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Malone E. 153.

Malone E. 153.
THE

DEVONSHIRE "HAMELETS."
HAMLET
By William Shake-speare,
1603;

HAMLET
By William Shakespeare,
1604:

Being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by SAMUEL TIMMINS.

"Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this."

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL.
M.DCCCLX.
TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., &c.,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JOSIAH ALLEN, jun.

January, 1860.
Note to the Reader.—The Printer begs to state, for the information and satisfaction of the reader, that the most scrupulous care has been exercised in the production of this volume; that the old-fashioned and mis-spellings, printers' blunders (which might, perhaps, be wrongly attributed to the present edition), the punctuation, &c., of the Originals have been minutely copied throughout; and that marginal references are given to the parallel passages where the quarto texts are so transposed that they could not be printed face to face.
The Tragedy of *Hamlet* is not only one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays, but, perhaps, all things considered, one of the greatest works of dramatic art yet given to the world. From the child who sees or reads it when so young that, like Dr. Johnson, he is afraid to "read the ghost scenes alone," to the philosopher who seeks to understand its mysteries, this great drama has long received the highest need of praise. It has taken a place in literature almost unique, and the tragic story of the melancholy Dane is as fully and as widely received from Shakespeare's version as any genuine historic fact. The literary history, however, of this wonderful tragedy is exceedingly obscure. Shakespeare, unlike Ben Jonson, took no trouble about his marvellous dramas; and it was not till seven years after his death that the collected edition of his works appeared. Heminge and Condell, the editors of this folio of 1623, caution their "great variety of readers" against "diuers stol'n and surreptitious copies" previously published, and profess to have printed their edition from "papers" in which they "scarce received from him a blot." The folio, however, is carelessly edited and badly printed, and we are indebted to some of these "stol'n and surreptitious copies" for some noble passages which would otherwise have been irrecoverably lost. Among these early quartos, most of which are very scarce, the first edition of *Hamlet* was till recently unique. It bore the date of 1603, and became the property of the late Duke of Devonshire in 1825, along with twelve other scarce old plays. The volume, which formerly
belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, was bought by Payne and Foss for 180l., sold to the Duke for 250l., and is now estimated to be worth 400l. A reprint of the Hamlet, very carefully and accurately made, was published in 1825, but without the last leaf, which was deficient in the original, and this leaf was not supplied till 1856, when a second copy of the play was discovered by Mr. M. W. Rooney of Dublin. This copy, which had the last leaf perfect, but wanted the title page, was bought by Mr. Rooney from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr. Rooney sold the pamphlet to Mr. Boone for 70l., from whom Mr. J. O. Halliwell bought it for 120l., and it is now deposited in the British Museum.

Critics, of course, differ very widely as to the real date and history of this famous quarto. Mr. Payne Collier thinks it was probably printed from short-hand notes, revised by an inferior dramatist: others consider that it is, as far as it goes, a correct copy of the first version of the famous play: while nearly all agree that the date upon the title page gives no clue to the real date when the play was first written and performed. The contemporary literature affords four passages showing that a play called Hamlet was known before 1598, but no trace is found of any other Hamlet than that which bears Shakespeare's name; and it is therefore a reasonable assumption that this drama, bearing the date 1603, may have been a recognized work of Shakespeare, publicly performed several years before that date, and "surreptitiously" printed in that year. This would allow the further inference that the subject was a favourite one with Shakespeare, and that about the beginning of the seventeenth century he revised his early drama, and "enlarged it to almost as much again as it was." As the evidence is so very scanty, and the limits of this preface will not permit a discussion of probabilities, I must refer the reader to the remarks of Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. Staunton, and to an article in the Edinburgh Review (lxxxii, 377—384), in which the question is fairly and fully discussed, and record my own conviction that both the texts now republished are most valuable, the first as
a “rough-hewn” draft of a noble drama (written probably 1587-1589, “diverse times acted by His Highness’s servants” till 1602, when it was “entered” for publication, and soon afterwards “enlarged”), and “shaped,” as it appears in the second quarto, by the divine bard’s maturer mind.

The 1604 quarto is also scarce, only three copies being known. One belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, another to Lord Howe, and the other to Mr. Huth, junior, of London. The history of the Devonshire copy is not publicly known, that of Lord Howe formerly belonged to Charles Jennens, Esq., and Mr. Huth’s copy was discovered by Mr. Howard Staunton in the library of Mr. Plumer of Selkirk, and for which, with a folio of 1623, and 1632, Mr. Huth paid 200l., leaving about 165l. as the cost of the quarto Hamlet. All these copies are perfect and extremely valuable, not only as giving the text “enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie,” but as containing many passages of extreme beauty not found in the earlier quarto. A glance at the pages of this reprint will show how large are the additions, and how singularly interesting is the collation of the two texts. Whatever theory may be adopted as to their origin or date, their rarity is remarkable and their literary value great, since (in the words of Mons. F. V. Hugo, who has recently translated both versions into French) they afford us a “comparaison infiniment curieuse, en ce qu’elle nous permet de pénétrer jusqu’au fond la pensée du poète, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail.”

The extreme rarity and value of these two quartos has kept them almost out of the reach of the great world of Shakespeareans; but the late Duke of Devonshire liberally ordered fac-similes to be made, and forty copies were issued under the superintendence of Mr. Payne Collier, and presented to various public libraries and eminent literary men. Even these, however, are too scarce to reach the great mass of readers; and the present volume (in which the pages on the right hand side are exact copies of the Second Quarto, page for page) is offered to the literary world as a careful and accurate reprint of the two scarce and valuable original
editions; the First Quarto (occupying the left hand side) being so spaced out that the passages which are parallel face those of the second edition, and thus the development of the characters, and the changes of the text may be readily examined and compared.

Any attempt to consider the merits and beauties of the great drama, or the critical value of these two editions, would be beyond the purpose and limits of this preface; and I therefore propose to give only the bibliography of Hamlet, with a few brief notes. The task is difficult, and will necessarily be imperfect; for it has been found impossible to include in the text all references to Hamlet, except where the drama forms the special or a very prominent subject of the book, or where, as in the list of German commentaries, the references are not generally known. The list has been compiled with great care from Wilson’s and from Halliwell’s Shakespeareana, from Herr Karl Elze’s Hamlet, from a MS. of my friend, Dr. Ingleby, and from my own collection and notes. Its objects are to show the greatness of the drama by the books it has brought forth, and to form, as far as practicable, an index of the works (excluding only three German and two English Travesties, and Pictorial Illustrations) which have appeared on the literary, dramatic, and personal history of this great drama. The folio editions (1623, 1632, 1664, 1685) are not mentioned in the list, nor the editions of the complete works, in which, of course, the tragedy is contained.

To Mr. J. Allen, jun., of Birmingham, the printer of this volume, the literary world is largely indebted for the admirable style in which it is produced; and having carefully examined every page, I have much pleasure in stating that it is a complete and faithful reproduction of the original works.

Edgbaston, January, 1860.

SAML. TIMMINS.
"HAMLET" BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ENGLISH EDITIONS OF "HAMLET."


The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-spere. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. [† James Robert] for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1605.


[Boswell's Malone Edition, 1821, Vol. 2, p. 692, mentions this as having "Shak-spere without the middle e", but no copy is known.]

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1611.

[Dr. Ingleby found, on careful collation, that the quarto of 1608, 1607, 1611 are not, as suggested by Mr. Rooney, the "same editions with different titles."]


[In the possession of Dr. Ingleby; but not mentioned by Wilson or Halliwell.]

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1685.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1695.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1703.


ENGLISH COMMENTARIES.

[A reprint of the story, from Belle-Forest and Sazo Grammaticos, on which the drama is founded, apparently a popular book.]

Notices of the Play of Hamlet, by Dr. Drake. 1699.
Shakespeare Restored: or a specimen of the many errors, as well committed, as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this poet. By Mr. Theobald. London, 1726.
[This, although the title does not say so, is entirely devoted to the play of Hamlet.]


Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Hamlet. 8vo. 1732.
An Essay on the Character of Hamlet as Performed by Mr. Henderson at the Haymarket. 8vo. N. D.


Essays on Shakespeare’s Dramatic Characters, &c., &c., with additional observation on the character of Hamlet, by Wm. Richardson. 12mo. 1775 and 1788.

Essay on the Character of Hamlet, by the Rev. T. Robertson. 4to. 1788.


Observations on Hamlet and the Motives which induced Shakespeare to fix on the Story of Amleth, Appendix to, being an attempt to prove that Shakespeare designed that Tragedy as an indirect censure on Mary Queen of Scots, by James Plumtre, M.A. 8vo. 1797.

Remarks on Mr. John Kemble’s Performance of Hamlet and Richard III, by the Author of Glenroses. 8vo. 1802.


Popular and Classic Illustrations of Insanity (Essays and Orations), by Sir Henry Halford. 12mo. 1832.
[Printed for private circulation, and very scarce, see Quarterly Review, xlix, 144-186.]


Shakespeare’s Hamlet: an attempt to find the way to a Great Moral Problem by a methodical analysis of the play, by Edward Strachey. London, 1846.


On the Character of Hamlet (Essays and Marginalia), by Hartley Coleridge. 1851.

[An able defence of the “Ravin”-reference, but very scarce, and apparently withdrawn soon after publication, on account of its libellous character.]
ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

[These are necessarily so numerous that a complete list can scarcely be hoped for; and as much valuable material is buried in old volumes of literary journals, the compiler of this list will be glad to have the omissions supplied.]

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Hamlet (Garden at Elaineur) . xiv, 171
" (Character of) . xxviii, 483
" (Goethe's analysis) . xlii, 438
" (Le Tourneur's translation) li, 230
" (Closing scene of) . lxxi, 490
" (Texts of) lxiii, 365-367, 370-371, 377-384
" (Authorities of Saxo Grammaticus) lxxxii, 287
" (Wallay's translation) lxxxiii, 57-58

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Hamlet (Story Saxo Grammaticus) ii, 291
" (Speech of Gertrude) . xi, 178
" (Causes of unfitness for French stage) . xvii, 449
" (Acted at Pittsburgh) . xxxi, 151
" (Ducis' version) . xxix, 46-47
" (Criterion of madness) xlix, 184-185
" (Dr. Johnson on) . lxxix, 313-321
" (Miscellaneous) x, 492; xvi, 185; xvii, 219; xx, 403; xxi, 391; xxvi, 398; xxviii, 98; xxix, 429
" (Character of) . li, 188-184
" (History of Saxo Grammaticus) . li, 461-462

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Hamlet (Letters on) . . . ii, 504
" (Critique on) . . . v, 228
" (Danish translation of) . . x, 174
" (French version) . . . xi, 449
" (Ghost in) . . . xxi, 782
" (Inconsistency of) . . . xxxiii, 35
" (and Jaques compared) . . . xxiv, 558
" (Character of) . . . 585
" (Mr. Young's acting) . . . 559
" (Retsch's Illustrations) . . . 666
" (John Kemble's acting) . . . 674
" (Tragedy of) . . . xxxii, 398
" (Love for Ophelia) . . . 400
" (and Gosthe's Faust) xxxvi, 236,269
" (Schröder's version) xxxvii, 242
" (German Critics on) . . . 243
" (Gosthe on) . . . 246
" (Tieck and Horn) . . . 247
" (Compared with Romeo and Juliet) . . . 528
" (Garrick's changes) . . . xiv, 396
" (Ducis' French version) . . . xli, 359
" (Fellows' Madness of) . . . xli, 449
" (Play represented in) . . . xlvii, 146
" (Passages in) lxvi, 252, lxvii, 634-5
GERMAN EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.


Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare (mit Deutscher Übersetzung, Herausgegeben durch Dr. Friedrich Köhler). Leipzig, 1856.


[A very elaborate and exhaustive volume of Hamlet-literature.]


Shakespeare's Hamlet, ein Trainerspiel in 5 Akten. Zurich, 1805.


Shakespeare's Hamlet, eine Tragödie in 5 Akten, übersetzt von J. B. Mannhart. Sulzbach, 1830.

Shakespeare's Hamlet, in Deutscher übertragung. London und Hamburg, 1834.


Shakespeare's Hamlet, Ein Trauerspiel, abgeändert von Heufeld (In der Sammlung neuer Wiener Schauspiele).


GERMAN COMMENTARIES.

Wieland, Der Geist Shakespeare's, mit Auszügen aus dem Hamlet. 1773.


Über die Bedeutung der Shakespeare'schen Schicksalstragödien insbesondere entwickelt an Macbeth, Lear, und Hamlet. In den Wiener Jahrbüchern. Bd. 43.


Tisch und Hamlet, von A. Beyfuss. In Sybillusche Blätter aus der neusten Zeit. 1 Heft. Berlin, 1826.


FRENCH TRANSLATIONS AND COMMENTARIES.

Shakespeare’s Hamlet. Traduit par De La Place (Le Théâtre Anglais, 296-416). A Londres, 1746.

Shakespeare et Addison mis en comparaison ou imitations en vers; des Monologues de Hamlet et de Caton par A. Duval. 1786.


(A ludicrous attempt to “improve” Hamlet, and adapt it to the French stage.

Shakespeare’s Hamlet. Tragédie en 5 Actes, conforme aux représentations données à Paris. 1827.


Critique sur Hamlet (Mélanges par M. de Barante). 1835.


Hamlet. Traduit par Guizot.

Observations sur Hamlet, par Jänke, Progamm der höhern Bürgerschule zu Graudenz. 1853.


DANISH TRANSLATION.

Hamlet : a Danish Version, by Foerson. Copenhagen, 1807.

[See Blackwood’s Magazine; x, 174.]

ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

Hamlet. 8vo. Firenze, 1814.

SPANISH TRANSLATION.

Hamlet, Traducida e ilustrada con la vida del autor y notas críticas, par Inarco Celenio. 4to. Madrid, 1798.
ERRATA.

Page 51 I, line 12—*for* "not," *read* "nor."
Page 66 I—*omit* first three lines; given on previous page.
Page II 18, line 23—*for* "than," *read* "then."
Page II 30, line 2—*for* "aught," *read* "ought."

In the references, page 39 I—*for* "II 37," *read* "II 36;"
and page II 43—*for* "33 I," *read* "34 I."
THE Tragicall Historie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-spere.

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

At London printed for N.L. and John Trundell.
1603.
THE
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.
Enter two Centinels.

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

1. O you come most carefully upon your watch,

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night. Mar.
The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. VV
Fran. VV
Bar. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your felfe.
Fran. Long liue the King,
Bar. Barnardo.
Fran. Hee.
Bar. You come most carefully vpon your house,
Fran. Tis now strooke twelxe, get thee to bed Francisco,
Bar. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
Fran. And I am sick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a moue stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thynke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farwell honest soulidier, who hath relieued you?
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.

Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantase, And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs.
Therefore I haue intreated him a long 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
Aflaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, fit 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, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Queftion it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that thus vfurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.
2. See, it stakles away.

Hor.
Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha’s this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliue take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Truth, truth, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your cares,
That are so ffortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre that was eastward from the pole,
Had made his courfe t’illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.
Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
Hora. Most like, it hollowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hora. What art thou that vfurpset this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it flaukes away.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than 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. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frownd he once, when in angry parle
He smot the fleaed pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and lump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he pafted through our watch.

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

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And foraine martre, for implements of warre,
Why such impreffe of thip-writes, whose fore task
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 leaft the whisper goes fo,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Braffe of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,
For fo this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did flay this Fortenbraffe,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His
Prince of Denmarke.


Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this somthing more then phantafie? What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might not this believe, Without the sencible and true auouch Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated, So frownd he once, when in angry parle He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice. Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and j ump at this dead houre, With martiall flauke hath he gone by our watch.

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

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes, Why this famke strikt and most obseruant watch So nightly toiles the subie& of the land, And with such dayly coft of brazon Cannon And foraine mart, for implements of warre, Why such impressle of ship-writes, whose fore taske Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward that this sweaty haft Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who lit that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At leaft the whisper goes so; our laft King, Whole image eu en but now appear'd to vs, Was as you knowe by Fortinbrasse of Norway, Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet, (For so this side of our knowne world eessemd him) Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seald compa& Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

B 2
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 inapproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharkt vp a fight of lawleffe Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprife,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.
Prince of Denmarke.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood feaz’d of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article deffeigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbras
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of lawelesse resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprize
That hath a stomacke in’t, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father loft; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post haft and Romadge in the land.

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

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the moft high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Iulius fell
The graues stooed tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As stares with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Dissaters in the funne; and the moist starr,
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of feare euents
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ilke crost 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 haft 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.

Her. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestical, 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.

Her. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The straunget 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 Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charmee,

So.
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crose it though it blast mee: stay illusion, It spreads
If thou haft any found or vfe of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eafe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou haft vphoored in thy life
Extorted trefure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. The cocke crowes.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maifestcall
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerabe,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe,
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and thrill founding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This prefent obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gaineft that season comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroade
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

B 3 So
The Tragedie of Hamlet

So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

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

Marc. Lets doo’it I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Coramdis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.
II ] [ 7 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part believe it,
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breaue we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue scene to night
Vnto young Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.

Florib. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrudt be Queene,
Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cum Aljs.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contract in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our felues:
Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntesse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy-
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard.
Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbrasse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoine, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faile to peastur vs with meffage

Importing
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbraffe,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of thefe 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 hafe 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 saide you had a fute what i’ft Leartes?

Lea: My gratious Lord, your favorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may haue leue to go againe to France,
For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whifpers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

King Haue you your fathers leue, Leartes?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And
Importing the surrender of those lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To Norway Vncle of young Fortenbrafe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppressle
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjekt, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delayed articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shewe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now Laertes what is the newes with you?
You told vs of some sute, what ist Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce; what woldst thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natuie to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What woldst thou haue Laertes?

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

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies Polonius?

Polo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my lowe leaue
By labourfome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 moods?

For your intent going to Wittenberg,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,

-Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All Denmarkes hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti’s not the fable sute I weare:

No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,

Nor the distracted hauour in the vifage,

Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,

Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,

Him haue I loft 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 looft a father,

That father dead, loft his, and so halbe vntill the

Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,

It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,

A fault gainst nature, and in reafons

Common courfe moost certaine,

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

I doe beseech you giue him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou knowst tis common all that liues must die,
Paffing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Queen. If it be
Why seemes it so particulier with thee.

Ham. Seems Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuers in the eye,
Nor the deceitd hauior of the vilage
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of grieue
That can devote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which paffes showe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father loft a father,
That father loft, loft his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perfeuer
In obstinate condolement, is a courfe
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly grieue,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
Ahart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vnchoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common
Que. Let not thy mother loose her prayers 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,
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowfe the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much griev'd and fallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vnuerfall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaon most absurde, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and think of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we befeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cochin, and our sonne.

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

Ham. I shall in all my beft obay you Madam,

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond heath that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Repeaking earthly thunder; come away. Florish. Exeunt all,

Ham. O that this too too fallied self would melt,

Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlafting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, itale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grose in nature,
Possesse it merely that it should come thus

C. But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vnkle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the falt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reafon 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 corfe
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,

Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe.
Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore servant 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 firs:
But what is your affaire in Elsennoure?
Weele teach you to drinke depe ere you depart.
Hor. A truant disposition, my good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make mee trufter
Of your owne report against your felde:
Sir, I know you are no truant:
But what is your affaire in Elsennoure?

Hora.
Prince of Denmarke.

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperon to a satire, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly, heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor fathers bodie
Like Niobe all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the fall of most unrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gaulted eyes
She married, o most wicked speede; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

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

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poor servant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,

And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,

Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truer of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,

But what is your affaire in Elsonoure?

Weele teach you fore to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient, I thynke 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 deereste foe in heauen Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;

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

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.

Hor. I 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 yeesternight,

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 vaft and middle of the night.

Beene thus encountered by a figure like your father,

Armed to poynct, exactely Capaapea

Appeares before them thirse, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies. Within his tronchions length,

While they distilled almoft to gelly,

With the act of feare stands dumbe,

And speake not to him: this to mee

In dreadfull secrezie 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
Prince of Denmarke.

Horo. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding,
Horo. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
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
Or euer I had seene that day Horatio,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Horo. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.
Horo. I saw him once, a was a goodly King,
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.
Horo. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. saw, who?
Horo. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Horo. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare ?
Horo. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead waft and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes fowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprized eyes
Within his tronchions length,whil’st they distil’d
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him ; this to me
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparission comes : I knewe your father,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 euuen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafe,
It thruncke in hafe away, and vanished
Our fight.
_Ham._ Indeed, indeed firs, 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 forrow than in anger.
_Ham._ Pale, or red?
_Hor._ Nay, verie pal
_Ham._ And fixt his eies vpon you.
_Hor._ Mofl confantly.
_Ham._ I would I had beene there.
_Hor._ It would a much amazed you.
_Ham._ Yea very like, very like, 'taid it long?
_Hor._ While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
_Mar._ O longer, longer.
_Ham._ His beard was grisleld, no.
_Hor._ It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A fable filuer.

_Ham._
**Prince of Denmarke.**

These hands are not more like.

