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THE TRAGEDY

of

HAMLET.

1603.

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THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.
THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

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

At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell.
1603.
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 soouldier, who hath releeed you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.
2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue scene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice scene by vs,
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Therefore I haue intreated him along with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

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

2. Last night of all, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of 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, 'tis horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speak.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar.
Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyselfe,
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 sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead howe,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

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

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most observant watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
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 stoode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapprooud mettle hot and full,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Enter the Ghost.

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

2. Tis heere. exit Ghost.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
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 haue 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 sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saniours birth is celebrated,

The
'Prince of Denmarke.'  

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seeene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our dutie?

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

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

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbrasse,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar.
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now Leartes what's the newes with you?
You said you had a sute what i'st Leartes?

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

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

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, Leartes?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

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

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

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

Ham. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes 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 cease laments,
It is a fault against heauen, fault against the dead,
A fault against 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 best obay you madam.

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

But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much griec'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniversall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two : maried,
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
Vnrighteous teates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to 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 seruant euer.

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 sirs;
But what is your affaire in Elsenoure?
Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in Elsenoure?
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had scene that day Horatio;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, 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 vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,

While
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The 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, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?

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

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

All We do my Lord.
Ham. Armed 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 beene 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 sable siluer.

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

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if' hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
Gieue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. exeunt.

Ham. O your loues, your loues, 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, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. Exit.

Enter Lear'tes and Ofelia.

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord,
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 prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue' t Ofelia,therefore keepe a loose
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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

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

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here Leartes? aboord,aboord,for shame,
The winde sits 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 hast, and their adoptions tried,
" Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
" But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
" Of euery new vnflieg'd courage,
" Beware of entrance into a quarrell;but being in,
" Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
" Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
" But not exprest in fashion,
" For the apparrell oft proclaines the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
" This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,

C 2

Thou
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. exit.

Oft. It is already lock'd within my heart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i'st Ofelia he hath said to you?
Oft. Something touching the prince Hamlet.

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

Oft. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his love
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.
Oft. And withall, such earnest vows.

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.

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

Cor. Ofelia, receive none of his letters,
"For lovers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To unlocke Chastitie unto Desire;
Come in Ofelia, such men often prove,
"Great in their words, but little in their love.

Oft. I will my lord. execut.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

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

Mar. No, tis strucke.

Hora.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse, Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles, And as he dreams, his draughts of renish downe, The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out, The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i' st and though I am Nativity here, and to the maner borne, It is a custome, more honour'd in the breach, Then in the obscuance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs, Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell: Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou commest in such questionable shape, That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance, But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death Haue burst their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher, In which wee saw thee quietly inter'd, Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane, That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate Steele, Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone, Making night hideous, and we foolcs 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 though it had something To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action It waues you to a more remoued ground,
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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 soveraigntie of reason,
And drive you into madness: thinke of it.

_Ham._ Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

_Hor._ My Lord, you shall not go.

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

_Mar._ My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

_Ham._ My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vahand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

_Hor._ He waxeth desperate with imagination.

_Mar._ Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

_Hor._ Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

_Mar._ Lets follow, tis 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, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

_Ham._ Alas poore Ghost.

_Ghost_ Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding

Lend
I. lend thy listening ear, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp 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 hair to stand on end
Like quills vpon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father lone.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.

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

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On Lethe wharffe : briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abuses:
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 haue the power (with gifts,
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
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 Tragedy of Hamlet

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncele came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my cares
Did powre the leaprous distilment,whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smoothe body, barked,and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne,of Queene,of life,of dignitie
At once depruied, 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 hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue 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.

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 truiall fond conceites
That euer youth,or else observance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, smiljing damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
Prince of Denmarke

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.
So vncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

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

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

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar. How i'st my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

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

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinkè it? but you'll be secret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.

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

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And desiers 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; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrike but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Both. What i'st my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord nor I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.
Gho. Sweare.

The Gost under the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerie,
Here consent to sweare.
Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.
Gost. 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.
Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,
Then are Dream't of, in your 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 Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ghost. 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 ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett'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. Iwill my lord.

Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquiere 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 faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
What was I about to say,

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.

Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drinking drunke, or entering
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

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

Enter, Ophelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now Ophelia, what's the news with you?
Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while hee stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holdes my pulse 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 ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:

For
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Cor. Madde for thy loue, What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late? Ofelia. I did repell his letters, deny his gifts, As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him madde: By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort To leave their wantonnesse. Well, I am sorry That I was so rash: but what remedy? Lets to the King, this madness may prooue, Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. exequnt.

Enter King and Queen, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

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

Ros. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes Then vse perswasions to your liege men,bound By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne, We willindeuour all the best we may, So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.

King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft. Que. Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

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

King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.

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Cor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Haue 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 traine of policie 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?
Volt. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,
Vpon our first he sent forth to supprese
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation against the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrasse, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde Norway overcome with ioy,
Gieus him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

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

Cor.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter,
Haue 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
Deluier’d to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.
Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull Ofelia:
Thine euuer the most vnhappy 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 louing 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 vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
Shee as my childe obediently obey’d me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross’d,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weaknesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King. Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positieuly,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this same?

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

King. see where hee comes poring vppon 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 aloofe, 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 everlasting Judge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'n'd,
The undescovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore?

The
Prince of Denmarke

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 vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
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 sines remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

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

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better pruiledge 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 aliue,
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.

E

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. O thou shouldst not a beleueed 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 prowde, ambitious, disdainfull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Belieue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

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

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny,to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them,to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonesse, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one,shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
Prince of Denmarke.

To a Nunnery goe. exit.

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dash and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a scene what I haue scene, see what I see. exit.

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, Enter King and
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Corambis.

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

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

Ham. 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 do ye reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which sir, I most potently beleue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

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

E 2

Ham.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

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

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

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

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

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

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, 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.

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Ross. I thinke not so my lord.

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

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

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

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.

What entertainement the Players shall haue,
We boarded them a the way : they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?
Ross. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often.

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

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

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that
Come to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes
At my yncle, when my father lined,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture : but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall use his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe.

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monaday last, t'was so indeede.

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

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

When Rossios was an Actor in Rome.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall, Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha. O Iepha 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 Iepha, I hane 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
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, Enter players.
What my olde friend, thy face is valanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st 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 sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Welle even too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Qualitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their judgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make the sauory,
But


Prince of Denmark.

But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Æneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrrus, like th'arganian beast:
No t'is not so, it begins with Pirrus:
O I have it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose sable armes,
Blace as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blace and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismal, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire Pryam seekes:
So goe on.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it fallles, vnable to resist.

Pyrrus at Pryam driues, but all in rage,
 Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father fallles.

Cor. Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It shall 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 scene the mobled Queene?
Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diadem stoode,
Who this had scene with tongue innenom'd speech,
Would.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselves had scene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malitious strokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would have made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

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

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

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

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

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of Gonsago?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not 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. T'is well, I thanke you:follow that lord:
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leave me.

Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Execunt all but Hamlet.

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

For
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? What would he do and if he had my losse? His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him, He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood, Amaze the standers by with his laments, Strike more then wonder in the judiciall eares, Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise, Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and John a Dreames, Hauing 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, Giv'e me the lie i' 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 slaues offell, this damned villaine, Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father, Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe Thus raile in wordes. About my braine, I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play, Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell, And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such men, Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder 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 so neere in loue, even from his youth, Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

F Gil.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could, To wring from him the cause of all his griefe, But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes Would make an answere to that we exposde.

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

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

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

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

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'ill 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, giue 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'st Corambis? (done, 

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

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

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

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger, Who hopes his griefe will be reveald to her. excunt omnes

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce this speech trippingly a the tongue as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But glue euery thing his action with temperance.  (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the cares of the ignoraunt,who for the (noises,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe 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 fellowes that I haue scene play,
And heard others commend them,and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Christian,Pagan,
Nor Turke,haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men,and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie,so abhominable:
Take heede,auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

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

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

Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
And, your beere is sowre: and, babbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of easts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Wylesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

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

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as 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 sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To close with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.

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

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

Ham. Harke, they come.

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

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

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

feede a the ayre.

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

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 Capitoll, Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calf.
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: (tractiuue:

To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord. (trary matters?

