SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

II.

HAMLET

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

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MARBURG

N. G. ELWERT'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

1891.
THE aim of the present volume is simply to place before the reader exact reprints of the two earliest Quartos and the first Folio text of *Hamlet* arranged in parallel columns for ready reference. Collations of other editions would, of course, also have been desirable, but as these would have inconveniently swelled the bulk of the volume, and are easily accessible in the *Cambridge Edition*, or in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, they have been dispensed with.

The First Quarto (Q1), of 1603, is here reprinted from the facsimile in photo-lithography by W. Griggs, reproduced from the Duke of Devonshire's copy, the last leaf, which is wanting in the Duke's copy, being supplied from that in the British Museum. Its title is as follows:

**THE Tragicall Historie of** | **HAMLET** | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shakesppeare. As it hath beene dierfe times acted by his Highnecfe servaunts in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniversités of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where [[*Vignette*]]. | At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell. | 1603.

Our reprint of the Second Quarto (Q2), of 1604, is likewise made from Mr. Griggs's facsimile in photo-lithography of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the original, with the following title-page:

**THE Tragicall Historie of** | **HAMLET** | *Prince of Denmarke*. | By William Shakesppeare. Newly imprint-ed and enlarged to almofl as much | againe as it was according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | [[*Vignette*]]. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be fold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunfts Church in | Fleetfreet. | 1604.
The First Folio text (of 1623) has been taken from the Reduced Facsimile Edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (London 1876). In correcting the proof-sheets, the reprint made by Lionel Booth (London 1864) has been collated throughout, and on all doubtful points the British Museum copy C. 39. i. 12 of the original has been consulted, either by myself (for pp. 1–160), or by Dr. Wieck (for pp. 161–317).

In addition to the numbers of the pages in the original texts, those of the acts, scenes, and lines in the Globe Edition have been marked in the margin (left side).

A list of corrections and notes will be found at the end of the volume.

W. V.
The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke (Q₁).

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully upon your watch,

2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio, The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET. Prince of Denmarke (F₁).

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your felse.
Bar. Long line the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. He.
Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. VV. Ho! there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and unfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre,
Bar. Tis now stroke twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a moue stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane,
Fran. Give you good night.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Bar. Hane you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a moue stirring.
Bar. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qr).

1. farewell honest soldier, who hath relieved you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, give you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
20 2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd again to night.
2. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our fantasie,
And will not let belief take hold of him.
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen by us,
Therefore I have intreated him a long with us
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.
30 Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once again
Affaile your eares that are so fortify'd,
What we have two nights seen.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieued you?
Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fra.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
20 Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie.
And will not let beleefe take hold of him.
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of vs,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

1. i.

Mar. O, farwell honest Fouldiers, who hath relieus'd you?
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night. Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo. [3
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A pceee of him.
20 Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue feene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faies tis but our fantafie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice feene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes and fpake to it.

Hora. Tufh, tufh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are fo fortified againft our story,
What we haue two nights feene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo fpake of this.
Bar. Laft night of all,
When yond fame starre thats westward from the pole,
Had made his courfe t'illum that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and fpake to it.

Hora. Tufh, tufh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are fo fortified againft our Story,
What we two Nights haue feene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo fpake of this.
Barn. Laft night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course to'ilume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost.

40 Mar. Breake off your talke, fee where it comes againe.
2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that thus vfurps the state, in Which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke did sometimes Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

50 Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.
2. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. Tis gone and makes no anfwer.
2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this something more than fantafie? What thinke you on't?
Hor. Afore my God, I might not his beleene, without the fensible and true anouch of my owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy felfe,

60 Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

40 Mar. Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Ghost.
Looke where it comes againe.
Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.
Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that vfurp'lt this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

50 Mar. It is offended.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

1. i.

Enter Ghoft.

40  Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
Hora. Moft like, it horrorces me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be fpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hora. What art thou that viurpft this time of night, Together with that faire and warlike forme, In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke Did sometimnes march, by heauen I charge thee speake. Exit Ghoft. [4

Mar. Tis gone and will not anfwer.
Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this somthing more then phantafie? What thinke you on't?
Hora. Before my God I might not this believe, Without the fencible and true auouch Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy felfe,

60 Such was the very Armor he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combatted,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Barn. See, it ftalkes away.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anfwer.
Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale: Is not this somthing more then Fantafie? What thinke you on't?
Hora. Before my God, I might not this believe Without the fencible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy felfe,

60 Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'ambitions Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollax on the yce,
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall falke he passe through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Martiall falke, hath he gone by our Watch.

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

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this fame strict and moft obferuant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly Caft of Brazen Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for implements of warre:
I.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He fmot the fleadeled pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stanke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groffe and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and moft obsruuant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraune martre, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whofe fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynent labourer with the day,
Who ift that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At leaft the whisper goes fo; our laft King,
Whole image euen but now appeare'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by Fortinbrasse of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a moft emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,
(For fo this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did flay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seal'd compact
Well ratifed by lawe and heraldy

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (P1).

Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haft
Doth make the Night ioynent-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hora. That can I.

At leaft the whisper goes fo: Our laft King,
Whole Image euen but now appeare'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prickt'd on by a moft emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,
(For fo this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratifed by Law, and Heraldrie,
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoo'd seiz'd of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:

Now sir, yong Fortenbraffe,
Of inapprov'd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharkt vp a fight of lawleffe Refolutes
For food and diet to some enterprife,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

1. i.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.

Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbrafe,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article deffigne,
His fell to Hamlet: now Sir, young Fortinbrafe
Of unimprooned mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt vp a lift of lawelleffe resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprize

That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our State
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And termes compulsatory, those forefaid lands
So by his father losT; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheife head
Of this poft haft and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enfo;
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightieft Iulius fell
The granes stood tenamleffe, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streetes
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disterfers in the sunne; and the moist starre,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those forefaid Lands
So by his Father losT: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poft-haft, and Romage in the Land.
Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, fee where it comes againe,
He croffe it, though it blast me: Stay illusion,

130 If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speake to me,

Or if thou haft extorted in thy life,
Or hoarded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it Marcellus.

2. Tis heere. exit Ghost.
Hor. Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiefti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (V). 

Enter Ghost againe.

But foft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
He croffe it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou haft any found, or vie of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may anoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou haft vp-hoarded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. i.

Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of feare events
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Have heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
He crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou haft any found or use of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eafe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou haft vphoord in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerabel,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

(For which, they say, you spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Bar. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerabel,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
2. It was about to speak when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearfull summons: I have heard

The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his lofty and thrill-crowning throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire.
The straunagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the truth heereof
This present object made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainft that seafon comes,
Wherein our Saniours birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:
But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night

Unto yong Hamlet: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you confent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,

The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and thrill-founding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extraunagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Object made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some sayes, that euer 'gainft that Seafon comes
Wherein our Saniours Birth is celebrated,
I. i.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearfull summons; I have heard,

The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill fondling throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or aire
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.

Some say that ever gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated

This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare strut abroad
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hora. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But looke, the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes o're the dewe of yon high Eaftward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my advice
Let vs impart what we have seene to night

Vnto yong Hamlet, for upon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eastern Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my advice
Let vs impart what we have seene to night

Vnto yong Hamlet. For upon my life,
This Spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

I. i.

Marc. Let doo't I pray, and I this morning know, Where we shal finde him moft conueniently.

I. ii.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know Where we shal finde him moft conueniently. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

II. ii.

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

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingsdome To be contracted in one brow of woe: Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature, That we with wiseft forrow thinke on him,
I. i. Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most connienent. Exeunt.

I. ii. Floris/fh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Counfaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cun Alijs.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wiseft forrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our felues:
Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntreff to this warlike State

10 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein baird
Your better wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death

20 Our State to be disjoynt, and out of frame
King. Lordes, we here have writ to Fortenbraffe,  
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent  
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his  
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch  

Yong good Cornelis, and you Voltemar  
For bearers of these greetings to olde  
Norway, gining to you no further personall power  
To businesse with the King,  
Then those related articles do shew:  
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.  

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.  
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:  
And now Leartes what's the newes with you?  
You said you had a fate what i'tt Leartes? 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).  
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;  
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,  
Importing the surrender of those Lands  
Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law  
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.  
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.  
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting  
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ  
To Norway, Vncle of young Fortimbras,  
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares  
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppreffe  
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,  
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
Coleaged with this dreame of his advantage
He hath not failed to pettur vs with meffage
Importing the surrender of those lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our moft valiant brother, fo much for him:
Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the bufines is, we haue heere writ
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbraffe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpole; to fuppreffe
His further gate heerein, in that the lenies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his fubiect, and we heere difpatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Gining to you no further perfonall power
To bufines with the King, more then the face
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

And now Laertes what’s the newes with you?
You told vs of some fute, what ift Laertes?
You cannot speake of reafon to the Dane
And lofe your voyce; what wold’ft thou begge Laertes,?
That fhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
Lea: My gracious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may have leave to go againe to France,
For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

King: Have you your fathers leave, Leartes?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And I befeech you grant your Highnesse leave.

King With all our heart, Leartes fare thee well.
Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leave.
King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

What would'st thou haue Laertes?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your 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,
My thoughts and wisses bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What sayes Pollonius?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. ii.

The head is not more native to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What would'st thou have Laertes?

Laert. My dread Lord,
Your leve and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To shewe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leve and pardon.

King. Have you your fathers leve, what faies Polonius?

Polo. Hath my Lord wroung from me my flowe leve
By labourfome petition, and at laft
Vpon his will I feald my hard consent,
I doe befeech you give him leve to goe.

King. Take thy faire hour Laertes, time be thine,
And thy beft graces fpend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my Sonne,
Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kind.
King. How is it that the cloudes still hang on you.
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the fonne.

Queene. Good Hamlet caft thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,

Do not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duft,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do befeech you give him leve to go.

King. Take thy faire hour Laertes, time be thine,
And thy beft graces fpend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queene. Good Hamlet caft thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duft;
Ham. My lord, 'tis not the fable fute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes.

Nor the distracted baniour in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward femblance,
Is equall to the forrow of my heart,
Him have I loft I muft of force forgoe.

These be the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This shewes a loving care in you, Sonne Hamlet,

But you muft thinke your father loft a father,
That father dead, loft his, and fo flathe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Thou know'ft 'tis common, all that lines muft dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary futes of solemnpe Blacke,
Nor windy fulpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuier in the Eye,
Nor the dejected baniour of the Vifage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe.
That can denote me truly. These indeed Scene,
For they are actions that a man might play:
I. ii.

Thou know'ft tis common all that lines must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Qnee. If it be

Why feemes it fo perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not feemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of folembe blakee
Nor windie fufpiration of forft breath
No, nor the fruitfull rifier in the eye,
Nor the deected hauior of the vilage
Together with all formes, moods, chapes of griefe
That can denote me truely, these indeede feeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which paffes showe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father loft a father,
That father loft, loft his, and the suruiner bound
In filiall obligation for some tearme.
To doe obsequious sorowe, but to perfeuer
In obstinate condolente, is a cours.
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shewes a will moft incorrect to heaven
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnnderstanding simple and vnchouold

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

But I haue that Within, which paffeth showe;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, loft his, and the Suruiner bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a cours.
Of impious stubbornesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will moft incorrect to heaven,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchouold:
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reafons
Common courfe moft certaine,
None lines on earth, but hee is borne to die.

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

Ham. I shall in all my beft obay you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde and a moft louing Sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For, what we know muft be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why shoulde we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reafon moft absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarfe, till he that dyed to day,
This muft be fo. 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 moft immediate to our Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Lone,
Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q4).

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

1. ii.

For what we knowe muft be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,

Why should we in our penius opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againft the dead, a fault to nature,
To reafon moft absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ftill hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This muft be fo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moft immediate to our throne,

And with no leffe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareft father beares his fonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg.
It is moft retrograde to our defire,
And we befeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cofin, and our fonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loofe her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my beft obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing, and a faire reply,
Be as our felfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moft retrograde to our defire:
And we befeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lofe her Prayers Hamlet:
I prythee stay with vs, goe not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my beft
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our felfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell
The rowfe: the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and falled flefh
Would melt to nothing, or that the univerfal
Globe of heaven would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vnclle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the falt of moft
Vnrighteous teares had left their flufhing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beaft
Denoyd of reafon would not hane made
Such fpeede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
Of appetitie had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked fpeede, to make fuch
Dexterity to inceftuous fhetes,
Ere yet the fhooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corfe
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I muft holde my tongue.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

1. ii.

No iocund health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Repeaking earthly thunder; come away. Florish. Exeunt all,

Ham. O that this too too sullied flesh would melt, but Hamlet.

Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the everlafting had not fixt
His cannon gainft feale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to feede, things rancke and grofe in nature,
Poffeffe it meerely that it fhould come thus
But two months dead, may not fo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this.

Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my mother,
That he might not betwene the winds of heauen
Vifite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if encrease of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Niobe all teares, why she

O God, a beast that wants discours of reafon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vnkle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

But two months dead: Nay, not fo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this.

Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not betwene the winds of heauen
Vifite her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, even she.

(O Heauen! A beast that wants discours of Reafon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vinkle,
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

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

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore servaunt ever.

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

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euene first: But what is your affaire in Elfenoure?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truer
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in Elfenoure?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the sallt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flasching of her gauley eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to poft
With such dexterity to Inceftuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Servaunt ever.
I. ii.

My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, & most wicked spede; to polt
With such dexteritie to incestitious sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

I. vi. IIora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

IIora. The fame my Lord, and your poore servaunt euerr.

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euern Sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

IIora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say fo,
Nor shall you doe my care that violence
To make it trufter of your owne report
Against your felfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elf/onoure?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from Wittemberge?

IIor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say fo;
Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,
To make it trufter of your owne report
Against your felfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in Elf/onour?
Wee'll teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.  
Ham. 0 I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,  
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding. 
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates  
Did coldly furnifh forth the marriage tables,  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen  
Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;  
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father. 
Hor. Where my Lord?  
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.  
Hor. I faw him once, he was a gallant King.  
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not looke vpon his like againe. 
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I faw him yefternight,  
Ham. Saw, who?  
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.  
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.  
Hor. Ceafen your admiration for a while  
With an attentive care, till I may deliuer,  
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen  
This wonder to you. 
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.  
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen. 
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vaft and middle of the night.  
Beene thus encountered by a figure like your father.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).  

Ham. Thrift, thrift Horatio: the Funerall Bak't-meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,  
Ere I had euer scene that day Horatio.  
My father, me thinks I see my father. 
Hor. Oh where my Lord?  
Ham. In my minds eye (Horatio)  
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King,  
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:  
I shall not look vpon his like againe.
I. ii.

_Hora._ My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

_Ham._ I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,

I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

_Hora._ Indeede my Lord it followed hard vpon.

_Ham._ Thrift, thrift, _Horatio_, the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnifh forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen

Or euern I had feene that day _Horatio_,

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

_Hora._ Where my Lord?

_Ham._ In my minde, I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

_Hora._ A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

_Hora._ My Lord 1 thinke I saw him yefternight.

_Ham._ Saw? Who?

_Hora._ My Lord the King your father.

_Ham._ The King my father?

_Hora._ Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnes of these gentlemen

This maruile to you.

_Ham._ For Gods loue let me heare?

_Hora._ Two nights together had these gentlemen

_Marcellus_, and _Barnardo_, on their watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred, a figure like your father

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (Fr.).

_Hor._ My Lord, I thinke I saw him yefternight.

_Ham._ Saw? Who?

_Hor._ My Lord, the King your Father.

_Ham._ The King my Father?

_Hor._ Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witneffe of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

_Ham._ For Heauens loue let me heare.

_Hor._ Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

_(Marcellus and Barnardo)_ on their Watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Armed to poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them thrife, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies.
Within his tronchions length, While they distilled almoft to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch.

Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparation comes: In knew your father,
These handes are not more like.

Ham. Tis very strange.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe,
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes flow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreft and feare-furprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilft they bestil'd
Almoft to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?
I. ii.

200 Armed at poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreft and feare furprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil’st they distil’d
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadful fecretie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time

210 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good.
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father.

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,
But anwvere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the found it shrunke in haft away

220 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe line my honor’d Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anwvere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew loude;
And at the found it shrunke in haft away,

230 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe line my honour’d Lord ’tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
I. ii.

_Ham._ Where was this?

_Mar._ My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

_Ham._ Did you not speake to it?

_Hor._ My Lord we did, but anwere made it none, Yet once me thought it was about to speake, And lifted vp his head to motion, Like as he would speake, but even then The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte, It fhruncke in hafte away, and vanished Our sight.

_Ham._ Indeed, indeed Sirs, but this troubles me: Hold you the watch to night?

_All._ We do my Lord.

_Ham._ Armed fay ye?

_All._ Armed my good Lord.

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_All._ My good Lord, from head to foote.

_Ham._ Why then faw you not his face?

_Hor._ O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

_Ham._ How look't he, frowningly?

_Hor._ A countenance more in forrow than in anger.

_Ham._ Pale, or red?

_Hor._ Nay, verie pal

_Ham._ And fixt his eies vpon you.

_Hor._ Moft constantly.

_Ham._ I would I had beene there.

_Hor._ It would a much amazed you.

_Ham._ Yea very like, very like, itaid it long?

_Hor._ While one with moderate pace

_Mar._ O longer, longer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr.).

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

_Both._ We doe my Lord.

_Ham._ Arm'd, fay you?

_Both._ Arm'd, my Lord.

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_Both._ My Lord, from head to foote.

_Ham._ Then faw you not his face?

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

_Ham._ What, lookt he frowningly?
Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me, Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd fay you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then fawe you not his face
Horo. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Horo. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Horo. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Horo. Moft constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Horo. It would have much a maz'd you.
Ham. Very like, stayd it long?
Horo. While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth.
Both. Longer, longer.

Horo. Not when I law't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.)

Horo. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Horo. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Horo. Moft constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Horo. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: stayd it long? (dread.
Horo. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.
Ham. His beard was grifled, no.
Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A fable filuer.
Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance 'twil walke againe.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers perfon,
He speake to it, if hell it selfe shou'd gape.
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither confected this figh
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shal chance to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requite your lones, so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt elen and twelve,
Ie visit you.
All. Our duties to your honor. exeunt

Ham. O your lones, your lones, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come.
Till then, fit still my foule, foule deeds will rize
Though all the world overwhelme them to mens eies.

Exit.

Enter Learces and Ofelia.

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I muft ahoord.
But ere I part, marke what I Fay to thee:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Ham. Not when I saw't.
Hor. His Beard was grifly? no.
Ham. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.
Ham. Ie watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers perfon,
Ie speake to it, though Hell it selfe shou'd gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this figh
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoeener els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your lones; so, fare ye well:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3)

I.ii.

Ham. His beard was grizl'd, no.
Hora. It was as I haue feene it in his life
A fable filuer'd.
Ham. I will watch to nigh
Hora. It warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers perfon.
He speake to it though hell it felfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this figh
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,

Gine it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your lounes, fo farre you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile vifite you.

All. Our dutie to your Honor. Exeunt.
Ham. Your lounes, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers fpirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt fome foule play, would the night were come,
Till then fit still my foule, foule deeds will rife
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

I.iii.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My neceffaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And fifter, as the winds giue benefit

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile vifit you.

All. Our dutie to your Honour. Exeunt.
Ham. Your lounes, 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 fit still my foule; foule deeds will rife,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens cies.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

I.iii. Laer. My neceffaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sifter, as the Winds giue Benefit,
I fee Prince Hamlet makes a shew of love
Beware Ophelia, do not truft his vowes,
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my fifter,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q4).

I. iii.

And connay, in asisitant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the tritling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lafting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
10 No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature crescent does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnallued perfons doe,
20 Carue for himelfe, for on his choyce depends
The safty and health of this whole state.
And therefore muft his choyce be circumferib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he fayes he loues you.
It fits your widdome fo farre to beleue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his faying deede, which is no further

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne:
For hee himelfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnallued perfons doe,
20 Carue for himelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muft his choyce be circumferib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he fayes he loues you,
It fits your widdome fo farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his faying deed: which is no farther,
The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue't Ofelia, therefore keepe a loofe
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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

Lear. No, feare it not my deere Ofelia.
Here comes my father, occasion smilies vpon a second leaue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what loffe your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent care you lift his Songs;
Or lofe your Heart; or your chaff Treasure open
To his vnmasstred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sifter.
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The charieft Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disfes'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loffe your honor may sustaine

If with too credent eare you lift his fongs
Or loole your hart, or your chaft treasure open
To his vnmaftred importunity.

Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sifter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of defire,
"The charieft maide is prodigall inough
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapest not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclof'd,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blalfaftsments are most imminent,
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none els neare.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good leffon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious paftors doe,
Shew me the spte and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine

Himselfe the primrofe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. Oh, feare me not,
I ftoay too long, but heere my father comes

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Contagious blastaftsments are moft imminent.
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none els neare.

Oph. I shall th'effect of this good Leffon keepe,
As watchmen to my hart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Paftors doe,
Shew me the spte and thorny way to Heauen;
Whils like a puft and recklesse Libertine

Himselfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
Enter Coramdis.

Cor. Yet here Leartes? aboard, aboard, for shame.
The winde fits in the shouder of your faile.
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
"Those friends thou haft, and their adoptions tried,
"Graple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of euery new vnflieg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the oppofed may beware of thee,

"Coftly thy apparrell, as thy purfe can buy.
"But not expreft in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclaims the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and fpation
Are of a moft flect and generall chiefe in that:

"This above all, to thy owne felfe be true,
And it muft follow as the night the day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

A double blessing is a double grace:
Occasion fmiiles upon a second leaue.