_Ham._ But where was this?

_Mar._ My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

_Ham._ Did you not speake to it?

_Hora._ My Lord I did,

But anfwere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at thefound it shrank in hast away
And vanish't from our sight.

_Ham._ Tis very strange.

_Hora._ As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

_Ham._ Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

_All._ We doe my Lord.

_Ham._ Arm'd say you?

_All._ Arm'd my Lord.

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_All._ My Lord from head to foote.

_Ham._ Then fawe you not his face.

_Hora._ O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

_Ham._ What look't he frowningly?

_Hora._ A countenance more in forrow then in anger.

_Ham._ Pale, or red?

_Hora._ Nay very pale.

_Ham._ And fixt his eyes vpon you?

_Hora._ Moft constantly.

_Ham._ I would I had beene there,

_Hora._ It would haue much amaz'd you.

_Ham._ Very like, stayd it long?

_Hora._ While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

_Both._ Longer, longer.

_Hora._ Not when I faw't.

_Ham._ His beard was grisl'd, no.

_Hora._ It was as I haue seene it in his life

A fable siluer'd.

_Ham._
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
I lespeake to it, if hell it selfe shoule gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,
Giue it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, so fare you well,
Upon the platform, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ille 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, fit still my foule, foule deeds will rife
Though all the world owrwhelme them to mens cies. Exit.

Enter Lear tes and Ophelia.

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard,
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince Hamlet makes a shew of loue
Beware Ophelia, do not trust his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my fifer,
The Chariest maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnmake her beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue't Ophelia, therefore keepe a loofe
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this right
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Gieue it an vnderstanding but no tongue.
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platofme twixt a leauen and twelwe
Ile vsite you.

All. Our dutie to your honour. Exeunt.
Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then fit still my foule, fonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. Exit.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelias Sifter.
Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And fitter, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in asistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.
Opbe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his sauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Opbe. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature crescent does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirc
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

C 3. His
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ose. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiuue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophifter,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is saide to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth gieue 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 vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here Learstes? aboord, aboord, for shame,

The
Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not af vnnalewed perfons doe,
Carue for himselves, for on his choife depends
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choife be circumcibed
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to believe it
As he in his particulier act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you lift his songes
Or lose your hart, or your chaft treasure open
To his vnnaftred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sifter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The chariest maide is prodigall inough
If the vnnaftke her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclofed,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, beft safty lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
While a puff, and reckles libertine
Himselves the primrose path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleffing, is a double grace,
Occafion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a bord, a bord for thame,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

The winde sits in the shouder of your faile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

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

"Costly thy apparrrell, as thy purfe can buy.
"But not expref in fashion,
"For the apparrrell oft proclaims the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a moft felect and generall chiefe in that:

"This aboue all, to thy owne felfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canft not then be faile to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.
   Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell Ofelia,

And remember well what I haue faid to you.   exit.
   Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your felfe fhall keepe the key of it.

   Cor. What i'ft Ofelia he hath faide to you?
   Ofel. Somthing touching the Prince Hamlet.
   Cor. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderftand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Prince of Denmarke.

The wind fits in the shoulder of your faile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou charactor, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
Grapple then vnto thy soule with hoopes of fleele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue evey man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not exprest in fancy;rich not gaudy,
For the apparrrell oft proclames the man
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and fation,
Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy
For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be fale to any man:
Farwell, my blessing seazon this in thee.

Laer. Moft humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inletts you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue fayd to you.

Oph. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.


Pol. What if Ophelia he hath fayd to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giu'en priuate time to you, and you yourselfe
Haue of your audience beene moft free and bountious,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Oes. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

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

Oes. I shall obey my lord in all I may.
Cor. Oesilia, receiue none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refusse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Desire;
Come in Oesilia, such men often proue,
"Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Oes.
Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand your selfe so cleerely
As it behoues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affe&ion to me.

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

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

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

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

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

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burns, how prodigall the foule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light than heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promisie, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be someting scater of your maiden preference
Set your intreations at a higher rate
Then a commaud to parle ;for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments showe
But meere imploratotors of vnholie suitses
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

Haue
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ofei. I will my lord.  

exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue,  

Sound Trumpets.

Mar. No, t'is strucke.

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

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
Keepe waffel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, 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'ft and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle.
Keepes waffell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horo. Is it a cuftome?
Ham. I marry yt.

But to my minde, though I am natuie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuftome
More honourd in the breach, than the obseruance.
This heawy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrafe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuluer men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauflue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the flamp of one defect

D Being
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 anfwere mee, let mee not burft in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearted in death
Haue burft their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly inter'd,
Hath burft his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate Steele,
Reuifssets thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles 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,
But do not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.
Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall cenfure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

_Hora._ Looke my Lord it comes.

_Ham._ Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royall Dane, o anfwere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones.hearfed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuifites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

_Beckins._ It beckins you to goo away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

_Mar._ Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But doe not goo with it.

_Hora._ No, by no meanes.

_Ham._ It will not speake, then I will followe it.

_Hora._ Doe not my Lord.

_Ham._ Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord. That beckles ore his bace, into the sea, And there affume some other horrible shape, Which might deprue your foureraigntie of reason, And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it.

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

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the feare? I do not set my life at a 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, vnhand me gentlemen; By heauen ile make a ghoft 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 iflue will this fort? Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

Enter Ghoft and Hamlet.

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

Ghoft Marke me.

Ham. I will.

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

Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.
Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as itselfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might deprive your soueraignty of reason,
And draw you into madness, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rone beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

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

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I lay away, goe on, Ile followe thee. Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

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

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

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direc't it.


Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp myselfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghoft Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy liftning eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prifon house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lighteff word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars flart from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quills vpon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this fame blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didfst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.
Gho. Reuenge his foule, and moft vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder.
Ghoft Yea, murder in the higheff degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine moft foule,beaflfry, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haffe me to knowe it, that with wings as sift as meditacion, or the thought of it,may swepepe to my reuenge.
Ghoft O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldeft thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in eafe
On Lethe wharffe : briefe let me be.

Tis giuen out, that sleepeing in my orchard,
A Serpent ftung me; fo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is with a forged Profes of my death rankely abuside:
But know thou noble Youth : he that did ftng
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

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

Ghoft
Prince of Denmarke.

**Ghost.**  Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

**Ham.**  Speake, I am bound to heare.

**Ghost.**  So art thou to requenge, when thou shalt hear

**Ham.**  What?

**Ghost.**  I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prifon house,
I could a tale vnfold whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particulier hair to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the searefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, ô lift:
If thou didst ever thy deare father loue.

**Ham.**  O God.

**Ghost.**  Reuenge his soule, and most vnnatural murthere.

**Ham.**  Murther.

**Ghost.**  Murther most soule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnatural.

**Ham.**  Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my requenge.

**Ghost.**  I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in eale on Lethe wharffe,
Would'st thou not flurre in this; now Hamlet heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged procelle of my death
Ranckely abus'd: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did stinge thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

**Ham.**  O my propheticke soule! my Vngle?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
(with gifts,
O wicked will, and gifts! that have the power
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it never will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fete it felse from a celestial bedde,
And prey on garbag: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

In the after noone, vpone my secure houre
Thy vncl in came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold sugh an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turns the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depruiued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and finnes vpone my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghoft. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his flamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, even with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To thofe of mine; but vertue as it never will be moued,
 Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selue in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Brieue let me be; sleepeing within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posseffe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleepeing by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my finne,
Vnhuzled, disappoincted, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, 6 horrible, most horrible.
If thou haft nature in thee beare it not,

Let
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But hnowsoeuer, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaye her to heauen,
And to the burthenn that her conscience beares.

I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectual fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. Exit
Ham. O all you hoste of 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 triuiall fond conceites

That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damned pernicious villaine,

Murderons, bawdy, smilling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smiile, and smiile, and be a villayne;
At leaft I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.
So vnclie, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe tis enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord. Enter. Horatio, and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Mar. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho, come boy, come.
Hor. Heauens secure him.
Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howfomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother aught, leave her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Glowerme shewes the matine to be neere
And gines to pale his vnffectual fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoist of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shal I couple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ice wipe away all truuial fond records,
All sawes of booke, all forms, all pressurues past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall lie,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Unmixt with safter matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smyle, and smyle, and be a villain,
At leaft I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncl, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hora. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it.
Ham. No not I,you'l reuеale it.
Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How fay you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.
Both. I by heauen,my lord.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke,
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There need no Ghost comefrom 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 fory 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 to,touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.
For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or'emaifter it as you may:
And now kind frends,as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i'ft my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night:
Both. My lord,we will not.
Ham. Nay but fweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?
Hora. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reuiale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'll be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right,you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynyt you,
For every man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. These are but wilde and whirling words my Lord.
Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers,and soulsiders,
Giuue me one poore request.
Hora. What i'ft my Lord,we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but fware't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

The Ghost under the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,
Here consent to sweare.
    Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.
    Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.
    Gho. Sweare.
    Ham. Hie & vbique; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.
    Ham. Well said old Mole, can'tt worke in the earth?
so faft, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
    Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
    Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,
Then are Dream't of, in your 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 Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or we could and if wee 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
    Gho. Sweare.
    Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
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Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Vppon my sword.
Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'ft thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

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

Ham. Hic, & ubique, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can'ft worke it'hw earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by prounouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 let's go together.       Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. Montano, here, thefe letters to my fonne,
And this fame mony with my bleffing to him,
And bid him ply his learning good Montano.

Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. You fhall do very well Montano, to fay thus,

I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquiere the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may fay, you saw him at fuch a time, marke you mee,

At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go fo farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,

Now
Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'express his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, o cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Gieue him this money, and these notes Reynaldo.
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you visitte him, to make inquire
Of his behauour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompsament, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thou, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleafe, marry none so ranck
As may dishonnour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may seacon it in the charge.

E. You
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 drincking drunke, or entring
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
Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in unreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little foild with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer feene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He clofes with you in this consequnce,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addisition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then sir, doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the maffe I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At clofes in the consequnce.
Pol. At clofes in the consequnce, I marry,
He clofes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yeesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with fuch or fuch, and as you fay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowie,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter fuch a houfe of fale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or fo foforth, see you now,
Your bait of falfhood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windleffes, and with affaiies of bias,
By indirecctions find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

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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?
Oph. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Cor. Why what's the matter my Ophelia?

Oph. 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 fileht 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 lastest obiec’t.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrift,
And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclaife his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shouder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.

