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SHAKESPEARE'S

HAMLET:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1603,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

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FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.

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1880.
DEDICATED

to

The Duke of Devonshire.

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2750
C5
n°1

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 1.]
FOREWORDS TO QUARTO I, 1603.

§ 1. The Hamlet allusions in and before 1602 are to an old play.
§ 2. The date of Shakspere's first cast of Hamlet is 1601-2.
§ 3. Quarto I, 1603, is a piracy, not revised by an Editor.
§ 4. QI is a first cast, and not a muddled Q2, 1604.
§ 5. It represents, or misrepresents the work of Shakspere only.
§ 6. Its relation to Der bestrafte Brüdermord.
§ 7. Miscellaneous.

§ 1. To any of the new school of Victorian Shakspereans, to any one who has a grasp of Shakspere's developement, who can trace the progress of his Mind and Art from the whimsy quip and quirk, the youthful passion, the florid rhetoric, of his First-Period farces, tragedy, and histories, from these to the pathos of Constance, the grace of Portia, the humour of Falstaff, the wit of Benedick and Beatrice, the romance of Viola, the steadfastness of Helena, the wealth and brilliancy of Shakspere's delightful Second Period, and thence to the deeper Tragedies of his Third,—to any such man, no words of mine are needed to make him sure that Hamlet was no creation of the "rough enthusiasm of Shakspere's youth at Stratford,"¹ was not the original of Gorlois's ghost, who in Febr. 28, 1587, craved revenge before Q. Elizabeth at Greenwich in the Misfortunes of Arthur (Hazlitt's Dodsley, iv. 249—343). Nor will such a student want any argument of mine, to convince him that neither Nash's words in 1589 "whole Hamlets—I should say handfuls—of tragical speeches,"² nor Henslowe's entry on lf. 9 of his MS. "9 of June 1594, Rd. at hamlet viij," nor Lodge's saying³ in 1596, 'the ghost who

¹ This notion is one of those freaks or larks that certain Shakspere critics allow themselves to indulge in. Like ones are, that Bacon wrote Shakspere, that Pericles is a First-Period play, Henry VIII an early Second-Period one, &c. These jokes amuse their authors, and don't hurt any one else.
² Epistle prefixt to Robert Greene's Menaphon.
³ In Wits Miserie or the Worlds Madncsse.
§ 1. Early Hamlet Allusions.


cried so miserably at the theatre "Hamlet, revenge," refer to Shakspere’s play. He will believe that the reason why Hamlet was not in Meres’s list of Shakspere’s Tragedies in 1598, while Titus Andronicus was, is this, that Shakspere had not then written his "Prince of Denmarke." And he will more than doubt whether Steevens’s report of Gabriel Harvey’s entry in a copy of Speght’s Chaucer, 1598: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare’s Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598," does not confuse the date of the edition (1598), or the purchase of a copy of it by Harvey, with the date of that writer’s entry. Inasmuch too as no character in Shakspere’s play says "my name’s Hamlet revenge," or "Hamlet, revenge" our student will take these words of Dekker in 1602 (Satiromastix; Works, 1873, i. 229) to refer to the same old non-Shakspere Hamlet that Lodge in 1589 referred to. 2

§ 2. And yet with this Dekker date of 1602, for Shakspere’s play, any student will be content, who has grasped the idea of the continuity of Shakspere’s work, the way in which every play is bound by links of likeness and contrast, of subject, characters, phrase and word, to its next foregoer and follower. For there are no two independent plays of Shakspere’s more strongly bound to one another than are Hamlet and Julius Caesar; in both of which the burden of setting right the time is laid on the student with nature unfit to bear the strain, and who sinks beneath it, carrying down with him the guiltless woman whose fate is, by love, bound up with his. The date of Julius Caesar is fixt by Weaver’s allusion and the style of the writing, to 1601; it must be the earlier play of the pair; and without doubt the date of the first cast of Shakspere’s Hamlet is 1601 or

1 Only a few passages in Titus can be Shakspere’s.
2 There was a now-lost Historie of Error in 1577 before Shakspere’s Comedie of Errors, a Troilus and Cressida before his, a Richard II, a Timon, &c., also before his.
3 See my Leopold Shakspeare Introduction, p. lxix.
4 “From the verse, I should say positively that it is not so late as 1602.”—C. Bathurst, S.’s Versification, p. 79. See also Hudson, S.’s Life, Art, &c., ii. 221-2.
1602, as its pirated representative, here facsimiled, was entered in the Stationers' Register on July 26, 1602 (Arber's Transcript, iii. 212):

James Robertes Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Pasfield and master Waterson warden A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince [of] Denmarke as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes...

§ 3. That this Quarto entered in 1602 and publisht in 1603 was a piracy, the state of its text proves to every reader. That it was due to the shorthand writers or note-takers of the time (of whom Heywood complains\(^1\)), with possibly some parts\(^2\) bought or got from some of the players, is evident too. That it had an editor or botcher who not only strung together but revised the notes and parts handed over to him, and wrote any substantial part of this first Quarto, I cannot conceive, from the extraordinary breaks-off and mistakes that have been left in the text. And I conclude, that wherever the Quarto of 1603 differs materially in motive or scene—I do not say phrase or word—from the Quarto of 1604, that difference is due either to Shakspere, or the author of the old play he rewrote, or the mistaking report of one of them by the note-taker or player.

§ 4. To make sure that the first Quarto represents Shakspere's first cast of his play, let any student who knows the receivd text of Hamlet—made up of the Second Quarto and First Folio—read the first Quarto. He sees at once the great difference in the character of the Queen; that instead of leaving her prior knowledge of her first husband's murder doubtfull, the first Quarto makes her swear that she never knew of the murder (p. 46, l. 92-3), makes her promise to take Hamlet's side against his Uncle (p. 47, l. 106-7), and makes her keep with Horatio, and be trusted by him with news of Hamlet (p. 53). The student also notes that Laertes's crime is lessend by the poisoning of the foil being suggested by the King (p. 54, l. 22). Now such changes as these are vital ones; they

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\(^1\) Address to the Reader, prefixt to his Rape of Lucrece, vol. v. ed 1874.