Polon. Yet heere Leartes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shouder of your faile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And thofe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act;
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haft, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhat't, vnfledg'd Conrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell; but being in
I. iii.

A double blesSing, is a double grace,
Occasion finiMes vpon a seconD leaue.

Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a bord a bord for shame.
The wind fits in the shoulder of your faile,
And you are stayed for, there my blesSing with thee.
And thefe fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thos3e friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them unto thy foule with hoopes of fteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposled may beware of thee,
Give every man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenfure, but referue thy judgement,

Costly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not expreft in fancy; rich not gaudie;
For the apparell oft proclaims the man
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and fation,
Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For lone oft lofes both it felfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulles edge of Husbandry;
This above all, to thine owne felfe be true
And it must follow, as the night the day

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Bear't that th'opposled may beware of thee,
Give every man thine eare; but fewe thy voyce;
Take each mans cenfure; but referue thy judgement:

Costly thy habit as thy purfe can buy;
But not expreft in fance; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaims the man.
And they in France of the beft ranck and fation.
Are of a moft felect and generous chiefe in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft lofes both it felfe and friend:
And borrowing dulles the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine owne felfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
I.iii.

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

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

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

Cor. What 'tis Ofelia he hath said to you?
Ofel. Somthing touching the prince Hamlet.

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

190 Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his love
to me.
Cor. Tenders. I, I, tenders you may call them.
Ofel. And withall, such earnest vowes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my Blessing feafon this in thee.

Lae. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.
Lae. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

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

Lae. Farewell. Exit Laer.

Polon. What 'tis Ophelia he hath said to you?
Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet.

90 Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. iii.

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing seaseon this in thee.

Laer. Moft humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your fernants tend.
Laer. Farwell Ophelia, and remember well
What I haue fayd to you.

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


Pol. What ift Ophelia he hath faiid to you?

Ophe. So pleafe you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Gien private time to you, and you your selfe
Hane of your audience beene moft free and bountious.
If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muft tell you,
You doe not vnderfand your selfe so cleerely
As it behoues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

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

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Unsifted in such perillous circumftance,
Doe you believe his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I shoulde thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden prefence,
Or tendering thus you'll tender mee a foole.

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

Cor. Ofelia, receive none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;"
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To unlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;"
Come in Ofelia, such men often prone,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord.  

exeunt.
That you haue tane thefe tenders for true pay
Which are not fterling, tender your felfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with lone
In honorable fashian.

Pol. I, fashian you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath ginen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almoft all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-ockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the foule
Lends the tongue vowes, thefe blazes daughter
Giving more light then heate, extinct in both
Enen in their promife, as it is a making

You muft not take for fire, from this time
Be something fcanter of your maiden prefence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue fo much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their Inueftments showe
But meere implorators of vnholie fuites

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Euen in their promife, as it is a making:

You muft not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat fcanter of your Maiden prefence:
Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
Belieue fo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not belieue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueftments showe:
But meere implorators of vnholie Sutes,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time foorth,
Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewdly: it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'ft?

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

Mar. No, t'is ftrucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [14

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowfe,
Keepe wauffel, and the fwaggering vp-fpring reecles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renifh downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuftome here?

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Have you fo flander any moment leisur,
As to gine words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Look 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 fstrooke.                                    (feason,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
I. iii.

Haue you fo flaunder any moment leasure
As to gine words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

I. iv.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.
Horo. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Horo. I thinke it lackes of twelwe.
Mar. No, it is ftooke.
Horo. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the feafon,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. A florish of trumpets
What does this meane my Lord? and 2 peece goes of.

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowfe.

Keepes wafell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
10 And as he drains his draughts of Renifih downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horo. Is it a cuftome?

Ham. I marry it,
But to my minde, though I am natieue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuftome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heavy headed reuace eafe and weft
Makes vs traduff, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinifi phrafe
20 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord? (roufe,

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his

Keepes waffels and the swagging vp-spring reeles,
10 And as he drains his draughts of Renifih downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horo. Is it a cuftome?

Ham. I marry it;
And to my mind, though I am natieue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuftome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.
Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Minifters of grace defend vs,

Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ft in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,

He call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anfwere mee, let mee not burft in ignorance,
But fay why thy canonizd bones heard in death
Hawe burft their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee faw thee quietly inter'd,

Hath burft his ponderous and marble lawes,
To caft thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corfe, againe in complete feele,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Minifters of Grace defend vs:

Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ft in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. He call thee Hamlet,
So oft it channes in particuluer men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leanens

The forme of quaintie manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the generall cenfure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne candle.

Enter Ghost.

\textit{Horo.} Looke my Lord it comes.
\textit{Ham.} Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee \textit{Hamlet}.

King, father, royall Dane, o anfwer mee,
Let me not burft in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearfed in death
Hane burft their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd

Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caft thee vp againe, what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat ftele

\textit{The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).}

King, Father, Royall Dane: oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burft in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearfed in death,
Hane burft their cerements; why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caft thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Corfe againe in compleat ftele,
Reuiftets thus the glimfes of the Moone,  
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,  
So horridely to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules?  
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?  

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

Mar. Looke with what courteous action  
It waues you to a more remoued ground,  
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.  
Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible shape,  
Which might deprive your soueraignantie of reafon,  
And drine you into madneffe: thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, goe on, ile follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Reuiftets thus the glimfes of the Moone,  
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Sowles,  
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 defire  
To you alone.

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

Hor. No, by no meanes.
I. iv.

Reuifites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire

Beckins.

To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why what shoud be the feare,
I doe not let my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my foule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the cleefe
That bettles o're his base into the Sea,
And there affumes some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of reafon,
And draw you into madneffe, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into everie braine

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what shoud be the feare?
I doe not let my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That bettles o're his base into the Sea,
And there affumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reafon,
And draw you into madneffe thinke of it?
I. iv.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artire

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cal'd, vnhand me gentlemen;
Away I say, goe on, ile follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

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Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hor. Haue after; to what iffue will this fort?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

I. v.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each pety 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.

Execute Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

That lookes fo many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It wanes me still,

Goe on. Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out

And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.

By heauen Ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. Exit Ghoft and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperat with imaginion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what ifssue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.


l.v.

Enter Ghoft and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghoft. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoft. My hower is almoft come

When I to sulphurus and tormenting flames
Muft render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

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Hora. Heauen after, to what ifssue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.


l.v.

Enter Ghoft and Hamlet (ther).

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur-

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almoft come,

When I to sulphurus and tormenting Flames
Muft render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.
Ghoft I am thy fathers spirit, doom'd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confined in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in may dayes of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

Ghoft Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy liftning care, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prifon house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lighteft word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part.
And each particular haire to ftand on end

Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
But this fame blazon maft not be, to cares of flefh and blood
Hamlet, if ever thou didft thy deere father lone.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and moft vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghoft Yea, murder in the higheft degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine moft foule, beaftly, and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi.).

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serions hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit.

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faft 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 Prifon-Houfe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lighteft word
Ghoft. Pitty me not, but lend thy serues hearing
To what I shal vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoft. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham. What?
Ghoft. I am thy fathers spirit,
To tell the secrets of my prision house,
I could a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like starrs start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the careful Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To cares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, o lift:
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoft. Renenge his soule, and most vnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoft. Murther most soule, as in the best it is,
But this most soule, strange and vnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like starrs, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the carefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To cares of flesh and blood; lift Hamlet, oh lift,
If thou didist euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Renenge his soule and most vnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoft. Murther most soule, as in the best it is;
But this most soule, strange, and vnaturall.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. v.

Ham. Hafte me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. O I finde thee apt, and dulle should’ft thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in easie
On Lethe wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleepeing in my orchard.

A Serpent ftung me; so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abus’d:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did fting

Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

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

Ghost. Yea he, that inceftuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that hauie the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my moft feeming vertuous Queene,

But vertue, as it neuer will be monied,
Though Lewdneffe court it in a shape of heauen,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Hafte, hafte me to knowe it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And dulle should’ft thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in easie, on Lethe Wharffe,
Would’ft thou not stirre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It’s giuen out, that sleepeing in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ftung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus’d: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did fting thy Fathers life.

Now weares his Crowne.
I. v.

Ham. Haft me to know’t, that I with wings as swift
May swepe to my revenge.

Ghoft. I find thee apt,
And duller shoul’d it thou be then the fat weedle
That rootes it selfe in eafe on Lethe wharffe,
Would’lt thou not sturre in this; now Hamlet heare,
Tis gien out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ftung me, fo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abufe: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ftting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke foule! my Vncle?

Ghoft. I that inceftuous, that adulterate Beait,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my moft feeming vertuous Queene;
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall giftes were poore,
To thos of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heavne

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. O my Propheticke foule: mine Vncle?

Ghoft. I that inceftuous, that adulterate Beait
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my moft feeming vertuous Queene:
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignitie,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall giftes were poore
To thos of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. v.

So Luft, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage; but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncele came, with inyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my cares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesiluer, it pofteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my smoothe body, barked, and letterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once deprizd, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accomplts and finnes vpon my head,
O horrible, moft horrible!

Ham. O God!
ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,
But howfoeuer, let not thy heart

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on 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 Vncele stole
With inyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine cares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courstes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a fastaine vigour it doth poffet
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. v.

So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it felfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.

But fott, me thinkes I fent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,

My cuftome alwayes of the afternoome,

Upon my secure hour, thy Uncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,

And in the porches of my cares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickfiluer it courses through

The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth poiffele
And curde like eager droppings into milke,

The thin and wholfome blood; fo did it mine,
And a moft instant Tetter barckt about

Moft Lazarlike with vile and loathfome cruft
All my smooth body.

Thus was I fleeping by a brothers hand,

Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,

Cut off even in the bloffomes of my finne,

Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanneld,

No reckning made, but fent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,

O horrible, 5 horrible, moft horrible.

If thou haft nature in thee beare it not;

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,

The thin and wholfome blood; fo did it mine;
And a moft instant Tetter bak'd about,
Moft Lazar-like, with vile and loathfome cruft.

All my smooth Body.

Thus was I fleeping, by a Brothers hand,

Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispacht;

Cut off even in the Bloffomes of my Sinne,

Vnhouzzled, disappoointed, vnanneld,

No reckoning made, but fent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head;

Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moft horrible:

If thou haft nature in thee beare it not;
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

Act I, Scene v.

Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leave her to heaven,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worm shews the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectual fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. 

Exit

Ham. O all you hoste of heaven! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghoft; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all fawes of Bookes.
All truiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernicious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, smilling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I fet it downe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and dammed Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuets this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those Thornes that in her boforem lodge.
To pricke and stinge her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectual Fire:
Adue, adue. Hamlet: remember me. 

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth: what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q₄).

I. v.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned inceft.
But howsoever thou pursues this act,
Tain’t not thy minde, nor let thy foule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heauen,
And to thofe thornes that in her bofome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gowerome fhewes the matine to be neere
And gines to pale his vneffectual fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoft of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shall I couple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me stiffly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoft whiles memory holds a feate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All fawes of booke, all formes, all prefures paft
That youth and observation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone fhall line,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by heauen,
O moft pernicious woman.

O villaine, villaine, smilling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne; At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke. So vnkle, there you are, there you are. Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me, Soe tis enough I haue sworne.

_Hor._ My lord, my lord. _Enter. Horatio, Mar._ Lord Hamlet. _and Marcellus._

_Hor._ Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho. _Ham._ Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come. _Hor._ Heauens secure him.

_Mar._ How i't my noble lord? _Hor._ What news my lord? _Ham._ O wonderfull, wonderful. _Hor._ Good my lord tel it. _Ham._ No not I, youl reveale it. _Hor._ Not I my Lord by heauen. _Mar._ Nor I my Lord. _Ham._ How fay you then? would hart of man Once thinke it? but youll be secreet. Both. I by heauen, my lord. _Ham._ There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke, But hee's an arrant knaue

_Hor._ There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell you this.

_The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi)._ 

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine; At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke; So Vnkle there you are: now to my word; It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me; I haue sworn't. _Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord._

_Enter Horatio and Marcellus._

_Mar._ Lord Hamlet. _Hor._ Heauen secure him. _Mar._ So be it. _Hor._ Illo, ho, ho, my Lord. _Ham._ Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come. _Mar._ How iff't my Noble Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

I. v.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.

So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue fsworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hora. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Mar. How i't my noble Lord?
Hora. What newes my Lord?
Ham. 0, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How fay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's never a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No you'll reveale it.
Hora. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How fay you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.
1. v.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore I holde it meet without more circumstance at all, Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines And defiers shall leade you: for looke you, As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am forry they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrike but there is Horatio, And much offence too. touching this vision, It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you, For your defires to know what is betweene vs,

Oremeaft after it as you may:

And now kind frends, as you are frends,

Schollers and gentlmen.

Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i'ft my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but fweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Why right, you are i' th' right;
And fo, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and defires shall point you:
For every man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,

Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm forry they offend you heartily:

Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
I. v.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,
For every man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whirling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
O'remaftret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and fouldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but sware't.

'Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remafter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but sware't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (F1).

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Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige, Here content to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue scene to night, Sweare by my fword.

Ghoft. Sweare.

Ham. Hie & vbique, nay then weele shift our ground: Come bither Gentlemen, and lay your handes Againe vpon this fword, neuer to speake Of that which you haue scene, sweare by my fword.

Ghoft Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'tt worke in the earth? so laft, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange. Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome, There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio, Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie, But come here, as before you neuer shall

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How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe, As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet, To put an Anticke disposition on, That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Indeed, vpon my fword, Indeed.

Gho. Sweare. Ghoft cries under the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, fayeft thou so. Art thou there true-penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge Content to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene. Sweare by my fword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham Hic & vbique? Then wee'1 shift for ground, Come bither Gentlemen, And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,
I. v.

Ham. Indeede vpon my fword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghoft. Sweare.

150 Ham. Ha, ha, boy, fay'ft thou fo, art thou there trupenny? Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige, Content to sweare.

Hora. Propofe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue feene

Sweare by my fword.

Ghoft. Sweare.

Ham. Hie, & vbique, then weele fhift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,

Sweare by my fword
Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue heard.

Ghoft. Sweare by his fword.

Ham. Well fayd olde Mole, can'ft worke it'fh earth fo faft, A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hora. O 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 your philofophie, but come Heere as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,

170 (How strange or odde fo mere I beare my felfe,
As I perchance heereafter fhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at fuch times feeing me, neuer fhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue heard:

Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well fayd old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground fo A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horatio,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy But come, Here as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,

170 How strange or odde fo ere I beare my felfe;
(As I perchance heereafter fhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at fuch time feeing me, neuer fhall
I. v.  

With Armes inombred thus, or this head shake,  
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrafe,  
As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.  
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:  
Giving out to note, that you know aught of mee,  

This not to doe, so grace, and mercie  
At your most need helpe you, Iweare  

_Ghost._ Iweare.  

_Ham._ Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: to gentlemen;  
In all my lone I do commend mee to you,  
And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,  
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,  
Nay come letts go together,  
But till your fingers on your lippes I pray,  
The time is out of ioyn, O cursed spite,  
That euere I was borne to set it right,  
Nay come letts go together.  

_Exeunt._

11. i.  

Enter Corambis, and Montano.  

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

_Mon._ I will my lord.  

_Cor._ You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,  
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,  
To inquire the manner of his life,  
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1)._  

With Armes enombred thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing some doubtfull Phrase;  
As well, we know, or we could and if we would.  
Or if we lift to speake; or there be and if there might,  
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,  
That you know aught of me; this not to doe:  

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  

_Swear._  

_Ghost._ Swear.  

_Ham._ Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: to Gentlemen,  
With all my lone I doe commend mee to you;  
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,  
May doe t'express his love and friending to you,  
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
I. v.  
With armes incombred thus, or this head fhake,
Or by pronouncing of fome doubtfull phrafe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to (speake, or there be and if they might,
Or fuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

180  
So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you.

Ghoft.  Sweare.

Ham.  Reft, ref't, perturbed fpirit: fo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you
And what fo poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'exprefle his loue and frending to you
God willing fhall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And ftil your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô curfed fpight
That euer I was borne to let it right.

Nay come, lets goe together.  

Exeunt.

II. i.  
Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol.  Gine him this money, and thefe notes Reynaldo.

Rey.  I will my Lord.

Pol.  You fhall doe meruiles wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you vifite him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.

Rey.  My Lord, I did intend it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi.).

And ftil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curfed fpight,

190  
That euer I was borne to let it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.  

Exeunt.

II. i.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon.  Gine him his money, and thefe notes Reynoldo.

Reynol.  I will my Lord.

Polon.  You fhall doe maruels wisely: good Reynoldo,
Before you vifite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reynol.  My Lord, I did intend it.
You may say, you saw him at such a time, mark you me, 
At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing, 
You may go so far.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happily hee clofeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. Marry, well said; 
Very well said. Looke you Sir, 
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; 
And how, and who; what means; and where they keepe: 
What company, at what expense: and finding 
By this encompassment and drift of questtion, 
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer 
Then your particular demands will touch it, 
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him, 
And thus I know his father and his friends, 
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord. 
Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well; 
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II.i.

Pol. Mary well laid, very well laid; looke you sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,

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

What companie, at what expence, and finding

By this encompasment, and drift of queftion

That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer

Then your particular demaunds will tuch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his father, and his friends,

And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,

But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,

Adicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so ranke

As may dishonour him, take heed of that,

But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,

As are companions noted and most knowne

To youth and libertie.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may seafon it in the charge.

You must not put another scandell on him,

That he is open to Incontinencie,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Addicted so and so; and there put on him

What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,

As may dishonour him; take heed 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.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may seafon it in the charge;

You must not put another scandall on him,

That hee is open to Incontinencie;
What was I about to say.

*Mon.* He clofeth with him in the consequence

*Cor.* I, you say right, he clofeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yester-day, or tother day,

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F	extsc{i}).

That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breahe of a firey minde,
A fauagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall affault.

*Reynol.* But my good Lord.

*Polon.* Wherefore should you doe this?

*Reynol.* I my Lord, I would know that.

*Polon.* Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these flight fullyes on my Sonne,

As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found, Marke you your party in conuerfe; him you would Hauing euer scene. In the prenominate crimes,
II.1.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A fauagenes in unreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my fonne
As t'were a thing a little foyled with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing ever seeene in the prenomimat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affur'd
He closes with you in this confequence,
Good sir, (or fo,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrafe, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then Sir does a this, a does, what was I about to say?

By the maffe I was about to say somthing,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the confequence.

Pol. At closes in the confequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
II. i.

Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

60 Or at Tennis, I or drinkking drunke, or entring
Of a howfe of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And fo hall you my fonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I have my lord.
Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend me to him.

Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. And bid him ply his musicke
Mon. My lord I wil. exit.

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

Cor. Why what's the matter my Ofelia?
Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
Hce is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The lewell that ador'nd his feature moft

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or then or then, with fuch and fuch; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Roufe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter fuch a howfe of faile;

Videlicet, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your bait of fallhood. takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windleffes, and with affaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qb).

II. i.

Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in’s rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windleffses, and with affaires of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not? [28]

Rey. My Lord, I haue.
Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
Rey. I shall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his musique.
Rey. Well my Lord. Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what’s the matter?
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,
Pol. With what i’th name of God?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
Reynol. I shall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Musique.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now Ophelia, what’s the matter?
Oph. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. i.

Is sileht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his flooers vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfaft on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he floode, but gripes me by the writ,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a figh
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night;
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shouder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.

Cor. Madde for thy lone,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockes 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 loofed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Lone?

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

Polon. What said he?
II. i.

Ophe. My Lord, as I was flowing in my cloffet.

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrae'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ftockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke fo pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To fpake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy lone?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What faid he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to fuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it, long fstayd he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waining vp and downe,
He rais'd a figh fo pittious and profound
As it did feeme to fhatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his fhoulder turn'd
Hee feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. i.

What have you given him any croffe wordes of late?

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

Cor.  Why that hath made him madde:

By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to caft  
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the younger for  
To leave their wantonness.  Well, I am forye  
That I was so rash: but what remedy?  
Lets to the King, this madrness may proue,  
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue.  

exeunt.

II. ii.  

Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.

King  Right noble friends, that our deere cousin Hamlet  
Hath loft the very heart of all his fence,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For out adores he went without their helpe;  
And to the laft, bended their light on me.  

Polon.  Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extasie of Loue,  
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe.  
And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,  
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,  
That does afflict our Natures.  I am forrie,  
What have you giuen him any hard wordes of late?  

Ophe.  No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de  
His accessye to me.  

Pol.  That hath made him mad.  
I am forrie that with better speed and judgement  
I had not quoted him.  I feare he did but trifle,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II. i.

For outadores he went without theyr helps,
And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of louse,
Whole violent proprietie fordoes it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat undertakings
As oft as any pafions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am forry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesfe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am forry, that with better beede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but befhrow my lelonfie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caft beyond our felues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack diferetion; come, goe we to the King,
This muft be knowne, which being kept clofe, might move
More greife to hide, then hate to vtter lone,
Come. Exeunt.

II. ii.

Fliorifh: Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldenisterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,
Moreoner, that we much did long to fee you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And meant to wracke thee: but befhrow my jealonfie:
It feemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caft beyond our felues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger fort
To lacke diferetion. Come, goe we to the King,
This muft be knowne, w being kept clofe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter lone. Exeunt.

II. ii.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-sterne Cum alij.

King. Welcome deere Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Moreoner, that we much did long to fee you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. ii.

It is most right, and we most sory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, even as you tender
Our care to him, and our great love to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperance.
Doe this, the king of Denmarke shall be thankful.