Cor.
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord. Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i' th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sorrowing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet with his doublt all vnbrac'd,

No hat upon his head, his stockins fouled,

Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ankle,

Pale as his thirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pittious in purport

As if he had been loos'd out of hell

To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wriift, and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus ore his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As a would draw it, long stayd he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,

He rais'd a sigh so pittious and profound

As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shouder turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

For out adoores he went without theyr helps,

And to the last bended their light on me.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Madde for thy loue,

What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?  
Ofelia I did repel his letters, deny his gifts  
As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:  
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to caft  
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort  
To leue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory  
That I was so rash: but what remedy?

Let's to the King, this madnesse may proue,  
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. exeunt.

Enter King and Queene, Rassencraft, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet

Hath lost the very heart of all his fenc,  
It is most right, and we most sory for him:  
Therefore we doe desiere, euens as you tendere  
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,

That you will labour but to wring from him  

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Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King, This is the very extacie of loue, \[ Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe, \] And leades the will to desperat vndertakings \As oft as any pasions vnder heauen \That dooes affliet our natures: I am sorry, \What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late? \[ Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund \I did repell his letters, and denied \His acceffe to me. \] Pol. That hath made him mad. \[ I am sorry, that with better heede and judgement \I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle \And meant to wrack thee, but bestraw my Ieloufie: \By heauen it is as proper to our age \To cast beyond our selues in our opinions, \As it is common for the younger fort \To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King, \This must be knowne, which being kept clofe, might moue \More grieue to hide, then hate to vter loue, \Come. \[ Exeunt. \]}

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne, Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The need we haue to vfe you did prouoke Our haftie fending, something haue you heard Of Hamlet's transformation, fo call it, Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man Reembles that it was, what it shoule be, More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both That beeing of fo young dayes brought vp with him, And fith fo naboored to his youth and hauior, That you voutsafe your reft heere in our Court Some little time, fo by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of Denmarke shal be thankefull,

Ref. My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then vse perfwafions to your liege men,bound
By loue, by dutie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We willindevour all the beft we may,
So in all dutie 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 haft beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I affure 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 fo well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether aught to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend iyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not lining
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleae you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

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

Guyl. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our felues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commauded.

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guyldensterne.

Quee. Thanks Guyldensterne, and gentle Rosencraus.
And I beseech you instantlty to viiste
My too much changed soone, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guyl. Heauen, make our preffence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th’ ambassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

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

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,
Upon our first he sent forth to supprese
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highness, whereat grieved,
That to his sickness, age, and impotency,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrafe, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vnkle, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maieftie,
Whereon olde Norway overcome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commissiion to employ those fouldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreay heerein further shewne,
That it would pleafe you to giue quiet paffe
Through your dominions, for that enterprize
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,

Meane time we thankye you for your well
Tooke labour: goe to your rest, at night weelee feaft togethier:
Right welcome home.  exeunt Ambassadors.

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.
Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Gieue first admittance to th’embaßiadors,
My newes shal be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Gertrard he hath found
The head and soure of all your sonnes distemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sitt him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppreste
His Nephews leuiues, which to him apperead
To be a preparation gaïnst the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat green’d
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was fallly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbraffe, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiveus rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To gieue th’aßay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcome with ioy,
Gieus him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commision to employ those soldiers
So leuied (as before) gaïnst the Pollacke,
With an entreatie herein further shone,
That it might pleaße you to gieue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee’le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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.
Queen Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue 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
Deluer'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 euer the most vnhappy Prince Hamlet.
Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maie itt shoulde be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tedioufnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What ift but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leffe art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vfe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vfe no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
That we find out the caufe of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectue comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I have a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and furmise,

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

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

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

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
my grones, but that I loue thee beft, o moft beft believe it, adew.
Thine euermore moft deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.
And more about hath his solicitings

As
The Tragedie of 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 subiect.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bepsake my maiden:

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is unequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to abstent herselfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus crost'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but spoyrt,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a fadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesteth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King. Thineke you t'is so?

Cor. How! so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I have faire t'is so, positively,
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,
Prince of Denmarke.

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

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

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a workingmute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle fight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Misfris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
This muft not be: and then I precripts gaue her
That she shoule locke her selfe from her repart,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a fadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may be very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometymes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.
There let Ophelia, 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 leauue ys here?

Que. With all my hart. exit.
Cor. And here Ophelia, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnscene.

[See p. II 44] 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 euerlafting Judge,
From whence no passengeuer euer returnd,
The vndiscovered country, at whose fight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Whol'd bear the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curstelled of the poore?
The widow being oppresst, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thoufand more calamities beseides,
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 pultes the boaine, and doth confound the fence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ophel.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.
Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reafon falne thereon
Let me be no asiftant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, Exit King and Queene.

Ile bord him presently, oh give me leave,
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy. [See p. 371]
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honeft my Lord.
Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thoufand.
Pol. That's very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kififing carrion. Haue you a daughter?
Pol. I haue my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.
Pol. How fay you by that, ftil harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at firft, a fayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord.
Ham. Betweene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.
Ham. Slaunders sir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumentree gum, & that they haue a plen-
F.
[See p. II 45] Ophel. 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?
Ophel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you honeste?
Ophel. What meanes my Lord?
Ham. That if you be faire and honeste,
Your beauty shoulead admit no discourse to your honesty.
Ophel. 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 gies it scope.
I neuer gaued you nothing.
Ophel. My Lord, you know right well you did, 
And with them such earnest vowes of loue, 
As would haue mou’d the stone’st breast aliiue, 
But now too true I finde, 
Rich gifts waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.
Ham. I neuer loued you.
Ophel. You made me beleue you did.
Ham. O thou shouldst not a beleued me!

[See p. II 46] Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou 
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honeste,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

tiful lacke of wit, together with moost weake hams, all which sir [See p. 88 I] though I moost powerfully and potentlie believe, yet I hold it not honefte to haue it thus fet downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneffe hits on, which reaason and fancity could not so prosperously be delierued of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

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

Enter Guyldesterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Ros. God faue you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My moost deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooost thou Guyldesterne?

A Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferente children of the earth.

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

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoee.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune,oh moost true,she is a ftrumpet,

What newes?

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

Ham. Then is Domes day neere, but your newes is not true;

But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elfonours?

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
on? come, come, deale iustly with me,come,come,come,ny speake.

Guyl. What should we lay my Lord?
But I could accuse myself of such crimes
It had been better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainful,
With more finnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellows as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ophel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ophel. 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.

Ophel. 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.

Ophel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,

For wiemen know well enough,

What monsters you make of them,to a Nunnery goe.

Ophel. 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,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [See p. 39 I] a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord?

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

Rof. What say you.

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

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no fea-

ther, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercizes: and indeede it goes so haually with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orheangning firmament, this maestricall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congeation of vapours. What peecie of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moving, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your similing, you seeme to say so.

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

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

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

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall haue tribute on me, the aduenturous Knight shallisse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorous Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the blacke verfe shall hault for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen thosse you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.
[See p. II 46] You fig’and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,  
Making your wantonness, your ignorance,  
A pox, t’is scurvy, Ile no more of it,  
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,  
All that are married but one,shall lie,  
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,  
To a Nunnery goe. exit.

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

[See p. II 47] King Loue! No, no, that’s not the cause, Enter King and 
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. Corambis.

Cor. Welsomething it is: my Lord, content you a while,  
I will myselfe goe feele 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.

[See p. II 54] Now my good Lord, do you know me? Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Yea very well, you’re a fishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,  
For to be honest, as this age goes,  
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.  
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?  

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

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both ways. [See p. 40]

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innovation.

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

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, give twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred ducks a pcece, for his Picture in little, s'bloody there is something in this more then natural, if Philosphie could find it out. A Florisb.

Guyl. There are the players.

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

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southery, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you Guyldesternes, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

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

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when Rossius was an Actor [See p. 41] in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vpon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comical, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeudible.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
[See p. II 34]
That olde men haue hollow eyes,weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which fir, I most potently beleuee not:
For fir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
Cor. How pregnant his replies are,and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fifhmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Ham. Into my graue.
Cor. By the maile that’s out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leau of you.
Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.
Ham: You can take nothing from me fir,
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 Elfanoure.

Gil.
Prince of Denmarke.

indeudible, or Poem vnlimted, Scenea cannot be too heauy, nor [See p. 41 I] Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O Ieptha Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had’ft thou?
Pol. What treasure had he my Lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued pafing well.
Pol. Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not i’th right old Ieptha?
Pol. If you call me Ieptha my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue (pafing well).
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paffe, as moft like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is van- lanct since I saw thee laft, com’ft thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistres, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you laft by the altitude of a chopine, prey God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, [See p. 42 I] bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento’t like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speche straite, come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a passionate speche.

Player. What speche my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speche once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleafed not the million, twas cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter favory, nor no matter in the phrafe that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handfome then fine: one speche in’t I chiefly loued, twas Aneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priors slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pirbus like Th’ircanian beast
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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 fits,
Come, you were sent for.

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Raff. 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 saide, 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 boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Raff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Prince of Denmarke.

beast, tis not so, it begins with Pirrhus, the rugged Pirrhus, he whose [See p. 42 1]
false Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omnious horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeared,
With heralyd more distmall head to foote,
Now is he toall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnes,
Bak'd and empafted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirrannus and damned light
To their Lords murther, rofted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cifed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pirrhus
Old grandfire Priam seeke; so proccede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall match,
Pirrhus at Priam dries, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prisoner Pirrhus ear, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuereent Priam, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant Pirrhus ftood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand stille,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pirrhus pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Marjas Armor forg'd for provee eterne,
With leffe remorfe then Pirrhus bleeding fword
Now falls on Priam.

Out,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often.  (stie?)  

[See p. II 87]  
Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vnkle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred,two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shal haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shal vse his foyle and target,
The louver shal figh gratis,
The clowne shal make them laugh  (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs , or the blanke verse shal haue halt
And the Lady shal haue leauce to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Coramis.

Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his swaddling clowts.
  Gil. That may be, for they Say an olde man
Is twice a childe.

(Players,  
Ham. Ile prophesie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday laft, t'was so indeede.
Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies of her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to Hecuba.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With Bifon rehume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanc and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounct;
But if the gods themselfes did see her then,
When the law Pirrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The inftant burft of clamor that she made,
Vnleffe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
haer, let them be well vfed, for they are the abstract and brefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their desert.

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

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weelee haere a play to tomorrow; doft thou
haere
[See p. 87]  

**Ham.** My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:  
When Roscio was an Actor in Rome.  
  **Cor.** The Actors are come hither, my lord.  
  **Ham.** Buz, buz.  
  **Cor.** The best Actors in Christianitie,  
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,  
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,  
Comical historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:  

[See p. 88]  

**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 paffing well.  
  **Cor.** A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,  
If you call me Iepha, I hane a daughter that  
I loue paffing well.  
  **Ham.** Nay that followes not.  
  **Cor.** What followes then my Lord?  
  **Ham.** Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,  
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet  
Will tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:  
Welcome maiters, welcome all,  
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced  
Since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to beard me in Denmark?  
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:  
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Princ of Denmarke.