\(^2\) Those of Horatio, Marcellus, and Voltemar (p. 23: cp. its right 3000 to the wrong 60,000 of Q2), are well done.
mark a less artistic, less perfect, conception of the characters shown in the later cast of the play. And when they are combind with the fact that the prose source of the play, the *Hystorie of Hamblet* also cleared the Queen from guilty knowledge of her first husband's murder, and made her take Hamlet's side; with the fact that the names of Corambis and Montano in *Q1* were changed to Polonius and Reynaldo in *Q2*, as Ferando and Sander were changed to Petruchio and Grumio, &c., when Shakspere and his colleague revis'd *The Taming of A Shrew of 1594*, into *The Taming of the Shrew (1596-7?)*; with the facts that a whole scene (xiv. p. 53), and several passages (starrd lines, p. 13, 35, 36-7, 39, 47, &c.: see below) were cut out of the 1603 Quarto in the 1604 one, while the latter contain'd three new scenes (20, to 18-1=17 of *Q1*) and tens of new passages not in *Q1*, with scores of superb developments of passages already there; these vital changes of character, name, scene, speech and phrase, will convince the student that he has in *Q1* the representation—however muddled—of the first cast of Shakspere's play, and not of the completer second cast that *Q2*—by itself, or helpt by the Folio—contains.

§ 5. We have next to ask: Is there in *Q1* any evidence that the passages special to it only, are not by Shakspere, or mistaking reports of what he wrote? In the present facsimile I have starrd (* all the lines that appear in *Q1 only*: to them let the reader turn, and judge for himself.—Take first some short passages, correcting a slip here and there:—

p. 7. For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,
   Yet something is there, whispers in my hart...
   Being the Joy and halfe heart of your mother...
   Him I have lost, I must of force forgoe...
   None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

p. 8. or that the universall
   Globe of Heaven would turne al to Chaos
   therefore keepe aloofe

p. 12. Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame

1 The Globe *Hamlet* has 3891 lines, most of them complete, to 2143 lines of *Q1*, many of them incomplete.
§ 5. THE PASSAGES SPECIAL TO Q, ARE SHAKSPERE'S.

p. 15. Have after! to what issue will this sort?
p. 20. And bid him ply his learning, good Montano.
p. 21. and parts away,
  " Silent, as is the mid time of the night
p. 22. even as you tender
  " Our care to him, and our great love to you .
  " bound
p. 24. And one that is unequall for your love .
p. 25. Are borne before an everlasting Judge .
  " The happy smile, and the accurst are damn'd,
p. 26. As would have moov'd the stoniest breast alive
p. 28. Great God of heauen! what a quicke change is this?
p. 34. Strike more than wonder in judicall eares
p. 43. The earth doth still cry out upon my fact .
  " And the adulterous fault I have committed .
p. 44. And see how horride there, and blacke, it shews .
p. 45. A looke, fit for a murder and a rape,
  " A dull, dead, hanging looke, and hell-bred eie .
  " To make increase of shame, to seale damnation .
  " O! do not glare with looks so pitifull,
  " Lest that my heart of stone yield to compassion,
p. 46. And every part that should assist revenge,
  " Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

And so on.¹ Now I appeal to every student to judge whether
these lines are Shakspere's or not. I say they are, and that in none
of the other short passages need we see any other original than
Shakspere, reported rightly or wrongly. But about the long passages.
Turn to them on pages 13, 35 (both may well be S.'s), 36-7 (whose
but S.'s is theSinkapaseofteats, &c.), 39, 47 (both may well be S.'s),
49 (?), 50 (certainly, doubtful), 53 (Horatio and the Queen: doubt-
ful), 54, 60 (both may well be S.'s), 61 (surely S.'s). Are not the
only two doubtful pieces, the King's formal hypocritical lines on p.
50—which so well suit his character, and remind one of Macbeth's
speech to the nobles after Duncan's murder (II. iii. 96-101),—and
the scene between Horatio and the Queen on p. 53, Sc. xiv, which
is in no other Quarto, and in no Folio? Let the reader study it.

¹ As p. 61, l. 8, "foh, how the muske cod smels!" Cp. Asinius. "It's a
sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd gull; by this feather I pittie his Ingenuities;
but, hast writ all this since, Ningle?" 1602. T. Dekker. Satiromastix, Works
(1873), ii. 212.
§ 6. q, and the German Bestrafte Brüdermord.

First take the end of the Scene, on p. 54: surely this may well be Shakspere's. Look at the beginning: why may not lines 3-4, 9-10,

"Wherein he writes how he escap't the danger
And subtle treason that the king had plotted"

"there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie. . ."

why may not the whole 36 lines of the scene be a weak report of an unimportant and weakish scene in Shakspere's first cast? I think they may well be so. And on the whole I conclude, that no other hand than Shakspere's is reported, or misreported, in the first Quarto of 1603, and that his handiwork so treated is his first cast of his play.

§ 6. Whether in his Hamlet he drew from the assum'd old Hamlet of 1589—besides the Ghost—as much as he did in his King John (of 1595?) from the old Troublesome Raigne of 1591, or as little—? nothing—as in his Henry V. from The Famous Victories, or in his Lear from Leir and his Three Daughters, there is no evidence to show, as none of the old Hamlet, but what is in the allusions to it, has survivd. My own belief is, that the artistic conception of Hamlet the hesitater, doubter, reflecter, duty-dodger, that Shakspere has left us, is due to him only; and that the old play presented more of the less artistic, more resolute Hamlet of the Hystorie, who did indeed "sweep to his revenge" on the first chance he had, and seated himself on his father's throne; more a Laertes, than the Hamlet whom we admire, pity, love. But certain critics say that the later German play, Der bestrafte Brüdermord,¹ oder Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark, shows us somewhat of the old Hamlet, and possibly some of the scenes not reported in Shakspere's Hamlet of 1603. The whole matter of this German play is however much too risky to found anything certain on. All we know of it is, that in 1781, Reichard publisht its text ² from a unique copy dated "Pretz, den 27. October

¹ 'The punisht Brothers-murder, or the reveng'd Fratricide',—'Fratricide Punished', or 'the Fratricide's Tragedy', it's generally calld.