Rof. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
Your majesty may more command in wordes
Then we perfwasions to your liege men, bound
By love, by duty, and obedience.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The neede we have to use you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
The need we have to vfe you did prouoke
Our haftie sending, somthing have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe

I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And Sith so naborde to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your reft heere in our Court
Some little time. so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

Quene. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not lining
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.

Rofin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to Entreatie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not lining,
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.

Rofin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indenbour all the beft we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leane.

King Thankses Guilderstone, and gentle Roffencraft.
Que. Thankses Roffencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.
Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
Return'd from Norway.

King Thou still haft beeene the father of good news.

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

Queene God graunt he hath.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.1).

Guil. We both obey.

And here gine vp our felves, in the full bent.
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete.
To be commanded.

King. Thankses Rosincrance, and gentle Guildensterne.

Qu. Thanks Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.

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

Guil. Heauens make our prefence and our practicles
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Queene. Amen.
II. ii.  

**Guyl.** But we both obey.  

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

**King.** Thanks Rosencrans, and gentle Guyldensterne.  

**Quee.** Thanks Guyldensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.  

And I befeech you instantly to visite  
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.  

**Guyl.** Heavenens make our prefence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.  

**Quee.** I Amen.  

*Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.*  

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**Enter Polonius.**  

**Pol.** Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.  

**King.** Thou still haft been the father of good newes.  

**Pol.** Haue I my Lord? I affure my good Liege  
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;  
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine  
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure  
As it hath vfd to doe, that I haue found  
The very caufe of Hamlets lunacie:  

**King.** Oh speake of that, that doe I long to heare.  

**Pol.** Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,  
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feaft.  

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).*  

**Enter Polonius.**  

**Pol.** Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.  

**King.** Thou still haft bin the Father of good Newes.  

**Pol.** Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Sonle,  
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or elle this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traile of Policie, fo sure  
As I haue v'sd to do; that I haue found  
The very caufe of Hamlets Lunacie.  

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

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

King. Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returns of greetings, and desires,
Upon our first, he sent forth to suppress
His nephews lenies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation against the Polacke:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness, whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrafe, which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of Armes against your Majesty,
Whereon old Norway overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those soldiers,
So lenièd as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty herein further shewne,
That it would please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprize

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F 1).

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

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

Enter Polonius, Voltemand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall set him. Welcome good Frends:
Say Voltemand, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Defires,
Upon our first, he sent our to suppress
His Nephewes Lenies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II. ii.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all your fonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haftie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suprefle
His Nephews levies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat green'd
That so his ficknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, fends out arrefts
On Fortenbras, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receivs rebuke from Norway, and in fine,

Makes vow before his Vnkle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcome with ioy,
Gives him threecore thoufand crownes in annuall fee.
And his commiffion to imploy thole fouldiers
So leuied (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty herein further thone,
That it might please you to giue quiet paffe
Through your dominions for this entreprize.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

It was against your Highnesse, whereat greened,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, fends out Arrefts
On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receivs rebuke from Norway: and in fine,

Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway, overcome with ioy,
Gives him three thoufand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thofe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak:
With an intreaty herein further thowe,
That it might please you to giue quiet paffe
Through your Dominions, for his Entreprize,
II. ii.

On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and anfwere these his Articles.
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your reft, at night weele feast together:
Right welcome home.  

Cor. This busines is very well discharged.

Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:

Now to know the caufe of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

On such regardes of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'ld read.
Anfwer, and thinke upon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reft, at night wee'ld Feast together.
Most welcome home.  

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie shou'd be, what Dutie is.
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to wauste Night. Day, and Time.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II. ii.

On such regards of safety and allowance
80 As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Anfwer, and thinke vpon this bufines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your ref, at night weele feast together,
Moft welcome home. Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This bufines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,

Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,
And tedioufnes the lymphes and outward florifhes,
I will be briefe, your noble fonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What if but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leffe art.

Pol. Maddam, I fweare I vfe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty.
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure.
But farewell it, for I will vfe no art,

Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains
That we finde out the caufe of this effect,
II.

Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter.

Haue while shee's mine: for that we think
Is surest, we often looke: now to the Prince.

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

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.

Doubt that in earth is fire,

Doubt that the starres doe move,

Doubt trueth to be a liar,

But doe not doubt I love.

To the beautifull Ofelia;
Thine ever the most unhappy Prince Hamlet.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Ft).

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter: haue, whil't she is mine.
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and furniſhe.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a wilde Phrase, beautified is a wilde Phrase: but you shalhe heare these in her excellent white boſome, there.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this, now gather and furmifie,

To the Celestiall and my foules Idoll, the most beautifiled Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou the starres are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But never doubt I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, oh most best believe it, adieu.
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilfe this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.
And more about hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth move:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I love.

0 deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, oh most Best believable it. Adieu.
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilfe this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more above hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place.
All giuen to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Love?
Pol. What do you thinke of me?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q6).

II. ii.

130 King As of a true friend and a most loving subject.
Cor. I would be glad to proove fo.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is unequall for your lone:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to abfent her selfe.
Shee as my child obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his lone thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that into a fault, then into distraction,
Then into a fadness, from that into a madness,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frenzy, which now posseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

130 King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
Pol. I wold faine proove fo. But what might you think?
When I had seen this hot lone on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think.
If I had played the Deske or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Lone, with idle sight.
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke.
And (my yong Miftris) thus I did bespeak
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre.
This must not be; and then, I Precepts gaue her.
That she shou'd locke her selfe from his Refort,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

II. ii.

130  **King.** As of a man faithfull and honorable.

    **Pol.** I would faine prune fo, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote lone on the wing,
As I percei'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or looket vppon this loue with idle fight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

140  And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

    Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prefricts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her refort,
Admit no meffingers, receive no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a fadnes, then into a faft,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes and by this declension,

150  Into the madness wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

    **King.** Doe you thinke this?

    **Quee.** It may be very like

    **Pol.** Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely saide, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F,t).

Admit no Meffengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduise.
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Faft,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse.
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension

150  Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues.

And all we waile for.

    **King.** Do you thinke 'tis this?

    **Qu.** It may be very likely.

    **Pol.** Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue positiuely saide, 'tis so.
When it prou'd otherwise?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II.ii.

That thing that I have faide t is fo, positinely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
He finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how shoudl wee trie this fame?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the gallerie,
There let Ofelia, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will ftand clofe in the study,
There fhall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it prone any otherwise then loue,
Then let my cenfure faile an other time.

King. fee where hee comes poring vpon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it pleafe your grace
To leane vs here?

Que. With all my hart. exit.

Cor. And here Ofelia, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King fhall be vnfeene.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. No that I know.

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

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure hours together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time He loofe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he lone her not,
And be not from his reafon faine thereon;
II.ii.  

*King.* Not that I know  

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;  

If circumstances lead me, I will finde  

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  

*King.* How may we try it further?  

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  

Heere in the Lobby.  

*Quee.* So he does indeede.  

*Pol.* You know fometimes he walkes foure houres together  

*King.* We will try it.  

*Enter Hamlet.*  

*Qu.* But looke where fadly the poore wretch comes reading.  

*Pol.* Away, I doe befeech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*  

He bord him prefently, oh giue me leave,  

How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet?*  

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.  

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me my Lord?  

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fifhmonger.  

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.  

*Ham.* Then I would you were fo honeft a man.  

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet (P1).*  

Let me be no Asfiftant for a State,  

And keepe a Farme and Carters.  

*King.* We will try it.  

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*  

*Qu.* But looke where fadly the poore wretch Comes reading.  

*Pol.* Away I do befeech you, both away, *Exit King & Queen.*  

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

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.  

*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?  

*Ham.* Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fifhmonger.  

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.  

*Ham.* Then I would you were fo honeft a man.
Pol. Honest, my Lord?

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

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

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

Hauie you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i’th’ Sunne: Conception is a blefsing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too’t.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at firft; he faid I was a Fifhmon-
ger; he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
II.ii.  

Pol. Honest my Lord.  
Ham. If I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.  
Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kisning carrion. Have you a daughter?  
Pol. I haue my Lord.  
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blefisng,  
But as your daughter may conceave, friend looke to't.  
Pol. How fay you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee  
knewe me not at firft, a sayd I was a Fifhmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for lone, very  
neere this. He speake to him againe. What doe you reade my  
Lord.  
Ham. Words, words, words.  
Pol. What is the matter my Lord.  
Ham. Betweene who.  
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.  
Ham. Slanders Sir; for the Satyricall fayes heere, that old  
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes  
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they have a plen-  
tifull lacke of wit, together with moft weake hams, all which fir  
though I moft powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not  
honesty to have it thus fet downe, for your felle Sir shall growe old  
as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

I suffred much extremity for lone: very neere this. He speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?  
Ham. Words, words, words.  
Pol. What is the matter. my Lord?  
Ham. Betweene who?  
Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.  
Ham Shandars Sir: for the Satyricall fayes heere,  
that old men have gray Beards: that their faces are wrin-  
kled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree  
Gumme: and that they haue a plentiful lacke of Wit,  
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I  
moft powerfully, and potently beleue; yet I holde it  
not Honestie to have it thus fet downe: For you your  
felle Sir, shoulde be old as I am, if like a Crab you could  
go backward.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o' th' Ayre:
How pregnant (fometimes) his Replies are?
A happineffe,
That often Madneffe hits on,
Which Reafon and Sanitie could not
So prosperoufly be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And sodainely contrue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II.ii. 

Pol. Though this be madneffe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

210 Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneffe hits on, which reafton and funecty could not fo prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leane of you.

220 Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guyldefterne, and Rosenerans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to fecke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Rof. God faue you fir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Rof. My moft deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doeft thou Guyldefterne?

A Rosenerans, good lads how doe you both?

Rof. As the indiftemt children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not ever happy on Fortunes lap.

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the foles of her shooe.

Rof. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Enter Rosineran and Guyldefterne.

Rofin. God faue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rofin. My moft deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ft thou Guildefterne? Oh, Rosinerane; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rofin. As the indiftemt Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

Rofin. Neither my Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Then you line about her wafte, or in the middle of her favour?

Guil. Faith, her prirates, we.

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

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

Ham. Then is Doomeiday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queftion more in particular; what hane you my good friends, deferued at the hands of Fortune, that the feuds you to Prifon hither?

Guil. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prifon.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmarke being one o'th' worft.

Rosin. We thinke not fo my Lord.

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

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your minde.
Ham. Then you line about her waft, or in the middle of her face.

Guyl. Faith her priuates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a trumpet, What news?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your news is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elfonoure?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am ever poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny; were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale utoftly with me, come, come, may I speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpofe; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confecution in your lookes;
which your modefties have not craft enough to color. I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.
Rosm. To what end my Lord?
Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the confection of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preferued love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall: be open and direct with me, wether you were sent for or no.
Rosm. What say you?
Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you love me hold not off.
II.ii.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpofe: you were fent for, and there is [36 a kind of confefion in your lookes, which your modefties have not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue fent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muft teach me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the confonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preferued loue; and by what more deare a better propofer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were fent for or no.

Rof. What fay you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord, we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, fo fhall my anticipation prevent your difcovery, and your fecrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I hane of late, but wherefore I knoe not, loft all my mirth, forgone all cuftome of exercife: and indeed, it goes fo heauily with my difpofition, that this goodly frame the earth, feemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this moft excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this brave orhanging firmament, this maiefticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregration of vapoures. What piece of worke is a man, how noble in reafon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how exprefse and admirable in action, how like an An-

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Guyl. My Lord, we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; fo fhall my anticipation prevent your difcovery of your fecrecie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I hane of late, but wherefore I knoe not, loft all my mirth, forgone all cuftome of exercife; and indeed, it goes fo heauily with my difpofition; that this goodly frame the Earth, feemes to mee a sterill Promontory; this moft excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Maiefticall Rooffe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregration of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reafon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moouing how exprefse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

320 gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals: and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Duft? Man delights not me: no, nor Woman neither: though by your smilling you seeme to say so.

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

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

Rofin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome: his Maiestye shall have Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shal vfe his Foyle and Target: the Louer shal
gell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animaules; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of duft: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your finilling, you seeme to say so.

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

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you feruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maieftie shal have tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vie his foyle and target, the Louer shal not figh gratis, the humorous Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely: or the black verfe shal hault for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen thofe you were wont to take fuch delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Ham. How chances it they tramaile? their residue both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innovasion.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so follow'd.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

not figh gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' here: and the Lady shal say her minde freely; or the blanke Verfe shal hault for't: what Players are they?

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

Ham. How chances it they tramaile? their residue both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation?

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

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rauy?

Rosin. Nay, their indevaunour keepe in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of queftion; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fathion, and to be-railed the common Stages (to they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Gooe-quils, and dare fcarfe come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they efcoted? Will they purifie the Quality no longer then they can fing? Will they not faie afterwards if they fhould grow themfelves to common Players (as it is like most if their meane is no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclam againft their owne Succeffion.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both fides: and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Con- tronerfie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vuleffe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queftion.

Ham. Is't poiffible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.
Ham. It is not very strange, for my Uncle is King of Denmarke, and thofe that would make mouths at him while my Father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duketes a pece, for his Picture in little, s'blood there is some thing in this more then naturall, if Philofophie could finde it out. 

A Florifh.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elfonoure, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is faffion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you muft showe fairely outwards, fhould more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Uncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North weft; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand faw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

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

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

Flourifh for the Players.

Guyl. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elfonover: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faffion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which I tell you muft shew fairely outward) shoud more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceuin'd.

Guyl. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weft: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

400 Ham. Hearke you 

Guillemberne, and you too: at each care a hearer: that great Baby you fee there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

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

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

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

410 When Roffius an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.
Ham. Harke you Guyldensterne, and you to, at each ear a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Pol. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it. You say right sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I have newes to tel you: when Rosfius was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie. Comedy. Historie. Pastorall. Comicall. Historical Pastorall. scene indiuidible, or Poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O Ieptha Judge of Israel, what a treazure had'ft thou?

Pol. What a treazure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued pafsing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old Ieptha?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe —


Ham. O Ieptha Judge of Israel, what a Treazure had'thou?

Pol. What a Treazure had he, my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old Ieptha?
 Polon. If you call me Jephta my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paffing well.

 Ham. Nay that followes not.

 Polon. What followes then. my Lord?

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

 Enter foure or fufe Players.

 Youre welcome Matters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee laft: Com'ft thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miftris? Byrlady your Ladifhip is neerer Heauen then when
II. ii.

430 Pol. If you call me Ieptha my Lord, I have a daughter that I love
Ham. Nay that followes not. (passing well.
Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to
paft, as moft like it was: the firt rowe of the pions fhanfon will
showe you more. for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maffters, welcome all. I am glad to fee the
well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is va-
lant since I faw thee laft, com’ft thou to beward me in Denmark?
what my young Lady and miifris, by lady your Ladifhifpe is
nerer to heauen, then when I faw you laft by the altitude of a
chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold,
bee not crackt within the ring: maffters you are all welcome,
weele ento’t like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we fee,
weele haue a fpeech ftraite, come gine vs a taft of your quality,
come a paffionate fpeech.

Player. What fpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee fpeak me a fpeech once, but it was neuer acted,
or if it was, not abone once, for the play I remember pleiafd not
the million, t’was cauariy to the generall, but it was as I receiaed
it & others, whole judgements in fuch matters cried in the top
of mine, an excellent play, well digefted in the scenes, fet downe
with as much modeftie as cunning. I remember one fayd there
were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fanny: nor no

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

I faw you laft, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God
your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack’d
within the ring. Maffters, you are all welcome; wee’ll e’ne
to’t like French Faulconers. fife at any thing we fee: wee’ll
haue a Speech ftraite. Come gine vs a taft of your qua-
ity; come. a paffionate speech.

1. Play. What fpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee fpeak me a fpeech once, but it was
neuer Acted; or if it was, not abone once, for the Play I
remember pleia’d not the Million, t’was Cauariie to the
Generall; but it was (as I receia’d it, and others, whole
judgement in fuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an
excellent Play; well digefted in the Scenes, fet downe
with as much modeftie, as cunning. I remember one fayd
there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fa-
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

noury: nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the
Author of affectation, but cal’d it an honeft method. One
cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou’d, ’twas Æneas Tale
to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he fpeaks
of Priam’s slaughter. If it line in your memory, begin at
this Line, let me fee, let me fee: The rugged Pyrrhus like
the Hyrcanian Beaffe. It is not fo; it begins with Pyrrhus
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whole Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpole, did the night refemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion finear’d
With Heraldry more difmall; Head to foote
Now is he to take Galles, horridly Trick’d
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cold it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handfome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loned, t'was Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priams slaughter, if it line in your memory begin at this fine, let me fee, let me fee, the rugged Pirhhus like Th'ircanian beaft, tis not fo, it begins with Pirhhus, the rugged Pirhhus, he whole fable Armes, Black as his purpose did the night refemble, When he lay couched in th'omynous horfe, Hath now this dread and black complection fancard, With heraldy more difmall head to foote, Now is he total Gules horribly trickt With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnes, Bak'd and empaffed with the parching fleetes That lend a tirrannus and a damned light To their Lords murther, roafted in wrath and fire. And thus o're-fized with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellifh Pyrrhus Old grandfire Priam feekes; fo proceede you.  

Pol. Foregod my Lord well fpoken, with good accent and good difcretion.  

Stricking too fhort at Greekes, his anticke fword Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falles, Repugnant to command; unequall matcht, Pirhhus at Priam driues, in rage ftrikes wide, But with the whiffle and winde of his fell fword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).  

Bak'd and impaffed with the parching fleetes, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roafted in wrath and fire. And thus o're-fized with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellifh Pyrrhus Old GrandFire Priam feekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well fpoken, with good ac- cent, and good difcretion.  

1. Player. Anon he finds him. Striking too fhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword. Rebellious to his Arme, iyes where it falles Repugnant to command; unequall matcht, Pyrrhus at Priam driues, in Rage ftrikes wide; But with the whiffle and winde of his fell Sword.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Th'vmerned Father fals. Then fenfeleffe Illimm.
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous craft
Takes Prifoner Pyrrhus care. For hee, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend Priam, feem'd i'th'Ayre to flieke:
So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood.
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often fee against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold winde speechleffe, and the Orbe below
As huff as death; Anon the dreadful Thunder
Both rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus paffe,
A rownded Vengeance fets him new a-worke.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

II.ii.

Th’vnterued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his bafe; and with a hildious craft
Takes prifoner Pirrhus care, for loc his fword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent Priam, feem’d i’th ayre to ftick.
So as a painted tirant Pirrhus flood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter.
Did nothing:
But as we often fee againft fome ftorme,
A filence in the heauens, the racke ftand ftill,
The bold winds fpeechleffe, and the orbe belowe
As huff as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend to region, fo after Pirrhus paufe,
A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke.
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall.
On Marfes Armor forg’d for proofe eterne.
With leffe remorfe then Pirrhus bleeding fword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou ftrumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power.
Breake all the fpokees, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Poet. This is too long.

Ham. It fhall to the barbers with your beard: prethee fay on, he’s
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he fleepes, fay on, come to Hecuba.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg’d for proofe Eterne.
With leffe remorfe then Pyrrhus bleeding fword
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 lowe as to the Fiends.

Poet. This is too long.

Ham. It fhall to’th Barbars, with your beard. Pryteee fay on; He’s for a Tigge, or a tale of Bawdry, or hee fleepes. Say on; come to Hecuba.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe.

Threatning the flame

With Sifon Rheume: A clout about that head.

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines.

A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.

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

'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haué pronoune'd?

Put if the Gods themselfes did see her then.

When the faw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes.
II.ii.

_Play_. But who, a woe, had seen the mobled Queene.

_Ham_. The mobled Queene

_Pol._ That's good.

_Play_. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames

With _Bifon_ reheume, a clout vppon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe.

About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes.

A blankett in the alarme of feare caught vp,

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steept.

Gainst fortunes state would treafon have pronounced;

But if the gods themselfes did see her then.

When she saw _Pirrhus_ make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband limmes.

The instant burft of clamour that she made,

Unlesse things mortall moone them not at all.

Would have made milch the burning eyes of heauen

And paffion in the gods.

_Pol._ Looke where he has not turn'd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

_Ham_. 'Tis well, he have thee speake out the rest of this foone,

Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed: doe you heare, let them be well vied, for they are the abstrackts and breefe

Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you line.

_Pol._ My Lord, I will vfe them according to their deffert.

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (F1).

The instant Burft of Clamour that she made

(Vnlesse things mortall moone them not at all)

Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen.

And paffion in the Gods.

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

_Ham_. 'Tis well, he have thee speake out the reft. foone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel bestowed. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abstrackts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lined.

_Pol._ My Lord, I will vfe them according to their deffert.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vfe euerie man after his defart, and who shold fcape whipping: vfe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they deferue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.


Ham. Follow him Friends: we'l heare a play to morrow. Do't thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. We'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ftudy a fpeech of fome dofen or fıtreen lines, which I would fet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?

Play I my Lord.
11.ii.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vfe euery man after his de- 
yert, & who shall fcape whipping, vfe them after your owne honor 
and dignity, the leffe they deferue the more meritt is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come fir's.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; doft thou 
heare me old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Play. 1 my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study 
a speech of some dofen lines, or fixteen lines, which I would let 
downe and infert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. 
My good friends. He leaue you tell night, you are welcome to Elfon-
oure.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Rosin. Good my Lord. 

