To copies only printed by the
Directions and at the expense of
His Grace the late Duke of Devonshire.
These were all contributed to English
Foreign universities. But they did not
come to any few to private individuals.

May some
THE
Tragical Histories of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark
By William Shakspeare.

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

At London printed for N.L. and John Trundell.
1603.
The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

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,
O farewell honest soildier, who hath releued you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I have seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.
    Hor. Tut, 't will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights scene.
    Hor. Wel, sitt we downe, and let vs heare Bernardo speake
of this.
2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoketo.
Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that thus vshirps the state, in
Which the Maieftie of buried Danmarke did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.
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 answer.
2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantastie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar.
Prince of Denmark.

**Mar.** Is it not like the King?

**Hor.** As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very armor he had on,

When he the ambitious Norway combated.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle

Helmet the leaded pollax on the yce,

Tis strange.

**Mar.** Thustwice before, and lump at this dead hower,

With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

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

But in the thought and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

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

Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,

So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,

And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon

And forraine marte, for implements of warre,

Why such impress of ship-writes, whose sore taske

Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:

What might be toward that this sweaty march

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who is't that can informe me?

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

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

Braffe of Norway,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to

The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,

For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,

Did slay this Fortenbraffe,

Who by a scale compact well ratified, by law

And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His lands which he stoode seazed of by the conqueror,

Against the which a moity competent,

Was gaged by our King:

Now sir, yong Fortenbraffe,

Of inapprouched mettle hot and full,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Shark't up a sight of lawless Resolves
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a strokeack in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chief head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

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

2. Tis heere.  
Hor. Tis heere.

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

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

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

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirit dare walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in parte believe it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes o’re the dew of yon hie mountain top,
Break we our watch vp, and by my advice,
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Unto yong Hamlet: for upon my life
This Spirit dumb to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needesfull in our loue, fitting our duty?

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

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

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbrasse,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and wee heere dispatch
Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
Forbearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giving 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, heartily farewell:
And now Leartes what’s the newes with you?
You said you had a sute what i’dt Leartes?

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

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Shark vp a sight of lawlefe Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
It crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
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This Spiritie dumb to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, we shall acquaint him with it,
As needesfull in our love, fitting our dutie?

Marc. Let’s doo’t I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

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and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

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You said you had a suit what is’t Leartes?

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Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, Learst?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
And I befeech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

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

Lear. In all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to Wittenberg,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All Denmarke hope our cousin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, tis not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauior in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,

Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,

Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King. This shews a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so halbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceaze laments,
It is a fault gainft heauen, fault gainft the dead,
A fault gainft nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,

None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

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

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

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

But the great Canon to the clouds shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke into Prince Hamlet.
   Exeunt all but Hamlet.

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

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

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant 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 euen sir:
   But what is your affaire in Elfenoure?
   We cleateach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hor. A traitant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make me true of your owne report against your selfe:

Sir, I know you are no traitant:

But what is your affaire in Elsinoure?

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. O I pray 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 furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen

Ere euerm I had seene that day Horatio;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my minde's eye Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while

With an attentive care, till I may 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,

Armed to poynct, exactly Capapea

Appeares before them thrice, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.

Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly,
With the act of fear stands dumb,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadful secrecie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.

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

Ham. Where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed first, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed say ye?

All. Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Why then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

Ham. How lookt he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pale

C

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you.

Her. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Her. It would a much amazed you.

Ham. Yea very like, very like, faid it long?

Her. While one with moderate pace

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.

Ham. His beard was grisfeld, no.

Her. It was as I haue feene it in his life,

A Fable silver.

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.

Her. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers perfon,

I lespeake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,

And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,

If you haue hither concealed this sight,

Let it be tenible in your silence still,

And whatsoever else shall chance to night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue,

I will requit your loues, so fare you well,

Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. excunt.

Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,

Farewell, my fathers spirit in Aimes,

Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,

Would the night were come,

Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rife

Though all the world oerwhelm them to mens eies. Exit.