² In his Periodical Olla Podrida, Berlin, 8vo, Part II, p. 18-68. Cohn, A late Hamlet editor says that the play was written by Jacob Ayrrer, who died in 1605, and was printed in his posthumous Opus Theatricum, 1618. But this is gammon.
§ 6. Q. AND THE GERMAN BESTRAFTE BRÜDERMORD.

1710;" that Mr. Moritz Fürstenau of Dresden sent Mr. Albert Cohn, in or before 1865, copies of some entries in an Almanac of 1626, used as a diary, of the actings of certain plays evidently, by English actors, before the Court at Dresden from June to Dec. 1626, and that among these entries are on 'Junius 2, eine Tragoedia von Romeo vnd Julietta'; on 'Junius 8, eine Tragoedia von Julio Cesare'; on 'Junius 24, eine Tragoedia von Hamlet einen printzen in Dennemarch'; on 'Sept. 26, eine Tragoedia von Lear, König in Engelandt'; on 'Sept. 29, eine Tragoedia von Romeo vnd Julietta.' (Other plays acted were Nobody and Somebody, 1596; of Josepho, Jew of Venice (? Shakspere's Merchant), twice, (Marlowe's) 'Dr. Faust,' and Barrabas, Jew of Malta; a comedy and twice a 'Comedia von König in Spanien vnd Vice Roy in Portugall.'

A Hamlet—which Cohn, without any authority, calls 'this piece' of 1710 = 1603, as he fancies—was performed by the Veltheim company about 1665 (Cohn, p. cxx). Now the natural inference from the entries of the 1626 Dresden actings is, that all the Shakspere-title plays then acted were those in his Folio of 1623, for his Julius Caesar was first printed in that Folio; and even with good Quartos of Romeo and Juliet in 1599, Hamlet in 1604, and Lear in 1608, it is hardly likely that the English actors would, in 1626, have played the Coramis version of Hamlet 1603, or the incomplete one of Romeo and Juliet 1597. Why should they? Taking then the 1710 Brüdermord, and acknowledging its clumsiness, and its possible origin before that year, I ask whether any German linguist has either said or shown that it retains any phrases, words, or forms, as early as 1589 or 1603. (Any one can see that it has plenty of all impossible at either early date.) The answer is No; but that the play contains a passage,—

1 The diary probably belonged to the sons of John George the First, and the entries were probably made by an officer of the court. Another officer's diary confirms the fact of the English Comedians then acting there: Cohn's Shakspere in Germany, 1865, p. cxiv—cxvii. They acted in English, not German.

2 In 1611, at Halle, had been acted 'a German comedy of the Jew of Venice, from the English.' (Cohn, p. lxxxix.)—Shakspere's Merchant (two Quartos of which were published in 1600), and not the old play alluded to by Gosson.
"Hamlet. Ay, ay, King, send me off to Portugal, that I may never come back again, that is the best plan.
King. No, not to Portugal, but to England, and those two shall accompany you on the journey." (Latham. Two Dissertations, p. 100.)

and that this allusion may be a contemporary one to Essex's disastrous expedition to Portugal in 1589, in which 11000 soldiers out of 21000, and 350 gentlemen out of 1100, died. Well, it may be, and it may not.¹ A good many of us have made non-contemporary allusions to 'Go to Jericho, Coventry, or Bath:' such phrases live long after the days in which they rose: and if this Portugal allusion is, as it really is, the only strong point in the Brüdermord case, we need not trouble ourselves with that case much further; especially when we note that the best part of the play, the Prologue, may have been adapted from the first witch scene in Macbeth at any time between 1623 (or from a MS. copy got after 1605-6) and 1710, and that the second cast of Hamlet in the Quarto of 1604 or the Folio of 1623 must have been before the Brüdermord man of 1710. For surely the opening of Claudius's speech in I. vii. was not in the old Hamlet of 1589. Compare—

Qo. 1603.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in greife, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our schues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th’ imperially loyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitos, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with diridge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife:

Qto. of 1604.

[nothing.]

[The absence of the speech is not due, I assume, too cut, or to the notetaker's carelessness.]

Brüdermord, 1710.

Sc. vii. King
Although our royal brother's death is still fresh in the memory of us all, and it befits us to suspend all state-shows, we must, nevertheless, change our mourning suits into crimson, purple, scarlet, since my late departed brother's relict has now become our dearest consort (Latham, p. 116).

¹ Note the Spain and Portugal comedy playd twice in 1626, above, p. ix.
§ 6. q. and the German Reestafe Brüdermord.

So too the King's speech in IV. v. given below 1 from the Brüdermord has nothing to represent it in the Quarto of 1603, but is founded on the second Quarto of 1604, as is also (though with entire difference in detail) the German representative 2 of Hamlet's account of his capture in V. ii. But as in the German play Polonius is Corambus, as it makes the King suggest the poisoning of Laertes's foil, as its many likenesses and unlikenesses to the Corambis Hamlet of 1603 show that that served as the main source of it, all that we can safely conclude is, that in, or not very long before, 1710, a German writer got hold of the messt Quarto of 1603, and made a further mess of it—as regards Shakspere—in the Brüdermord. 3

1 "King. Leonhardus, don't hesitate to do it; whether it be to please your King, or to revenge your father. As your father's murderer, the Prince deserves such a death. We, however, cannot enforce the law against him, for he has his lady mother to back him, and my subjects love him much. Hence, if we openly avenged ourselves, there might easily be a rebellion. To shun him both as stepson and kinsman is only an act of righteous justice; for he is murderous and he is beside himself; and we must for the future, even on our account, be afraid of such a wicked man. Do then what we desire, and you will relieve your King of his fears, and yourself take, without being discovered, a revenge for your father's murder." Latham, p. 137.