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone. 
O what a rogue and pefant flaue am I. 
Is it not monftrous that this player heere 
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paßion 
Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit 
That from her working all the vifage wand, 
Teares in his eyes, ditraction in his afpeet, 
A broken voyce, an his whole function fuiting 
With formes to his conceit: and all for nothing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I fo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone. 
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flaue am I? 
Is it not monftrous that this Player heere, 
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion. 
Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit, 
That from her working, all his vifage warm'd: 
Teares in his eyes, disftraction in's Alpect, 
A broken voyce, and his whole Function fuiting 
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he doe.
Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
That I have? He would droune the Stage with tears.
And cleanse the general care 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 Rafeall, peake
Like John a-dreames, unregnant of my caufe,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whole property, and most decrep life,
A damned dejecte was made. Am I a Coward?
For 

What's 

That he should weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motine, and that for pafion
That I hate? he would drowne the ftage with teares.
And cleane the generall care with horrid fppech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and cares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn a dreames, unpregnant of my caufe,
And can fay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whole property and moft deare life.
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward.

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a croffe,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Tweakes me by the nofe, gies me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion linuerd, and lacke gall
To make oppreftion bitter, or ere this
I shoul a fatted all the region kytes
With this flames offall, bloody, baudly villain, Remorfeffe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleffe villain.

Why what an Affe am I, this is moft braue,
That I the fonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my renenge by heaven and hell.

Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a croffe?

Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th Nofe? gies me the Lye i'th Throate.
As deepe as to the Lunges? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liner'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreffion bitter, or ere this.
I shoul haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villain.
Remorfeffe, Trecherous, Letcherous, kindles villain!

Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Affe am I?, I fure, this is moft braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

Mul't (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words.
And fall a Curfing like a very Drab.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene.

Bene strooke fo to the foule, that pretently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With molt myraenous Organ. He haue thefe Players.
Play somethings like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. He obferue his lookes.
He tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene
II.ii.

Must like a whore unpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curving like a very drabbe; a flattlyon, he uppont, foh.
About my braines; hum. I have heard.
That guilty creatures fitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene.

Beene stroke to the foule, that prefently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: He haue thefe Players
Play someting like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, He obserue his lookes,
Ie tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courfe. The spirit that I haue feene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'affume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakneffe, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with fuch spirits.
Abuses me to damme me: He haue grounds
More relatine then this, the play's the thing
Wherein He catch the confience of the King.

Exit.

III.1. Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gugl-
densterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating fo harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'affume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneffe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with fuch Spirits.
Abuses me to damme me. He haue grounds
More relatine then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein He catch the Confcience of the King. Exit

III.1. Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
snerance, Guildenfern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumftance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating fo harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Rofin. He doth confesse he feeleth himselfe distracted.
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madneffe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession

Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?
Rofin. Moft like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

Qu. Did you affay him to any pattime?
Rofin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
III.i.

Ros. He dooes confesse he feeleth himself distracted,
But from what caufe, a will by no meanes speake.
Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded.
But with a craftie madness keeps aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Moit free in his reply.
Quee. Did you affay him to any pastime?
Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We are-naught on the way. of thefe we told him.
And there did feeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it; they are here about the Court.
And as I thinke, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true.
And he befeecht me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart.
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen give him a further edge.
And drive his purpofe into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. Exeunt Ros. & Guyl.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

We are-wrought on the way: of these we told him.
And there did feeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it. They are about the Court.

And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true;
And he befeech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

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

Rosin. We shall my Lord. Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful parent)
Will so beslow our selves, that seeing vnfeene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'afliction of his love, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wideneffe: so shall I hope your Vertues
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

lll.i.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave vs two.
For we haue clofely fent for Hamlet hether.

That he as t’were by accedent, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee’le fo beftow our felves, that seeing vnfeene,
We may of their encounter franckly judge.

And gather by him as he is behau’d,
Ht be th’affliction of his lone or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for your part Ophelia, I doe with
That your good beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlets wildnes, so fhall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe.
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious fo pleafe you.
We will beftow our felves; reade on this booke.
That fhow of fuch an exercife may colour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou’d, that with denotions vifage
And pious action, we doe fugar o’re
The diuell himfelfe.

King. O tis too true.

How fmart a lafh that fpeach doth giue my confcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaiftring art.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Will bring him to his wonted way againe.
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious fo pleafe ye
We will beftow our felves: Reade on this booke.
That fhow of fuch an exercife may colour
Your lonelineffe. We are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou’d, that with Denotions vifage.
And pions Action, we do forge o’re
The diuell himfelfe.

King. Oh ’tis true:

How fsmart a lafh that fpeach doth giue my Confience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiftring Art
Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,

To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes.
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an everlafting Judge.
From whence no paffenger ever return'd.
The undifcovered country, at whole flight
The happy finile, and the accurfed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this.

Whol'd beare the fcornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curf'd of the poore?
The widow being oppreff'd, the orphan wrong'd.
The taffe of hunger, or a tirants raigne.
And thoufand more calamities besides.
To grant and sweate vnder this weary life.
When that he may his full Quietus make.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it.
Then is my deede, to my moft painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

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

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queffion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to fulfer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune.
Or to take Armes againift a Sea of troubles.
And by oppofing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to fay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thoufand Naturall flockey
Is not more onely to the thing that helps it.
Then is my deede to my moft painted word:
O heany burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes againft a fea of troubles.

And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to lay we end
The hartake, and the thoufand naturall shocks
That flefh is heire to: tis a confumation
Devoutly to be wift to die to sleepe.
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, 1 there's the rub.
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we have shuffled off this mortall coyle
Muft gine vs pawfe, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of fo long life:

For who would beare the whips and fcornes of time,
Th'oppreffors wrong, the proude mans contumely.
The pangs of depreiz'd lone, the lawes delay.
The infolence of office, and the fplurnes
That patient merit of th'vnworthy takes.
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi)
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

III. i.

With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?

Which puzzles the braine, and doth confound the fence,
Which makes vs rather beare thofe euilles we hame,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that. O this confidence makes cowardes of vs all,

Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ophel. My Lord, I hane fought opportunitie, which now
I hane, to redелиuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-

brance, such tokens which I hane reccieved of you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To grant and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns. Puzels the will.
And makes vs rather beare thofe illes we hane,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus Confidence does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native biew of Resolution
Is ficklied o're, with the pale caft of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now.
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bane
No trauirer returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now.
The faire Ophelia, Nymph in thy orizons

Ham. Good my Lord, How does your Honour for this many a day?

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,

Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind,
There my Lord.

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

Ham. I humbly thank you well.

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

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

Oph. 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 again, for to the Noble minde
Rich-gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkind,
There my Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ofel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you honeft?
Ofel. What meanes my Lord?
Ham. That if you be faire and honeft,
your beauty should admit no diſcourſe to your honeſty.
Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priviledge than
with honeſty?
Ham. Yea mary may it: for Beauty may transforme
Honeſty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honeſty can transforme Beauty:
This was fometimes a Paradox.
But now the time giues it fcope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.
Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did.
And with them fuch earneſt vowes of lone,
As would have moon'd the ftonie iſtome aline.
But now too true I finde.
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.
Ham. I neuer honed you.
Ofel. You made me beleue you did.
Ham. O thou shouldeft not a beleued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldeft thou
Be a breeder of finners? I am my felfe indifferent honeſt.
But I could aſcribe my felfe of fuch crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious, diſlaimeful.
With more finnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.)

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Hones
thy shoulde admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.
Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honettie?
Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will fooner
transforme Honettie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honettie can tranflate Beautie into his likeneffe.
III. i.

_Ham._ Ha, ha, are you honest.
_Oph._ My Lord.
_Ham._ Are you faire?
_Oph._ What means your Lordship?
_Ham._ That if you be honest & faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.

110  _Oph._ Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
Then with honestie?
_Ham._ I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likeness. this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proofe, I did love you once.

_Oph._ Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

_Ham._ You should not have beleued me, for vertue cannot fo
120 inoculat our old stocke, but we shall relish of it. I louned you not.
_Oph._ I was the more deceived.

_Ham._ Get thee a Nunrie, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.

_Oph._ Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

_Ham._ You should not have beleued me. For vertue cannot fo innoculat our old stocke, but we shall relish of it. I louned you not.

_Oph._ I was the more deceived.

_Ham._ Get thee to a Nunrie. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee. I am very proud, revengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all.
Bleeue none of vs. to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* O heauens secure him!

*Ham.* Wher's thy father?

*Ofel.* At home my lord.

*Ham.* For Gods fake let the doores be flunt on him.

He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Help him good God.

*Ham.* If thou doft marry, Ile give thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Alas, what change is this?

*Ham.* But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole,
For wifemen know well enough,
What monfters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Pray God restore him.

*Ham.* Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face.

And you make your felines another.
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance.
A pox, t'is scuruy, He no more of it.
It hath made me madde: He no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall line.
The reft shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe.
To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, bleeue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

*Ophe.* At home, my Lord.

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

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

*Ham.* If thou doest Marry, Ile gine thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Iee, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not scape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do craving be-
tweene earth and heaven, wee are arrant knaues, beleev[e] none of vs. 
goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.
Ham. Let the doores be flint vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house.
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dooft marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow-
rrie, be thou as chaft as yee, as pure as snow, thou shalt not ecape ca-
lunmy; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monsters you 
mak[e] of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.


Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings well enough. God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & am-
ble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan-
tomes ignorance; goe to, lle no more on't, it hath made me madde. 
I fay we will haue no mo marriage, thofe that are married alreadie, all 
but one fhall lие, the ref[t] fhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. Exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

for Wife men know well enough, what monsters you 
mak[e] of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-
well.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

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

God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
other: you gidge, you amble, and you lifpe, and nickname 
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
norance. Go too, lle no more on't, it hath made me mad. 
I fay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thofe that are 
marr[ied] already, all but one fhall lие, the ref[t] fhall keep 
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. Exit Hamlet.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

III.i.

Ofe. Great God of heaven, what a quicke change is this? The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him. All daught and splinterd thence, O woe is me. To a scene what I haue seen, see what I see. Exit.

Ophe. What a Noble minde is here o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword. Th'expectantie and Role of the faire State, The gaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obferu'd of all Obferuers, quite, quite done. Haint I of Ladies moft deiect and wretched. That fuck'd the Honie of his Muficke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and moft Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harth. That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extafie. Oh woe is me. Th'have scene what I have scene: see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Lone? His affections do not that way tend.
III. i.  

Oph. O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The Courtiers, fouldiers, fchollers, eye, tongue, fword, Th'expectation, and Rofe of the faire flate, The glaffe of faffion, and the moule of forme, Th'obferu'd of all obferuers, quite quite downe, And I of Ladies moft deiect and wretched.
That fucft the honny of his mufickt vowes; Now fee what noble and moft toneraigne reaon
Like fweet bells jangled out of time, and harfh, That vnmatcht forme, and ftature of blowne youth Blafted with extacie. ó woe is mee
Thaue fcene what I haue feene, fee what I fee.  

Exit, Enter King and Polonius.  

King. Lone, his affections doe not that way tend, Not what he fpake, though it lack'd forme a little, Was not like madines, there's fomething in his foule Ore which his melancholly fits on brood, And I doe doubt, the hatch and the difclofe VVill be fome danger; which for to preuent, I haue in quick determination Thus fet it downe: he fhall with fpeede to England, For the demand of our neglected tribute, Haply the feas, and countries different, With variable objeets, fhall expell This fomething fetled matter in his hart, Whereon his braines ftillet beating Puts him thus from faffion of himfelfe. What thinke you on't?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (P3).  

Nor what he fpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madneffe. There's fomething in his foule? Ore which his Melancholly fits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the difclofe Will be fome danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus fet it downe. He fhall with fpeed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Objecets, fhall expell This fomething feted matter in his heart: Whereon his Brains ftillet beating, puts him thus From faffion of himfelfe. What thinke you on't?
Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while.

I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
He try him euerie way: fee where he comes,
Send you thofe Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone.
Now my good Lord, do you know me?

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a filthmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

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

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile herefie:
For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,
That olde men hane hollow eyes, weake backes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected lone. How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet faide.
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you plesa.
But if you hold it fit after the Play,

190 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Griefes: let her be round with him
III.i.  

Pol. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected lone: How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said.
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,

Let his Queene-mother all alone intrate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And he be plac'd (fo please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she finde him not.
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wifedome beft fhall thinke.

King. It fhall be fo,
Madnes in great ones muft not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.
Grey bearded, pittifull weake harnes, gowty legges.
All which sir, I moft potently beleene not:
For sir, your felfe shalbe olde as I am.
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the maffe that's out of the aire indeed,
Very fhrewd anfwers,
My lord I will take my leane of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rofeneraft.

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

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

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderftone, and Roffencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elfinoure.

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

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your felines, or were you not fent for?

Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confeffion in your eye:
Come, I know you were fent for.

Gil. What fay you?

Ham. Nay then I fee how the winde fits.
Come, you were fent for.

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I thinke not fo my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you fee contents me not,
No nor the fpangled heauens, nor earth nor fea,
No nor Man that is fo glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I faid, Man did not content mee?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).
II.i.  

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

What entertainment the Players shall have.

*Ham.* Players, what Players be they?

*Refl.* My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Those that you took delight to see so often.

*Ham.* How comes it that they travel? Do they grow re-

*Gil.* No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

*Ham.* How then?

*Gil.* Yfath my Lord, neweitie carries it away.

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

*Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes At my uncle, when my father lived.

Now give a hundred, two hundred pounds For his picture: but they shall be welcome, He that playes the King shall have tribute of me, The ventrous Knight shall vfe his foyle and target, The louter shall figh gratis, The clowne shall make them laugh (for't, That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verfe shall halt And the Lady shall have leave to fpeake her minde freely.

_The Trumpets sound._  
_Enter Corambis._

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his f wandling clowts.

*Gil.* That may be, for they say an olde man Is twice a child.  

*Ham.* He prophesie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the You say true, a monady laft, t'was fo indeede.

*Cor.* My lord, I haue news to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

When *Roflos* was an Actor in *Rome*.

*Cor.* The Actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Cor.* The best Actors in Chriftendome, Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall, Pastorall. Historical, Historical, Comicall, Comicall. Historical, Pastorall, Tragedy historical:  

*Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plato* too light: For the law hath writ those are the onely men.
144 The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q).

II. ii.

Ham. O Iephia Judge of Israel! what a treafure hadft thou?
Cor. Why what a treafure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more.

The which he loned paffing well.
Cor. A. fit harping a my daughter! well my Lord.

430 If you call me Iephia, I have a daughter that I lone paffing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paffe,
And fo it was, the firft verfe of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome mailters, welcome all. Enter players.

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee laft, com'ft thou to beard me in Denmarke?

440 My yong lady and miftris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladifhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God fir your voyce, like a peec of vncurrant Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on mailters.

Weele even too't, like French Falconers.
Flie at any thing we fee, come, a taste of your
Qualitie, a fppeach, a paffionate fppeach.

Players What fppeach my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee fppeak a fppeach once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Never alone twice, for as I remember.
It pleafed not the vulgar, it was canyahu
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde.

450 Cried in the toppe of their judgements, an excellent play.
Set downe with as great modeftie as cunning:
One laid there was no falles in the lines to make the fanory,
But called it an honeft methode, as wholefome as sweete.

Come, a fppeach in it I chiefly remember
Was Aeneas tale to Dido,
And then especialy where he talkes of Princes flaughter.

470 If it line in thy memory beginne at this line.
Let me fee,
The rugged Pyrrus, like th'arganian beaft:
No t'is not fo, it begins with Pirrus:
0 I hame it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blacee as his purpofe did the night refemble.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 145

III.i.
H. ii.

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion vanered
With Heraldry more dimmall, head to foot.
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fones,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire Pryam feekes:
So goe on.

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

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

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

Pyrrus at Pryam drives, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whistle and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerved father falles.

Cor. Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It fhall to the Barbers with your heard:
A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or else he fleeces, come on to Hecuba, come.

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

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rofe vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe floode,
Who this had feene with tongue innomen'd speech,
Would treafon haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselves had feene her then,
When shee feen Pirrus with malitious strokes,
Mincing her husbands limbs,

It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Lookke my lord if he hath not chang'd his colour,
And hath tears in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. Tis well, tis very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time.
After your death I can tell you,

You were better haue a bad Epiteeth.
Then their ill report while you live.

Cor. My lord, I will vfe them according to their deferts.

Ham. O farre better man, vfe evey man after his deferts.
Then who should escape whipping?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

II.ii. Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie, The lefte they deferue, the greater credit's yours.  
Cor. Welcome my good fellowes.  
Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of Gonfago?  
players Yes my Lord.  
Ham. And could'ft not thou for a neede study me Some dozen or sixtene lines, Which I would set downe and infert?  
players Yes very easily my good Lord.  

Ham. Tis well, I thanke you: follow that lord. And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not. Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you, And for a time I would defire you leaue me.  
Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.  

Exeunt all but Hamlet.  
Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote am I? Why thei're Players here draw water from eyes: For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? What would he do and if he had my loffe? His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him, He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood, Amaze the ftanders by with his laments, Strike more then wonder in the induciall cares, Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife, Indeece his passion would be generall. Yet I like to an affe and John a Dreames, Haung my father murdred by a villaine, Stand ftil, and let it paffe, why fure I am a coward: Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nofe, Gie's me the lie i' threathoate downe to the lungs, Sure I shoulde take it, or elfe I haue no gall, Or by this I shoulde a fatted all the region kites With this flames offell, this damned villaine, Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine: Why this is braue, that I the fonne of my deare father, Should like a fealion, like a very drabbe Thus raile in wordes. About my braine, I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play, Hath, by the very cunning of the fene, confeft a murder Committed long before. This fpirit that I haue fene may be the Diuell, And out of my weakeuerfe and my melancholy, As he is very potent with fuch men,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III.i.
150  The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II.ii.

Doth feeke to damne me. I will haue founder proofes.
The play's the thing.
Wherein I'le catch the confience of the King.  exit.

III.i.  Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meane finde
The caufe of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in love, even from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger shou'd,
Gill. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the caufe of all his griefe,
But still he puts us off, and by no meane
Would make an anfwere to that we expofde.
Roff. Yet was he fomething more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craves your highneffe company.
King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, feeke still to increafe his mirth.
Spare for no coft, our coffers shall be open.
And we vnto your felues will stille be thankfull.
Both In all wee can, be fure you shall commaund.
Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of May pleafure you, be fure you shall not want.  (Denmarke
Gill. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King Thanks to you both; Gertred you'l fee this play.
Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the foule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.
Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, give me leave to fpake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his diftemperance, therefore
I holde it meete. if fo it please you,
Elfe they shall not meete, and thus it is.
King What i'ft Corambis?  (done.
Cor. Mary my good lord this, foone when the fports are
Madam, fend you in hafte to fpake with him,
And I my felfe will ftand behind the Arras.
There quetion you the caufe of all his griefe.
And then in love and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?
King It likes vs well, Gertred, what fay you?
Queene With all my heart, foone will I fend for him.
Cor. My felfe will be that happy meffenger.
Who hopes his griefe will be reuailed to her.  exit omnes.
Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly on the tongue, as I taught thee.

Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do; I'de rather hear a towne bell bellow.

Then such a fellow speake my lines.

Nor do not faw the aire thus with your hands,

But give every thing his action with temperance. (fellow,)

O it offends mee to the foule, to heare a rebuftious periwig

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,

To fplit the cares of the ignoraut, who for the (noifes,

Moft parte are capable of nothing but dumbe fl Hewes and

I would have such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant

It out, Herodes Herod.
Enter Hamlet, and 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 our Players do, I had as live the towne cryer spooke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vs all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may gibe it smoothnesse, o it offends mee to the foule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spheet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moft part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe howses, and noyse: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doone Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you anoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, fute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing fo ore-don, is from the purpofe of playing, whose end both at the firt, and nowe, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to fhow vertue her feature; fcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and prefuure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greene, the cenfure of which one, muft in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have feene play, and heard others prayde, and that highly, not to fpake it prophanely, that neither ha-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (V.).

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Difcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stepp not the modestie of Nature; for any thing fo ouer-done, is fro the purpofe of Playing, whose end both at the firt and now, was and is, to holde as twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to fhow Vertue her owne Feature, fcorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and prefuure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greene: The cenfure of the which One, muft in your allowance ore-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have feene Play, and heard others praife, and that highly (not to fpake it prophanely) that neyther having
40 players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue feene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too.
That hauing neither the gate of Christiand, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue fo strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, fo abominable:
Take heede, anoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is fet downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselfes, to fet on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them.
Albeit there is some neceffary point in the Play
Then to be obferued: O 'tis vile, and thewes
A pittifull ambition in the fool that vfeth it.
And then you have some athen, that keeps one fute
Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparel, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:

Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a calliforn:
And, your beere is fowre: and, babbering with his lips.
And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of ieafts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a left
Vnleffe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maifters tell him of it.

The accent of Christiand, nor the gate of Christiand, Pagan,
or Norman, haue fo strutted and bellowed, that I haue
thought some of Natures lonerney-men haed made men,
and not made them well, they imitated Humanity fo ab-
ominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.
Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thofe that play your clownes speake no more then is fet downe for them. For there be of them, that wil themfelves laugh, to fet on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some neceffary queftion of the play be then to be confidered: that's villainous, and fhewes a moft pittifull ambition in the foole that vfes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this pece of worke?
III. ii.

50 players We will my Lord.

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

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eu'n as iaft a man.

As e're my conuerfation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why fhould I flatter thee?

Why fhould the poore be flattered?

What gaine fhould I receive by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but thy good minde?