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

Enter in a Dumbe Show, the King and the Queene, he sits
downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poysen 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 myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

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

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stowping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. T'st a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

Ofel. Tis short my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Since happy time joyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veins,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde 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,
Thon maist(perchance)haue 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 she kils the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood,wormewood!

Duke I doe beleue you sweete,what now you speake,
But what we doe determinie oft we breake,
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
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 pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow,euer I be wife.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke T'is deeply sworne,sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-

Dutchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene 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 Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. No offence in the world, poison in Iest, poison in
King What do you call the name of the play? (Iest.
Ham. Mouse-trap:mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in Guyana, Albertus
Was the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
Father, it is a knauish pece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that have free
Soules, let the gall'd iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Ya're as good as a Chorus my lord.
Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y'are very pleasant my lord.

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

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Jesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemen's death may outlie memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobri-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 worse.

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

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

Ham.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Exeunt King and Lordes.

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

Hor. The king is mooued my lord.

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

Enter Rossenercraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'est 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 us againe intreate
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempere-
Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.
Ham. We shall obey, were she 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 haue no skill my Lord.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
Tis but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.
Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.
Ros. My lord wee cannot.
Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
**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 diue into the secret of my soule.
Zownds do you thinke Iam easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides,to be demanded by a spunge.

*Ros.* How a spunge my Lord?

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

*Ros.* Wel my Lord we'e take our leaue.

*Ham* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

*Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.*

**Enter Corambis**

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

*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

*Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.

*Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.

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

*Ham.* Or like a whale.

*Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

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

Good night Horatio.

*Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

*Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with mee:
O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.

G I
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falles vpon my face Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience! When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse, The earth doth still cric out vpon my fact, 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 eat, Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe: I but still to perseuer in a sinne, It is an act against the vniversall power, Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer. Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneels. enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last, And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged:
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full, And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen Who knowes, saue the immortall powres, And shall I kill him now, When he is purging of his soule? Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit, And not revenge: no, get thee vp a ten, (druke, When hee's at gameswaring, taking his carowse, drinking Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed, Or at some act that hath no relish Of salvation in't, then trip him That his heeles may kicke at heauen, And fall as lowe as he: my mother stayes, This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. exit Ham.

King My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Queene and Corambis.

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

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'st with you mother?

Queene How i'st with you?

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

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

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

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

Helpe hoo.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

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

Queene Hamlet, what hast thou done?

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

Queene How! kill a king!

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

Queene Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

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

G 2 He
The Tragedy of Hamlet

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damningly murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Vulcan.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queen. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leave him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clotws, of very shreads.
Queen. Sweete Hamlet cease.
Ham. Nay but still to perswist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to scale damnation.

Queen. Hamlet, no more.
Ham. Why appetit with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Who'se chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queen. Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

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

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gratious
Powers above, and honer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And every part that should assist revenge,
For goe their proper powers, and fall to pity.

_Ghost_ Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

_Ham._ How i'st with you Lady?

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

_Ham._ Why doe you nothing heare?

_Queene_ Not I.

_Ham._ Nor doe you nothing see?

_Queene_ No neither. (habite

_Ham._ No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. _exit ghost._

_Queene_ Alas, it is the weaknesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule,I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

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

_Queene_ Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,

G 3 

That
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King. Now Gertred, what sayes 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 tosses 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 killes.

King. Why this his madnesse will vn doe our state.

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. Exeunt Lordes.

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

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

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

King. Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Prince of Denmarke.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes are euene now at him.

Father,your fatte King,and your leane Beggar
Are but variable services, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

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

King But some 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'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.

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

Ham. O with all my heart:farewel mother.

King Your louing father,Hamlet.

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

execute all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue 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 sight of them,on his allegeance,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

He presently without demand ing 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 Fortenbras, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbrasse 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.  exeunt 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 euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mischance of olde Corambis death,
Hath piersed so 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,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong Ofelia is!

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

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

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

king How i'st 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 weepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee'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 swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to Morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within. enter Leartes.

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

Lear. Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene True, but not by him.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

king Let him goe Gertred,away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most sory for it,
Being the chiefestpillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-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 reconcilement but by bloud.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selve.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this,Ofelia? O my deere sister!
I'zt possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau'n's themselves! how now Ofelia?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here,here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Here's some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
And there's pansey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts,remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you,I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they 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 & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Otel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the false steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is saint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And dup't the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisle, and by saint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo'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 Otelia.