2 "Horatio. It rejoices me to see your Highness back and in good health. Prythee, however, tell me why you have returned so soon.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, you have nearly missed never seeing me again alive; for my life has been at stake; only the Almighty power has specially protected me.

Horatio. What says Your Highness? How was it?

Hamlet. Thou knowest that the King had given me a couple of fellow-travellers as attendants and companions. Now it so happened that, for two days, we had contrary winds. So we had to anchor on an island near Dover. I went with my two companions from the ship to get a little fresh air. Then came the cursed rascals, and would have had my life, and said that the King had bribed them to it. I begged hard for my life, and promised them a handsome reward, and that, if they reported me to the King as dead, I would never go near the court again. But there was no compassion in them. At last the Gods put something into my head; and I begged them that, before my death, I might make a prayer, and that when I cried 'Fire', they would fire. But, even as I gave the word, I fell on the ground, and they shot one another. It is thus that I have this time escaped with my life. My arrival, however, will be no good news to the King.

Horatio. Oh! unheard-of treachery!"—Latham, p. 139.

3 But can it be believed, ask some, that if a German writer had a Quarto of 1604, or a Folio of 1623, before him, he could have failed to adopt the finer, more poetic Hamlet of 1604 instead of the more prosaic one of 1603? The answer is: see the mess that the worthy Teuton, poor man, has actually made of the first Quarto; the comic scenes he's put into it, &c. He doubtless knew his audience and himself, and knew that the full Hamlet of 1604 would suit neither. The Germany of 1710 was not the nation that Stein calld into being, or the people that worship Goethe.
that the old *Hamlet* of 1589 was the original both of the Qto of 1603
and the German play, is to me impossible, for it involves the supposi-
tion that the old play was both longer, and in some points better,
than both its copies, and that Shakspere went back to it to improve
his Quarto of 1603 by it: which is absurd.

§ 7. The relation of the First Quarto *Hamlet* of 1603 to the
Second of 1604 will be dealt with in the Forewords to the facsimile
of the latter play. In the present facsimile, 'rules' have been drawn
round the text, in order to mark on the inside of each page the scene-
and line-numbers given to the 18 Scenes into which the 2143 lines
and part-lines of the original have been divided, as in the Cambridge
Editors' print of it. On the outside of each page are given the
corresponding Act, Scene, and line-numbers of the Globe edition,
the line-numbers by fours when the intervening ones coincide, but
otherwise singly. When the Quarto lines only differ partly from the
Globe ones, they are daggered (†); when they are in the Quarto
only, they are starred (*). My object has been to make this facsimile
a working one for the Shakspere student¹, and to show at a glance
how much of the receivd text is in (and out of) the 1603 Qto, and
how its lines and scenes are occasionally transposed.

The Series of Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles of which this is the
first, has been possible only through the generosity of the Duke
of Devonshire in trusting his treasurd originals to be photographt.
To him therefore this first Quarto of the Series, the facsimile of the
gem of his superb collection², is gratefully dedicated.

F. J. Furnivall

¹ The reader must not, as I did at first, put down all the broken letters, &c.,
in the text to the fault of the photo-lithograph process. On pointing out some
twenty instances to Mr. Griggs, and laying the blame on his shoulders, he quietly
produced the Duke's original, and showed me that the faults were due to that:
only in three cases, I think, had the process made a broken-type cross of an
f or t in the print, a little less clear. Mr. Griggs guarantees the substantial
accuracy of his work, and my testing confirms it.

² The last leaf is wanting in the Duke's copy; our facsimile of it is from the
British Museum copy—found in 1856 by Rooney, a Dublin bookseller—which
has no title-leaf.
THE
Tragical Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark,

By William Shakspeare.

As it hath beene divers times acted by his Highnesse ser-
uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V-
neries 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 vpon 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 fouldier, 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 seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefetake 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 cares that are so fortified,  
What we haue two nights scene.

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

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his coarse 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 vsurps the state, in  
Which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke did sometimes  
Walk? 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 someting more than fantasie?  
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not his 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
He smot the headed pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall talke 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 fit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subjuect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And foraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impreffe of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not divide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweathy march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is’t that can informe me?
Hor. Mary that can I, at leaft the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoope seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,  
Shark'd up a sight of lawless Resolves  
For food and diet to some enterprize,  
That hath a stomach isn'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,  
Tie 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 priy to thy countries fate,  
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speake to me,  
Or if thou hast exacted in thy life,  
Or hoarded treasure in the wombe of earth,  
For which they say you spirits oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it Marcellinus.  

2. Tis here.  

Hor. Tis here.  

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

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

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,  

Vpon a fearefull summons: I have heard  
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,  
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,  
Awake the god of day, and at his found,  
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,  
The strauagant 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 fay, that euer gainsit that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
Prince of Denmark.

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 doe in parte beleue it;
But see the Sunne in ruffke mantle clad,
Walke o're the dew of yon hie mountaine top,
Brake we our watch vp, and by my advise,
Let vs impart what wee haue scene to night
Vsto yong Hamlet: for vpon my life
This Spirtie dumbbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you content, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our love, fitting our dutie?

Marc. Lets ddoes I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conveniently.

Enter King, Queens, Hamlet, Learstes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to Forstenbrafe,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose : and wee heere dispatch
Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, 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.