Let flattery fit on thofe time-pleafing tongs,

To glofe with them that loues to heare their praife,

And not with fuch as thou Horatio.

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Gnildenfterne.

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this pjeece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Both. We will my Lord. Exeunt. Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eu'n as iaft a man

As e're my Conuerfation cop'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the the Queene to, and that prefently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften the.  

Rof. I my Lord. Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your feruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man, go As ere my couerfation copt withall.

Hor. my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter, For what advancemen may I hope from thee That no reuenew haft but thy good spirits To feede and clothe thee, why shoud the poore be flatterd? No, let the candied tongue licke abfurfd pompe, And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee Where thrift may follow fauning; doft thou heare, Since my deere foule was mistris of her choice, And could of men diftinguifh her election, 

S'hath feald thee for herfelle, for thou haft been As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards Haft tane with equall thanks; and bleft are thofe Whole blood and judgement are fo well comedled, That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).
There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they have
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his looks,

For I mine eies will runet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that.
It is a damned ghoft that we haue fenene.

*Horatio*, haue a care, obserue him well.

*Hor*. My lord, mine eies shal ftill be on his face,
And not the fmalleft alteration
That shal apeare in him, but I shal note it.

*Ham*. Harke, they come.

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*Enter King, Queene, Coramnis, and other Lords.*  
(a play?)

*King*  How now fon *Hamlet*, how fare you, shal we haue

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F1).

To found what ftop the pleafe. Gue me that man.
That is not Paffions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: l. 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 fee'ft that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vukle: If his occulted guilt.
Do not it felle vnkennell in one fpeech.
It is a damned Ghoft that we haue fenene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Slythe. Gue him needfull note,
To found what 'tis of the plea: give me that man
That is not passions flawe, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe 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 prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Uncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speecch,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene.
And my imaginations are as soule
As Vulcans fithy; give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the wilft this play is playing,
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play: I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cofin Hamlet?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For I mine eyes will riuet to 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'ft this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance,
Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danifh March. Sound a Flourifh.

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

King. How fares our Cofin Hamlet?
III. ii.

*Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions dith, not capon cram'd, feede a the ayre.

1 father: My lord, you playd in the Vniversity.

*Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact there?

*Cor.* My lord, I did act Julius Caeser, I was killed in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute parte of him, To kill fo capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready? *Queen* Hamlet come fit downe by me.

*Ham.* No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you give me leave, and fo forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappse?

*Ophel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?

*Ham.* Upon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).*

*Ham.* Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dith: I eate the Ayre promife-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

*King.* I have nothing with this anfwer *Hamlet*, thefe words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniversity, you fay?

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

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Caeser, I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll: *Brutus* kill'd me.

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

*Reyn.* I my Lord, they ray vpon your patience.
III. ii.

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
You Cannot feede Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet,
These words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Universitie you say,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Iulius Caesar, I was kild i'th Capitall.
Brutus kild mee.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill fo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
Raf. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hether my deere Hamlet, fit by me.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady fhall I lie in your lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Ophe. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Qu. Come hither my good Hamlet, fit by me.
Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.
Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Ham. Ladie, fhall I lye in your Lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between Maids legs
Ophe. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?
Ham. Who I?
Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he fits downe in an Arbor. He leaves him: Then enters Lucianus with poysion in a Viall, and poures it in his cares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and finds him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.
Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
Ophel. What doth this meane my lord?
Ham. you shall hear anone, this fellow will tell you all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophel. I my Lord.
Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what shoud a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefull my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a fuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-lie his life halfe a yare: But byrlady he muft bulde Churches then: or elle shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horffe, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horffe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.
Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embracing him. She kweles, and makes shew of Proteccion unto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

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III. ii.

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for He haue a use of fables; heauen, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a niuft build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for 6, 6, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sounding.  Dumb show followes:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe upon a banche of flowers, The seing him asleepe, leaves him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kiffes it, and powres poyfon in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyfner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyfner woes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts love.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Malicho, it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter Prologue. The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seing him a-fleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiffes it, and powres poyfon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poyfner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyfner Woes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that means Mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by thefe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counfell, they'll tell all.
Opel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O thefe Players cannot kepe coumfell, thei'le tell all

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie.

Heere flowing to your Clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is't a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?

Opel. T'is short my Lord.

Ham. As womens lone.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone.

Since happy time joyn'd both our hearts as one:

And now the blood that fill’d my youthfull veins,

Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the ftraines

Of musick, which whilome pleafde mine care.

Is now a burthen that Age cannot bear:

And therefore sweete Nature muft pay his due,

To heauen muft I, and leave the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O say not fo, left that you kill my heart.

When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy felfe, when ended is my date.

Thou muft (perchance) haue a more noble mate,

More wife, more youthfull, and one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you’li shew him. Bee not you a fhame’d to shew, hee’le not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, lle marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere flowing to your Clemencie:

We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans lone.
Oph. Will a tell vs what this shew meane?
Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you afham'd
to shew, heele not shame to tell you what it meane.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught. Ie mark the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie.

Heere ftooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poetie of a ring?
Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gon round
Neptunes falt waft, and Tellus orb'd the ground.
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed fheene, 
About the world hauue times twelue thirties beene 
Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands 

Vnite comunuall in moft facred bands.

Quee: So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are fo ficke of late.
So farre from cheere, and from our former flate,
That I diftruft you, yet though I diftruft. 
Difcomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.
For women feare too much, even as they loue.
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie, Eyerth none, in neither ought, or in extremitie.
Dutcheffe O speake no more, for then I am accurate.

None weds the secon'd, but he kills the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead.
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormwood, wormwood!

Duke I do beleue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1)

Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know.

And as my Loue is fix'd, my Feare is fo.

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

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treafon in my breft:
In second Husband, let me be accurate.

None wed the secon'd, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt The inftances that secon'd Marriage moue,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know.
And as my love is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little fears grow great, great love growes there.

King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such love must needs be treason in my breast,
In seconde husband let me be accurst,

None wed the seconde, but who kild the first.
The instances that seconde marriage none
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love,
A seconde time I kill my husband dead,
When seconde husband kisst me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpofe is but the flame to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree.
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary tis that we forget
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt.
What to our felues in passion we propofe,
The passion ending, doth the purpofe lofe.
For our demifes stille are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So think ye will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

_Dutcheffe_ Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife.

_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (F1).

The violence of other Greece or Ioy,
Their owne enmactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most renels, Greece doth most lament;
Greece ioyes, Ioy greences on flender accident,
210 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Lones should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Lune haed Fortune, or elle Fortune Lune.
The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies.
The poore advance'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Lune on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III.ii.

The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themselfhes destroy,
Where ioy moft reuels, griefe doth moft lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on flender accedent,

210 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues shoule with our fortunes change:
For tis a queftion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemie,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, i'hall neuer lacke a friend.
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly feasons him his enemie.

220 But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe fo contrary runne.
That our deniifes still are ouerthrowne.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no fecond husband wed,
but die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light.
Sport and repofe lock from me day and night,
To defperation turne my trauft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prifon be my fcope.

230 Each oppofite that blancka the face of ioy,
Meeite what I would haue well, and it deftroy.
Both heere and hence purftue me lafting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Directly feasons him his Enemie.

220 But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no fecond Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me foode, nor Heauen light.
Sport and repofe locke from me day and night:

230 Each oppofite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deftroy:
Both heere, and hence, purftue me lafting strife.
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If she should break it now.

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn, sweete leave me here a while,

My spirits growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.

Dutcheffe. Sleepe rocke thy braine,

And never come mischance betwene vs twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queen. The Lady protefts too much.

Ham. O but she'le keep her word.

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

Ham. No offence in the world, poysfon in lef, poifon in [40

King. What do you call the name of the phy? left.

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

The image of a murder done in guyana, Albertus

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

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

Ham. I could interpret the lone you beware, if I fawe the

poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y'are very pleafant my lord.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. ii.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leave me here a while, My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile The tedious day with sleep.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine, And never come mishance betwixt vs twaine. Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. But she'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but steal, poyson in steal, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, marry how tropically, this play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shal fee anon, tis a knaife peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that have free foules, it touches vs not, let the galled lade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwixt vs twixt you and your loue If I could see the puppets dallying.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. No, no, they do but steal, poyson in steal, no Offence i'th world. [268]

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon: 'tis a knaife peece of worke: But what o' that? Your Maiestie, and wee that have free foules, it touches vs not: let the galled lade winch: our withers are vnwrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwixt you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

III.ii.

Ophel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke.

For i'le hawe a fute of Sables: Ietus, two months dead.

And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some

Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outline memorie.

But by my faith hee muft build churches then.

Or els hee muft follow the olde Epitithe,

With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horfe is forgot.

Ophel. Your lefts are keene my Lord.

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

Ophel. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you muft take your husband, begin. Murdered

Begin, a pox, leue thy damnable faces and begin.

Come, the croaking Raunen doth bellow for revenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

Confederate seafon, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected.

With Hecates bane thrice blased, thrise infected.

Thy natural magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholesome life sturps immediately.

Ham. Hapoyfons him for his estate.

exit.

King. Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rifes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophel. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coft you a groaning, to take off my

edge.

Ophel. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leue thy damnable Faces, and

begin. Come, the croaking Raunen doth bellow for Re-

venge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt.

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate feafon, else, no Creature seeing:

Thou mixture runke, of Midnight Weeds collected.

With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrise infected,
Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing, Considerat feafon els no creature seeing.

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected, VVith Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inucted,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property.

On wholffome life vfurps immediatly.

Ham. A poyfons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzago, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you fhall fee anon how the murtherer gets the lone of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Gine ore the play.

King. Gine me fome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholffome life, vfurps immediatly.

Powres the poyfon in his earcs.

Ham. He poyfons him i'th Garden for's estate: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You fhall fee anon how the Murtherer gets the lone of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with falfe fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Gine o're the Play.

King. Gine me fome Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. Exeunt
Ham. What, frightened with false fires?
Then let the stricken deer go weep.
The hart ungallied play.
For some must laugh, while some must weep.
Thus runnes the world away.

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

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.
Ros. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?
Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy.
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Ros. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant.
My good lord, let us againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempers.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken deer go weep.
The hart ungallied play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Tarke with me: with two Provinciall
Roles on my rac'd Shoos, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one 1,
For thou dost know: Oh Damon deere.
This Realme dismayntled was of lone himselfe,
III. ii.

_Ham._ Why let the ftrooken Deere goe wepe.
The Hart vngaule play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forreft of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roles on my raz'd chooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

_Hora._ Halfe a share.

_Ham._ A whole one I.
For thou dooft know oh _Damon_ deere
This Realmie dimanted was
Of _Ioue_ himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

_Hora._ You might haue rym'd.

_Ham._ O good _Horatio_, lle take the Ghofts word for a thousand pound. Did'ft perceiue?

_Hora._ Very well my Lord.

_Ham._ Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

_Hor._ I did very well note him.

_Ham._ Ah ha, come some mufique, come the Recorders.

For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some mufique.

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_Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne._

_Guyl._ Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

_Hora._ You might haue Rim'd.

_Ham._ Oh good _Horatio_, lle take the Ghofts word for a thousand pound. Did'ft perceiue?

_Hora._ Verie well my Lord.

_Ham._ Vpon the talke of the poyfning?

_Hora._ I did verie well note him.

_Enter Rosencranse and Guildensterne._

_Ham._ Oh, ha? Come some Mufick. Come 'o Recorder:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Mufick.

_Guild._ Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous diftemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wifedom should chew it felle more ri-cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps pludge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discoure into some frame, and start not fo wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.
III. ii.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruious dißtempred.

Ham. With drinke fir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wifedome shou'd shewe it selle more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your dißcourfe into some frame,
And stare not fo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame fir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moft greate affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtefie is not of the right breed, if it shal pleafe you to make me a wholsome answere, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, fhall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome ansver, my wits difeased, but fir, fuch answere as I can make, you fhall command, or rather as you fay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you fay.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this curtefie is not of the right breed. If it shal pleafe you to make me a wholsome ansver, I will doe your Mothers command'ment; if not, your pardon, and my returne fhall bee the end of my Busineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome anfwere: my wits diseas'd. But fir, fuch anfwers as I can make, you fhal command: or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you fay.
Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

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

Rofl. But my good Lord, fhall I intrete thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Rofl. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Raf/on. Then thus the fayes: your behauior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can fo aftonifh a Mother. But is there no fequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Raf/on. She defires to speake with you in her Cloflet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Raf/on. My Lord, you once did lone me.

Ham. So I do still, by thefe pickers and ftealers.

Raf/on. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber- tie, if you deny your grecfes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.
Then thus she fayes, your behaviour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

340 Ham. O wonderful forme that can so astonish a mother, but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of distember, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succeffion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the grasse growes, the pronerbe is somthing mufty, o the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Pronerbe is somthing mufty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

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

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

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

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing, Tis but stopping of these holes, And with a little breath from your lips, It will give most delicate mufick.

Gil. But this cannot we do my Lord.

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

Ros. My lord wee cannot.

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee. And dine into the secret of my foule. Zounds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument You will, though you can fret mee, yet you can not

IV.ii. Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a fpunge.

Rof. How a fpunge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, a fpunge, that fokes vp the kings Countenance, favours, and rewards, that makes His liberalitie your store house: but such as you, Do the king, in the end, beft service; For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes, In the corner of his law, firft mouthes you, Then swallowes you: fo when hee hath need Of you, tis but squeezing of you, And fpunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Rof. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leave.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God bleffe you.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi.).

370 Ham. I do beseech you.

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

Ham. Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, gine it breath with your mouth, and it will discharge most excellent Mufick. looke you, these are the stopes.

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

380 Ham Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
III. ii.

370  **Ham.** I doe beseech you.

       **Guyl.** I know no touch of it my Lord.

       **Ham.** It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vnber, gue it breath with your mouth, & it wil move most eloquent musicke, looke you, these are the ftops.

       **Guil.** But these cannot I commaund to any uttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

380  **Ham.** Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my ftops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my loweft note to my compasse and there is much musicke excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'hloud do you think I am easier to be plaide on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

390  God bleffe you Sir.
Enter Corambis

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

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

Cor. Tis like a camell in deed.

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

Cor. Tis back't like a weazell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

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

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night unto your Lordship. exit Horatio.

...}

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bovome.
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

To doe her wrong my foule shall me're content. exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you.

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

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

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.
Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maffie and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by, They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by, Leave me friends.

I will. say fo. By and by is easilly said, Tis now the very witching time of night, When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaks out Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hot blood, And doe such busines as the bitter day

Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother. O hart loose not thy nature, let not ever The foule of Nero enter this firme bofome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall, I will speake dagger to her, but vfe none, My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites, How in my words someuer she be shent, To giue them seales never my foule content.

Exit.
Enter King, Rosincerance, and Guildenstern.

**King.** I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs. To let his madneffe range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commiffion will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you; The termes of our eftate, may not endure Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

**Guild.** We will our felues provide; Moft hodie and Religious feare it is To keepe those many many bodies safe 10 That line and feede vpon your Maieftie.

**Rosin.** The fingle And peculiar life is bound
Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near's as doth hourly grow
Out of his browses.

Guyl. We will our felves provide.
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many, many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, upon whose weale depends and refts
The lives of many, the ease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maffie wheele
Fxt on the sommet of the higheft mount.
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand leffer things
Are mortez'd and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment petty consequnce
Attends the boyrouts raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedie viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more.
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and refts
The lives of many, the ease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maffie wheele
Fxt on the Sommet of the higheft Mount,
To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand leffer things
Are mortiz'd and adioynd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequnce
Attends the boyrouts Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage:
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Enter the King.

King (0) that this wet that falles upon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my confcience!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloflet:
Behinde the Arras Ile coney my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant thee'el tax him home,
And as you said, and wifely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, shoudl o're-heare
The tpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
He call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will hafte vs.

Exeunt Gent.
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haft vs.  Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras I'le connay my selfe,
To heare the proceeffe, I'le warrant hee'letax him home.

And as you sayd, and wifely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe.       Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primmal eldeft curfe vpon't,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,

My stonger guilt defeats my stong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I ftand in paufe where I fhall firft beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the fweet Heauens
To waft it white as Snowe, whereto ferves mercy
But to confront the vifage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall.

--The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).--

Oh my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will;

My stonger guilt, defeats my stong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I ftand in paufe where I fhall firft beginne,
And both neglect; what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens
To waft it white as Snowe? Whereto ferves mercy.
But to confront the vifage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

When I look up to heav'n, I see my trepasse,
The earth doth still criec out upon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I have committed:
O these are sinnes that are unpardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is heat.
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perfecuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the univerfall power.

Moft wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer.
Aske grace of heav'n to kepe thee from defpaire.

hee kneels. enters Hamlet

Ham. I fo, come forth and worke thy laft.
And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or pardon'd being downe? Then fle looke vp.
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ferue my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
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 phone by justice.
And oft 'tis feeme, the wicked prize it felt.

Buyes out the Law: but 'tis not fo above.
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our felues compell'd
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. iii.

50 Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
   My fault is paft, but oh what forme of prayer
   Can ferue my turne, forgive me my foule muther,
   That cannot be since I am ftill poftelft
   Of thofe effects for which I did the muther:
   My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
   May one be pardon'd and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
   Offences guilded hand may fhowe by iuftice.
   And oft tis feene the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not fo aboue.
   There is no fhuffling, there the action lies
   In his true nature, and we our felues compeld
   Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in evidence, what then, what refte,
   Try what repentance can, what can it not.
   Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
   O wretched ftate, o bofome blacke as death,
   O limed foule, that ftuggling to be free,
   Art more ingag'd; helpe Angels make affay,
Bow ftubborne knees, and hart with fttrings of ftiele,
   Be foft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
   All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now He doo't, and fo a goes to heaven,
And fo am I reuendge, that would be feand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in evidence. What then? What refte?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ftate! Oh bofome, blacke as death!
Oh limed foule, that ftuggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow ftubborne knees, and hart with fttrings of Steele,
Be foft as finnewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
And now He doo't, and fo he goes to Heauen.
And fo am I reueng'd: that would be feann'd,
No, not so: he tooke my father sleepning, his fins brim full,

And how his foule stode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, fane the immortall powres.
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his foule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen.

When hee's at game fwaring, taking his carowfe, drinking
Or in the inceftuous pleafure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relifh
Of fauation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother ftyes,
This phificke but prolongs thy weary dayes. exit Ham.

King. My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.
No King on earth is fafe, if Gods his foe. exit King.

III. iv. Enter Queene and Corambis.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine fend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.

He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread.
With all his Crimes bread blowne, as freffh as May.
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, fane Heauen:
But in our circumstance and courfe of thought
'Tis heauie with him; and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of hisSoule.
When he is fit and feafon'd for his paffage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke alfeep: or in his Rage,

Or in th'inceftuous pleafure of his bed,
III. iii.

A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his foule fonne, doe this fame villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly, not reuengde,
80 A tooke my father groty full of bread,
Withall his crimes broade blowne, as fulf as May,
And how his audit ftands who knowes fane heauen,
But in our circumfantage and corfe of thought.
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuenged
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and fcaft for his paffage?
No.
Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
90 Or in th'inceftious pleafure of his bed,
At game a fwearing, or about fome act
That has no reliff of faluation in't,
Then trip him that his heelles may kick at heauen,  
And that his foule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaies,
This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies.     Exit.
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe,
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. Exit.

III. iv.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftraight: looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood betweene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

At gaming, fwearing, or about fome acte
That ha's no relifh of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heelles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ftaies,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy fickly dayes. Exit.
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. Exit.

III. iv.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath fcreen'd, and ftood betweene
Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother. O are you here?
How i'lt with you mother?
Queene How i'lt with you?
Ham. I'le tell you, but firft weele make all safe.
Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you shal hear me speake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoc.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw. I hear him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Much heate and him, He silence me euyn heere, 
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. He wait you, feare me not, 
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queftion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not fo, 
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife, 
And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then lfe fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge. 
You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe 
Where you may fee the moft part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me, 
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duccat, dead.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo: 
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife, 
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then lfe fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge: 
You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe, 
Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me? 
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Duccat, dead.
Rash intruding fool, farewell.
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penetrable stuffe,
I'II make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horrid there and blacke it fhews.

Queene Hamlet, what mean'ft thou by these killing

I. 

Pol. Oh I am slaine.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

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

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune.
Thou find'ft to be too buffe, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe.
And let me wring your heart, for so I fhall.
III. iv.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this.

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

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell.
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too buffe is some danger,
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe.
And let me wring your hart, for fo I sllall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe.
If damned custome have not bra'd it fo,
That it be provee and bulwark against fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue

Ham. Such an act
That blurrres the grace and blufe of modefty.
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As falfc as dicers oathes, & such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foule, and sweete religion makes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it fo,
That it is provee and bulwark against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong.

Ham. Such an Act
That blurrres the grace and blufe of Modeftie.
Cals Vertue Hypocrit, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue.
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As falle as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed.
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very founle. and sweete Religion makes
Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture. It is the portraiture of your deceased husband, See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe. An eye, at which his foes did tremble at, A front wherein all virtues are set downe For to adorn a king, and guild his crowne. Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow, He made to you in marriage, and he is dead. Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband.

Looke you now, here is your husband, With a face like Vulcan. A looke fit for a murder and a rape, A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie. To affright children and amaze the world: And this fame have you left to change with this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A rapihie of words. Heauens face doth glow, Yea this solidity and compound maffe. With triftfull visage as against the doome, Is thought-ficke at the act.

