.

A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a

A flaggon of Renish on my head once.

This? E'ene that.

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

Your
What's that my Lord?<p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <p>Dost thou thinke <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> looke</p>
</sp>
o'this fa-
<p>

<lb/>shion i'th'earth?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>E'ene so.</p>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>And smelt so? Puh.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>E'ene so, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>To what base vses we may returne <hi rend="italic">Horatio.</hi>
  <lb/>Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>, till he find it stopping a bunghole.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>'Twere to consid: to curiously to consider so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham" rend="italic">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, &amp; likelihood to lead it; as thus.</p>
</sp>
<hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> died: <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> was buried: <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> re-
<p>

<lb/>urneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make <lb/>Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-
<lb/>ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?</p>
</sp>
<lb>Imperiall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, dead and turn'd to clay, <l>
</l>
<p> Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.</l>
</p>
<p>Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe.</p>
<p>Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.</p>
<p>But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queen,
Laertes, and a Coffin,

<lb>with Lords attendant.</lb>

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

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,

The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,

Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Who is that they follow, and with such maimed rites? This doth betoken, the coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, fore do it owne life; 'twas some estate. Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth:

Marke.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done: We should prophane the service of the dead, to sing sage Requiem, and such rest to her.

As to peace-parted Soules.
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

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

Laer.
Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your dust, vpon the quick, and dead,
To o're top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham.
What is he, whose griefes Bear such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandrinig Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.
The deuill take thy soule.
Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

Pluck them asunder.

Good my Lord be quiet.

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

Oh he is mad Laertes,
For loue of God forbeare him.

Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp Esile, eate a Crocodile?
I'll doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

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

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

The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.
Let Hercules himsefle doe what he may,

I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your Sonne,

This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your Sonne,
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

**Ham.**

So much for this Sir; now let me see the other.

**Hor.** Remember it my Lord?

**Ham.**

Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,

That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,

(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,

When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,

There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

**Hor.** That is most certaine.

**Ham.**

Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,

Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,

finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,

(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale

Their grand Commission, where I found **Horatio**, Oh royall knauery: An exact command,

Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;

Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,

With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,

that on the superuize no leasure bated,

No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,

My head should be struck off.

**Hor.** Ist possible?

**Ham.**
Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:

But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

I beseech you.

I, good my Lord.

An earnest Coniuration from the King,

As England was his faithfull Tributary,

As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,

As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,

And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,

And many such like Assis of great charge,

That on the view and know of these Contents,

Without debatement further, more or lesse,

He should the bearers put to sodaine death,

Not shriuing time allow

How was this seal'd?

Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;

I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,

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

So Guildenster and Rosincrance, go too't.

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

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

It will be short,
The <hi rend="italic">interim's</hi> mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>

That to <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the braue ry of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

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

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

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

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.
It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

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

I beseech you remember.

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

What's his weapon?

Rapier and dagger.

That's two of his weapons; but well.

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

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

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

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

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'en so?
To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

I commend my duty to your Lordship.

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

This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

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

You will lose this wager, my Lord.

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

Nay, good my Lord.

It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.
If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

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

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attent-ants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

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

This presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht;

With sore distraction? What I haue done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet? His Madnesse is poore Hamlets.

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Hamlet.

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

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

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madnesse is poore Hamlets.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honor,
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I have a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd loue like loue,
And will not wrong it.

I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

You mocke me Sir.
No by this hand.

Giue them the Foyles yong <hi rend="italic">Osricke</hi>, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

You mocke me Sir.

Giue them the Foyles yong <hi rend="italic">Osricke</hi>, you know the wager.

Cousen <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, you know the
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

I do not feare it, I haue seene you both:

But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

This is too heauy, Let me see another.

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

Prepare to play.

I my good Lord.

Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:

If Ham giue the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw,

Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarckes Crowne haue worn.

Giue

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Giue me the Cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

Now the King drinkes to Hamlet.

Come, begin,

And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
<l>Come on sir.</l>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>Come on sir.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They play.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>One.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>No.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Judgement.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
  <l>A hit, a very palpable hit.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>Well: againe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Stay, giue me drinke.</l>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, this Pearle is thine,

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>I do confesse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Our Sonne shall win.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
  <l>Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
  <l>A touch, a touch, I do confesse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>Our Sonne shall win.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-la" rend="italic">Laer.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr" rend="italic">Osr.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cl" rend="italic">King.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-la" rend="italic">Laer.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-la" rend="italic">Laer.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham" rend="italic">Ham.</sp>
He's fat, and scant of breath. Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes, The Queenes Carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Good Madam.

It is the poysond Cup, it is too late.

I dare not drinke yet Madam, By and by.

Come, let me wipe thy face.

My Lord, Ile hit him now.

I do not thinke't.

And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Come, for the third.


Laertes, you but dally, I pray you passe with your best violence, I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

Say you so? Come on.

Nothing neither way.

Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

Part them, they are incens'd.

Nay come, againe.

Looke to the Queene there hoa.

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

How is't Laertes?

Why as a Woodcocke To mine Sprindge, I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

How does the Queene?
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>She sounds to see them bleede.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>No, no, the drinke, the drinke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <l>Oh my deere <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, the drinke, the drinke,</l>
  </sp>
  <l>I am poyson'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <l>Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.</l>
    <l>Treacherie, seeke it out.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
    <l>it is heere <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
      <l>it is heere <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <l>I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.</l>
  </sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
    <l>The point envenom'd too,</l>
    <l>Then venome to thy worke.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hurts the King.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-all">
    <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
      <l>Treason, Treason.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
      <l>O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.</l>
    </sp>
  </sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
  <l>Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
  <lb>Damned Dane,</lb>
  <l>Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?</l>
</sp>
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Lae.
The is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forguienesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

He isustly seru'd.
<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker> Yong <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>, with conquest come

<choice>
<abbr>frô</abbr>
<expan>from</expan>
</choice>

Poland

To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

O I dye <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,

Which haue solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o, o.

Dyes

Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,

Colours, and Attendants.

Where is this sight?

What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,

So bloodily hast strooke.

The sight is dismall.
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Rosincrance and Guildensterne are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?
Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me spcake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vp shot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

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

Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare like a Soldier to the stage,

For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiers Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

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

FINIS.