Enter Learie and Ofelia.

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard,

But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:

I see Prince Hamlet makes a shew of loue

Beware Ofelia, do not trust his vowes,

Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Prince of Denmarke.

Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sifter,
The Charieft made is prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue Ophelia, therefore kepe a loose
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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

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

Enter Coramkins.

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

C 2

Thou
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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 i'f Ofelia he hath saide to you?

Ofel. Somthing touching the prince Hamlet.

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

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

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

Ofel. And withall, such earneft vowes.

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

Ofel. I shall obay 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 vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Desire;
Come in Ofelia, such men often proue,
" Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord. exectunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

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

Mar. No, tis strucke.
Prince of Denmark.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse, keep a waftel and the swaggering vp-spring recoles, and as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe, the kettell, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out, the triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?
Ham. I mary itt and though I am native here, and to the maner borne, it is a custome, more honourd in the breach, then in the observance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs, be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell: be thy intents wicked or charitable, thou commest in such questionable shape, that I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance, but say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher, in which wee saw thee quietly inter'd, hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, to call thee vp againe: what may this meane, that thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele, requiiltes thus the glimses of the Moone, making night hideous, and we fooles of nature, so horribly to shake our disposition, with thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules? say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane? Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something to impart to you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action it waues you to a more remoued ground,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 soueraigntie of reason,
And drive you into madnesse : thinke of it.

*Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

*Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

*Ham.* Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnessee,
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 petty Arteue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heaven ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

*Hor.* He waxeth desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Danmarke.

*Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

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

*Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

*Ghost* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

*Ham.* Alas povere Ghost.

*Ghost* Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding

Lend
Lend thy listening ear, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up 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 hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this same blazon must not be, to cares of flesh and blood

Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy deere father loute.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Revenge his foule, and most unnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghoist Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine most foule, beastly, and unnaturall.

Ham. Hastie me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may swepe to my revenge.

Ghoist O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldest thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease

On Lethe wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Profles of my death rankely abuse:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did stung
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

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

Ghoist Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that have the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertue, as it never will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
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,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leave her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience heares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
Hamlet adue,adue,adue : remember me.  

Exit

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

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

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Mar. Ill, lo, lo, lo, ho, ho, ho, come boy, come.
Hor. Heaven's secure him.
Mar. How is't my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it.
Ham. No not I, you'll reuace it.
Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'll be secret.
Both. I by heauen, my lord.
Ham. There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There need no Ghost come from the grave to tell
you this.
Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Every man hath busines, and defires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.
Hor. Those are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you; hartely, yet faith hartily.
Hor. There'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 desires to know what is betwenee vs,
Or e'maister it as you may:
And now kind friends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What is't my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.
Gho. Sweare.

The Gost under the stage.
Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the selleringe,
Here consent to sweare.
Hor. Propofe the oth my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.
Gost. Sweare.
Ham. His & vbiqve; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Well saied old Mole, can't worke in the earth?
so faft, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
Hor. 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 here, as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde loere I bære my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ghoft. sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come leett's go together,
But still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come leett's go together. Exeunt.

Enter Coramnis, and Montano.

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

Mon. I will my lord.

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

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

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

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.

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

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

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

Enter Ofelia;

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

Cor. Why what's the matter my Ofelia?

Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The jewell that ador'd his feature most
Is filcht 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 shooes vn tide,
And fixt his eyes to stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while he floode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclasp his holde, and parts away
Slient, as is the midtime 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
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

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

Let's to the King, this madness may prooue,
Though wilda a while, yet more true to thy loue.  

Enter King and Queen, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

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

Doe this, the king of Denmarke shall be thankesfull.

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

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

King Thankses Gilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.

Lve. Thankses Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

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

King Thou still haft beene the father of good news.

D 3  Cor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Queene God graunt he hath.

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 levies, which to him appear'd To be a preparation against the Polacke: But better look't into, he truly found It was against your Highness, whereat grieved, That is, his sickenesse, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortenbraffe, which he in briefe obays, Receivess rebuke from Norway: and in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To giue the assay of Armes against your Maistrie, Whereon olde Norway overcome with joy, Giveth him three thousand crownes in annuall fee, And his Commission to employ those Souldiers, So leuied as before, against the Polacke, With an intreaty heerein further shewne, That it would please you to giue quiet passe Through your dominions, for that enterprize 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 answere these his Articles, Meane time we thankke you for your well Tookel labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together: Right welcome home. exeunt Ambassadors.

Cor.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Queene Good my Lord he briefe.
Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
Haue while thee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliever'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.
Cor. Marke my Lord.

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

To the beautifull Ofelia:
Thine ever the moft unhappy Prince Hamlet.
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a moft louing subiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter,thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your ftarre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue;
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.

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

And
The Tragedy of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weakness of the braine
Into this frenzy, which now possest 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
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances lead me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deep as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this same?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let Ofelia, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then lone,
Then let my censure faile another time.

King. see where hee comes poring vpon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Que. With all my hart. exit.

Cor. And here Ofelia, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloosfe, the King shal be vnseene.

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

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

Ham. Are you faire?
Ofel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you honest?
Ofel. What meanes my Lord?
Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty shoulde admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better pruiledge than with honesty?

Ham. Yea, marie may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawde;
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I never gaue you nothing.

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

Ham. I never loued you.

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

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

Ofel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

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

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue 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 needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters 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 selues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance,
A pox, tis scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
Prince of Denmarke.

To a Nunnery goe. exit.

Of. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this? The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him, All daft and splinterd thence, O woe is me,

To a seene what I have seene, see what I see. exit.

King Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, Enter King and Corambis.

Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Cor. Wel somthing it is: my Lord, content you a while, I will my selfe goe seele him: let me worke, I try him every way: see where he comes, Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. exit King.

Now my good Lord, do you know me? Enter Hamlet.

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

Cor. Not I my Lord.

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

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I mean the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:

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

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

Ham.

E 2
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

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

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

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

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

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

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

Gil. What say you?
Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
Come, you were sent for.

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Ross. I thinke not so my lord.

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

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

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

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainement the Players shall haue,

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

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Ros. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

Those that you tooke delight to see so often.

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

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

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that

Came to them, are turned to priuate 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 uncles, when my father liued,

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 vs his foyle and target,

The louer shall figh gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh

That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt

And the Lady shall have leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man

Is twice a childe.

Ham. Ile prophacie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the

You say true, a monday laft, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

When Rosios was an Actor in Rome.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,

Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall, Historickall, Historickall, Comicall, Comicall historickall, Pastorall, Tragedy historickall:

Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:

For the law hath writ those are the only men.

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

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

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Will tell you all: for look you where my abridgement cometh:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, Enter players.
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to heard me in Denmarke?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God for your voyce, like a pece of uncurrant
Gold, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Welle euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Qualitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Never aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was caiuari
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their judgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no gallets in the lines to make the sawory,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Eneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes Slaughter,
If it live in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrrus, like th' arganian beast:
Not is not so, it begins with Pirrus:
O I have it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
Now is he toall guise, horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfader Pryam seekes:
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 resift.
Pyrrus at Pryam driues, but all in rage,
Stikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued fatherfalles.

Cor. Enough my friend, tis too long.

Ham. It shal to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or else he sleepe, come on to Hecuba, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?
Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and fear of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademme stooode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,

Would
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

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

Ham. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstrac'ts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better have a bad Epitaph,
Then their ill report while you live.

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

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

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of Gon'sago?

Players Yes my Lord.

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

Players Yes very easely my good Lord.

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

GIL. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

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

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

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

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

F   Gil
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gil. My lord, we have done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefs,
But still he puts us off, and by no meanes
Would make an answer to that we expose.

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

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

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

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

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King. Thanks to you both: Gertred you'll see this play.