Qn. Aye me: what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index. 
	Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this. The counterfet prefentment of two Brothers: See what a grace was feated on his Brow, Hyperions curles, the front of lone himselfe. An eye like Mars, to threaten or command A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
A rapfedy of words; heavens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound maffe
With heated vifage, as againft the doome
Is thought fick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares fo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit prefentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was feated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of Ione himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A ftation like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heane, a kif-ving hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did feeme to fet his feale
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your husband, looke you now what followes.
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare.
Blafting his wholffome brother, have you eyes.
Could you on this faire mountaine leane to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it lounye, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble.
And waites vpon the judgement, and what judgement
Would ftеп from this to this, fence fure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but fure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thral'd
But it referu'd fome quantity of choife

New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed.
Where euery God did feeme to fet his Scale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blafting his wholffom breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leane to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Lone: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble.
And waites vpon the judgement: and what judgement
III. iv.

What Diuell thus hath confoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! have you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deare husband,
To line in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queen. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clownts, of very threads.

Queen. Sweete Hamlet ceafe.

Ham. Nay but still to perfift and dwell in sinne,
To sweate under the yoke of infamie,
To make increafe of shame, to scale damnation.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath confend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones.
To flaming youth, let Virtue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame.
When the compulfine Arche rune the charge.
Since Froft it felle, as actinely doth burne.
As Reaftion panders Will.
Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'tt mine eyes into my very fonie.
And there I fee such blacke and grained fpots,
As will not leane their Tinet.
To ferue in such a difference, what devill wait
That thus hath confound you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a fickle part of one true fence
Could not fo mope; ô flame where is thy blufh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no flame
When the compulfile ardure gines the charge,
Since froft it felfe as actiuely doth barme.
And reafon pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet fpeake no more,
Thon turnft my very eyes into my foule,
And there I fee fuch blacke and greened fots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to line
In the rancke sweat of an defeamed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nafty Stye.

Ger. O fpeake to me no more,
Thefe words like daggers enter in my eares.
No more fweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,
A slaue, that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purfe of the Empire and the rule,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Nay, but to line
In the ranke fweat of an enfeamed bed.
Stewed in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nafty Sty.

Qu. Oh fpeake to me, no more,
Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more fweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slauae, that is not twentith part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule.
Queen. Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine.

Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When luft shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queen. Hamlet, thou cleans my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Same me, same me, you gratious
Powers above, and houer ouer mee.
With your celestiall wings.

Doe you not come your tardy forme to chide,
That I thus long hane let revenge flippie by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittfull!
Left that my heart of stone yeeld to compaffion,
And euery part that should affift revenge.

Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost. Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee.

To put thee in remembrance of my death:

Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.

But I perceiue by thy diffracted lookes,
Thy mother's tearefull, and the standes amazde:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i't with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

100 That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.

Save me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Sawe me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy fonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by

Th'important acting of your dread command, ô lay.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe.
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting foule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies strongeft workes.
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Queen. Nay, how i'th with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde difcourfe with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queen. Not I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing fee?
Queen. No neither.

Ham. No, why fee the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he fteales away out of the Portall.
Looke, there he goes. exit ghoft.

Queen. Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
(But as I hane a foule, I fware by heauen,
I neuer knew of this moft horride murder:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold difcourfe.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peepe.
And as the fleeping Soldiours in th'Alarne,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements.
Start vp, and ftand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle code patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares.
His forme and caufe conioyn'd, preaching to ftones.
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me.
Leaft with this pitteous action you convert
Ger. Alas how i’ft with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th’incorporall ayre doe hold discourfe,
Foorth at your eyes your spirts wildly peep,

And as the sleeping fouldiers in th’alarme,
Your bedded hair like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle femne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy dixtemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares.
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to ftones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittious action you convert
My ftearne effects, then what I haue to doe

Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our felunes.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it fteales away,

My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extatie is very cunning in.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

My fetern effects: then what I haue to do,

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felunes.

Ham. Why looke you there: looke how it fteales away:

My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. Exit.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extatie is very cunning in.
But Hamlet, this is onely fantafie,
And for my lone forget thefe idle fits.

O mother, if enuer you did my deare father lone.
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night.
And win your felfe by little as you may.
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but affift mee in euenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Ham. Extafie?
My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keepe time.
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I have vttered; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for lone of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your foule.
That not your trefpaffe, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place.
Whilft ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnfeene. Confesse your felfe to Heaven.

Repent what’s paft, anoyd what is to come,
Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muficke, it is not madneffe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the rest.
And the matter will reword, which madneffe
Would gambole from, mother for lone of grace.
Lay not that flattering vAction to your soule
That not your trepasse but my madneffe speakes,
It will but skin and fllme the vlerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infests vnfeene, confesse your felfe to heauen.

Repet what’s paft, auoyd what is to come.
And doe not fpread the compoft on the weeds
To make them rancker, forgiiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatneffe of thefe purfie times
Vertue it felfe of vice muft pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to my Vnckes bed,

Assume a vertue if you haue if not,
That monfter cuftome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He likewife gines a frock or Linery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easineffe
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deffirous to be bleft
He bleffing begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it fo,
To punifh me with this, and this with me,
That I muft be their Scourge and Minifter,
I will beftow him, and will anfwer well
The death I gave him: fo againe, good night.
I muft be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worfe remaines behinde.

Qu. What fhall I do?
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vs almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the devill, or throwe him out

With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are defirous to be blest,
He blefsing beg of you, for this same Lord I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it to
To punish me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their feourege and minifter,
I will bestowe him and will anfwere well
The death I gave him; fo againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde.
This bad beginnes, and worfe remaines behind.

One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe.
And let him for a paire of reechie kiffes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to ranell all this matter out
That I effentially am not in madneffe.
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him knowe.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib.
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe fo,
No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,

Qu. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe.
And let him for a paire of reechie kiffes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers.
Make you to ranell all this matter out.
That I effentially am not in madneffe.
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife.
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would doe fo,
No in dispight of Senfe and Secrecie.
Queen: Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,
That knowes our thoughts, and looke into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem foo're thou shalt devise.

Ham: It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, Ile provide for you a grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

IV. i.

Enter the King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Unpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

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

Ham. I must to England, you know that?
Qu. Alacke I had forgot: Tis so concluded on.
Ham. This man shall let me packing:
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breath
What thou hast fayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truft as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must fweep my way
And marshall me to knauery; let it worke,
For tis the fport to have the enginer
Hoift with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will deene one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis moft sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
This man shall fet me packing,
He lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counfellor
Is now moft ftill, moft fecret, and moft grave,
Who was in life a moft foolifh prating Knave.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. 

Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Gayldensterne.

King. There's matter in these fighes, these profound heanes,
King. Now Gertred, what fayes our fonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene. Alas my lord, as raging as the fea:
Whenas he came, I firt befpeake him faire,
But then he throwes and toffes me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At laft I call'd for help: and as I cried, Corambis

Call'd, which Hamlet no fooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killes.

King. Why this his madneffe will vn doe our fstate.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

You muft tranflate; Tis fit we ynderftand them.

Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleffe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing fomthing flirre,

He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainifh apprehenfion killes
The vnfeene good old man.

King. Oh heamy deed:
It had bin fo with vs had we beene there:
You must translate, tis fit we understand them.

Where is your Tonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on us a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude, how does Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier, in his lawliffe fit,

Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,

10 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainifh apprehension kills
The vnfeene good old man.

King. O heany deedle!
It had beene fo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deedle be anfwer’d?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, refrain’d, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our lone,

20 We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule diseafe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madness like some ore

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Pi).

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deedle be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should have kept short, refrain’d, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our lone,

20 We would not understand what was moft fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diseafe.
To keepe it from divulging, let’s it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom his very madneffe like some Oare
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. Exeunt Lordes.

King Gertred, your fonne fhall prefently to England, His flipping is already furnifhed, And we haye lent by Roffencraft and Gilderstone, Our letters to our deare brother of England, For Hamlets welfare and his happinffe: Happly the aire and climate of the Country May pleafe him better than this native home: See where he comes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Among a Minerall of Mettels bafe
Showes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:
The Sun no sooner fhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will flip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muft with all our Maiefty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. Enter Rof. & Guild.
Ho Guildenstern:
Friends both go joynye you with fome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneffe hath Polonius flaine,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

IV. i.

Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it felfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,
The funne no sooner fhall the mountaines touch,
   We muft with all our Maieftie and skill Enter Ras. & Guild.
Both countenance and excufe. Ho Guyldensterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius flaine.
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe feeke him out speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chapped: I pray you haft in this.
Come Gertrard, wee'le call vp our wifteft friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe

And what's vntimely doone,
Whole whisper ore the worlds dyameter.
As lenell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his powyned shot. may miffe our Name.
And hit the woundleffe ayre. ó come away,
My foule is full of difcord and difmay.

Exeunt.

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet, Roseneraus and others.

Ham. Safely stow'd, but soft, what noyfe, who calls on Hamlet?

O heere they come.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ftowed.
Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noife? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh heere they come. Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duft, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rofin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Rofin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counfell, and not mine owne. Befides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Some of a King.

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

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King beft fernice in the end, He keepes them like an Ape in
IV. ii.  

_Rof._ What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?  
_Ham._ Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.  
_Rof._ Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,  
     And beare it to the Chappell.  
_Ham._ Doe not beleue it.  

10  

_Rof._ Beleeue what.  
_Ham._ That I can keepe your counfaile & not mine owne befoides to be demaunded of a fpunge, what replycation fhould be made by the fomne of a King.  
_Rof._ Take you me for a fpunge my Lord?  
_Ham._ I fir, that tokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but fuch Officers doe the King beft feruice in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his law, firt mouth'd to be laft swallowed, when hee needs what you haue glean'd, it is but fqueezing you, and fpunge you fhall be dry againe.  

20  

_Rof._ I underftand you not my Lord.  
_Ham._ I am glad of it, a knauifh fpeech fleepes in a foolifh eare.  
_Rof._ My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.  

30  

_Ham._ The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.  
_Guyl._ A thing my Lord.  
_Ham._ Of nothing, bring me to him. _Exeunt._  

IV.iii.  

_Enter King, or two or three._  

_King._ I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the bodie,
IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil. My lord, we can by no means know of him where the body is.

King. Now found Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but where he is eaten, a certaine company of politick wormes are euen now at him.

Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar Are but variable feruices, two dishes to one meffe:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose: Yet must not we put the strong Law on him: Hee's lowned of the distracted multitude. Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders feonge is weigh'd: But nearer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen, This foidaine fencing him away, muft feeme Deliberate paufe, difeafes desperate growne, By desperate appliance are releued.

Enter Rosencrate.

Or not at all.

How now? What hath befallen?

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

King. But where is he?
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe,
Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him,
Hec's lou'd of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders fcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to heare all fmooff and euen,
This fuddaine fending him away muft feme
Deliberate paufe, difcates desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are reliued
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?
Rof. Where the dead body is befow'd my Lord
    We cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleafure
King. Bring him before vs.
Rof. How, bring in the Lord. They enter.
King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. Bring him before vs.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. Bring him before vs.

Ham. At supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine communication of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperor for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable feruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Vs).

Rofin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleafure.
King. Bring him before vs.
    Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.
King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certaine communication of wormes are een at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures els to fat vs, and we fat our felle for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable feruice to dithes, but to one Table that's the end.
IV.iii.

Looke you, a man may fith with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fith,
Which that worme hath caught.

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

King But fonne Hamlet, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to miffe him there.

Father, you had beft looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nofe him as you go vp the lobby.

King Make haft and finde him out.
Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much hafte.
I'le warrant you hee'le ftay till you come.

King Well fonne Hamlet, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preperation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper felfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you fhall aboorde to night,
Lord Rocfencraft and Gilderstone fhall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewel mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.1.)

King. What doft thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to fhev you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius.
Ham. In heauen, fend thither to fee. If your Meflen-ger finde him not there, feeke him i'th other place your felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you fhall nofe him as you go vp the ftaires into the Lobby.

King. Go feeke him there.
Ham. He will ftay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine efpecial fafety
Which we do tender, as we deereely Greene
IV. iii.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dooft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse
through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, fhend thether to fee, if your meffenger finde him
not thre. fceke him i'th other place your felfe, but if indeed you find
him not within this month, you fhall noe him as you goe vp the
fstayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe fceke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy felfe.
The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'afociats tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ft our purpofes.

Ham. I fee a Cherub that fees the, but come for England,
Farewell deere Mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence
With fierie Quickneffe. Therefore prepare thy felfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe.
Th'Affociates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ft our purpofes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that fee's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qv).

IV.iii.

King Your louing father, Hamlet.
Ham My mother I say: you married my mother.
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one fleshe,
And so (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leave me,
And take your leave of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, we're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
He presently without demanding why.

That Hamlet looke his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:

He once being dead, why then our state is free.

IV. iv.
Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goo greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbraffe nephew to old Norway,
Crave a free passe and conduct over his land,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

King Thy louing Father Hamlet.
Hamlet My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one fleshe, and so my mother. Come,
for England. Exit

King Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, He hame him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Scal'd and done
That else leans on th'Affaire pray you make haft.

And England, if my lone thou holdeft at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee feinde.
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danifh Sword, and thy free awe
IV. iii.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother. Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed before,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seald and done
That els leans on th’aaffayre, pray you make haft,

And England, if my love thou holdst at outh,
As my great power thereof may shine thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red,

Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly fet
Our soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,

How ere my happe, my joyes were never begin.

Exit.

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.

Fortin. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbras
Cranes the conveyance of a promis’d march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeous

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Payes homage to vs; thou mayst not coldly fet
Our soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England.
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know ’tis done,

How ere my happe, my joyes were ne’re begun.

Exit.

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbras with an Arme.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him that by his lycence, Fortinbras
Claimes the conveyance of a promis’d March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeous:
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away.  

*exeunt all.*
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs, 
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, 
And let him know fo. 

Cap. I will doo't my Lord. 

For. Goe softly on. 

Enter Hamlet. Rosencrans, &c. 

Ham. Good sir whole powers are thse? 

Cap. They are of Norway sir. 

Ham. How purpofd sir I pray you? 

Cap. Against some part of Poland. 

Ham. Who commandeth them sir? 

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbraffe. 

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir. 

Or for some frontiere? 

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition, 

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground 

That hath in it no profit but the name 

To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it; 

Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole 

A rancker rate, shou'd it be fold in fee. 

Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it. 

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond. 

Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets 

Will not debate the question of this straw 

This is th'Impoftume of much wealth and peace, 

That inward breaks, and shoues no caufe without 

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir. 

Cap. God buy you sir. 

Ros. Will't plesa you goe my Lord? 

Ham. He be with you straight, goe a little before. 

How all occasions doe informe againft me, 

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man 

If his chief good and market of his time 

Be but to fleepe and feele, a beaft, no more: 

Sure he that made vs with such large discoure 

Looking before and after, gaue vs not 

That capabilitie and god-like reason 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1). 

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord. 

For. Go safely on. 

Exit.
enter King and Queene.

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

Queene God grant it may, hear'ms keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mishap's of olde Corambis death,
Hath pierfed to the yong Ofeliaes heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

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

Qu. O fee where the yong Ofelia is!
IV. iv.

To fuft in vs vnvfd, now whether it be
40 Beftiall obliuion, or fome crauen fcruple
Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wifedom,
And enuer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I lue to fay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue caufe, and will, and ftrength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of fuch maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whole fpirt with divine ambition puft,
50 Makes mouthes at the invisible enuent,
Expofting what is mortall, and vnfare,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare.
Euen for an Egge-fhell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to fnd quarrell in a ftraw
When honour's at the ftake, how ftand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ftaind,
Excytements of my reafon, and my blood,
And let all fleupe, while to my fpame I fee
60 The iminent death of twenty thoufand men.
That for a fantafie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,
Which is not tombre enough and continent
To hide the flaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.  

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

IV.v.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

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

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; faies she heares There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurnes enniously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe fenfe: Her speech is nothing, Yet the vnshaped vfe of it doth mone The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it.

And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunate, Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father, fayes she heares There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart. Spurnes enuioufly at ftrawes, speakes things in doubt That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing, Yet the unshaped vfe of it doth move The hearers to collection, they yawne at it.

And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts, Which as her wincks, and nods, and geftures yeeld them, Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes, Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my fickle foule, as finnes true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amisse, So full of artefle iealousie is guilt, It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia? [shee fings.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q2).

Indeed would make one think there would be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

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

Enter Ophelia distracted,

Ophe. Where is the beaufous Maiestie of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?
IV. 

**Ofelia**

How should I your true love know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoon.

White his shrowde as mountaine snowe.

Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the grave did not goe
With true lovers flowers:

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone.
At his head a grassie greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

**King**

How i'ft with you sweete Ofelia?

**Ofelia**

Well God yeeld you.

---

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).*

**Ophe.**

How should I your true love know from another one?

By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoon.

**Qu.**

Alas sweete Lady: what imports this Song?

**Ophe.**

Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grassie-greene Turffe, at his heeles a stone.

**Enter King.**

**Qu.**

Nay but Ophelia.

**Ophe.**

Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

**Qu.**

Alas, looke heere my Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3). 229

IV. v.

Oph. How shoulde I your true loue know from another one,

By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoonne.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graugreene turph, at his heele a stone.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas look here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go  Song.
With true lone flowers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father. [73

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, fay you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,  Song.
All in the morning betime,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did not go.
With true-lone flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

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

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, fay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chufe but wepe:

190 And will he not come againe?
    And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we caft away mone,
    And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone.
    And we caft away moane:
God a mercy on his foule.
200 And of all chriften foules I pray God.
    God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

50 And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,
Then vp he rofe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.
Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath He make an end out.

    By gis, and by S. 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,
And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rofe, and dond his clofe, and dup't the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, never departed more.

**King.** Pretty **Ophelia.**

**Oph.** Indede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed,
(Ile anfwers.) So would I a done by yonder Sunne
And thou hadft not come to my bed.

**King.** How long hath she beene thus?

**Ophe.** I hope all will be well, we muft be patient, but I cannot chufe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother fhall know of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counfaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

---

**You promis'd me to Wed:**

So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadft not come to my bed.

**King.** How long hath she bin this?

**Ophe.** I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient,

but I cannot choofe but weepe, to thinke they shou'd lay him i'thcold ground: My brother shal knowe of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counfell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:

Goodnight, goodnight.

*Exit.*
IV. v.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was never certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyfe is that?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

King. Follow her close,
Gieue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battaliaces. Firft, her Father claine.
80 Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author
Of his owne iuft remone: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholeome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia
Divided from her felfe, and her faire judgemen
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Laff, and as much containing as all these.
IV. v.

**King.** Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you. 
O this is the poysfon of deepe grieve, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ó Gertrard, Gertrard. 
When forrowes come, they come not single spyes, 
But in battalians: first her Father slaine, 

**Next,** your sonne gone, and he most violent **Author** 
Of his owne iust remove, the people muddied 
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers 
For good Polonius death: and we hane done but greenly 
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia 
Deuided from herfelfe, and her faire iudgement, 
Without the which we are pictures, or meere bealts, 
Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce, 
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himfelfe in cloudes, 

**And wants not buzzers to infect his care** 
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death, 
Wherein neceffity of matter beggarcl, 
Will nothing ftick our perfons to arraigne 
In care and care: ó my deare Gertrard, this 
Like to a murdering pееce in many places 
Gives me superfluous death. 

**A noife within.**

**Enter a Meffenger.**

**King.** Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore, 
What is the matter?

---

**The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).**

Her Brother is in secret come from France, 
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himfelfe in clouds, 

**And wants not Buzzers to infect his care** 
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death, 
Where in neceffitie of matter Beggarcl, 
Will nothing ftick our perfons to Arraigne 
In care and care. O my deare Gertrude, this, 
Like to a murdering Peece in many places, 
Gives me superfluous death. 

**A Noife within.**

**Enter a Meffenger.**

**Qu.** Alacke, what noyfe is this?  
**King.** Where are my Switzers? 
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
A noyse within.  enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou wilde king, gibe me my father:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Mes. Save your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (oner-peering of his Lift)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious hafte
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, Cuftome not knowne.
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King. Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the falle Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falle Danifh Dogges.

Noyse within.  Enter Laertes.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

IV. v.

Meff'n. Saue your felfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift

100 Eates not the flats with more impitious haft
Then young Laertes in a riotous head
Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now bat to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, cuftome not knowne.
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. A noife within.

110 O this is counter you false Danifh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? firs ftand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. Wee will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King,
Give me my father.
Quee. Calmely good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Baftard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

IV.v.

Speake, say, where's my father?

king  Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdred him? Speake, I'le not

Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

Queene  True, but not by him.

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

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

There's such divinitie doth wall a king.

That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,

T'is true, and we moft fory for it

Being the chiefeft piller of our state:

Therefore will you like a moft desperate gamster,

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. What is the cane Laertes,

That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?

Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon:

There's such Divinitie doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but pepe to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes.

Why thou art thus Incenft? Let him go Gertrude.

Speake man.

Lear. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Lear. How came he dead? He not be juggel'd with.

To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackeft dinell.
IV. v.

King. What is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
Let him goe Gertrard, doe not feare our perfon,
There's such divinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but pheepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incent, let him goe Gertrard.

Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.

Quee. But no by him.

King. Let him demaund his sill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be ingled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeft deuill,
Confidence and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

Let come what comes, onely I'le be reneng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That soop-flake you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Confidence 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 I'le be reneng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

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

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-flake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,  
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,  
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.  

king Why now you speake like a moft louing sonne:

And that in foule we forrow for for his death,  
Your feife ere long shall be a witnese,  
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.  