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

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

Lear. My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
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. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What means these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to Wittenberg,
Wee hold it moft vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All Danmarks hope our cousin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distrafted hauior in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I muft of force forgoe,
Thefe but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King. This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe 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 praiers Hamlet,
Stay here with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

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

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

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

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and fallid flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniversal
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vnclle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reaon would not haue made
Such speed: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speed, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous 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 servant 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 firs:
But what is your affaire in Elsenours?
Wecle teach you to drinke deepc ere you depart.

Hor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. Atrowant disposition, my good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make me true but
Of your owne report against your selue:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in Elfenoure?
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mock me fellow student,
I think it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't incates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my desperate foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my minde's eke 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 yeasternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Cease your admiration for a while
With an attentiue 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 incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynct, exactly Cappacea
Appereres before them thriue, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed cies.
Within his tronchions length,

While
Prince of Denmarke.

While they distilled almost to gelly,
With the act of fear stands dumb,
And speak not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd forme of the thing,
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.

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

Ham. Where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

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

Ham. Indeed, indeed firsts, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed say ye?

All. Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Why then saw you not his face?

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

Ham. How look't he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pal
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you.
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had bee ne there.
Hor. It would a much amazed you.
Ham. Yea very like, very like, staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. O longer, longer.
Ham. His beard was grisled, no.
Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,

A fable filuer.

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t’wil walke againe.
Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ilespeake to it, if hell itelfe shoulde 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,
Giuie it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loves, so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelve,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor.  exequnt.

Ham. O your loves, your loves, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all’s not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, still my soule, foule deeds will rife
Though all the world oerwhelme them to mens eies.  Exit.

Enter Learst 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,

Speakes
Prince of Denmarke.

Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maide is prodigal enough,
If she vnmaske her beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious thoughts,
Believ't Ofelia, therefore keepe a loose
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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

Lear. No, scare it not my deare Ofelia,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here Lear'st! aboard, aboard, for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
"Those friends thou haft, and their adoptions tried,
"Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steale,
"But do not dulle the palme with entertaine,
"Of every new vnflieg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but being in,
"Bear it that the oppofed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
"But not express in fashion,
"For the apparrell oft proclaims the man,
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and statio
Are of a most felect and generall chiefe in that:
"This above 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,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

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

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

Cor. What'is Ofelia he hath said to you?

Ofel. Somthing touching the prince Hamlet.

Cor. Mary wel thought on, 'tis giuen me to vnderstand,
That you have bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to me, 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 love
to me.

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

Ofel. And withall, such earnest vowes.

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

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

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

Ofel. I will my lord.  exirnent.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping wir'd, what hour's i't?

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

Mar. No, tis strucke.

Horn.
Prince of Denmark.

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

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, 

Keepe wafle, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kette, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'ft and though I am

Native here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more 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 sprite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou committ 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 hearted in death
Hauie burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly inter'd,

Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes,

To catt thee vp againe: what may this meane,

That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate fleecle,
Reuiflets thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making nighthideous, and we foole of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as thought it had something

To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action

It waues you to a more removed ground.

C 3 But
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means my Lord.

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

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

That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your soueraignty of reason,
And drive you into madness: think of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, I will follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my sole, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,

Go on, I will follow thee.

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

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

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, unhande me gentlemen;
By heaven I make a ghost of him that lets me,

Away I say, go on, I will follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this sort?

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

Enter 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, doom'd for a time

To walke the night, and all the day

Confinde in flaming fire,

Till the soule crimes done in my dayes of Nature

Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost Nay pitty me not, but to my unfolding


Prince of Denmarke

Lend thy lightning care, 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 soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretfull Porspentine;
But this same blazon must not be, to ears of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.
Gho. Reuenge his soule, and most vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder.
Gho. Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine most soule,beaftly, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haftte me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may swepe to my reuenge.
Gho. O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in case
On Leshe wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis given our, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Profes of my death rankely abuse:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vnkle! my vnkle!
Gho. 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 moved,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

Sleeping
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre,
Thy vncle 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 enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quickeslimer, it posteth through
The naturall 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 sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Quene, 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 beares.
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 triuall fond conceites
That euer youth,or else obscurance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damned perititious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, smilling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
Prince of Denmark

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

Hor. My lord, my lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Ham. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar. How ist my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'll reucale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord.

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 villaine dwelling in all Denmark,
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 circumference at all,
Wee shake hands and part, you as your busines
And desires shall leade you: for looke you,
Every man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

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

Ham. I am sory they offend you, heartily, ye faith heartily.

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 me tell you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or eares after it as you may;
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen.
Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What Ist my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make knowne 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 Ghost under the stage.

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

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Hic & ubique, nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioneer, once more remove.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,
Then are Dreaun't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antick 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 undoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Givin out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe 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 let's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was borne to let it right,
Nay come let's go together. Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

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

Mon. Ill my lord.

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

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faileth 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 he 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 diceing, 
Or at Tennis, or drincking drunke, or entring 
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell, 
Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach, 
By indirecions, finde direcions forth, 
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not? 
   Mon. I haue my lord. 
   Cor. Wel, faire 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, fearfuffl to mee, 
A maidens eye ne're looked on. 
   Cor. Why what's the matter my Ofelia? 
   Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only flour of Denmark, 
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had, 
The Jewell that ador'nd his feature most 
Is 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 vuilde, 
And fixt his eyes so steadfast on my face, 
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object. 
Small while hee stooode, but gripes me by the wrist, 
And there he holds me pulle till with a sigh 
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away 
Silent, as is the mid time of the night: 
And as he went, his eie was still on mee, 
For thus his head ower his shouler looked, 
He seemed to finde the way without his cies: 

For
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Cor. Madde for thine loue,
What have you given him any croffe wordes of late?

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

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'ntis as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our felues, as tis for the younger fort
To leave their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madness may proove,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue.

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

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

Ros. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
Your majestie may more command in wordes
Then vse persuasions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by ductie, and obedience.

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

King Thankses Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.

Que. Thankses Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambo and Oseira.