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

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

King. What i' the Corambis? (done,

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

King. It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?

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

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

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

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

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

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

players I warrant you my Lord.

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

In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon;
And, your beeere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of teasts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a left
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maitsters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

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

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

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

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.

There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they have
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that A & afoote,
Markethou the King; doe but obserue his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

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

Ham. Hark, they come.

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

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

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
feede
Trine of Denmark.

I father: My lord, you play'd in the University.

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 Cæsar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,

To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

Hamlet come sit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-

Lady will you give me leauce, and so forth: (trætiue:

To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord.

Ham. Upon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
Enter in a Dumbbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sit-
downe in an Arbor, she leaves him: Then enters Luci-
 anus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him
dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What means this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.

Ham. This is my ching Mallico, that means my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew means?

Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'le nor be afeard to tell:

O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'ft a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

Ofel. T'is short my Lord.

Ham. As womens love.

Enter the Duke and Duchiessa.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,

Since
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

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

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

Ham. O wormwood, wormwood!

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

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

Ham. If she should breake now.

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

Duchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betwixt us twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queen The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

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

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No offence in the world, poison in theest, poison in theest.

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

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

The image of a murder done in guiana, Albertus
Was the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
Father, it is a knauish pecce 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 loue you beare, if I sawe the poopies dallying.

Ofel. Ya're very pleasant my lord.

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

Ofel. Nay, tis twice two months, my Lord.

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

Ofel. Your iefts are keene my Lord.

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

Ofel. Still better and worse.

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

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

Ham.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. He pays for him for his estate.
King. Lights, I will to bed.
Cor. The king rises, lights his own.

Exeunt King and Lords.

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

Hor. The king is mooued my lord.

Hor. I Horatio, I'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in Denmarke.

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Ros. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?
Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Ros. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let us againe intreate
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-
Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother.
Ros. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?
Ham. I pray will you play upon this pipe?
Ros. Alas my lord I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
Tis but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will give most delicate musick.
Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I befeech you.
Ros. My lord wee cannot.
Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of You
Prince of Denmarke

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

Ros. How a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, a spunge, thatakes vp the kings
Countenance, favours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king, in the end, best seruise;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
Then swallows you: so when he hath need
Of you, t'is but squeezing of you,
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Ros. Wel my Lord we'le take our leave.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blest you.
Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

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

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.

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

Cor. T'is back't like a weasell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

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

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. exit Horatio.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let me re the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Exit the King.

King  O that this wet that faileth upon my face
Would wash the crime cleare from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespaſſe,
The earth doth still criе out vpon my fait,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:
Why saye thy sinnes were blacker then is iеat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act against the vniverſall power,
Moſt wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from deſpaire.

hee kneels.  enters Hamlet

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

King  My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.

No
Prince of Denmark.

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

Enter Queene and Corambis.

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

Queene Do fo my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?

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

Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

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

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

Helpehoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

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

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King,nay fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitrable stufse,
I le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?

Queene Hamlet, what mean'ft thou by these killing

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

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like 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 same have you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! have you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deceased husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queen O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarke's minde,
For a king of clownts, of very shore.

Queen Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to persif and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of sinname,
To make increase of shame, to scale damnation.

Queen Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Whoe'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queen Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and kepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gonne.

Save me, save me, you gratious
Powers above, and houer over mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Do you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookees so pittifull!
Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
Prince of Denmarke.

And every part that should assist revenge,
Forgo their proper powers, and fall to pity.

Ghost Hamlet, I once again appear to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Do not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceive by thy distracted looks,
Thy mother's fearful, and she stands amazed:
Speak to her Hamlet, for her sex is weak,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, think on me.

Ham. How i'ft with you Lady?

Queen Nay, how i'ft with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why do you nothing heare?

Queen Not I.

Ham. Nor do you nothing see?

Queen No neither.

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steals away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. 

Exit ghost.