Enter Ofelia as before.

---

Lear. Who's this, Ofelia? O my deere sister!  
I't possible a yong maides life,  
Should be as mortall as an olde mans fawe?  
O heau'ns themselues! how now Ofelia?

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Lear. None but his Enemies.  
King. Will you know them then.  
La. To his good Friends, thus wide I'le ope my Armes:  
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,  
Repait them with my blood.  

King. Why now you speake  
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.  
That I am guiltleffe of your Fathers death.  
And am moft senfible in greefe for it,  
I shall as lenell to your Judgement pierce  
As day do's to your eye.  

A noife within. Let her come in.  

Enter Ophelia.  

Lear. How now? what noife is that?  
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares fenen times falt.
None but his enemies,

Will you know them then?

To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,

And like the kind life- rendring Pelican,

Repait them with my blood.

Why now you speake

Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.

That I am guittleffe of your fathers death,

And am most fencibly in griefe for it.

As day dooes to your judgement pear

A noyfe within.

Let her come in.

How now, what noyfe is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares feauen times falt

By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight

Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rofe of May,

Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet Ophelia,

Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,

And in his graue rain'd many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Had'ft thou thy wits, and did'ft perfwade reuenge

It could not moone thus.

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madneffe shall be payed by waight.

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

Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet Ophelia:

Oh Heauens, is't possible a young maids wits,

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

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

It lends 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'ft thou thy wits, and did'ft perfwade Reuenge, it could not moone thus.
Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you mus't weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
And there's panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they fay the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we fee what we are,
But can not tell what we fhall be.
For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you fhall finge a dowsne,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the falf Steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, pay you this.
To morrow is faint Valentines day.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. You muft finge downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the falf Steward that ftole his masters daughter.

Lae. This nothings more then matter.

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

Lae. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaeis: Oh you muft weare your Rew
IV. v.

170  Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love re-
member, and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

180  Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Coembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would
give you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turns to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And will he not come againe,   Song.
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as Snow,
Flaxen was his pole,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would give you
some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turns to Favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
IV. v.

All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rofe, and dam'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now.
By giffe, and by faint Charitie,
Away, and fie for fhame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth fie, before you tumbled me,
You promifed me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadft not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Lone. exit Ofelia.

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My fifter thus diftracted:
Curfed be his foule that wrought this wicked act.

king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your grieve is as a froid,
Brimme full of forrow, but forbear a while,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
Gramerey on his Soule.

And of all Chriftian Soules, I pray God.

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. Leartes, I muft common with your greefe,
Or you deny me rights: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wifteft Friends you will,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
290 God a mercy on his foule, and of all Chriftians foules.
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this 6 God.

King Laertes, I muft commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wifeft friends you will,
And they fhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in fatisfaction; but if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we fhall ioynly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
And they fhall 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 fatisfaction. But if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we fhall ioynly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.
And thinke already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapleffe sonne.

Lear. You have prevail'd my Lord, a while I'll strive,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath.
Which once vnhearded, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.

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

IV. vi. Enter Horatio and the Queene.

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

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

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

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

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obferue the king, and you shal
Laer. Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophie sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muft call't in question.

King. So you fhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. Exeunt.
Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here.
Things fell not to his minde.

*Queen* But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Roffencraft*?

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

*Queen* Thankes be to heauen for blei’ning of the prince,

*Horatio* once againe I take my leaue,
With thousand mothers bleffings to my fonne.

*Horat.* Madam adue.
IV. v.

Enter Horatio and others.

_Hora._ What are they that would speake with me?

_Gent._ Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

_Hor._ Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Saylers.

_Say._ God bleffe you sir.

_Hora._ Let him bleffe thee to.

_Say._ A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
from th' Embassador that was bound for England, if your name be Ho-
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

_Hor._ Horatio, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some means to the King: They haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrate of very warlike appointment gane
vs chafe, finding our felues too flow of faile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our shippe, so I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some means to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Sre wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlieke appointment gane vs Chace. Finding our felues too
flow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them: On the instant they got cleere of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prifoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much haft as thou wouldst flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dume, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

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

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance leal.
IV. vi.
do a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue fent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldeft flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are
they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellows
will bring thee where I am, 
Rofencraus and Guylidensterne hold thayr
courfe for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.
So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

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

Exeunt.

IV. vii.
Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muft your conscience my acquittance feale,
And you muft put me in your hart for friend.
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not againft these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reafons
Which may to you perhaps feeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee thayr strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoft by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

And you muft put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father flaine,
Pursued my life.

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

King. O for two speciall Reafons.
Which may to you (perhaps) feeme much vnfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoft by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

She's so conjunctive to my life and sole; 
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere, 
i could not but by her. The other Motive, 
Why to a publicke count I might not go. 
Is the great lone the generall gender bare him, 
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, 
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, 
Convert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes 
Too flittingly timbred for so loud a Wind, 
Would have returned to my Bow againe, 
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost, 
A Sifter driven into desperate tearmes, 
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
She is so concluise to my life and foule,
That as the Starrre moues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,

Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his Gines to graces, so that my arrows
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would have reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I have aym'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father loft,
A sifter driven into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayles may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you muft not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be fhooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. you shortly shal heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our felfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen, These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene:

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

---

Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

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

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your Maiestie: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my foule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I shall line to tell him, thus he dies.

king Lear. content your felse, be rude by me,
And you shall have no let for your revenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.
IV. vii.

Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I faw them not,
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you fhall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you fhall know I am fet naked on your kingdom.
to morrow fhall I legg leaue to fee your kingly eyes, when I fhall firft
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my fuddaine
returne.

King. What fhould this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it fome abuse, and no fuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamlets caracter. Naked,
And in a poftscript heere he fayes alone,
Can you deuife me?

Laer. I am loft in it my Lord but let him come,
It warmes the very fickneffe in my hart
That I line and tell him to his teeth
Thus didft thou.

King. If it be fo Laertes,
As how fhould it be fo, how otherwise,

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, fo you will not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to underfaye it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuife,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr.).

Kin. Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Poft-
script here he fayes alone: Can you deuife me?

Laer. I'm loft in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very fickneffe in my heart,
That I fhall line and tell him to his teeth;
Thus didft thou.

Kin. If it be fo Laertes, as how fhould it be fo:

How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

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

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to underfaye it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Nay but Leartes, mark the plot I haue layde, 
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Upon some praise that he hath heard of you. 

Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once task'd for to try your cunning.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no blame of blame shall breath.
But even his Mother shall revenge the practice.

And even his Mother shall revenge the practice.

I must even his Mother shall revenge the practice.

King of Denmark, Leartes, mark the plot I haue layde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Qi).
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vouchsafe the practise.
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,

The rather if you could demisse it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have beene talke of since your trauaile much.
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuije from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest fiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribau'd in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes
The light and careleffe livery that it weares
Then fetled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horfebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew volo his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horfe,
As he had beene incorp'ft, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaft, fo farre he topt me thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?
King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life Lamord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And to such wondrous doing brought his Horfe.
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaft, fo farre he past my thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamound.
Lea. And how for this?

Kin. The very fame.

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

Kin. Hee mad confeffion of you, And gaue you fuch a Mafterly report, For Art and exercife in your defence; And for your Rapier moft efpicially,

That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed, If one could match you Sir. This report of his Did Hamlet fo envenom with his Enuy, That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 257

IV, vii.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And lem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a matterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,

That he eride out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrinures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you opposed them; for this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,

A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your father,
But that I knowe, love is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There lines within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Your sodaine comming ore to play with him:
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I knowe Lone is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
King. Mary Leartes thus: 'Tie lay a wager,
Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall gine the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more defire,
To try the maintry, that in twelue veins
You gaine not three of him; now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyle of shall a keene rapier lie,
Steepeped in a mixture of deadly poyfon,
That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,
In any part of him, he cannot live:
This being done will free you from fulpition,
And not the deereft friend that Hamlet lov'de
Will ever haue Leartes in suspic.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord Hamlet shoulde refuse this match.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To shew 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;
'Nexenge shoulde haue no bounds: but good Laertes
130 Will you doe this, keepe cloe within your Chamber.
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence.
And fet a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gane you, bring you in line together.
And wager on your heads, he being remiffe,
We should do when we would; for this would change.
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifts figh,
That hurts by eafing; but to the quick of th'vleer.

_Hamlet_ comes back, what would you undertake
To shewe your felfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

_Laer._ To cut his throat i'th Church.

_King._ No place indeede should murther sanctuarie,
Reuendge should have no bounds: but good Laertes

Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber.

_Hamlet_ return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praife your excellence,
And let a double varnith on the fame
The french man gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiffe.
Most generous, and free from all contriving.
Will not perufe the foyles, so that with ease.
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a pace of practife

_Requit_ him for your Father.

_Laer._ I will doo't,
And for purpofe, Ie annoynt my Sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it.
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaume fo rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can fane the thing from death

---

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).*

Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not perufe the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a pace of practife,

_Requit_ him for your Father.

_Laer._ I will doo't,
And for that purpofe Ie annoynt my Sword:
I bought an Vntion of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dip a knife in it.
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaume fo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can fane the thing from death.
King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And left that all shou'd miste,
I'le have a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when he calleth for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happenette.

Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. enter the Queene.
kings How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?
Queene 0 my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Having made a garland of sundry forties of floures,

Sitting upon a willow by a brooke,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
That is but scratcht withall: He touch my point.
With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly,
It may be death.
King Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what comenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affaid; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or second, that might hold.
If this should blart in profe: Soft, let me fee
Wee'l make a solenne 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 calls for drinke; He haue prepar'd him
That is but scrathct withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him flietly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Should haue a back or fcond that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; foft let me fee.
Wee'le make a folemne wager on your cunninges,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, He haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but fipping,
If he by chance efcape your venom'd ftuck,
Our purpofe may hold there; but ftay, what noyfe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faft they follow: your Sifter's drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd, ò where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That fhowes his horrify leaues in the glaffie ftreame,
Therewith fantaftique garlands did fhe make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dafies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our call-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A Challice for the nonce; whereon but fipping,
If he by chance efcape your venom'd ftuck,
Our purpofe may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faft they'll follow: your Sifter's drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! ò where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aflat a Brooke,
That fhowes his horrify leaues in the glaffie ftreame:
There with fantafticke Garlands did fhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name:
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weedes
The envious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell.
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad;
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she fate smiling,
Euen Mermaid-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde lively tunes incapable
As it were of her diftreffe, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownde:
Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares.
Reuenge it is muft yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. 

exeunt.

V. i. 
enter Clowne and an other.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F). 
Clambring to hang; an envious fliner broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp.
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diftreffe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be.
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pull'd the poore wretch from her melodious bay,
To muddy death.

Lear. Alas then, is she drownd? 
Queen. Drown'd, drownd.
Chambring to hang, an envious fliner broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time shee chaunted snatches of old landes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indeued
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

     Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.
     Quee. Drownd, drownd.

     Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech a fire that faine would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.  Exit.

     King. Let's follow Gertrard,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will give it start againe,
Therefore let's follow.  Exeunt.

V. i.  Enter two Clowns.

     Clowne. Is shee to bee buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully feekes her owne saluation?

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

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

V. i.  Enter two Clowns.

     Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully feekes her owne saluation?
2. Why fir?
Clowne Mary because she's drowned.
2. But she did not drown her selfe.
Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.
2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you fir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drown not my selfe:

20 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
*Ergo* I am guitle of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

2. I but see, she hath chrietian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

30 Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should have more authoritie to hang or drown
Themselves, more than other people:

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).*

*Other.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri- tian buriall.

*Clo.* How can that be. vnleffe she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

*Other.* Why 'tis found fo.

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

*Other.* Nay but heare you Goodman Delner.

*Clown.* Gine me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa- ter and drown himselfe; it is will he nil he, he goes:
Other. I tell thee he is, threfore make her grave straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Cloune. How can that be, vnleffe she drownd her selfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found fo.

Cloune. It must be so offended, it cannot be els; for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; the drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Cloune. Giue mee leave, here lyes the water, good, here standes the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners queft law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should have beene buried out a christian burial.

Cloune. Why there thou sayft, and the more pitty that great folke shoule countenance in this world to drowne or hang theselves, more then theyr euen Christian: Come my spade, there is no ancien gentlemens but Gardiners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?
Goe fetch me a ftope of drinke, but before thou
Goeft, tell me one thing, who buildes strengthen.
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone.
And will endure long.

Clowne That's pretty, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes.
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Pretty agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
does it well? the gallowes does well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houfes he buildes
Laft till Doome-day. Fetch me a ftope of beere, goe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Clo. He was the firft that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

40 Clo. What; ar't a Heathen? how doft thou under-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture fayes Adam dig'd;
could bec digge without Armes? He put another que-
tion to thee; if thou anfwereft me not to the purpofe, con-
feffe thy felfe —

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mafon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

50 Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlines a
thoufand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to thofe
that doe ill; now, thou doft ill to fay the Gallowes is
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. i.

Clowne. A was the firft that ever bore Armes.
He put another quefion to thee, if thou anfwered me not to the pur-
pose, confefse thy felfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mafon, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lines a thoufand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thofe that do ill, nowe thou
doofl ill to fay the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mafon, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queftion
next, fay a graue-maker, the houfes hee makes lafts till Doomefday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a ftoope of liquor.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (E1).

built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Too’t againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mafon, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry. now I can tell.

Clo. Too’t.

Other. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when
you are ask’t this queftion next, fay a Graue-maker: the
Houfes that he makes, lafts till Doomefday: go, get thee
to Yaughan, fetch me a ftoope of Liquor.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

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

Hor. My lord, Cuftome hath made it in him feeme no-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

Sings.

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

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his bufineffe, that
he fings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuftome hath made it in him a property of ca-

Ham. 'Tis ee'n fo; the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier feufe.

Clowne fings.

But Age with his fealing steps
hath caught me in his clutche:
V. i.

In youth when I did love did love,  
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract o the time for a my behone.
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a fings in grame-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis seen fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing steps hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer beene fuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could fing once, how the knaie iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines iawbone, that did the firft murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hora. I might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praifed my lord such a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knaie iowles it to th’ ground, as if it were Caines Iaw-bone, that did the firft murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Affe o’re Of- fices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor- row sweet Lord: how doost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praiz’d my Lord fuch a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.

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

Ham. Looke you, there's another Horatio.
Why mai't not be the feull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow

Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's houel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leaves and free-holde,
And tenements? why that fame boxe there will scarce
Holde the conueneince of his land, and muft
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformation!
I prethee tell me Horatio,

Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I, my Lorde, and of calves-skinnes too.

Ham. Faith they prooue themselues sheepe and calves
That deale with them, or put their truft in them.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n fo; and now my Lady Wormes,
Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
Spade; heere's fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to

Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.

for and a fthrowing-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
Quillets? his Cales? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why

does he fuller this rude kname now to knocke him about
Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffe with a Sextens spade; heere's fine resolution and we had the tricke to see't, did thee bones cift no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, for and a throwling flieet

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for much a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he sufter this madde knaue now to knocke him about the fconce with a durtie shonell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognizances, his fines, his double Vouchers, his recoveries, to hane his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaifes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very Conneyances of his Lands will scarcely lie in this box, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe hane no more, ha.

Hora. Not a lot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which feek out affurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

the Sconce with a dirty Shonell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries: to hane his fine Pate full of fine Durt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaifes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conneyances of his Lands will hardly lie in this Boxe; and muft the Inheritor himfelfe hane no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

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

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?
272  The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones Scull that praifed my Lord such a ones horfe. When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee Lets queftion yonder fellow. Now my friend, whole grane is this?

Clowne Mine fir. 
Ham. But who muft lie in it? (fir.
Clowne If I fhould fay, I fhould, I fhould lie in my throat

Ham. What man muft be buried here?
Clowne No man fir.
Ham. What woman?
Clowne No woman neither fir, but indeede One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio, 
This feauen yeares hane I noted it: the toe of the pefant, Comes fo neere the heele of the countier, That hee gawkes his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing, How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Gueft is meete.

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

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

Ham. Thou doft lyce in't, to be in't and fay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

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

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.
Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

Clow You lie out out sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou liest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir. twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir; but rest her foule shee's dead.

Ham. How abolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoe vs. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeeres I hane tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant coms fo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laft king Hamlet o'recame Fortenbraffe.

Ham. How long is that since?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

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

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

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

Ham. How long is that since?
V. i.

180 Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we have many pocky corfes,
He will laft you, eight yeares, a Tanner
Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a Tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Denourer of your dead body, a great soaker.

190 Looke you, heres a feull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I ever since our last King Hamlet
Slew Fortenbraffe in combat, yong Hamlets father,
Hee that's mad.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

160 Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England.

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

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

Ham. Why?

170 Clo. 'Twill not be feene in him, there the men are as
mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loofing his wits.
Clow. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was horne: hee that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why, because he was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with looing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is fo tond with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-pon dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Upon what ground?


Ham. How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?

Clo. Fayth, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pockie Corfes now adairs, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will laft you som eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why fir, his hide is fo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horfeon dead body. Heres a Seull now: this Seul, has laime in the earth three & twenty yeeres.

18*
Ham. I mary, how came he madde? 

Clowne Faith very strangely, by looing of his wittes. 

Ham. Upon what ground? 

Clowne A this ground, in Denmarke. 

Ham. Where is he now? 

Clowne Why now they sent him to England. 

Ham. To England! wherefore? 

Clowne Why they say he shall have his wittes there, Or if he have not, tis no great matter there, It will not be seen there. 

Ham. Why not there? 

Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he. 

Ham. Whose skull was this? 

Clowne This a plague on him, a madde rogue it was, He povered once a whole flagon of Rhenishe of my head. Why do not you know him? this was one Yorickes skull. 

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore Yorick I knew him Horatio, 

A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times upon his backe, here hung thofe lippes that I have Kiffed a hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres your iefts now Yoricke? your flathes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this the must come Yoricke. Horatio, I prethee tell me one thing, doofth thou thinke that Alexander looked thus?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1). 

Ham. Whose was it? 

Clo. A whorefon mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you think it was? 

Ham. Nay, I know not. 

Clo. A peftlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renishe on my head once. This fame Scull Sir, this fame Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull. the Kings letter. 

Ham. This? 

Clo: E'ene that. 

Ham. Let mee see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Ho-
Ham. Whose was it?
Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?
Ham. Nay I know not.
Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pound a flagon of Renish on my head once: this same skull fir, was fir Yoricks skull: the Kings letter.

Ham. This?
Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite left, of moft excellent fancie, bee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorrerd in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung thofe lips that I hauke kiift I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she muft come, make her laugh at that. Prythee Horatio tell me one thing.
Hor. Even so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being but clay, why might not time bring to paffe, that he might stoppe the bounghole of a beere barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay.
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fv).

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doft thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'ene fo.

Ham. And smelt fo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene fo, my Lord.

Ham. To what bale vses we may returne Horatio.
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth into duft; the duft is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereeto he was conser-
V. i.

_Hora._ What's that my Lord?

_Ham._ Doo't thou thinke _Alexander_ lookt a this fash'ion i'th earth?

_Hora._ Een fo.

_Ham._ And fnelt fo pah.

_Hora._ Een fo my Lord.

_Ham._ To what bale vfes wee may returne _Horatio?_ Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of _Alexander_, till a find it ftopping a bunghole?

_Hor._ Twere to confider too curioufly to confider fo.

_Ham._ No faith, not a iot, but to follow him there' thether with modefty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. _Alexander_ dyed, _Alexander_ was buried, _Alexander_ returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth vve make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was converte, might they not ftoppe a Beere-barrell?  

Imperious _Cezar_ dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
Might ftoppe a hole, to kepe the wind away.  
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King.

The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?  
And with fuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
The corfe they follow, did with deprat band  
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some eftate,  
Couch we a while and marke.

_Laer._ What Ceremonie els?

_Ham._ That is _Laertes_ a very noble youth, marke.

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (Fi).

(ed) might they not ftopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall _Cezar_, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might ftop a hole to kepe the winde away.  
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

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

_Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,  
with Lords attendant._

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

_Laer._ What Cerimony elfe?

_Ham._ That is _Laertes_, a very Noble youth: Marke.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.

Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we have done all that lies in vs.

And more than well the church can tolerate.
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden foule:
And but for favour of the king, and you.
She had beene buried in the open fields.
Where now she is allowed chriftian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a miniftring Angell
shall my fitter be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire Ofelia dead!
Queen Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorn my bridale bed, faire maidie,
And not to follow thee vnto thy grave.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Lear. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.

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

Lear. Muft there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We shoulde prophan the fereuce of the dead.
Laer. What Ceremonie el's?
Doct. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-fwayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd
till the laft trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Charitys,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringying home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muft there no more be done?
Doct. No more be done,
We should prophane the service of the dead.

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlifh Priest,
A miniftring Angell fhall my Sifter be
When thou lyeft howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia,
Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shoul'dt haue been my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue ftrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall tenne times double on that curled head,
Lear. Forbear the earth a while: fitter farewell:

Leartes leaps into the grave.

Now powre your earth on Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde Pellon: \textit{Hamlet leaps in after Leartes}

What's he that coniures so?


Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is somthing in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

I lou'de Ofelia as deere as twenty brothers could:

\textit{The Tragedie of Hamlet} (F1).

Whole wicked deed, thy moft Ingenious fence
Depruin'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your duft, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made.
To o're top old Pellon, or the skyith head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphais? whose phrafe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ftand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The deuill take thy foule.
Whole wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
Deprined thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duft vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old Pelion, or the skyefh head
Of blew Olymous.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrafe of sorrow
Coniures the wandring stars, and makes them f tand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laeer. The devill take thy foule,

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenative rafh, (from my throat.
Yet haue I in me fomething dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this themae

Vntill my eielids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what themae?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thoufand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my funme. What wilt thou doo for her.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Thou prai'ft not well,
1 prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatue, and rafh,
Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifeneffe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme.

Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thoufand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Lone)
Make vp my funme. What wilt thou do for her?
V. i.

Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt faft, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp veffels, eate a crocodile? He doot:

300 Com'ft thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a line,
Here let vs ftand; and let them throw on vs.
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the fea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Dove:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham What is the reafon fir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gane you caufe: but ftand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

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

Ham. Come fhow me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weape? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy felfe?
Woo't drinke vp Eflie, eate a Crocodile?

300 He doot. Doft thou come heere to whine:
To outface me with leaping in her Grane?
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone.
Make Offa like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth.
He rant as well as thou.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. i.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Quee. For lone of God forbeare him.

Ham. 'S'wounds fhew me what th'owt doc:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thyelfe.
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile?

He doo't, dooft come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone
Make Offa like a wart, may and thou'lt mouthe.
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneffe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him.
Anon as patient as the female Done

When that her golden cuplets are difclofed
His filence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reafon that you vfe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himfelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will hae his day.

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our laft nights speech.
Weele put the matter to the prefent pufh:
Good Gertrude fet fome watch ouer your fonne.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Kin. This is meere Madneffe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Done.

When that her golden Cuplet are difclo'd:
His filence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reafon that you vfe me thus?
I lou'd you euer: but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himfelfe doe what he may.
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will hae his day.

Kin. I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him.
Strengthen you patience in our laft nights speech,
Wee'll put the matter to the prefent pufh:
Good Gertrude fet fome watch ouer your Sonne.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.

Queene. Alas, it is his madness makes him thus.
And not his heart, Leartes.

King. My lord, tis so: but we'll no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drink his last,
For prefently we mean to fend to him,
Therfore Leartes be in readiness.

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

King. Come Gertred, wee'll have Leartes, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Even as they tender vs, and lune their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. exequunt omnes.

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

320 This Grave shall have a lining Monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

V. ii. Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other.
You doe remember all the Circumstances.

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 matines in the Bilboes, rashly.
V. i.

This grave shall have a living monument,
   An hour of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.  Exeunt.

V. ii.  Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

_Ham._ So much for this fir, now shall you see the other.
You doe remember all the circumstance,
_Hora._ Remember it my Lord.
_Ham._ Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd be rashnes for it; let vs knowe,
   Our indifcretion sometime serves vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that shou'd learne vs
   There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
   _Hora._ That is most certaine.
_Ham._ Up from my Cabin,
   My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew

_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (Fi).

(And praise be rashness for it) let vs know,
Our indifcretion sometimes serves vs well.
When our deare plots do paule, and that shou'd teach vs,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
   _Hor._ That is most certaine.
_Ham._ Up 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 fo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale
Their grand Commissiion, where I found Horatio,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command.

Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too.
With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the supernize no leasure bated.
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Ift possible?

Ham. Here's the Commissiion, read it at more leasure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did procced?
V. ii.

To mine owne roome againe, making fo bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their granmd commifion; where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command

20 Larded with many feueral forts of reafons.
Importing Denmarke health, and Englands to,
With hoe fuch bugges and goblines in my life.
That on the superuife no leaufure bated.
No not to ftay the grinding of the Axe.
My head shoulde be fstroke off.

Hora. It's pofsible?

Ham. Heeres the commifion, read it at more leaufure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines.

30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play. I fat me downe,
Denifd a new commifion. wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statifts doe,
A bafeneffe to write faire, and laboured much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yeomans feruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneft coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,

40 As love betweene them like the palme might florifh,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents.
Without debatement further, more or lese,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time allowed.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Model of that Denish Scale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other.
Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debateament further more or leffe,
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not shrining time alow'd.

_Hora._ How was this seald?

_Ham._ Why even in that was heaven ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danifh seale.
Folded the writ vp in the forme of the other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was frequent
Thou knowest already.

_Hora._ So Guyldeyne and Rofineanes goe too't.

_Ham._ They are not neere my confience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe.

Tis dangerous when the bafer nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this?

_Ham._ Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes.
Ham. beleev me, it greens mee much Horatio.
That to Lear? I forgot my felfe:
For by my felfe me thinkes I feele his grieve.
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke you water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.

Gent. Now God fane thee, sweete prince Hamlet.

Ham. And you fit: fo?, how the muske cod smels!

Gen. I come with an embaffage from his maiety to you

Ham. I shall fir gine you attention:

By my troth me thinkes tis very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conficence,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further enill.

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

Ham. It will be short,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to fay one: but I am very forry good Horatio.
That to Laer? I forgot my felfe:
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee
The Portraiture of his; He count his favours:
But fare the bravery of his grieve did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. ii.

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cuffmage, i't not perfect conſience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you fir.

Doof know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beafts, and his
crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I say, ſpacious
in the poſſefſion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordſhippe were at leaſure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maieſtie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir withall diligence of ſpirit, your bonnet
to his right ſe, ſtis for the head.

Cour. 1 thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter young Ofricke.

Ofr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Den-

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

Hora. 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 Beaff
be Lord of Beafts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings
Meffe: 'tis a Chowgh; but as I say ſpacious in the po-
ſſeſſion of durt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leaſure,
I shouſd impart a thing to you from his Maiſteſt.

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

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

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

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q).

V. ii.

Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very fwoletry hole:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very fowelry, as 'twere 283s
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me fig- nitie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.
Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultre, as t’were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my caye in good faith, sir here is newly com to Court Laertes, believe me an abolute gentlemen, ful of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would fee.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuenitorially, would doe th’arithmatische of memory, and yet but yaw neither in refpect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of exultment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rareneffe, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirror, & who els would trace him. his vmbra, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordfhip fpeakes moft infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Itt not pofsible to vnderftand in another tongue, you will too’t fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all’s golden words are fpent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, leaft I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine caye in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side.
Six Barbary horfe, againft fix french rapiers.
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages;
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

**Ham.** The carriages sir. I do not know what you mean.

**Gent:** The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

**Ham.** The worde had bee more cofin german to the phrafe, if he could have carried the canon by his side, And howe's the wager? I understand you now.

**Gent.** Mary sir, that yong Learbes in twelue venies At Rapier and Dagger do not get three odes of you, And on your side the King hath laide, And defires you to be in readineffe.

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

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**The Tragedie of Hamlet** (F1).

**Ham.** What's his weapon?

**Ofr.** Rapier and dagger.

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

**Ofr.** The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor- 
es, againft the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or fo; three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reponfine to the hilts, moft delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

**Ham.** What call you the Carriages?

**Ofr.** The Carriages Sir. are the hangers.

**Ham.** The phrafe would bee more tereaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides: I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Hor-
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. ii.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's unfollowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

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

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him fix Barbary horaces against the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapiers and Poynards, with their asignes, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to the hits, moft delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you muft be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more lerman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides. I would it be hangers till then. but on, fix Barbry horces against fix French swords their asignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danifh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paffes betweene your felfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits; hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord the opposition of your perfon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maieftie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

fes against fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danifh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofir. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; he hath one twelue for nine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

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

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maieftie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foylees bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. ii.

**Gent.** My Lord, prefently, the king and her maiefty, With the reft of the beft judgement in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

**Ham.** Goe tel his maieftie. I wil attend him.

**Gent.** I shall deliuer your moft sweet anfwer. *exit.*

**Ham.** You may fir, none better for y'are fpiced, Elfe he had a bad nofe coulil not fnell a foole.

**Hor.** He will difclofe himfelfe without inquirie.

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King hold his purpofe; I will win for him if I can: if not, He gaine nothing but my fhame, and the odde hits.

**Ofir.** Shall I redeliuer you ee'n fo?

**Ham.** To this effect Sir, after what flourith your na-
ture will.

**Ofir.** I commend my duty to your Lordship.

**Ham.** Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himfelfe, there are no tongues elfe for's tongue.

**Hor.** This Lapwing runs away with the fhell on his head.
Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus hath he and mine more of the same breed that I know the droffie age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of hasty collection, which carries them through and through the moft prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he fends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. [95

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene defires you to vfe some gentle entertainment Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well in structs me.

Hora. You will loofe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee fuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beautie that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the moft fond and winnowed opinions: and doe but blowe them to their trialls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lofe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the fodaine
Very fore all here about.
*Hor*. My lord forbeare the challenge then.

*Ham.* No *Horatio*, not l, if danger be now.
Why then it is not to come, theres a predefinite prouidence,
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Learles, Lordes.*

*King* Now fonne *Hamlet*, we haue laied vpon your head,
And make no quetion but to haue the beft.
*Ham.* Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker fide.
*King* We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.
*Ham.* Firft Learles, heere's my hand and fone,
Protefting that I neuer wrongd *Learles*.
If *Hamlet* in his madneffe did amiffe,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Learles*,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the houfe,
And hurt my brother.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F1).

I haue beene in continuall practice: I fhall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldeft not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.
*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.
*Ham.* It is but foolery: but it is fuch a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.
*Hor.* If your minde diflike any thing, obey. I will forefay their repaire hither, and fay you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury: there's a fpecial prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now: yet it will come: the readineffe is all, fince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-times?
in continuall practife, I fhall winne at the odds: thou would'st not thinke how ill all's here about my hart, but it is no matter.

_Hora._ Nay good my Lord.

_Ham._ It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgining, as would perhapses trouble a woman.

_Hora._ If your minde diflike any thing, obay it. I will forfait their repaire hether, and fay you are not fit.

230 _Ham._ Not a whit, we defie angury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now. if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, sine no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ift to leaue betimes, let be.

_A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes._

_King._ Come _Hamlet_, come and take this hand from me.

_Ham._ Gife me your pardon Sir, I haue done you wrong. But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preference knowes.

240 And you muft needs haue heard how I am punifht With a fore diftraction, what I haue done That might your nature, honor, and exception Rougly awake. I heare proclame was madneffe. Wast _Hamlet_ wronged _Laertes_? neuer _Hamlet_. If _Hamlet_ from himelfe be tane away.
Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,  
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,  
And will no reconcilement,  
Till by some elder maisters of our time  
I may be satisfied.
And when hee's not himfelfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who dooes it then? his madneffe. Ift be fo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneffe is poore Hamlets enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrowe ore the honfe
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature.
Whose motine in this cale shoulde stirre me moft
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maifters of knowne honor
I have a voyce and prefident of peace
To my name vnorg'd: but all that time
I doe receaue your offer'd lone. like lone,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankely play.
Gine vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. He be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
Till by some elder Maifters of knowne Honor.
I have a voyce, and prefident of peace
To keepe my name vnorg'd. But till that time.
I do receaue your offer'd lone like lone.
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely.
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Gine vs the Foyle: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkeft night.
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.
King. Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle Leartes, these foyles.
Hau[e al]l a laught, come on fir: a hit.

Lear. No none.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. Give them the Foyles yong Ofricke, Conffen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a' th'weaker fide.
King. I do not feare it,
I hau[e feene you both:
But fince he is better'd, we hau[e therefore oddes.
Lae[r. This is too heauy,
Let me fee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles hau[e all a length. Prepare to play.
Ofricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table;
If Hamlet gie the firft, or fcond hit,
280 Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange.
V. ii.

270 King. Giue them the foiles young Ostricke, cofin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.
    Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.
    King. I doe not feare it, I haue feene you both.
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.
    Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.
    Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.
    Ostr. I my good Lord.
    King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If Hamlet giue the first or secong hit,

280 Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure successefull Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue wonne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heaven to earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets the while.

290 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.
    Ham. Come on fir.
    Laer. Come my Lord.
    Ham. One.
    Laer. No.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.)

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 successeful Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue wonne.
Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet. Come, begin,

290 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.
    Ham. Come on fir.
    Laer. Come on fir. They play.
    Ham. One.
    Laer. No.
V. ii.

Ham. Judgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe. 

Ham. Another. Judgement.

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

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

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

King Gine him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'le have another bowt firft, 
I'le drinke anone.

Queene Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee. 

Shee drinkes.

King Do not drinke Gertred: O t'is the poyfned cup!

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Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me,

I pray you passe with your moft cunningfit play.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Ham. Judgement.

Ofrr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Gine him the cup,

Trumpets found, and shot goes off.

Ham. He play this bout firft, fet by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and feant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowfes to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.
V. ii.

Ham. Judgement.
Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.  
Drum, trumpets and shot.
Laer. Well, againe.  
Florish, a peece goes off.

King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. He play this bout firft, let it by a while

Come, another hit.  What say you?

Laer. I doe confeft.
King. Our fonne shall winne.
Qu. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrard doe not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyfned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your beft violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

King. Gertrude, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
1 I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your beft violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Lear. I'! say you so? haue at you,  
Ile hit you now my Lord:  
And yet it goes almoft againft my confcience.

Ham. Come on fir.  
They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,  
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.  
King Looke to the Queene.  
Queene O the drinke. the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.  
Ham. Treafon, ho, keepe the gates.  
Lords How ift my Lord Leartes?  
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe shoul'd,  
Foolifhly ftaine with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an hour of life,  
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.  
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poyned,  
That drinke was made for thee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fl).  
Laer. Say you fo? Come on.  
Laer. Haue at you now.  
In fouchling they change Rapiers.  
King. Part them, they are incens'd.  
Ham. Nay come, againe.  
Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.  
Hor. They bleed on both fides. How ift my Lord?  
Ofr. How ift Laertes?  
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke  
To mine Sprindge, Ofricke,  
I am inftly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenft.
Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How if Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindeg Ostrick, I am unjustly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. Shee founds to see them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ó my deare Hamlet, The drinke the drinke, I am poyfned.
Ham. Oh villanie, how let the doore be lock't, Treachery, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine, No medecin in the world can doe thee good, In thee there is not halfe an houres life, The treacherous instrunmet is in my hand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. How does the Queene?
King. Shee founds to see them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke, I am poyfon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd. Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet.
Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good. In thee, there is not halfe an houres of life; The Treacherous Infrument is in thy hand,
Ham. The poyfned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome. die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. \(\text{The king dies.}\)

Lear. O he is juftly ferued;
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
340 And withall, my lone; I doe forgie thee. \(\text{Lear tes dies.}\)

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.
Then a Dane, here is some poifon left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
330 Neuer to rife againe: Thy Mothers poyfon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke. \(\text{Hurts the King.}\)

All. Treafon, Treafon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceftuous, murdrous.
Damned Dane.
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. \(\text{King Dyes.}\)

Lear. He is juftly feru'd.
It is a poyfon temp'red by himfelfe:
V. ii.

Vnbated and euemon'd, the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felte on me, loe heere I lie

330 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poyfned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point euemon'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou inceftious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Lacer. He is iuftly ferued, it is a poyfon temperd by himfelfe,

340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ftrict in his arreft, ó I could tell you,
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

350 Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufe a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet fome liquor left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ftrick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be; Horatio, I am dead,

350 Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet fome Liquor left.
Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,  
O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldest die,  
What a scandale wouldeft thou leaue behinde?  
What tongue shoulde tell the story of our deaths,  
If not from thee? O my heart finkest Horatio.  
Mine eyes haue loft their sight, my tongue his vie:  
Farewel Horatio, heauen receiue my foule.  
Ham. dies.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.  
enter Fortenbraffe with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloody fight?  
Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you’d behold,  
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. As th’art a man, giue me the Cup.  
Let go, by Heauen lle haue’t.  
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
(Things standing thus vknowne) shall line behinde me.  
If thou dide’st euer hold me in thy heart.  
Abfent thee from felicitie awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine.  
To tell my Storie.  
March aquare off, and shout within.

What warlike noyfe is this?  

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong Fortunbras, with conquest come fro Poland  
To th’Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.  
Ham. O I dye Horatio;  
The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my sprit,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. ii.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by heauen He hate,
O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didn't ever hold me in thy hart,
Abfent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harfth world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noife is this?

Enter Oftric.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraffe with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embaftadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophesie th'election lights
On Fortinbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and leffe
Which have folicited, the reft is silence.

Hor. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft.
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embaftadors.

For. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would fee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your fearch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe,
Which have folicited. The reft is silence. O, o, o, o. Dyes

Hor. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

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

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would fee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your fearch.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. ii.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?

(loud,)

Ambaff. Our ambassie that we have brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O moft moft unlooked for time! unhappy country.

Hor. Content your felnes, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first begining of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be readie vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story told.
That neuer mortall man could more vntoold.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For. His quarry cries on haucokke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shooe.
So bloudily haft strooke.

Amb. The sight is difmall,
And our affaires from England come too late.
The eares are fenfclesse that shoud giue vs hearing.
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Rosincrance and Guildensterne are dead:
Where shoud we haue our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, ó pron’d death
What feaft is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou fo many Princes at a shot
So bloodily haft strook?
Embaf. The fight is difmall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are fenceleffe that shound gine vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilld,
That Riſencraus and Guyldenſterne are dead,
Where shound we haue our thankes?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th’ability of life to thanke you;
He never gaue commandement for their death;
But since fo iump vpon this bloody queftion
You from the Pollack warres, and you from England.
Are heere arrived, gine order that thefe bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me fpeare, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; fo fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, cafuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no caufe
And in this vpl’hot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on th’inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nobleft to the audience,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

But since fo iumpe vpon this bloodie queftion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Gine order that thefe bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me fpeare to th’yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, cafuall slaughters
Of death’s put on by cunning, and forc’d caufe,
And in this vpl’hot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Nobleft to the Audience.
Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome, Which now to claime my leisures doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefe Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a foundier to his grave:
For he was likely, had he lived,
To a prou'd most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights, of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

_Hora._ Of that I shall have also cause to speak.
And from his mouth, whose voice will draw to no more,
But let this fame be presently perform'd
Even while men's minds are wide, lest more mischief
On plots and errors happen.

_For._ Let four captains
Beare _Hamlet_ like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the right of war
Speake loudly for him:
Take up the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but here shews much amis.
Goe bid the soldiers shoot.

_Exeunt._

FINIS.
CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

p. 21, l. 17, dele comma after thine.
p. 21, l. 3 from bottom, read looke.
p. 25, l. 20, read chieft.
p. 26, l. 1 from bottom, read shoul'd.
p. 32, l. 12, read Apparition comes: I.
p. 43, l. 11 from bottom, put colon after indgument.
p. 55, l. 3 from bottom, read sulphurous.
p. 56, l. 4, read my.
p. 61, l. 7 from bottom, read duphacht.
p. 62, l. 6 from bottom, for he, read be (b imperfect, very like h).
p. 73, l. 5 from bottom, the n in drabbing is turned (but looks like n. only somewhat imperfect, in Halliwell's facsimile).
p. 79, l. 8, put full stop after me.
p. 86, l. 4 from bottom, for second our, read out (t very like v).
p. 87, l. 1 from bottom, read Enterprize.
p. 88, l. 1, read of.
p. 90, l. 1 from bottom, for stav, read stay (y imperfect, very like v).
p. 91, l. 14 from bottom, read "mone" (in Halliwell's facsimile, however, the word looks like "mone").
p. 94, l. 14 from bottom, read Not.
p. 100, l. 6 from bottom, full stop after Lord is correct (comma in Booth's reprint).
p. 101, l. 12 from bottom, read Wee'l (looks like Wee'l in Halliwell's facsimile).
p. 102, l. 5 from bottom, read whether.
p. 103, l. 7 from bottom, read rill (i. e. fter|rill).
p. 113, l. 23, read Striking.
p. 114, l. 11 from bottom, Prifoner is correct (prifoner in Booth's reprint).
p. 125, l. 11 from bottom, put colon after it.
p. 138, l. 1 from bottom, put comma after him.
p. 146, l. 20 from bottom, c in kercher may be c.
p. 150, l. 13, s in was indistinct.
p. 155, l. 5 from bottom, read barren (very much like barron in Halliwell's facsimile).
p. 157. l. 2, dele one the.
p. 158. l. 9, put full stop after face.
p. 160. l. 13 from bottom, read feed.
p. 165. l. 16 from bottom, put comma after extremitie.
p. 170. l. 9, read kepe.
p. 177. l. 13, gteat can hardly be read great (although t and r are often very much alike).
p. 182. ll. 12 to 16 should stand two lines lower down.
p. 205. l. 21, for second if, read it.
p. 207. l. 12 from bottom, read "Ham."
p. 227. l. 3 from bottom, put full stop after "distracted".
p. 229. l. 9, snow may be snow (but it is often impossible to distinguish between t and f).
p. 230. l. 10 from bottom, put full stop after Valentine.
p. 231. l. 11, read promifd.
p. 232. l. 3 from bottom, put comma after judgment.
p. 242. l. 2 from bottom, read right.
p. 251. l. 16 from bottom, put full stop after "Meffen".
p. 265. l. 8, read the.
p. 269. l. 15, read twere.
p. 269. l. 18, read it.
p. 270. l. 8 from bottom, dele full stop after "Spade" (full stop in Booth's reprint).
p. 275. l. 2, horne may be borne (b imperfect).
p. 277. l. 9 from bottom, put full stop after it.
p. 278. l. 1 from bottom, read he.
p. 288. ll. 6 and 7 from bottom, put commas at end of lines (colon after life in Booth's reprint).
p. 312. l. 3 from bottom, this can hardly be read this.
p. 316. l. 11 from bottom, I distinct in Br. Mus. copy C. 39. i. 12 (very like T in Halliwell's facsimile).
p. 316. l. 10 from bottom, ro (for to) is distinct.