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

king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

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

Which once unhearsed, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he hold decre.

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

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'd in Denmarke,
This letter I euem 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 convension 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 villainie:
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 think 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 set ashore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poyned for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Scale,
Prince of Denmark.

So all was done without discouerie.

Queene Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince, Horatio once againe I take my leave,
With thousands mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

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

king Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your reveuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

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

Lea. And how for this?

King Mary Leartes 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 twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poysen,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lovde
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

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 lest that all should nisue,
I'le have a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

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

king How now Gertred, why looke you heavily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Having made a garland of sundry sortes of flores,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
The enious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vnecable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heavy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

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

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

2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

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

2. Yea but it was against her will.

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

Ergo
Prince of Denmark.

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y're gone, goe y're gone sir.
  2. I but see,she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should have more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselves, more than other people:
Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
  2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding-sheeete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, he throwes vp a shouel.
For such a ghost most 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, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-

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

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

Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with’s shouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conueniace of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchement made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselues 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
Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this?
Clowne Mine sir.
Ham. But who must lie in it?
Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
Ham. What man must be buried here?
Clowne No man sir.
Ham. What woman?
Clowne No woman neither sir, but indeede
One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne Ifaith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corse,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham.
Ham. And why a tanner?
Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I cuer since our last king Hamlet
Slew Fortenbrasse in combat, yong Hamlets father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?
Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Ham. Vpon 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, t'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 powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one Yorickes scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore Yoricke
I knew him Horatio,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me:Whereas your iests now Yoricke? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come Yoricke. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. And smelt thus?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the boungh hole of a beere barrell? Imperious Cæsar dead and turnd to clay, Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the windie away.

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

Ham. What funerall's 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 fauour 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 sister be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire Ofelia dead!

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

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:

Leartes leaps into the graue.

Now powre your earth on, Olympus hic, And make a hill to o're top olde Pellan: Hamlet leaps in after Leartes

What's he that comiures so?

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy soule.

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

Which
Prince of Denmarke.

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

King. Forbeare Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the sea, 
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue: 
Therfore a while glue his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus? 
I neuer 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, Leartes.

King. My lord, tis so: but wee’le no longer trifle, 
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his last, 
For presently we meane to send to him, 
Therfore Leartes be in readynes.

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

King. Come Gertred, wee’l haue Leartes, and our sonne, 
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both, 
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene. God grant they may. 

Exit Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. beleue mee, it greues mee much Horatio, 
That to Leartes I forgot my selfe: 
For by my selfe me thinkes I seele his griefe, 
Though there’s a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

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

Gent. Now God save thee, sweete prince Hamlet.
Ham. And you sir; foh, how the muske-cod smells!
Gen. I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you
Ham. I shall sir giue you attention:
By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.
Gen. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.
Gen. Very swoltery hote:
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
Ham. The carriages sir, I do not know what you meane.
Gen. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
Ham. The worde had beene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I understand you now.
Gen. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.
Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?
Gen. My Lord, presently, the king and her maiesty,
With the rest of the best judgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.
Ham. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
Gen. I shall deliver you most sweet answer. exit.
Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.
Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
Ham. Believe me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine
Very sore, all here about.
Hor. My lord, forbear the challenge then.
Ham. No Horatio, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestiuate prouidence
Prince of Denmark

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

Enter King, Queene, Learstes, Lordes.

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

Ham. Your maistrie hath laid a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles.

Ham. First Learstes, here's my hand and loue,

Protesting that I never wrongd Learstes.

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

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

King Give them the foiles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle Learstes, these foiles,

Haue all a laught, come on sir: a hit.

Lear. No none. Heere they play:

Ham. Iudgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe. They play againe.

Ham. Another. Iudgement.

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

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

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

King Give him the wine.

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

Queene Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.

Shee drinkes.

King Do not drinke Gertred: O tis the poysned cup!

I 3 Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me, I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
Lear. I! say you so? haue at you, Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King Looke to the Queene.
Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.
Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How ist my Lord Leartes?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.
Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnoion here.
Lear. O he is iustly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgue thee.
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. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinkes Horatio,
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
Farewel Horatio, heauen receiue my soule.
Ham. dies.

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