Queen Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe.
But as I have a soule, I sweare by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

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

Queen Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,

That
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will concile, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt devise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'll proide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

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

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

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

Gil. We will my Lord. Exeunt Lordes.

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

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

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

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Prince of Denmarke.

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 services, two dishes to one melle:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King. What of this?

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

King. But sonne Hamlet, where is this body?

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

King. Make haste and finde him out.

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

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

Ham. O with all my heart: farewel mother.

King. Your louing father; Hamlet.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flessh,
And so (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.

exceunt all but the king.

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

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

Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

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

enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If every thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.
Queen God grant it may, heauen's keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mischance of olde Corambs death,
Hath pierced so the yong Ofeliaes heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.
King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understond her brother's come from France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Unlesse by some meanes he be pacified.
Queen O see where the yong Ofelia is!

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

Ofelia  How should I your true love know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,

And
And his sandall shine.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the grave did not goe
With true louers bowers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heele a stone.

king How i'ft with you sweete Ofelia?
Ofelia Well God yeld you,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but wepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he never will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

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

A noyse within. enter Learstes.

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

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

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

There’s fuch diuinitie doth wall a king,

That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,

Tis true, and we most fory for it,

Being the chiefest pillar of our state:

Therefore will you like a moft desperate gamfter,

Swoop—take-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

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 reconciliation but by bloud.

king. Why now you speake like a moft louing fonne:

And that in foule we forrow for his death,

Your felfe ere long shall be a witnesse,

Meane while be patient, and content your felfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who’s this, Ofelia? O my deere fister!

I’lft poiffible a yong maides life,

Should be as mortall as an olde mans fawe?

O heau’ns themfelves! how now Ofelia?

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

Here, here is rew for you,

You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,

Heere’s fome for me too: you must weare your rew

With a difference, there’s a dazie.

Here Love, there’s rofemary for you

For remembrance: I pray Love remember,

And there’s panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts, remembrance:

O God, O God!

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

Some violets, but they all withered, when

My father died: alas, they fay the owle was

A Bakers daughter, we fee what we are,

But can not tell what we shall be.

For
Prince of Denmarke.

For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflications, torments worse than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this nowe.

I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, tis a the Kings daughter
And the false Steward, and if any body
Aske you of anything, say you this.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Never departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisfe, and by saint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will don't when they come too't;
By cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promifed me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.

God bwy you Loue. exit Ofelia.

Lear. Griefe upon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

king Content you good Learies for a time,

Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapleffe sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le streue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,

Which
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Which once vnhearfed, then the world shall heare
Learstes 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.  exeunt om.

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in Denmarke,
This letter I eu'n now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle 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 himfelfe betray'd to death,
As at his next converfion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

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

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

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

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

Queene. But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?

Hor. He being set ahoare, 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,
Prince of Denmark.

So all was done without discoverie.

The Queen Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince,

Horatio once again I take my leave,

With thousand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?

What chance is this: they are gone, and he come home.

Leart. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for joy,
That I shall live to tell him, thus he dies.

King Leartes, content your selfe, be rule by me,
And you shall have no let for your revenge.

Leart. My will, not all the world.

King Nay but Leartes, marke 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 tasked for to try your cunning.

Leart. And how for this?

King Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,

Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall give the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,

To try the maistry, that in twelve venies

You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,

When you are hot in midst of all your play,

Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,

Stepped in a mixture of deadly poyson,

That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,

In any part of him, he cannot liue:

This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lov'de

Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

Leart. My lord, I like it well:

But say lord Hamlet should refuse this match.

King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you

H 3 Such
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Here comes the Queene. enter the Queene.

king How now Gertrude, why looke you heavily?

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

Lear. So, she is drownede;
Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begetts woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. exeunt.

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

2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drown'd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

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

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

Ergo
Prince of Denmarke.

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.
Because she is a great woman.

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

2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's pretty, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

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

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

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

Ham. Looke you, there's another Horatio.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Why may't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leaves and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conuienance of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pitifull transormance!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?
   Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
   Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselves sheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their truft in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee
Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this?
   Clowne Mine sir.
   Ham. But who must lie in it?
   Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
   Ham. What man must be buried here?
   Clowne No man sir.
   Ham. What woman?
   Clowne No woman neither sir, butindeede
One that was a woman.
   Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This seauen yeares have I noted it: the toe of the pefant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
   Clowne Ifaith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,
He will laft you, eight yeares, a Tanner
Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke

Ham. And why a tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,

That it will holde out water, that s a parcous

Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.

Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare.

Let me see, I euer since our last king Hamlet

Slew Fortenbrafe in combat, yong Hamlets father,

Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing 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 seene there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.

Ham. Whose scull was this?

Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,

He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,

Why do not you know him? this was one Toricke's scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore Toricke.

I knew him Horatio,

A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times

upon his backe, here hung those lippes that I have Kissed a hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres your jests now Toricke? your flashes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this she must come Toricke. Horatio, I prethee tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that Alexander looked thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

I

Hor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?

Imperious Cesar dead and turnd to clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Learstes, and other lorde^ with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funeralls this that all the Court laments?

It shews to be some noble parentage:

Stand by a while.

Lear. What ceremony else? say,what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we have done all that lies in vs,

And more than well the church can tolerate,

She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:

And but for favoure of the king, and you,

She had beene buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed christiau buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire Ofelia dead!

Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:

I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,

And not to follow thee vnto thy grave.

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:

Learstes leapes into the grave.

Now powre your earth on, Olympus hie,

And make a hill too o're top olde Pellon: Hamlet leapes

Whats he that conjures so?

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy soule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,

I prethiee take thy hand from off my throate,

For there is something in me dangerous,
Prince of Denmarke.

Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
I lou'de Ofelia as decre as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vesseles, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'st of burying thee a lie,
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oosell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare Learst, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therefore a while gie his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
I never gaue you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

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

King. My lord, 'tis so: but we'e le no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his laft,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therefore Learst be in readynes.

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

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

Queene God grant they may. execunt omnes.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

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

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

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

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

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.
Gent. It is indeede very rawifh colde.
Ham. 'Tis hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very woltcry hote:
The King, sweete Prince: hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
Ham. The carriages sir, I do not know what you meane.
Gent. The girdles, and hangers sir, and fuch like.
Ham. The worde had beene more coln german to the phrase, if he could have carried the cannon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I understand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?
Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiestie,
With the rest of the best judgement in the Court,
Are coming downe into the outward pallace.
Ham. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. exit.
Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.
Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine

Very sore, all here about.
Hor. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.
Ham. No Horatio, not I. if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate providence.
Prince of Denmarke.

in the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Lear[tes, Lorde[s.

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

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the soyles.

Ham. First Lear[tes, here's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I never wrongd Lear[tes.

If Hamlet in his madness did amisse,
That was not Hamlet, but his madness did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Lear[tes,
I here proclaime was madness, therefore lets be at peace,
And think I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

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

King Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle Lear[tes, these foyles,
Have all a laught, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none.

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 Give him the wine.

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

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

King Do not drinke Gertred: O't is the poysned cup!
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Learstes come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunning it play.  

Lear. I say you so: haue at you,  
Ile hit you now my Lord:  
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.  
Ham. Come on sir.

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

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

Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand?  
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:  
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here.  
The king dies.  
Lear. O he is justly serued:  
Hamlet. before I die, here take my hand,  
And withall, my loue: I doe forgive thee.  
Learstes dies.  
Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.  
Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,  
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.  
Ham. Upon my loue I charge thee let it goe,  
O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldst die,  
What a scandalie wouldst thou leaue behind?  
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,  
If not from thee? O my heart sinkes Horatio,  
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his use:  
Farewel Horatio, heauen receive my soule.  
Ham. dies.
Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England. 
Enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold, 
Then looke upon this tragick spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Haft thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?

Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where are these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your selves, Il shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

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

Finis