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

King Thou still haft bene the father of good newes.

D 3 Cor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Queen: God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King: Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?
Vol. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,
Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse
His nephews leuies, which to him appeat'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
That so his fickenesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrestes
On Fortenbrasse, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vnele, never more
To give the assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon olde Norway overcome with ioy,
Gies him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Comission to employ those soildiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty herein further shewne,
That it would please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King: It likcs vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,
Meane time we thankne you for your well
Tooke labour, go to your rest, at night weele feast togethe:
Right welcome home.

exeunt Ambassadors.

Cor.
Prince of Denmark.

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

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter.
Have while shee'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
Deliver'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.

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

To the beautifull Ophelia:
Thine euer the most unhappie Prince Hamlet.
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a most loving subject.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is vnnequall for your love:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to abstain her selue.
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.

Now since which time, seeing his love thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straightway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madness,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frenzy, which now possesth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.
  King. Thinke you tis so?
  Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I have saide tis so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances lead me on,
Ie finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.
  King. how should wee trie this same?
  Cor. Marry my good lord thus,
The Princes walkes 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 loue,
Then let my cenfure faile an other 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 aloose, 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 everlastling Judge,
From whence no passenger euer returnd,
The undiscoverd country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Who'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curs'd of the poore?
Prince of Denmark.

The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate under this weary life,
When that he may his full Quiets 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 orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I have sought opportunitie, which now
I have, to redeliver to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I have reccived of you.

Ham. Are you faire?
Ofel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you honest?
Ofel. What meanes my Lord?
Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.
Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priviledge than
with honesty?
Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.
Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
As would haue mou'd the stoniest breast alive,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.
Ham. I neuer loued you.
Ofel. You made me beleue you did.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. O thou shouldst not a beleued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very crowde, ambitious, disdainfull,
With more sinnes at my backe, then I have 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,
Beleue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofei. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wheres thy father?

Ofei. 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.

Ofei. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou doft marrie, Ie give thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yee, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofei. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marrie, marrie afoole,
For wifemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofei. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
A pox, tis scurr, Ie no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ie no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
To a Nunnery goe.  

Ofe.  Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?  
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,  
All dash't and splinter'd thence, O woe is me,  
To a scene what I have scene, see what I see.  

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

Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.  Corambar.  

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

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

Ham.  Yea 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 herefie:  

For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,  
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,  
Grey bearde, pittifull weake hammers, gowty legges.  
All which sir, I most potently beleue not:  
For sir, your selfe halfe olde as I am,  
Iflike a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.  

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

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

Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.

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

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

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kind 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 selleues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heaven, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents nor 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 entertainment the Players shall haue,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Reff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the City,

Those that you took 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 private playes,

And to the humour of children.

Ham. I do not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes

At my vnkle, when my father liued,

Now give a hundred, two hundred pounds

For his picture: but they shall be welcome,

He that plays the King shall haue tribute of me,

The ventrous Knight shall vs his foyle and target,

The louer shall sith gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh

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

And the Lady shall haue leave to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Coramnis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swaddling clowts.

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

Is twice a childe.

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

You say true, a monady last, t was so indeede.

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

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

When Roffos was an Actor in Rome.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Chriftendome,

Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,

Pastorall
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall,Historicall,Historicall,Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:
For the law hath writ thofe are the onely men.

O Jephtha 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, stil harping a my daughter well my Lord,
If you call me Jeptha, 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 tel you all: for looke you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all,

Enter players.

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee laste, com'ft thou to beard 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 vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele even too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was caueriary
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 modeftie as cunning:

One said there was no fallets in the lines to make the fueory,

But
Prince of Denmark.

But call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Aeneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it live in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrrus, like th'arganian beast:
No tis not so, it begins with Pyrrus:
O I have it.
The rugged Pyrrus, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couch'd in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blaxe and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismal, head to foote,
Now is he toall guife, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfere Pyram 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 falleth, vnable to refit.
Pyrrus at Pyram dries, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whisse and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falleth.

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 seare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
And a kereker on that head, where late the diademe stoode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
Would
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Cor. Look my lord if he hath not chang'd his colour,
And hath tears in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And brief abstracts 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 see them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man, see every man after his deserts.

Then who should escape whipping?
See 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 Gonfago?

Players: Yes my Lord.

Ham. And couldst thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

Players: Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. 'Tis well, I thank you: follow that lord.

And doe you heare sirs? take heed you mooke him not.

Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thank you,
And for a time I would desire you leave me.

Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiothe, slave am I?

Why these Players here draw water from eyes!

For
Prince of Denmark.

For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? What would he do and if he had my losse? His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him, he would turne all his teares to droppes of blood, Amaze the standers by with his laments, Strike more then wonder in the judicall cares, Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife, Indeede his passion would be general.
Yet I like to an affe and Iohna Dreames, Haung my father murdred by a villaine, Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward: Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose, Gieue's me the lie th' throate downe to the lungs, Sure I should take it, or else I have no gall, Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites With this flaues offell, this damned villaine, Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine: Why this is brave, that I the sonne of my deare father, Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe Thus raile in words. About my braine, I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play, Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confes 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 fecke to damn me, I will haue founder proofes, The play's the thing, Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. 

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

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

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

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

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

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: Gertrude you'll see this play.

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

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

King. What i't Corambis?

Cor. Mary my good lord, this soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in hast to speake with him,
And I myselfe 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, Gertrud, what say you?

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

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

excut omnes.

Enter
**Prince of Denmark.**

*Enter Hamlet and the Players.*

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly to the tongue as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'd rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the are thus with your hands,
But give evry thing his action with temperance.  
(fellow,
O it offends mee to the sole, to heare a rebustious periwigs
To teare a passion in tooters, into very raggens,
To split the cares of the ignoraut,who for the
Noises, Most parte are capable of nothing but durne shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt,for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

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

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellows that I haue seen 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 abominable:
Take heed and auoide 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 them selves, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obsuerued: O'tis vile, and shewe,
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one fute
Of scats, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his scats downe

F 2 In
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:

* Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me

* A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:

* And, your beere is sowe: and, blabbering with his lips,

* And thus keeping in his cinkapase of teasts,

* When, God knows, the warne Clowne cannot make a iest

* Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:

* Maisters tell him of ir.