Hear me old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago? [See p. 441]

Play. I thy Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dozen lines, or sixeene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I thy Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.

My good friends, Ile leave you tell night, you are welcome to Elfon- [See p. 441] our.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and rascal slave am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heare

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his sole to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,

That he should weep for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiuw, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very facultyes of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,

Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King, Vpon whole property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward,

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I shoulde take it: for it cannot be

But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To
[42]

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 88] Pray God sir your voice, like a piece of vncurrant Golde, be not crack’t in the ring: come on maisters, Weele even too’t, like French Falconers, Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their judgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One fayd there was no fallts in the lines to make the sauory,
But called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Eneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged Pyrrus, like th’ arganian beast:

[See p. II 89] No t’is not so, it begins with Pirrus:
O I haue it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blanke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horfe,
Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorsefle, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muff like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the icene,
Beene strooke fo to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefacons:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vnclle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe brench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potente with such spirits,
Abules me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyl-
densterne, Lords.

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

Raf. He dooes confesse he feeleth himselfe distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no means speake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
But with a craftie madness keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confesion

G

Of
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dißmal, 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, old grandfire Pryam seekes:
So goe on. (accent.

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

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,

His antike sworde rebellious to his Ärme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to resift.

Pyrrus at Pryam driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whisse and winde
Of his fell fword, th’unnerued father falles.

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 seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rofe vp,
And o’re her weake and all ore-teeming loynes,a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe ftoode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenum’d speech,
Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malitious strokes,

Mincing
Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

_Quee._ Did he receive you well?

_Rof._ Most like a gentleman.

_Guyl._ But with much forcing of his disposition.

_Rof._ Niggard of question, but of our demands
   Most free in his reply.

_Quee._ Did you affray him to any pastime?

_Rof._ Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

_Pol._ Tis most true,
And he beseecheth me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

_King._ With all my hart,
And it doth much contente me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen give him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.

_Rof._ We shall my Lord. _Exeunt Rof. & Guyl._

_King._ Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue cloesely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Afront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our felues, that seeing yssueene,
We may of their encounter franckly judge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be thy' affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

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

_Oph._ Maddam, I wish it may.

_Pol._ Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passyon 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 breif 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 euery man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The leffe they deferue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-
der of Gonfago?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And couldst thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteeen 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 first? take heede you mocke him not.
Prince of Denmarke.

We will beftow our felues; reade on this booke,
That fhow of fuch an exercife may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou’d, that with deuotions vilage
And pious action, we doe fugar ore
The deuill himfelfe.

King. O tis too true,
How fmart a lafh that fpeech doth guie my confcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaftring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moft painted word:
O heaue burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde touffer
The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againft a fea of troubles,
And by oppofing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to fay we end
The hart-ake, and the thoufand naturall shocks
That fhefh is heire to; tis a conflagration
Deuotly to be wiſht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreeame, I there’s the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreeames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Muf’t guie vs paufe, there’s the reſpect
That makes calamitie of fo long life:
For who would beare the whips and fcornes of time,
Th’oppreffors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pang of defpiz’d loue, the lawes delay,
The infolence of office, and the fpurnes
That patient merrit of th’vnworthy takes,
When he himfelfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of fhomthing after death,
The vnclouer’d country, from whose borne

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No
[See p. II 41] Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would defire you leaue me.
    Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.
    Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote flaua am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
    What would he do and if he had my 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 judiciau ear,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an affe and Iohn 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 nofe,
Give's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,

[See p. II 42] Or by this I shoul a fatted all the region kites
With this flaues 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 fitting at a play,
Prince of Denmarke.

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience doees make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents tune away,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliver,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compofd
As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you shoule admitt
no discouerse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comersse
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme hon-
estie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can tran-
late beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the
time gies it prooue, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not haue beleue'd me, for vertue cannot so
euocutat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Oph.
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confess a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I have seen may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seek to damn me, I will have sooner proofs,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. exit.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no means finde
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacies?
You being so near in love, even from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his grieves,
But still he puts vs off, and by no means
Would make an answer to that we exposde.

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

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

Both
Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betwene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleuee none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house, Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaft as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escapre calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.


Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantones ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will have no mo marriage, thofe that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. Exit.

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere otrethowne!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectation, and Roe of the faire state, The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme, Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe, And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched, That fuct the honny of his musickt vowes; Now see what noble and most foueraigne reason Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh, That vnmatcht forme, and ftature of blowne youth Blasted with extacie, ó woe is mee T'haue feene what I haue feene, see what I see. Exit.

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Enter
Both In all wee can be sure you shall commaund.
Queen 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'l see this play.
Queen My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the foule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.
Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, gieue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his di temperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.
King What i'ft Corambis? (done,
Cor. Mary my good lord this,foone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haffe to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the caufe of all his grieue,
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?
Queen. With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his grieue will be reueal'd to her.  exeunt omnes

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speche 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 faw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue euery thing his action with temperance.  (fellow,
O it offends mee to the foule, to heare a rebuffious periwig
To
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy suits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger ; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe : he shall with speede to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the feas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I believe the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue : How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet laied,
We heard it all : my Lord doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (to please you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speecch I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trip-pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre
too much with your hand thus, but vfe all gently , for in the very tor-ren
tempést, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may gie it smoothnesse, ô it
offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
tere
The Tragedie of Hamlet

To teare a passion in tottres, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,
Moff 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 us.

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

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themseles, 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 vfeith it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
Of iesfts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparel, and Gentlemen quotes his iesfts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon:
And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of iesfts,
When, God knowes, the warme Clowne cannot make a iesf
Unleffe 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. execunt players.

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art euuen as iust a man,
As e’re my conuerfation cop’d withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vwho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyle: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, fute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrou vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeue, the cenfure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither having th'accent of Chriftians, nor the gate of Chriftian, Pagan, nor man, haue so frutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Nature's iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thofe that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be consider'd, that's villanous, and shewes a most pitiful ambition in the foole that vfe it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guylデンterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften the.

Ros. I my Lord. Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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 glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou Horatio.

There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they 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 seene.
Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

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

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.  (a play?)
King How now son Hamlet, how fare you, shall we haue

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; dooST thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguiSh her election,
S'hath seald thee for herelfe, for thou haft been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled;
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions flaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy foule
Obferue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghoST that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans stithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In cenfure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilsf this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Ham. Y'faith the Camelions dish, not capon cram'd, 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 Iulius Caesar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.
Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be these Players ready?
Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.
Ham. No by my faith mother, heere.
Lady will you giue me leaue, and so
To lay my head in your lappe?
Ofe. No my Lord.
Ham. Upon your lap, what do y
Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,

Promiscrem'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Universitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Aetor,

Ham. What did you enaet?

Pol. I did enaet Iulius Cesar, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,

Be the Players readie?

Raf. I my Lord, they stay vnpon your patience.

Gr. Come hether my deere Hamlet, fit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiuie.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shal I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Igge-maker, what shoulde a man doe but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the dewel weare blacke, for Ile haue a fute of fables; o heauens, die two months agee, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for o, for o, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H. Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits
downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus
with poysnon in a Viall, and powres it in his eares,and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him
dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofl. What meanes this my Lord? Enter the Prologue.
Ham. This is myching Malloco, that meanes my chiefe.
Ofl. What doth this meane my lord?
Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofl. 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 flowpiug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. I'ft a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
Ofl. T'is short my Lord.
Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Duke Full forty yeares are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time ioyned both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of mufick, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefor sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.
Dutcheffe O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke
Prince of Denmarke.

The Trumpets sound. Dumbe shrow followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he yes him downe upon a banck of flowers, she seeing him asleep, leaves him; anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kiseth it, pours poysne in the sleepeers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner woos the Queene with gifts, thee seemes bards awhile, but in the end accepts love.

Oph. What means this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shrow imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter Prologue.

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this shrow meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you ashamed to show, heele not thame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. This breste my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gone round Neptunes salt wath, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties bee
Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite cornutall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many journeys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou mayst (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.

Duchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kills the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
  Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!
  Duke I doe beleue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, even as they loue,
And women's feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is prooue hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee love, and shortly to,
My operant powres their functions leaue to do,
I, thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
And, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
Thy band shalt thou.

. O confound the rest,
Duly must needes be treason in my breit,
And husband let me be accurst,
Weds the seconnd but who kill the first.

Instancies that seconnd marriage moue
Safe respects of thrift, but none of loue,
And time I kill my husband dead,
Seconnd husband kisses me in bed.

. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
That we doe determine, oft we breake,
Is but the flaye to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruites vnripe sticks on the tree,
But full vnshaken when they mellow bee.

Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propoae,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enauctures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues shou'd with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to prooue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his faviourite flyes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For our demises stil are overthrowne,  
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 lafting strife,  
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.  
Ham. If she should breake now.  
Duke Tis deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,  
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.  
Dutchesse Sleepe rock thy braine,  
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?  
Queene The Lady protest too much.  
Ham. O but thee'le keepe her word.  
King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
in it?  
Ham. No offence in the world, poyson in ieft, poyson in

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

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 piece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

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

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no secon husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my truft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prifon be my scope,
Each opposte that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lafting strife, Ham. If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mishance betweene vs twaine. Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.
Ham. O but thee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No,no,they do but left, poysen in left,no offence i'th world.
King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Moufetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther doone in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall fea anon, tis a knauith peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gaule Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lucianus,
Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
The Tragedie of Hamlet

pooples dallying.

Otel. Y're very plesant my lord.

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

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

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

Otel. Your iefts are keene my Lord.

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

Otel. Still better and worfe.

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

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

Ham. Hепoyfons him for his estate.

King. Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rifes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

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

Hor. The king is mooued my lord.

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

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,

Considerat seafon els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,

VVith Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholsome life vfurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i’th Garden for his estate, his names Gonzaga,

the storie is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The King rifes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue me thee some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz’d flooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh Damon deere

This Realme dismanted was

Of Ioue himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym’d.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did’t perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poynting.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Roff. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,

Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Roff. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,

My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture

To know of you the ground and cause of your distemper-

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Ah ha, come some muifique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some muifique.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.
Guyl. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him?
Guyl. Is in his retirement merualous distempred.
Ham. With drinke sir?
Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,
Ham. Your wisedom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.
Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And spare not fo wildly from my affaire.
Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.
Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunswer, I will doe your
mothers commaundment, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.
Ham. Sir I cannot.
Raf. What my Lord.
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseased, but sir, such
answer as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.
Raf. Then thus she fayes, your behaviour hath strooke her into a-
mezement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so astonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.
Raf. She defires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?
Raf. My Lord, you once did loue me.
Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Raf.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ros. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?
Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
Ros. Alas my lord I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gil. I haue no skil my Lord.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will give moost delicate musick.
Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Ham. Pray now, pray heartily, I beseech you.
Ros. My lord wee cannot.
Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You would feeme to know my stops, you would play vpon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And diu into the secreet of my foule.
Zownds do you thinke Iam easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You wil, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spong.
Ros. How a spong my Lord?
Ham. I fir,a spong, 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 serve;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Law, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but squeeing of you,
And spong, you shall be dry againe, you shall.
Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
Ham Farewell, farewell, God bleffe you.
Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.
Ham. Do you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camell?
Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. T'is back't like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is something muty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recover the wind of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the ymber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discouer most eloquent mufique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guyl. But these cannot I command to any yttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much mufique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almoft in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maffe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. exit Horatio.

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of Nero enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. exit.
Prince of Denmarke.

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easely said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breaks out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loo se not thy nature, let not euer
The foule of Nero enter this firme boseme,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To give them seales neuer my foule consent. Exit.

Enter the King, Rosencraus, and Guyldesterne.

King. I like him not, nos ftands it safe with vs
To let his madness range, therefore prepare you,
I your commissiion will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guy. We will our felues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The sngle and peculier life is bound
With all the strengthe and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and reft
The liues of many, the ceffe of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafsie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each
Enter the King.

King. O that this wet that falleth upon my face
Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
When I look up to heaven, I see my trespass,
The earth doth still cry out upon my fault,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I have committed:
O these are sins that are unpardonable:
Why say thy sins were blacker than the sea,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snow:
I but still to persevere in a sin,
It is an act against the universal power,
Most wretched man, stoop, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

Ham.
II ]  [ 58 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boytrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall groane.
    King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
    Ros. We will haft vs.    Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

    Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clozet,
    Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selve
To heare the proceffe, I'le warrant hee'letax him home,
And as you fayd, and wisely was it fayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parcial, should ore-heare
The speeche of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe.    Exit.

    King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it finels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both negleét, what if this curied hand
Were thicker then it selve with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two folde force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe,then I'le looke vp.
My fault is paft, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgiu me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still posseft
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
    I.    May
be kneeles. enters Hamlet.

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy laft,
And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:

No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,

And how his soule ftoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, faue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,

And not reuenge: no, get thee vp aget, (drunke,
When hee's at game fwaring, taking his carowfe, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relif
Of saluation in't, then trip him

That
Prince of Denmarke.

May one be pardond and retaine th’offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To giue in evidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, o boforme blacke as death,
O limed foule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make aissay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo’t, and so a goes to heauen,
And fo am I requenged, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this fame villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly, not requenged,
A toke my father grosly full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as full as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heavie with him: and am I then requenged
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and seafond for his paffage?
No.
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th’incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in’t,

Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisick but prolongs thy weary dayes.  exit Ham.

King My wordes fly vp,my sinnes remaine below.
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 throwde my selfe behinde the Arras.  exit Cor.

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Queene Do so my Lord.
Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?
Ham. I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

---

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

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Help hee.

Cor. Help for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Rash intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother stais,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies.   Exit.

King. My words fly vp, thy thoughts remaie belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.  Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screened and stood betweene
Much heate and him, I'l silence me euene heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set thofe to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

I 2  Ger.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Queen. How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King:nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penetrable stuffe,
I'lle make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horrid there and blacke it shews. (words?

Queen. Hamlet, what mean'tst thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

A front wherein all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and gild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand eu'n with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.

Murdred,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this.
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ft to be too busie is some danger,
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitible stuffe,
If damned custome have not braided it so,
That it be poore and bulwark against fence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Cal's vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And lets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oaths, so such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound maffe
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hipertons curles, the front of his own himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Vulcan.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:

And this fame haue you left to change with this.

What Diuell thus hath cofoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the inceftuous pleafure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very threads.
Queene Sweete Hamlet ceafe.
Ham. Nay but still to persift and dwell in finne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increafe of shame, to feale damnation.
Queene Hamlet, no more.
Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When luft shall dwell within a matron's breafth?

Queene
Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this, fence sure youe have
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it refer'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill waft
That thus hath confound you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope: o shame where is thy blufh?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnft my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'et.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honyng, and making loue
Ouer the nafty ftie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A flawe that is not twentith part the kyth

I 3
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 64]  
Queen Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

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

Enter the ghost in his night goune.

Saue me, saue me, you gratious
Powers aboue, and houer 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/
Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And euery part that should assest reuenge,

For goue their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy 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'ft with you Lady?

Queen Nay, how i'ft with you

That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queen Not I.

Ham. Nor do you nothing see?

Queen No neither.

Ham.
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,  
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole  
And put it in his pocket.  
  Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,  
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings  
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?  
  Ger. Alas hee's mad.  
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by  
Th'impartant acting of your dread command, o say.  
Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpose,  
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,  
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,  
Conceit in weakeft bodies strongeft workes,  
Speake to her Hamlet.  
  Ham. How is it with you Lady?  
  Ger. Alas how i'ft with you?  
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with th'incoarall ayre doe hold discourse,  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And as the sleepeing souldiers th'alarme,  
Your bedded haire like life in excrements  
Start vp and ftand an end, o gentle sonne  
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diftemper  
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke. ?  
  Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
His forme and caufe conioynd, preaching to stones  
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
Least with this pittoius action you convert  
My stearene effects, then what I haue to doe  
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.  
  Ger. To whom doe you speake this?  
  Ham. Doe you see nothing there?  
  Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.  
  Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?  
  Ger. No nothing but our seluues.  

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steeales 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 possesth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selse by little as you may,
In time it may be you will lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shal die.

Queene
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes,euen now out at the portall. Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madneffe
That I haue yttered, bring me to the teft,
And the matter will reword, which madneffe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule,
That not your trespaft but my madneffe speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlercerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseenne, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what’s past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgie me this my vertue,
For in the fatneffe of these purifie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster cuftome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinenence, the next more easie:
For vse almoft can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas’d it so

[See p. 63 1]
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiefty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale,confent,and doe my best,
What stratagem foe're thou shalt devise.
Prince of Denmarke.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruel only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp’t you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reecie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn’d fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I effentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, ’t were good you let him knowe,
For who that’s but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispite of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou affir’d, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft lay’d to me.

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther’s letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang’d,
They beare the mandate, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the engineer
Hoist with his owne petar, an’t shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ’tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le 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 toffles me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cries, Coramthis
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 killeth.

King Why this his madness will vndoe our state.
Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugge the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing firre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainissh apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee beene there,
His libertie is full of threatens to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euerie one,
Alas, how shal this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule diseas
To kepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madness like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,

K. The
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord.  

Exeunt Lordes.

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

Gil.
Prince of Denmarke.

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch, But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede We must with all our Maieftie and skill Enter Ros. & Guild.
Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho Guyldensterne, Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde, Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slaine, And from his mothers clohet hath he dreg'd him, Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this, Come Gertrud, wee'le call vp our wiseft friends, And let them know both what we meant to doe And whats vntimely done, Whole whisper ore the worlds dyameter, As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck, Tranports his poynted shot, may misse our Name, And hit the woundleffe ayre, ô come away, My soule is full of discord and dismay. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosenbraus, and others.

Ham. Safely flowd, but soft, what noyfe, who calls on Hamlet? O heere they come.
Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compound it with durt whereto tis kin.
Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence, And beare it to the Chappell.
Ham. Doe not beleue it.
Ros. Beleue what.
Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne,besides to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation shoule be made by the sonne of a King.
Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?
Ham. I fyr, that fokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but such Officers doe the King best servise in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be laft swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee- fing you, and spunge you shall be dry again.
Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepeis in a foolish eare.
Ros. My Lord,you muft tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Hamlet.
Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

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

King Now sone Hamlet, where is this dead body?
Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable servaices, two dishes to one meesse:
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
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Gyyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
VWho like not in their judgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and even,
This suddaine fending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, discaes desperat growne,
By desperat appyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befaune?

Rof. Where the dead body is bestowed my Lord

VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleaure

King. Bring him before vs.

Rof. How, bring in the Lord. They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuac-
cation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your onely
Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs , and wee fat our
fisues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variab-
le sruice, two dishehs but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fishe with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
eate of the fishe that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. VVhat doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse

through
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. But sone Hamlet, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to missle him there,
Father, you had beft looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nofe him as you go vp the lobby.
King. Make haftte and finde him out.
Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haftte,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.
King. Well sone Hamlet, we in care of you; but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,
The which we price euens as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboarde to night.
Lord Rosencraft and Gilderstone shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: 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 fleth,
And fo (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.
Exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leave me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
He presently without demanding why,
That Hamlet loofe his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:

He
Prince of Denmarke.

through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him
not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find
him not within this month, you shall nofe him as you goe vp the
stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety
Which we doe tender, as we deereely grieue
For that which thou haft done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ft our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for England,
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,
And England, if my loue thou hold'ft at ought,
As my great power thereof may glue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danifh fword; and thy free awe
Payes hommage to vs, thou mayft not coldly set
Our fouraigne processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

He once being dead, why then our state is free. exit.

Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greeete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbraffe nephew to old Norway,
Craues a free passe and conducxt ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. exeunt all.
Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I knowe tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin.    Exit.

Enter Fortinbraffe with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danith King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbraffe
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maieftie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How purpofèd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbraffe.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five thousand, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, shoulde it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impoftume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no caufe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't pleafe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straignt, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,

K 3  And
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
And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reaon
To fuft in vs vnvisd, now whether it be
Beftiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to fay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strenght, and means
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whole spirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnfure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stond I then.
That haue a father kild, a mother slaine,
Excymesments of my reaon, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my flame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine, δ from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diftract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If every thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queen God grant it may, heau'ns keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mishance of olde Corambis death,
Hath pierfed so the yong Ofeliaes heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We vnderstand her brother's comefrom France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnleffe 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 shoulde I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his fandall shoone.
White his throwde 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 graffe greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

king How i'ft with you sweete Ofelia?
Ofelia Well God yeeld you.

It
Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sYES she heares Theres tricks i' th world, and hems, and beates her hart, Spurnes eniuously at strawes, speakes things in doubt That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing, Yet the vnshaped vie of it doth moue The hearers to collection, they yawne at it, And botch the words vp to theyr owne thoughts, Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them, Indeeede would make one thinke there might be thought Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew Dangerous coniecatures in ill breeding mindes, Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is, 'Each toy feemes prologue to some great amisse, 'So full of artlesse ialolufie is guilt, 'It spills it selfe in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia? s see sing s

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one, By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, say pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, Song.
At his head a grafsgreene turph, at his heele a stone.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweeped to the ground did not go Song.

With true loue showers,

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King.
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, he's gone, and we cast away mone,
    And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
    All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
    And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
    And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

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

How
Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Opb. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, [See p. 76 I]

All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window [See p. 77 I]

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on’t,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo’t if they come too’t,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promis’d me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

And thou hast not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beeene thus?

Opb. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weepe to thinke they would lay him i’th cold ground, my brother
shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaille. Come

my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladies god night, god night.

King. Follow her clofe, gIue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe grieue, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, & Gertrard, Gertrard,

When sorrowes come, they come not fingle spyes,
But in battalians: first her Father flaine,

Next, your sorne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remove, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonius death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuised from herselle, and her faire judgement,

V Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Laft, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secrct come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And
How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within.  enter Learpes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vile king, giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?
II ] [ 74 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare Gertrard, this
Like to a murd ring peice in many places
Giu es me superfluos death.  A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messin. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift
Eates not the flats with more impitious haft
Then young Laertes in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choosfe we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the faffe traile they cry. A noise within.
O this is counter you faffe Danifh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VV e will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giu e me my father.

Quee. Calmely good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaims me Baftard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft vnfirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

L. Let
king Dead.

Lear. Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queen True, but not by him.

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.
king Let him goe Gertred, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treaon dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we moost sory for it,
Being the chiefeest pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a moost desperate gamster,
Swoop-slake-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 moost louing sonne:
And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ophelia as before.

Lear.
Prince of Denmarke.

Let him goe Gertrard, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuiniteit doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Aet's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incensit, let him goe Gertrard.

Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Quee. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynit I stond,
That both the worlds I glue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That loopsthake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and loower.

Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repaft them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guilteffe of your fathers death,
And am most fencibly in griefe for it,
It shal as leuell to your judgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?
Lear. Who's this, Ophelia? O my deere sifter!  
I't possibl an yong maides life,  
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?  
O heau'ns themselfes! how now Ophelia?

Oph. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:  
Here,here is rew for you,  
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,  
Heere's some for me too: you muft weare your rew  
With a difference, there's a dazie.  
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you  
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,  
And there's panfey for thoughts.  
Lear. A document in madness, thoughts, remembrance:  
O God, O God!  
Ophelia There is fenell for you, I would a giu'n you  
Some violets, but they all withered, when  
My father died: alas, they lay 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 ioy.  
Lear. Thoughts & afflicotions, torments worse than hell.

[See p. 78] Oph. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:  
I pray now, you shall finge a downe,  
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter  
And the falfe steward, and if any body  
Aske you of any thing, say you this.  
To morrow is faint Valentines day,  
All in the morning betime,
Prince of Denmarke.

O heate dry vp my braines, teares seauen times falt
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind fister, sweet Ophelia,
O heauens, ift possiblle a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-fatte on the Beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perfwade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falsf Steward that stole his Maifters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me,we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondai's,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would
gue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they fay a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it felse
She turns to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe,
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this o God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grieffe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
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 gisfe, and by faint 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 promis'd 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. \textit{exit Ofelia.}

\textit{Lear.} Grief upon grieve, my father murdered,
My suffer thus distracted:
Curfed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

\textit{king} Content you good Learnets for a time,
Although I know your grieve is as a flood,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapleffe sonne.

\textit{Lear.} You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le strue,
To bury grieve within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnheard'd, then the world shal heare
Learnt had a father he held deere.

\textit{king} No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shal heare that you do not dreame vpon. \textit{exceunt om.}

\textit{Enter Horatio and the Queene.}

\textit{Hor.} Madame, your sonne is saue arriv'de in Denmarke,
This letter I even now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treafon that the king had plotted,
Being croffed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,

As
**Prince of Denmark.**

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

_Laer._ Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophie sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

_King._ So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me._ Exeunt._

_Enter Horatio and others._

_Hora._ What are they that would speake with me?

_Gent._ Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

_Hor._ Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord _Hamlet._ Enter _Saylers._

_Say._ God bleffe you sir.

_Hora._ Let him bleffe thee to.

_Say._ A shall sir and pleafe him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
fró th'Embassador that was bound for _England_, if your name be _Horatio_, as I am let to know it is.

_Hor._ _Horatio_, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chafe, finding our felues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instanta they got
cleeere of our shyp, so I alone became thymr prifoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are
The Tragedie of Hamlet

As at his next conuersion with your grace,  
He will relate the circumstance at full.  
\_Queene\ Then I percieue 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 always jealous,  
But know not you Horatio where he is?  
\_Hor.\ Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me  
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie  
To morrow morning.  
\_Queene\ O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-  
A mothers care to him, bid him a while \(\text{mend me}\  
Be wary of his presence, left that he  
Faile in that he goes about.  
\_Hor.\ Madam, neuer make doubt of that:  
I thinke by this the news be come to court:  
He is arriv'd, obserue the king, and you shall  
Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,  
Things fell not to his minde.  
\_Queene\ But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?  
\_Hor.\ He being fet ahere, they went for England,  
And in the Packet there writ down that doome  
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:  
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,  
So all was done without discouerie.  
\_Queene\ Thanks be to heauen for blessing of the prince,  
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,  
With thowfand mothers blessings to my sone.  
\_Horat.\ Madam adue.  
\_Enter King and Learstes.\ 

\_King.\
Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Guyldenstern hold theyr courfe for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell. So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will way for these your letters, And doo't the speedier that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your confience my acquaintance seale, And you must put me in your hart for friend, Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare, That he which hath your noble father slaine Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee Why you proceeide not against these feates So criminall and so capitall in nature, As by your safetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reaons Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd, But yet to mee tha'rt strong, the Queene his mother Liues almoft by his lookes, and for my selfe, My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which, She is so conclude to my life and soule, That as the starre mooves not but in his sphere I could not but by her, the other motieue, Why to a publique count I might not goe, Is the great loue the generall gender beare him, Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection, Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone, Convert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd, Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe, But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost, A fister driuen into desprat termes, Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe L 3. Stood
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 foule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
   king Learst, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.
   Lear. My will, not all the world.
   King Nay but Learst, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wifh,
Vpon some praiue 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 Learst thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall gue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the mafftry, 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 foylest shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyfon,
That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,

In any part of him, he cannot liue:
II] [ 79 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Meffen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene?
King. From Hamlet, who brought them?
Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were gien me by Claudio, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shal I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the occacion of my fuddaine
returne.

King. What shoulde this menane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis Hamlets caratcer. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he says alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am loth in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus diidst thou.

King. If it be so Laertes,
As how shoulde it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul’d by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he means
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an expolty, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shal not chose but fall:

And
This being done will free you from suspicion,
And not the dearest friend that Hamlet lov'd
Will ever have Lear's in suspect.

Lear.
Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it fo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have bene talke of since your travaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your lumme of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieft fledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horfebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his feate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horfe,
As had he bene incorp'ft, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waff ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life Lamord.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a matterly report
For art and exercife in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed

If
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppofd them; fir this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but with and beg
Your fodaime comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of proowe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or fnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We shoule doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this shoulde is like a spend thirts figh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th’vlicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vnertake
To showe your felfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i’th Church.

King. No place indeede shoule murther sanctuarife,
Reuendge shoule haue no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return’d, shal knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shal praife your excellence,
And set a double varnife on the fame
The french man gauue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Will
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

King I'le warrant you, we'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,

Shall be his period and our happinesse.
Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. enter the Queene.
king How now Gertred, why looke you heauly?

Queene O my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Hauing made a garland of sundry fortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practife
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him slantly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this shoulde fayle,
And that our drifte looke through our bad performance,
Twer better not assayd, therefore this project,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blatt in prove; soft let me see,
Woe'te make a solemne wager on your cunninges,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chauce escape your venom'd fluke,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyfe?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon another's heele,
So fast they follow; your Siesters drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd, ó where?

Queene. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That showes his horry leaues in the glaffy streame,
Therewith fantaffique garlands did the make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards give a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M. Clambrin
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there the fate smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapeable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So she is drownde:

Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. e\textit{x}e\textit{u}n\textit{t}.

\textit{enter Clowne and an other.}

\textit{Clowne} I say no, she ought not to be buried
In chritian burial.
2. Why sir?
\textit{Clowne} Mary because shee's drownd.
2. But she did not drowne her selfe.
\textit{Clowne} No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.
2. Yea but it was against her will.

\textit{Clowne} No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
Clambring to hang, an enuous fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmade like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natie and indewed
Vnto that elemant, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heawy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.
Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shane say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speche a fire thataine would blafe,
But that this folly drownes it. Exit.

King. Let's follow Gertrard,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. Exeunt.

Enter two Clounes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seeks her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straignt, the crown-
er hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
poyn, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Gieue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:  
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,  
Erge I am guiltie of my owne death:  
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.

2. I but see, she hath christia[n] burial,  
Because she is a great woman.  
Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke  
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne  
Themselfes, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou  
Goeft, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,  
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?  
2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,  
And will indure long.  
Clowne That's pretie, 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 Pretie agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe dooes it well ? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,  
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,  
A Graue-maker, for the houeses he buildes  
Lest till Doomefday. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nil he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'ft, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, the shoulde haue been buried out a chrieffian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke shoulde haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thesefelles, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams professio.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the firft that euer bore Armes.

Ile put another quetion to thee, if thou answereft me not to the pur-
polee, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thofe that do ill, nowe thou dooest ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this quetion next, lay a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lafts till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, 

Me thought it was very sweet 

To contract o the time for a my behoue, 

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Song. 

M 2. 

Enter
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade,  
A spade for and a winding sheete,  
Moft fit it is, for t'will be made,  
For such a gheft moft meete.

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

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him feeme no-
Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing.  
For and a winding sheete,  
Moft fit it is for to be made,  
For such a gheft moft meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another Horatio.  
Why maist not be the scull of some Lawyer?  
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow  
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking  
Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your  
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and  
Double vouchers, your leaves and free-holde,  
And tenements? why that fame boxe there will scarfe  
Holde the conueiance of his land, and maff  
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!  
I prethee tell me Horatio,  
Is parchuuent made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselfes 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 horfe,  
When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee

 Lets
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a fings in graue-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. 'Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politicians, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how dooost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine resolution and we had the tricke to see', did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, Song.

for and a throwding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recogniances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate ful of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'heiriter himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let's question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose grave is this?

Clowne Mine sir.

Ham. But who must lie in it? (sir.

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 pefant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,

[See p. II 87] How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,
He will laft you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deouerer of your dead body, a great foaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me fee, I ever since our laft 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. Upon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in Denmarke.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Horo. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laft king Hamlet ouercame Fortenbraffe.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euer foole can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was borne : he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall have his wittes there,
Or if he have not, 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 you not know him? this was one Yorike's scull.

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

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

Hor. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. And smelt thus?
Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.
Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of

Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being
but clay, why might not time bring it to passe, that he might
stoppe
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long will a man lie i’th earth ere he rot? [See p. 86 I]
Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kiie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.
Ham. Why he more then another?
Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorfon dead body, heer’s a scull now hath lyen you i’th earth 23. yeeres.
Ham. Whofe was it?
Clow. A whorfon mad fellowes it was, whofe do you think it was?
Ham. Nay I know not.
Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Rennith on my head once; this fame skull sir, was sir Yoricks skull, the Kings Iefter.
Ham. This?
Clow, Een that.
Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite ieft, of moft excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-sand times, and now abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung those lyppes that I haue kifft I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-thes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her pain an inch thicke, to this fa-avour the must come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.
Hora. What’s that my Lord?
Ham. Doofh thou thynke Alexander lookeat a this fashion i’th earth?
Hora. Een fo.
Ham. And smelt fo pah.
Hora. Een fo my Lord.
Ham. To what bafe vses wee may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of Alexander, till a find it stopping a bunghole?
Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider fo.
Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious Caesar dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Lear, and other lorde,
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 been buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed christian burial.

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.
Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious Caesar dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this thay follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we awhile and marke.

Lae. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is Laeret a very noble youth, marke.
Lae. What Ceremonie els?
Doet. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swyes the order,
She shoulde in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd
Till the laft trumpet: far charitable prayers,
Flints and peeble shoule be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden frawments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Lae. Muft there no more be doone?
Doet. No more be doone.
We shoulde prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted foules.
Lae. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlishe Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.
Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.
Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shoul'dst haue been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.
Lae. O treble woe

Enter K.Q. Laeret and the corfe.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sifter farewell:
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on, Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde Pellon: Hamlet leapes
What's he that conjures so?
in after Leartes

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.
Lear. The diuell take thy foule.
Ham. O thou praiest not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

I lou'de Ofelia as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

Wilt fight, wilt faet, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'ft thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,

Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,

Make
Prince of Denmarke.

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,
Whose wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
Deprized thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyeth head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandering starrs, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray’st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenitiue rath, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers.

Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.
Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S’wounds shew me what th’owt doe:

Woo’t wepe, woo’t fight, woo’t faft, woo’t teare thy selle,
Woo’t drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile doo’t, dooft come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make


Make Oosell as a Wart.

King. Forbear Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the sea,

Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue 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 madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, Leartes.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his last,
For prefently we meane to send to him,
Therfore Leartes be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my foule 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. 

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. beleuue mee, it greeues mee much Horatio,
That to Leartes I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feel his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.
Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou’lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is mere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lou’d you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himself doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit Hamlet

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present puth:
Good Gertrard set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shal we see
Till then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray’d be rafhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indifcretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that shoulde learne vs
Thers a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop’t I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N. My
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commissioun ; where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and Englands to,
With how such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superfuse no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be stumke off.

_Hora._ I'tt possibile?

_Ham._ Heeres the commissioun, reade it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

_Hora._ I beseech you.

_Ham._ Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
Deuised a new commissioun, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our stateists doe,
A bafenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

_Hora._ I good my Lord.

_Ham._ An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma twayne their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,
He should thoshe bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shruing time alow'd.

_Hora._ How was this seald?

_Ham._ Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other
Subscribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flye,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
Gent. Now God saue thee, sweete prince Hamlet.
Ham. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!

Gent. 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.
Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very swoletry hote:
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was seuent
Thou knowest already.

_Hora._ So Guyldensterne and Rofencraus goe too't.

_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the safer nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposits.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!

_Ham._ Does it not thinke thee stand me now uppoun?

He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cuftage, if't not perfect conscience?

_Enter a Courtier._

_Cour._ Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

_Ham._ I humble thank you sir.

Doost know this water fly?

_Hora._ No my good Lord.

_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious
in the possefion of durt.

_Cour._ Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from your Maiestie.

_Ham._ I will receaue it sir withall diligience of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

_Cour._ I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

_Ham._ No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

_Cour._ It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

_Ham._ But yet methinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complection.

_Cour._ Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foulterey, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

_Ham._ I beseech you remember.

_Cour._ Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court Laertes, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most
excellent
Six Barbary horfe, 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 mean.
Gent. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
**Prince of Denmarke.**

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would fee.

*Ham.* Sir, his definenement suffres no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inventorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick saile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such deearth and rareneffe, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

*Cour.* Your Lordship speakes moost infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concerncny sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Cour.* Sir.

*Hora.* Ift not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

*Cour.* Of Laer*~*tes.*

*Hora.* His purfe is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him sir.

*Cour.* I know you are not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

*Cour.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

*Ham.* I dare not confesse that, leaft I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

*Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Cour.* Rapier and Dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons, but well.

*Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horfes, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their aissignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfue to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the marget ere you had done
Ham. The worde had beene more cofin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side, And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

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

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

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barby horses against six French swords their asignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bat a-
gainst the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The king sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen paffes betweene
your felfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath
layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if
your Lordfhippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your perfor in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleafse his Maienly, it
is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the
Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne
for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and
the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you fo?

Ham. To this eftect sir, after what florifh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordfhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himfelfe, there are no
tongues els for's turne.

Hota. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and
many more of the fame breede that I know the drofliy age dotes on,
only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a
kind of hiftty colfection, which carries them through and through
the moft prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe
them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maienly commended him to you by young
Oftricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall,
he fends to know if your pleafure hold to play with Laertes, or that
you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings plea-
ure, if his fitnes speaks, mine is ready: now or whenfoever, pro-
vided I be fo able as now.

N 3.

Lord.
Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine
Very fore, all here about.
Hor. My lord,forbeare the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, not I. if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come,theres a predestuiate prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Learst, Lorde.

King  Now sonne Hamlet, we hane laid vpon your head,
And make no queftion but to haue the beft.
Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.
King  We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. First Learstes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd Learstes.
If Hamlet in his madnesse did amiffe,
That was not Hamlet, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Learstes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house

And
 prince of denmarke.

lord. the king, and queene, and all are comming downe.

ham. in happy time.

lord. the queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment
to laertes, before you fall to play.

ham. shee well instructs me.

hora. you will looke my lord.

ham. i doe not thinke so, since he went into france, i haue bene
in continuall practice, i shall winne at the ods; thou wouldst not
thinke how ill all's here about my hart, but it is no matter.

hora. nay good my lord.

ham. it is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamiuing, as
would perhaps trouble a woman.

hora. if your minde dislike any thing, obay it. i will forset their
repaire herefore, and say you are not fit.

ham. not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall providence in
the fall of a sparrow, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes,
let be.

a table prepar'd, trumpets, drums and officers with cushions,
king, queene, and all the state, foiles, daggers,
and laertes.

king. come hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

ham. give me your pardon sir, i haue done you wrong,
but pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
and you must needs haue heard, how i am punniht
with a fore diftraction, what i haue done
that might your nature, honor, and exception
roughly awake, i heare proclaime was madneffe,
waft hamlet wronged laertes? neuer hamlet.
if hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
and when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong laertes,
then hamlet dooes it not, hamlet denies it,
who dooes it then? his madneffe. ift be so,
hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
his madneffe is poore hamlets enemie,
let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
that i haue shot my arrowe ore the house.

and
And hurt my brother.

_Lear._ Sir I am satisfied in nature,

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

_King_ Giue them the foyles.

_Ham._ I'le be your foyle _leartes,_ these foyles,
Have all a laught, come on _sir:_ _a bit._
II ]

[ 96 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motiue in this cafe shoule stirre me most

To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor

I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,

Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor

I haue a voyce and preident of peace

To my name vngord: but all that time

I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,

And will not wrong it.

_Ham_. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager

franckly play.

Giuie vs the foiles.

_Laer._ Come, one for me.

_Ham_. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night

Stick fiere of indeed.

_Laer._ You mocke me sir.

_Ham_. No by this hand.

_King_. Gieue them the foiles young Ofstricke, cousin Hamlet,

You knowe the wager.

_Ham_. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th wecker side.

_King_. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,

But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

_Laer._ This is to heauy: let me see another.

_Ham_. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

_Osfr_. I my good Lord.

_King_. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,

If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,

Or quitt in answere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordinance fire.

The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup an Vnice shal he throwe,

Richer then that whiche foure successiue Kings

In Danmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. No none.  
Ham. Iudgement.  
Gent. A hit, a moft palpable hit.  
Lear. Well, come 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'le haue another bowt firft,  
I'le drinke anone.

Queene. Here Hamlet, thy mother drinkes to thee.  
Shee drinkes.  
King. Do not drinke Gertred: O t'is the poysned cup!

Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me,  
I pray you passe with your moft cunning fit play.

Lear. I'fay you fo? 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
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets
And you the Judges beare a wary eye. the while.

Ham. Come on fir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well, againe.
King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: give him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
Laer. I doe confess.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrard does not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poynted cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so, come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenst.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. How ift Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How is my Lord Learnes?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe shoulde,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. The king dies.

Lear. O he is iustly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I do forgiue thee. Leartes dies.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poision left.
Ham. Upon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
II ]

[ 98 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iuishly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deare Hamlet,
The drinke the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practisfe
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rize againe, thy mother's poysoned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuishly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this aét,
Had I but time,as this fell serjeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, o I could tell you,
But let it be ; Horatio I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giuie me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leave behind?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinkes Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his voice:
Farewel Horatio, heaven receive my soul.     Ham. dies.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.  
enter Fortenbrahé with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

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

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

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

Hor.
II ] [ 99 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou did’st ever hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my stury: what warlike noife is this? A march a farre off.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraffe with conquest come from Poland,
To th’embaßadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poysen quite ore-crowes my spiret,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophecie th’election lights
On Fortinbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th’occurrents more and leffe
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embaßadors.

For. Where is this stiight?
Hora. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou’d death
What feate is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strook?

Embass. The stiight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fenceleffe that shold giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilled,
That Rosencraus and Guyldensterne are dead,
Where shold we haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th’ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump upon this bloody queestion

You
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisur doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chieuest Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou’d most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis
Prince of Denmarke.

You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are heere arruied, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgments, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th’inventers heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also caufe to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this fame be presently perform’d
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaft more mischance
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a fouldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The fouldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the fouldier’s shoote. 

FINIS.

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