  * players We will my Lord.

  * Ham. Well, goe make you ready.     exeat players.

  * Horatio. Here my Lord.

  * Ham. Horatio, thou art eu'n as just 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 glo(e with them that loues to heare their praife,

  * 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 Act afoote,

* Marke thou the King, doe but oberve his lookes,

* For I mine eies will ruet to his face:

* And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,

* It is a damned goft that we haue seene.

* Horatio, haue a care, oberve 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. Harke, they come.

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

* King How now fcn Hamlet, how fare you, shall we haue

* Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cram'm'd,
Prince of Denmark.

I father: My lord, you playd 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 Caesar, I was killed in the Capitol, Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,

To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.

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

Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (trageuie:

To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord.

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits
downe in an Arbor, she leueth him: Then enters Luci-
amus with poynson in a Viall, and poures it in his eares, and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him
dead: and goes away with the other.

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

Ham. This is my chine Mallilco, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

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

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

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

Be not afeard to shew, he'le not be afeard to tell:

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

Prof. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiencely.

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

Ofel. Tis short my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchess.

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

Since
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Dutchesse 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,
Thou maist (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

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

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe 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.

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

Ham. If she should breake now.

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

Dutchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betwenee vs twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but shee le keepe her word.

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

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No offence in the world, poysfon inest, poison in
King. What do you call the name of the phy?  (left.
Ham. Mousetrap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in guyana, Albertus
Was the Duke's name, his wife Baptista,
Father, it is a knavish pece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the gall'd jade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Y'are as good as a Chorus my lord.

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

Ofel. Y'are very plesant my lord.

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

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

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le have a suite of Sables: Leus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outlive 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 iests are keene my Lord.

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

Ofel. Still better and worfe.

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

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

exit.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. He poyslons him for his estate.
King. Lights, I will to bed.
Cor. The king rises, lights hue.
Exit King and Lordes.

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

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

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

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

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

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

Rof. Wel my Lord wee le take our leave.
Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

Exe Rossencraft 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. Tis like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinks it's like a weasel.
Cor. Tis back't like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.
Ham. Why then tell my mother she come by and by.

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night unto your Lordship. exit Horatio.
Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruel, not unnaturall.
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent.  

Enter the King.

King  O that this wet that fallas vpone my face
Would wash the crime that fallas from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespass,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fault,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vpardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to persever in a sinne,
It is an act against the vniversal power,
Most wretched man, stoole, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneels.  enters Hamlet

Ham.  I fo, come forth and worke thy laft,
And thus hee dies: and fo am I reuenged:
No, not fo: he tooke my father sleeping, his sinnes brim full,
And how his soule stoode 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 benefitt,
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,  
(drunke, when hee's at gaming, swearing, taking his carowse, drinking
Or in the inceffuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hele: my mother stayes,
This phisick 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 Queen and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,  
I'll throwe my selfe behinde the Arras.  
*exit Cor.*

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'lt with you mother?

Queen How i'lt with you?

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

Queen Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen How now boy?

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

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

Help thee.

Cor. Help for the Queen.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

Rash intruding foole, farewell,

I tooke thee for thy better.

Queen Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,

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

Queen How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penetrable stuffe,

I'll make your eyes looke downe into your heart,

And see how horrid there and blacke it shews.  
(words?)

Queen Hamlet, what mean't thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,

It is the portrature, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,

An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

A front whet in all vertues are set downe  
For to adorn a king, and guild his crowne,

Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdered, damnably murdered, 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 cosened you at hob-man blinde?
Ahaue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarks minde,

Queene. For a king of clowts, of very shreds.
Ham. Sweete Hamlet ccaf

Queene. Nay but still to persifl and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yeoke of infamous,
To make increafe of shame, to feale damnation.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Whole chide hot blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queene. Hamlet, thou cleanses my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gonne.

Sawe me, sawe me, you gratious
Powers above, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.

Do not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long have let reuenge slippe by?

Do not glare with lookees so pittifull
Left that my heart of stone yelde to compassion,

And
Prince of Denmarke.

And every part that should assist revenge,
Forgoe 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 lookes,
Thy mother's fearfull, and she stands amazed:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke 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 doe 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 stales 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 griefes:
But as I have a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my louse forget these idle fits.

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

Queen Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertrude, what layes 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 tostes 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 madnesse will vndoe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gill. We will my Lord. Exeunt Lordes.

King Gertrude, your sonne shall presently to England, His shippinge is already furnished,
And we have sent by Rosencraft and Gilderstone,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happiness:
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.

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

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

Where
Prince of Denmarke.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes are even now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable services, two dishes to one meale:
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 gutes of a Beggar.
King But sonne Hamlet, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse 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 preteruation of your health,
The which we price even as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboarde to night,
Lord Rosencraft and Gilderstone shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

King Your louing father, Hamlet.

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

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leave me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Fortenbraff, Drumme and Souldiers.

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

enter King and Queene.

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

Queene God grant it may, heauen keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mishance of olde Coramis death,
Hath pierfed to the yong Ofeliaes heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

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

Que. O see where the yong Ofelia is!

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

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

And
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Lear. Stay there untill I come,
O thou vilde king, giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?

king Dead.
Lear. Who hath murdred him? speake, 'l'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

Queene True, but not by him.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,

That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe Gertrude, that your father is murdred,

T'is true, and we most sory for it

Being the chiefeft piller of our state:

Therefore will you like a moft desperate gamster,

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

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 reconcilment but by bloud.

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

And that in soule we sorrow for his death,

Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,

Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

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

I'd possible a yong maides life,

Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?

O heau'ns themselves! how now Ofelia?

Ofelia. 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,

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

With a difference, there's a dazie.

Here Loue, there's rosemery for you

For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:

And there's panfey for thoughts.

Lear. A doocument in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:

O God, O God!

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

Some violets, but they all withered, when

My father died: alas, they say the owle was

A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,

But can not tell what we shall be.
For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflications, torments worse than hell.

Ophel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, tis a the Kings daughter
And the false steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this,
To morrow is faire Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and danc'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 giife, and by faint Charitie,
Away, and sic for shame:
Yong men will doun't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed,
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue.  exit Ophel.

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

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

Lear. You have prevail'd my Lord, a while I'll strieue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Which once vnheard, then the world shall hear
Which once was heard, then the world shall hear
Lcartes had a father he held deere.

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

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

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

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

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

Queene O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, lest 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, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?

Hor. He being fet a-shore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
Prince of Denmarke.

So all was done without discouerie.
    Queen. Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio. once againe I take my leaue,
With thousand mothers blessings to my sone.
Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Lear.

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?
What chance is this: they are gone, and he come home.
Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for joy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
   king. Lear, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shal haue no let for your revengue.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King. Nay but Lear, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
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.

Lear. And how for this?

King. Mary Lear, thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maistry, that in twelve vencies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the soyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steepled 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 suspiotion,
And not the deerest friend that Hamlet lov'de
Will ever haue Lear in suspiect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord Hamlet should refuse this match.

King. I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Lear. Tis excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. \textit{enter the Queene.}

king. How now Gertrude, why looke you heavily?

Queene. O my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Hauing made a garland of sundry fortes of floures,
Sitting upon 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 fate similing,
Euen 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 heawy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownde;
Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeild this heart releafe,
For woe begets woe and griefe hangs on griefe. \textit{exeunt.}

Clowne. I say no, she ought not to be buried
In christia[n] buriall.

2. Why sir?
Clowne. Mary because shee's drown'd.

2. But she did not drown her selfe.
Clowne. No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.
Clowne. No, I deny that, for looke you 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,

\textit{Ergo}
Prince of Denmark.

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:

Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.

2. I but see, she hath christian burial,

Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pity, that great folke
Should haue more authority to hang or drowne
Themselves, more than other people:
Goe fetch me a slope of drinke, but before thou
Goeft, 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,
goet thee gone:
And if any one aske the thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doome-day. Fetch me a slope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Moost fit it is, for't will be made, he throwes up a shoule.
For such a ghost moost meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,

That is thus merry in making of a graue?

See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.

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

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For and a winding sheete,
Moost fit it is for to be made,
For such a ghost moost meet.

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

Why ma'it 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 conuience of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pitifull transformation!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues skinnes too.
Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselves sheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee
Let's question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose grave 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, but indeede
One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This seven yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the peasant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laid in, as we haue many pocky corces,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last 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 hold out water, that's a parlous
Deeuer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I cue, since our last king Hamlet
Slew Fortenbresse in combat, yong Hamlet's 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 haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, it is 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 powdered once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do you not 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 haue 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
thicker, to this she must come Toricke. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus?

Hor. Even so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. My lord, no other wise.

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 bong hole of a beere barrel?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

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

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

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

Priest. My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden Soule:
And but for faouour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

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

Ham. The faire O'slia dead.

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

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

Now powre your earth on Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde Pellon:
What's he that coniures so?

Ham. Beholdtis I, Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,

Which
Prince of Denmark.

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

King. Forbeare Lear, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Dove.
Therfore a while giue his wilde humoure 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, Lear.

King. My lord, you are so; but we'e no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore Lear be in readynes.

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

King. Come Gertrude, we'l have Lear, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as besittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and love their countrie.

Queene God grant they may.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke you water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
V.ii.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Gent. Now God save thee, sweete prince Hamlet.

Ham. And you sir, how the muske edrмест.

Gent. I come with an embassage from his maiestie to you.

Ham. I shall sir give you attention. By my troth me thinkes it is very cold.

Gent. It is indeede very rawith colde.

Ham. This is not me thinkes.

Gent. Very sowlery hot.

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side, Six Barbary horse, against six French rapiers.

With all their accoutrements too, the carriages:

In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The carriages sir, I do not know what you mean.

Gent. The girdles, and hangars sir, and such like.

Ham. The worde had beene more couner german to the phrase, if he could have carryed the canon by his side, And howse is the wager? I understand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that yong Learst 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 muf this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king and her maiestie,

With the rest of the best judgement in the Court,

Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maiestie, I will attend him.

Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweete answer.

exit.

Ham. You may sir, none better for you are spiced,

Else he had a bad nose could not smell a fool.

Hor. He will discloze himselfe without inquirie.

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

Very fore all here about.

Hor. My lord forbeare the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, nor I if danger be now,

Why then it is not to come, thereis a predestinate prouidence.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter King, Queen, Lear, Lords.

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

Ham. Your majestie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles.

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

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

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

King. Give them the foiles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle Lear, these foiles, Have all a laugh, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none. Heere they plaie

Ham. Judgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come again. They plaie again.

Ham. Another Judgement.

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

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

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

King. Give him the wine.

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

Queen. Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.

Sbee drinkes.

King. Do not drinke Gertrude: O'tis the poisned cup!
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Learstes come, you daily with me.
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
Lear. It 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 anothere 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 is't my Lord Learstes?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe shoule,
Foolisly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The faltall Instrument is in thy hand.
Untabated 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 serv'd:
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 scandaile wouldst thou leave behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart finckes Horatio.
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewel Horatio, heauen receive my soule. Ham. dies.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Voltcear and the Ambassadors from England.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?
Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke upon this tragicke spectacle.
Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Haft thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (land,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most moost vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.
Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That never mortall man could more vnfolde.
Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leasure doth invite mee:
Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a soouldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he lived,
To a proudd most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis