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

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

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | Prince of Denmarke | By William Shakespear. | As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highneffe Earls in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere | [Vignette.] | At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell. | 1603.

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

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | Prince of Denmarke. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. | [Vignette.] | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnnder Saint Dunftons Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604.
II

The First Folio text (of 1623) has been taken from the Reduced Facsimile Edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (London 1876). In correcting the proof-sheets, the reprint made by Lionel Booth (London 1864) has been collated throughout, and on all doubtful points the British Museum, copy C. 39. i. 12 of the original has been consulted, either by myself (for pp. 1—160), or by Dr. Wieck (for pp. 161—317).

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

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

W. V.
HAMLET.
Enter two Centinels.

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

1. O you come most carefully upon your watch,

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke (F2).

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. He.
The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Haste there?
Fran. Nay anfwere me. Stand and vnfolde your felfe.
Bar. Long live the King,
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moft carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now ftrooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am fick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a moufe ftirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, ftand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Fran. You come moft carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ftrooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am fick at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Moufe ftirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you good night.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

1. i.

O farewell honset fouldier, who hath releued you?
1. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
2. Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.

2. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue feene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice feene 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
Affaile your eares that are fo fortified,
What we haue two nights feene.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Mar. O farwel honset Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue feene nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded fight, twice feene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

Mar. O, farwell honest soldiery, who hath relieued you?
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night. Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla, Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I have seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faies tis but our fantafie,
And will not let belefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minut of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tufh, tufh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are fo fortified against our Story,
What we haue two Nights seene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Laft night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's weaftward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my felfe
The bell then beating one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tufh, tufh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are fo fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Barn. Last night of all,
When yond fame Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my felfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost.

40  
Mar. Breake off your talke, fee where it comes againe.
2. In the fame figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a Scholler, speake to it Horatio.
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Moft 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 flate, in
Which the Maieftie of buried Denmarke did fometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee fpeake.

50  
Mar. It is offended.  
exit Ghost.
2. See, it ftalkes away.
Hor. Stay, fpeake, fpeake, by heauen I charge thee fpeake.
Mar. Tis gone and makes no anfwer.
2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantafie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Afore my God, I might not his beleue, without
the fensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy felfe,
60  
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

40  
Mar. Peace, breake thee of:  
Enter the Ghost.
Looke where it comes againe.
Barn. In the fame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; fpeake to it Horatio.
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.
Horo. Moft like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Queftion it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that vfurp'ft this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiefty of buried Denmarke
Did fometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee fpeake.
50  
Mar. It is offended.
Enter Ghost.

40    Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
     Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
     Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
     Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
     Hora. Most like, it borrowes me with feare and wonder.
     Bar. It would be spake to.
     Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
     Hora. What art thou that vfurpft this time of night,
        Together with that faire and warlike forme,
        In which the Maiestie of buried Danmarke
        Did sometimes march, by heaven I charge thee speake.

     Mar. It is offended.
     Bar. See it staukes away.
     Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. Exit Ghost. [4

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

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

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Barn. See, it staukes away.
     Hor. Stay: speake; speake; I Charge thee, speake. Exit the Ghost.

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

60    Such was the very Armour he had on,
        When th'Ambitions Norway combatted:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

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

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

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the suject of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraigne martre, for implements of warre,
Why such impress of ship-writes, whose fore tasked
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioyned labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at leaft the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-Braffe of Norway,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant Hamlet,
For so this side of our knowne world esteamed him,
Did slay this Fortenbraffe,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

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

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

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the suject of the land,
And why such dayly Caft of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. i.

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

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

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

Mar. Good now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and most obferuant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And foraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impreffe of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not denote the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Hor. That can I,

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

Now sir, young Fortenbrasse,
Of unapprov'd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharkt up a flight of lawless Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprize,
That hath a stomacke in't; and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. i.

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

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

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

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

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the minde eye:
In the moft high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightieft Iulius fell
The graves stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As fтарres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disastres in the sunne; and the moift sterre,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Refolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those forefaid 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 cheefe head
Of this poft-haft, and Romage in the Land.
Enter the Ghost.
But loe, behold, where it comes againe,
Ile croffe it, though it blaft me: Stay illusion,

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

Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasuere in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, Stay and speake, speake, stoppe it Marcellus.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Ghost againe.
But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croffe it, though it blaft me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any found, or use of voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to mee; speake to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may annoy) Oh speake.
Or, if thou haft vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasuere in the wombe of Earth,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q8).  13

I. i.
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier ftands,
120 Was ficke almoft to doomeſday with eclipse.
And even the like precurſe of feare euents
As harbindgers preceeding ftill the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile croffe it though it blast mee: ftay illusion,
If thou haft any found or vfe of voyce,
130 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 Ipeake:
Or if thou haft vphoord in thy life
Extorted treafure in the wombe of earth
For which they fay your fpirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, ftay and fppeare, stop it Marcellus.

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

We doe it wrong being fo Maiſtcall
To offer it the fhewe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
(For which, they fay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

140 Mar. Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ftand.
Barn. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghoſt.

We do it wrong, being fo Maiſtcall
To offer it the fhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull Summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and thrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The extraugant and erring Spirit 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 gainft that seafon comes,
Wherein our Saviour Birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say, no Spirit dare walke abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gracios, 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,
Brenke we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night

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

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Sunmons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and thrill-founding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
The'extraugant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainft that Seafon eomes
Wherein our Saviour Birth is celebrated,
Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,

Upon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,

The Cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding 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 present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that seaason comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated

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

Hora. So haue I heard, and doe in part believe it,
But looke the morn in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes o're the dewe of you high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seen to night

Vnto young Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dewe of you high Eafterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
1. i. 

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

1. ii. 

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Learstes, Corambis, 
and the two Ambaffadors, with Attendants.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

Mar. Let doo't I pray, and I this morning know 
Where we shall finde him moft conveniently. 

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

II. ii. 

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

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

Exeunt.

Florish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Counfaule: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cum Alijs.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs besitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet fo farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wifeft forrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our fometime Sitter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntryffe to this warlike state

10  Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an aufpitious, and a dropping Eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife; nor haue we heerein barrd
Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be dijoynt, and out of frame

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometymes Sitter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntryffe of this warlike State,

10  Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you knowe young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
King. Lordes, we here haue writ to Fortenbraffe,
Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent

30 And bed-rid, fearcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of thesee greetings to olde
Norway, gyning to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then thofe related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haufe commend your dutie.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not sayl'd to peeter vs with Meffage,
Importing the surrender of thofe Lands
Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moft valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vnkle of young Fortinbras,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, fearcely heares

30 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppreffe
His further gate heerein. In that the Lenies,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faile to peftur vs with meffage
Importing the furrender of thofe lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our moft valliant brother, fo much for him:
Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the bufines is, we hane heere writ
To Norway Vncle of young Fortenhraffe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpofe; to fuppreffe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his fubiect, and we heere difpatch
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perfonall power
To bufines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farewell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

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

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now Laertes whats the newes with you?
You told vs of fome fute, what ift Laertes?
You cannot speake of reafon to the Dane
And lofe your voyce; what wold'ft thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perfonall power
To bufinesse with the King, more then the scope
Of thefe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haft commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farwell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite. What is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of Reafon to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'ft thou beg Laertes,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
Lea: My gracious Lord, your favorabale licence, 
Now that the funerall rites are all performed, 
I may haue leave to go againe to France, 
For though the fauour of your grace might ftay mee, 
Yet something is there whispers in my hart, 
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for France.

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

And I befeech you grant your Highneffe leave. 

King With all our heart, Learstes fare thee well. 
Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leave. 
King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit. 
What meanes thefe fad and melancholy moods? 
For your intent going to Wittenberg, 
Wee hold it moft vnmeet and vnconuenient, 
Being the iloy and halfe heart of your mother. 
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court, 
All DenmarKes hope our cousin and deareft Sonne.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1). 
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart, 
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth, 
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father. 

What wouldst thou haue Laertes? 

Laer. Dread my Lord, 
Your leave and fauour to returne to France, 
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke 
To shew my duty in your Coronation, 
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done, 
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France, 
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. 

King. Have you your Fathers leave? 
What sayes Pollonius?
I. ii.
The head is not more native to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What wouldst thou have Laertes?

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

King. Have you your fathers leave, what saies Polonius?

Polo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my flowe leave
By labourfome petition, and at laft
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,
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 Cofin Hamlet, and my Sonne.

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

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

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

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

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duft,
Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fate I weare:
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 muft of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,
But you muft thinke your father loft a father,
That father dead, loft his, and fo shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. ii.
Thou know'st 'tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suits of solembe blanke
Nor windie suffiration of forst breath

No, nor the fruitfull riuere in the eye,
Nor the delected hauior of the vifage
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of grieve
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 suits 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 filiall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrow, but to perfeuer
In obstinate condolement, is a courfe
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly grieve,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vnshool'd

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

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

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

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

King Spoke like a kinde and a moft louing Sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For, what we know muft be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peenifh Oppofition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againft the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reafon moft abfurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ftil hath cried,
From the firt Courfe, till he that dyed to day,
This muft be fo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moft immediate to our Throne,
And with no leffe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which decreeft Father beares his Sonne,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

For what we knowe muft be, and is as common
As any the moft vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peuiifh opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againft the dead, a fault to nature,
To reafon moft abfurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who till hath cryed
From the firt course, till he that died to day
This muft be fo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moft immediate to our throne,

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

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

Ham. I fhall in all my beft obay you Madam.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet:
I pray thee ftay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

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

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

_Ham._ O that this too much grieu'd and fallied flefh  
Would melt to nothing, or that the vnierfall  
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!  
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 beaft  
Dunoyd of reafon would not have made  
Such fpeede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,  
Why she would hang on him, as if increafe  
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.  
O wicked wicked fpeede, to make fuch  
Dexteritie to inceftuous fheetes,  
Ere yet the fhooes were olde,  
The which she followed my dead fathers corfe  
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,  
Nor it cannot come to good:  
But breake my heart, for I muft holde my tongue.

_Exeunt all but Hamlet._

---

No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,  
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,  
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauen's shall bruite againe,  
Refpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.  

_Exeunt Manet Hamlet._

_Thaw, and refolue it felfe into a Dew:_  
Or that the Euerlafting had not fixt  
His Cannon 'gainft Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!  
How weary, ftale, flat, and vnprofitable  
Seemes to me all the fves of this world?  
Fie on't? O fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groffe in Nature  
Poffeffe it meerely. That it should come to this:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

1. ii.
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Refpeaking earthly thunder; come away.

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

but Hamlet.

130
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the everlafting had not fixt
His cannon gainft feale slauhter, o God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, unprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to feede, things rancke and grofe in nature,
Poffeffe it meerely that it should come thus.
But two months dead, may not fo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this

140
Hiperion to a Satyre, so lousing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Muft I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increafe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinker on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Niobe all teares, why she

150
O God, a beaft that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

140
Hiperion to a Satyre: so lousing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muft I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encreafe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinker on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, even she.

150
(O Heauen! A beaft that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

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

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore servuant 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 Elfenoure?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee trufter

Of your owne report against your selfe:

Sir, I know you are no trowant:

But what is your affaire in Elfenoure?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,

Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?

Ere yet the satt of moft vnrighteous Teares

Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,

She married. O moft wicked speed, to post

With fuch dexterity to Incetuous sheets:

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,

And your poore Servant euer.
I. ii.

My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of moft vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauley eyes
She married, o moft wicked speede; to poft
With fuch dextertie to incestious 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 fee you well; Horatio, or I do forget my felfe.

Hora. The fame my Lord, and your poore fervant ever.

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 fee you, (good even Sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hora. A truant diſpofition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie fay fo,
Nor fhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it trufter of your owne report
Againft your felfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elſonoure?
Weele teach you for to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

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

Hor. A truant diſpofition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy fay fo;
Nor fhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it trufter of your owne report
Againft your felfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in Elſonour?
Weel teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hör. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pray thee do not mocke mee fellow Student,
I thynke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hör. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnifh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hör. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.
Hör. I faw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shal not looke vpon his like againe.
Hör. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?
Hör. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hör. Ceafen your admiration for a while
With an attentue care, till I may deliver,
Vpon the witneffe of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hör. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vaft and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

1. ii.

Hora. My Lord, I came to fee your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,

Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnifh forth the mariage 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.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.

Hora. 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.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yeftynight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Seafon your admiration for a while

With an attent eare till I may deliuer

Vppon the witnesse of these gentlemen

This maruell to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Seafon your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

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

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

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

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

Ham. But where was this?
Armed at poynt, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes flowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreft and feare furprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'ft they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparifion comes: I knewe your father,
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hora. My Lord I did,
But anfwere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It felfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loud;
And at the found it shrunk in haft away
And vanifht from our fight.

Ham. Tis very strange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you knowe of it.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. ii.

Ham. Where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord we did, but anfwere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,
It shrunkcke in hafte away, and vanished
Our sight.

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

All We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed fay ye?

All Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Why then faw you not his face?

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

Ham. How look't he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pal

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you.

Hor. Moft constantly.

Ham. I would I had beeene there.

Hor. It would a much amazed you.

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

Hor. While one with moderate pace

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, fay you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then faw you not his face?

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

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd 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 haft might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. A countenance more in forrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Moft constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: stayd it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.
I. ii.

Ham. His beard was grifled, no.
Hor. It was as I haue feene it in his life,
A fable filuer.

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

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape.
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither concealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your lounes, fo fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleven and twelve,
Ile vift you.

All. Our duties to your honor. exeunt.

Ham. O your lounes, your lounes, 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 orewhelme them to mens eies.

Exit.

I. iii.

Enter Leartes and Ofelia.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

240 Hor. Not when I law’t.

Ham. His Beard was grifly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue feene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer’d. (gaine.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance ’twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you 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 hitherto concealead this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,

Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your lounes; fo, fare ye well:
Ham. His beard was grissl'd, no.
Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A fable filuer'd.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it affume my noble fathers perfon,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe shoulde gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shal hap to night,
Gie it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, fo farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile vifite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor.  

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 rife
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
I see Prince Hamlet makes a show of love
Beware Ofelia, do not trust his vowes,
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue,
Speaks from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
And conuay, in asfiant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of priymy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lafting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward feruice of the minde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you muft feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnauered perfons doe,
Carue for himfelfe, for on his choife depends
The fafty and health of this whole state,
And therefore muft his choife be circumferibd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he fayes he loues you.
It fits your wil dome fo farre to believe it
As he in his particuluer act and place
May giue his faying deede, which is no further.
The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieue't Ofelia, therefore keepe a loofe
Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you lift his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaft Treasure open
To his vnmastr'd importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sifter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The charieft Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loffe your honor may sustaine
If with too credent cear you lift his songes
Or lose your hart, or your chauf treafure open
To his vnmaftred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the hot and danger of desyre,
"The charieft maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her buttie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnius strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be discoled,
And in the morn and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blazements are moft imminent,
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious paftors doe,
Shew me the stepe and thorny way to heauen
While a put, and reckles libertin

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

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but here my father comes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.)

Contagious blazements are moft imminent.
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Show me the stepe and thorny way to Heauen;
While like a put, and recklesse Libertine

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

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

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

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

"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of every new vnflag'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

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

"This aboue all, to thy owne felfe be true,
And it muft follow as the night the day,
1. iii.

A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here Laertes? a bord a bord for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giee thy thoughts no tongue,

60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou haft, and theire a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoope of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledged courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giee euery man thine eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenfure, but referue thy judgement,

Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
But not expref in fancie; rich not gaudie,
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and station,
Or of a moft select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For lone oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulles the edge of Husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Giee euery man thine eare; but fewe thy voyce:
Take each mans cenfure; but referue thy judgement;

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft looses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing dulles the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one, 
Farewel, my bleffing with thee. 

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

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,  
And you your self shall 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 have bin too prodigall of your maiden preffence 
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so, 
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution 
I muft tell you; you do not vnderftand your selfe 
So well as befits my honor, and your credite. 

Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue 
to me. 
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them. 
Ofel. And withall, fuch earneft vowes. 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1). 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F3). 

Thou canst not then be false to any man. 
Farewel: my Bleffing feason this in thee. 

Lear. Moft humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord, 
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your fervants tend. 
Lear. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well 
What I haue faied to you. 
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt, 
And you your selfe fhal keepe the key of it. 
Lear. Farewell. 
Exit Lear. 
Polon. What i'ft Ophelia he hath faide to you? 
Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. Hamlet. 
Polon. Marry, well bethought: 
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
I. iii.

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
   Farwell, my blessing heaven this in thee.
Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.
   Laer. Farwell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have sayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farwell. Exit Laeret.
   Pol. What ift Ophelia he hath said to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

90 Pol. Marry wellbethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Gien privey time to you, and you your selfe
Hane of your audience beene most free and bountious.
If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you give me vp the truth,
   Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
   Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Unlifted in such perillous circumstance,
Do you believe his tenders as you call them?
   Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should think.
   Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Giuen privey time to you; and you your selfe
Hane of your audience beene most free and bountious.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, give me vp the truth?
   Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
   Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Unlifet in such perillous Circumstance.
Do you beleue his tenders, as you call them?
   Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.
   Polon. Marry I'll teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,  
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,  
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,  
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden prefence,  
Or tending thus you'1l tender mee a foole.  
Ofel. I shal obay my lord in all I may.  
Cor. Ofelia, receive none of his letters,  
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;  
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes  
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Defire:  
Come in Ofelia, such men often proue,  
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.  
Ofel. I will my lord.  

exeunt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,  
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;  
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe,  
Roaming it thus, you'1l tender me a foole.  

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

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.  
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,  
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.  

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know  
When the Blood burnes, how Prodigall the Soule  
Gives the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,  
Giving more light then heate; extinct in both,
That you have tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not stering, 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 heaven.

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

You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden prefence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueftments shewe
But meere implorators of vnholie Sutes
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth.
Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, Sound Trumpets.
Mar. No, t's strucke.
Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [14

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowfe, Kempe waffel, and the t'waggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renifh downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome here?
Ham. I mary i'ft and though I am
Natune here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Haue you fo flander any moment leisur,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Look too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is stifrocke.
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
I. iii.
Haue you so flamnder 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.

I. iv.
Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites fhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelfe.
Mar. No, it is ftrooke.
Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the feafon,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke Aflori/h of trumpets
What does this meane my Lord? and 2.peeces goes of.
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rowfe.
Keepes waffell and the fswaggring vp-fpring reeles:
And as he dreines his draughts of Renifh downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuftome?
Ham. I marry ift,
But to my minde, though I am nativie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuftome
More honourd in the breach, then the obferuance.
This heauy headed reuеale eaft and weft
Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinifh phrafe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord? (rouе,}
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waffels and the fwarenging vp-fpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renifh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuftome?
Ham. I marry ift;
And to my mind, though I am nativie heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuftome
More honour’d in the breach, then the obferuance.
Enter the Ghost.

Hor. 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 mee not burft in ignorance,
But say why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death
Have burft their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly inter'd,

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Ghost.

Hor. 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 events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ft in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet,
I. iv.

So oft it chanes in particuler 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-leanens

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

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 heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee _Hamlet._
King, father, royall Dane, o anfwere mee,
Let me not burft in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz’d bones hearfed in death
Hane burft their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr’d

Hath op’t his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caft thee vp againe. what may this meane
That thou dead corfe, againe in compleat fteele.

---

_The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi)._  

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

Hath op’d his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caft thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Corfe againe in compleat fteele,
I.iv.

Renciflets thus the glimpses 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 go with it.

_Hor._ No, by no meanes my Lord.

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

_Hor._ What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

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

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

_Hor._ My Lord, you shall not go.

---

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

Renciflets thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hideous, and we fooles of Nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

_Ghost beckens Hamlet._

_Hor._ It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

_Mar._ Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

_Hor._ No, by no meanes.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

1. iv.

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

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

To you alone.

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

Hora. No, by no meanes.

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

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinses fee,
And for my foul, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

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

Or to the dreadfull fomnet of the cleefe
That bettles o're his bafe into the sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your soueraignty of reafon,
And draw you into madneffe, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperacion
Without more motiue, into every braine

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

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

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

_Ham._ Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing inmortal, 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 cal'd, 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.

90  _Mar._ Something is rotten in the state of _Denmarke._
_Hor._ Haue after; to what iffue will this fort?
_Mar._ Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. _exit._

I. v.

_Enter Ghoft and Hamlet._

_Ham._ Ille go no farther, whithere wilt thou leade me?
_Ghoft_ Marke me.
_Ham._ I will.

---

_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (Fi).

_Ham._ It wafts me still: goe on, Ille follow thee.

80  _Mar._ You shall not goe my Lord.
_Ham._ Hold off your hand.
_Hor._ Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
_Ham._ My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ille make a Ghoft of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ille follow thee.

_Exeunt Ghoft & Hamlet._

_Hor_ He waxes desperate with imagination.
_Mar._ Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
That lookes so manye fadoms to the sea
And heares it pore beneath.
    Ham. It wanes me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

80  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 hardly as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
I lay away, goe on, Ile followe thee.   Exit Ghoft and Hamlet.
    Hora. He waxes desparate with imagin.
    Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
    Hora. Haue after, to what ifssue will this come?

90  Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke,
    Hora. Heauen will direct it.

1. v.

Enter Ghoft, and Hamlet.

    Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.
    Ghoft. Marke me.
    Ham. I will.
    Ghoft. My houre is almoft come
When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames
Muft render vp my selfe.
    Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. v.

10 Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomed for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in may days of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost Nay pitty me not, but to my unfolding
Lend thy lifting care, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
But this fame blazon must not be, to cares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

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

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Fathers Spirit,

Doom’d for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin’d to saft in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purgd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prifon-Houfe;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. v.

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 revenge, when thou shalt hear

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit, 10

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 prision house,
I could a tale vsfold whose lightest word Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like starres start from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular haire to stand an end,

10

Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine, But this eternall blazon must not be To cares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, o lift:

If thou didst ever thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Revenge his soule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And each particular haire to stand an end,

20

Like Quilts vpon the fretfull Porpentine: But this eternall blazon must not be To cares of flesh and blood; lift Hamlet, oh lift, If thou didst ever thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Revenge his soule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most soule, as in the best it is; But this most soule, strange, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my revenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On Lethe wharfe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeing in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of Denmarke
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abusde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

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

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

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Haft, haft me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Wouldst thou not stirre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeing in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

l. v.

Ham. Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love
May iwepe to my revenge.

Ghoft. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That roots it selfe in safe on Lethe wharffe,
Wouldst thou not sturre in this; now Hamlet heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent sting me, fo the whole ear of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abufe: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life

Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetick soule! my Vnkle?

Ghoft. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull luft
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, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. O my Prophetick soule: mine Vnkle?

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

I. v.

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

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes  
In the after noone, vpon my secure hourre  
Thy vnclle came, with iuyce of Hebona  
In a viall, and through the porches of my cares  
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whole effect  
Hold such an enmity with blood of man,  
That swift as quickefilner, 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 depriv'd, no reckoning made of;  
But sent vnto my graue,  
With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,  
O horrible, moift horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghoift If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,  
But howsoever, let not thy heart

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd, 
Will fate it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on Garbage.  
But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Brefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoon;  
Vpon my secure hower thy Vnclle stole  
With iuyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violl,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure  
The leasperous Distilment; whole effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,  
That swift as Quick-filuer, it courseth through  
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;  
And with a fodaine vigour it doth posset
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. v.
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But loft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleepeing within my Orchard,

My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my cares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,

The thin and wholesome blood; fo did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter bæckt about
Moft Lazarlike with vile and loathsome cruft
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleepeing by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,

O horrible, o horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
I. v.

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

Ham. O all you hoste of heaven! 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 fawes of Bookes,
All triniall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else observance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heaven, a damnd pernicious villain, 
Murderons, bawdy, smilling damned villain,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge.
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to he neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me.  Exit.

Ham. Oh all you hoft of Heauen! Oh Earth: what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my finnewes, grow not instant Old;
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

I. v.

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

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

O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe.
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in Denmarke.
So uncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I have sworn.

Hor. My lord, my lord. Enter. Horatio, and Marcellus.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Ham. Ill, lo, lo, fo, ho, fo, come boy, come.
Hor. Heauens secure him.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heauen secure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Hillo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How if'tt my Noble Lord?
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.

So, uncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I have sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

**Hor.** My Lord, my Lord.

**Mar.** Lord Hamlet.

**Hor.** Heaven's secure him.

**Ham.** So be it.

**Mar.** Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

**Ham.** Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

**Mar.** How is't my noble Lord?

**Hor.** What newes my Lord?

**Ham.** O, wonderfull.

**Hor.** Good my Lord tell it.

**Ham.** No, you will reveal it.

**Hor.** Not I my Lord by heaven.

**Mar.** Nor I my Lord.

**Ham.** How say you then, would heart of man once think it,
But you'll be secret.

**Both.** I by heaven.

**Ham.** There's never a villain,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But he's an arrant knave.

**Hor.** There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

**Hor.** What newes, my Lord?

**Ham.** Oh wonderfull!

**Hor.** Good my Lord tell it.

**Ham.** No you'll reveal it.

**Hor.** Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

**Mar.** Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)

**Ham.** How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret?

**Both.** I, by Heaven, my Lord.

**Ham.** There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmarke
But he's an arrant knave.

**Hor.** There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grave, to tell us this.
I. v.

_Ham._ Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part: you as your busines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,

_Every_ man hath busines, and defires, 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 forry they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

_Hor._ Ther's no offence my Lord.

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

_Oremafter_ 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 Iweare.

_Hor._ In faith my Lord not I.

_Mar._ Nor I my Lord in faith.

_Ham._ Nay vpon my Iword, indeed vpon my Iword.

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1)._ 

_Ham._ Why right, you are i' Barth right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and defires shall point you:

For every man ha's businesse and defire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

_Hor._ These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

_Ham._ I'm forry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

_Hor._ There's no offence my Lord.

_Ham._ Yes, by Saint Patrike, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vifion heere:
I. v.

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

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

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

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honefe Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene us
O'remastret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Gieue me one poore requet.

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 i'weart.
Hora. Infaith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Ham. Upoyn my sword.
Mar. We haue i'worne my Lord already.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

It is an honefe Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remastret as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Gieue me one poore requet.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but i'weart.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Ham. Upoyn my sword.
Marcell. We haue i'worne my Lord already.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

I. v.

_Gho._ Sweare.

_Ham._ Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige, Here consent to sweare.

_Hor._ Propose the oath my Lord.

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

_Go/ft._ Sweare.

_Ham._ Hic & vbique, nay then wee'le shift our ground: Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your hands Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

_Ghoft._ Sweare.

_Ham._ Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth? so saft, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

_Hor._ Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

_Ham._ And therefore as a stranger give it welcome, There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio, Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie, But come here, as before you neuer shall How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe, As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet, To put an Anticke disposition on, That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

_Ham._ Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

_Gho._ Sweare.  

_Ham._ Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge Content to sweare.

_Hor._ Propose the Oath my Lord.

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

_Gho._ Sweare.

_Ham._ Hic & vbique? Then wee'll shift for ground, Come hither Gentlemen, And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q.)

I. v.

Ham. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghoft. Sweare.

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

Hora. Propofe the oath my Lord.

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

Ghoft. Sweare.

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

Ghoft. Sweare by his fword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so faft,
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio
Then are dream't of in your philofophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:

160 Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horatio,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy But come,
Here as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,

170 How strange or odde fo ere I beare my felfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at fuch time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes incombred thus, or this head fhake,
Or by pronouncing of some vndoubtfull phrafe,
As well we know or wee could and if we would.
Or there be, and if they might, or fuch ambiguous:
Givin out to note, that you know aught of mee,

This not to doe, fo grace, and mercie
At your moft need helpe you, sweare

_Ghost._ Iweare.

_Ham._ Reft, reft, perturbed Spirit: fo gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what fo poore a man as _Hamlet_ may,
To pleafure you, God willing fhall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But ftill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioyn, 0 cursed spite,

That euer I was borne to fett it right,
Nay come lett's go together. _Exeunt._

**II. i.**

_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._ Iwill my lord.

_Cor._ You fhall do very well _Montano_, to fay thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
I. v.
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrafe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous givings out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

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

Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Reft, reft, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you
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 vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, o cursed spight

190 That euery I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, let's goe together. \[Exeunt.\]

II. i.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.
Pol. Give him this money, and these notes Reynaldo.

Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,

190 That euery I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. \[Exeunt.\]

II. i.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.
Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynoldo.
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Polon. You shall doe maruells wisely: good Reynoldo,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
II. i.

You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.


Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

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

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
11.1

Pol. Mary well saied, very well saied; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What compaine, at what expence, and finding
by this encompliment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Reyn. 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 please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vfaull flips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Reyn. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Reyn. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may seafon it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,

That he is open to incontinencie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vfaull flips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may seafon it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,

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

Mon. He clofeth with him in the confequence
Cor. I, you say right, he clofeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee fee what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yestreday, or tother day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may feeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A fanagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these flight fulleys on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working:  (found,
Marke you your party in conuerfe; him you would
Having euere feene. In the prenominate crimes,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A fauagenes in vnreclaimd blood,
Of generall affault.
  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 those slight fallies on my soune
As t'were a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euuer seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrafe, or the addition
Of man and country.
  Rey. Very good my Lord.
  Pol. And then sir does a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the maffe I was about to say somthing,
Where did I leaue?
  Rey. At closes in the consequence.
  Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

Or at Tennis, I or drinking drunk, or entering
Of a howfe of lightnes viz. brothell,

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

And so shall you my 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 musick
Mon. My lord I wil. exit.

Enter, Ofelia.
Cor. Farewel, how now Ofelia, what's the news with you?
Of. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Cor. Why what's the matter my Ofelia?
Of. O yong Prince Hamlet, the only floure of Denmark,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The lewell that ador'nd his feature moft

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say, 
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Roufe, 
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of faile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with affaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowfe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forde, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windlesse, and with affaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and advice
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.  

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Enter Ophelia.  
Polon. Farewell: How now Ophelia, what's the matter?  
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.  
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

II. i.

Is filcht and ftolne 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 fhooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes fo ftedfaft on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrift,
And there he holds my pulse till with a figh
He doth vnclafpe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was ftill on mee,
For thus his head ouer his fhoulder looked,
He feemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And fo did leeue me.

Cor. Madde for thy lone,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke fo pitious in purport,
As if he had been loofed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

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

Polon. What said he?
II. i.

**Ophe.** My Lord, as I was yawing in my cloffet.

Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac’d,
No hat vpon his head, his ftockins fouled,
Vungartred, and downe gyed to his ancle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed 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 faid he?

**Oph.** He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to fuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He rai’d a figh fo pittious and profound
As it did feeme to fatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn’d
Hee feem’d to finde his way without his eyes,

---

**The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).**

**Ophe.** He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o’re his brow,
He fals to fuch perufall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long flaird he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais’d a figh, fo pittious and profound,
That it did feeme to fatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn’d,
He seem’d to finde his way without his eyes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. i.

What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?

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

Cor.  Why that hath made him madde:

By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to caft
Beyond our felues, as t'is for the yonger fort
To leaue their wantonneffe. Well, I am fory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madnesse may proue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue.  

II. ii.  Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

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

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

Pol.  That hath made him mad.
I am forrie that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. 'Tis feare he did but trifle,
II. i.

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

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe feeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whole violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am forry,
What, haue you gien him any hard words of late?

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

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forry, that with better heede and judgement
I had not coted him, I fear’d he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but befhrow my ielonie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caft beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lacke difcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muft be knowne, which being kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,

Come.       Exeunt.

II. ii.

Florifh: Enter King and Queene, Roßencraus and
Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Roßencraus, and Guyldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
II. ii.

It is most right, and we most fory for him: Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great lone to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperanie.
Doe this, the king of Denmarke shal be thankefull.

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

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_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (F₁).

The neede we haue to vs you, did prouoke
Our haftie fending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: fo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reembles that it was. What it shold bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of fo young dayes brought vp with him:
And since fo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your refte heere in our Court
Some little time: fo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II. ii.
The need we have to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, somthing have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, fo call it,
Sith nor th’exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it shou’d be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th’understanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And Sith fo nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutfafe your reft heere in our Court
Some little time, fo by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That open’d lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleafe 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 vifitation fhall receiue fuch thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiefties
Might by the foueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleafures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk’d of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleafe you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Vifitation fhall receiue fuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rofin. Both your Maiefties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

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

Queene God graunt he hath.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

Guil. We both obey,

30 And here giue vp our felines, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosincerance, and gentle Guildenfterne.

Qu. Thankes Guildenfterne and gentle Rosincerance.
And I beleech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heauens make our presence and our practifes
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queene. Amen.

Exit.

[260b]
II. ii.

Guyl. But we both obey.

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

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guyldensterne.

Quee. Thanks Guyldensterne, and gentle Rosencraus.

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

Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.


Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are joyfully returnd.

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

Pol. Have 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 traile of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacie:

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

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shal be the fruite to that great feast.
Enter the Ambassadors.

King. Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returns of greetings and desires,

Upon our first he sent forth to suppress
His nephews levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was aginst your Highness, whereat grieu'd,
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arreits
On Fortenbraffe, which he in briefe obays,
Receivses rebuke from Norway: and in fine,

Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde Norway overcomen with joy,
Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commision to employ thofe fouldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passage
Through your dominions, for that enterprize

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

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

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

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

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.

Upon our first, he sent our to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleack:
But better look'd into, he truly found
King. Thy selve doe grace to them, and bring them in.
The head and fource of all your fonnues diftemper.

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

Enter Embaffadors.

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

60 Vol. Moft faire returne of greetings and defires;
Upon our firft, he fent out to fuppreffe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainft the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againft your highnes, whereat greeu’d
That fo his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was fallfly borne in hand, fends out arrefts
On Fortenbraße, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway, and in fine.

70 Makes vow before his Vnkle neuer more
To giue th’affay of Armes againft your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway ouercome with ioy,
Gives him threefcore thonfand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commiffion to imploy thofe fouldiers
So leuied (as before) againft the Pollacke,
With an entreatie heerein further fhone,
That it might pleafa you to giue quiet paffe
Through your dominions for this enterprife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F4).

It was againft your Highneffe, whereat greeued,
That fo his Sickneffe, Age, and Impotence
Was fallfly borne in hand, fends out Arrefts
On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,

70 Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th’affay of Armes againft your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
Gives him three thonfand Crownes in Anuall Fee,
And his Commiffion to imploy thofe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againft the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further fhowne,
That it might pleafa you to giue quiet paffe
Through your Dominions, for his Entreprize,
II. ii.

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

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

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

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

Now to know the cause of this effect,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

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

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Anfwer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feaste together.
Moft welcome home. 

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maieltie shoulde be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Il. ii.

On such regards of safety and allowance

80 As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,

Answere, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thank you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee feast together,

Moit welcome home. Execunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate

What maieftie should be, what dutie is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,

Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,

And tedioufnes the limmes and outward flourifhes,

I will be briefe, your noble fonne is mad:

Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,

What ift but to be nothing els but mad,

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leffe art.

Pol. Maddam, I fweare I vfe no art at all,

That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty.

And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will vfe no art,

Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines

That we find out the caufe of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queen Good my Lord be briefe.
Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter.

Have while she's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliver'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.
Cor. Mark my Lord.

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

To the beautifull Ofelia;
Thine euer the moft vnhappy Prince Hamlet.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

The Letter.

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

That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified is a vile Phrase: but you shall heare thefe in her excellent white bosome, thefe.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.
Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this, now gather and sum'me,

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

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

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

Doubt thou the Starres are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth mone,
Doubt truth to be a lier.
But never doubt I love.

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

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me, (Hamlet.
And more about hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giv'n to mine eare.

King. But how hath she recei'd his loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, oh most Best believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore my most deere Lady, whil'st this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

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

King. But how hath she recei'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?
King As of a true friend and a most loving subject.
Cor. I would be glad to prove so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is unequil for your love:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
She as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his love thus crost'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a madnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frenzie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Thinke you t'is so?

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
Pol. I wold faine prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my decer Maieftie your Queene here, think.
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or gien my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Lone, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespake
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Refort,
II. ii.

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove fo, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieftie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thyftar,
This muft not be: and then I precripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her refort,
Admit no meffengers, receiue 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 faft,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes and by this declenfion,
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 poftituely said, tis fo,
When it prou'd otherwife?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Admit no Meffengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduise,
And he repuldf. A fhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneffe, then into a Faft,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneffe,
Thence to a Lightneffe, and by this declenfion
Into the Madneffe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?
Qu. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there bene fuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poftituely said, 'tis fo,
When it prou'd otherwise?
II.ii.
That thing that I haue faide t is so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstancies leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were bid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

*King.* how shoulel wee trie this fame?

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

*King.* fee where hee comes poring vpon a booke.

**Enter Hamlet.**

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

*Que.* With all my hart. 

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

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**The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).**

*King.* No that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstancies 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 fometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

*Qu.* So he ha's indeed.

*Pol.* At fuch a time Ile loofe my Daughter to him,
Be yon and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reafon falne thereon;
King. Not that I know
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.
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 afsistant for a State
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Ham. How doees my good Lord Hamlet?
Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fifhmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Let me be no Affistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where fade the poore wretch
Comes reading.
Pol. Away I do befeech you, both away,

Ham. Oh give me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fifhmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II.ii.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

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

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

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

Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

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

Pol. How lay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firft; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II.ii.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

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

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kising 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. That's very true 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. Slaurers fir; for the Satyricall flaue fayes heere, that old men haue gray beardes, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumptree gum, & that they haue a plentiful full lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie believe, yet I holde it not honeftie to haue it thus fet downe, for your felfe fir shal growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

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

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o’th’Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happineffe,
That often Madneffe hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliver’d of.
I will leaue him,
And fadainely contriuie the meanes of meeting
Betweenee him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moft humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q4).

II. ii.

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 hapiness that often madneffe hits on, which reafon and fanetity could not fo prosperously be deliuered 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.

Enter Guylderferne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thefe tedious old fooles.

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

Ros. God faue you Sir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My moft deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooft thou Guylderferne?

A Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent 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 foales of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Thefe tedious old fooles.

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

Enter Rosencran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God faue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My moft deere Lord?

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

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

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

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

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

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

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

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

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

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

Guil. Prifon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prifon.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

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

Rosin. We thinke not fo my Lord.

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

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II. ii.

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

Gunl. Faith her privates we. (nors.

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

What newes?

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

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

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes: but I thanke you, and fue deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not fent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gunl. What should we say my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my felse a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreams.

Gunl. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very fubftance of the Ambitions, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it felse is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th’ Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-

Both. Wee’I wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my fervants: for to speake to you like an honeft man: I am moft dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at Elfonower?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occaõon.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and fue deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not fent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake. [262b]

Gunl. What should we say my Lord?
Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoze; you were fent for; and there is a kinde confeffion in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to co-
lor, I know the good King & Queene haue fent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muft teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowhip, by the confonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ener-preferued lour, and by what more deare, a better propofer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, wether you were fent for or no.

Rosin. What fay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.
H.ii.

Ham. Any thing but to’th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [36] a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to cover; I know the good King and Queene 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 confonance of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferred love; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee even 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 love me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene must no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercises: and indeed it goes so heavilie with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopy the ayre, looke you, this brasse orehanging firmament, this maiestical roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What piece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and motion, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrerie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loft all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to mee a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, looke you, this brasse orehanging, this Maiestical Rooffe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and motion how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

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

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

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

what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome: his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shall vfe his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 105

II.ii.

320 gell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quinteffence of duft: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your fmilling, you feeme to fay fo.

_Rof_: My Lord, there was no fuch stuffe in my thoughts.

_Ham_. Why did yee laugh then, when I fayd man delights not me.

_Rof_. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lentons entertainment the players fhall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you fervice.

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

_Rof_. Euen thofe you were wont to take fuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

_Ham_. How chances it they traualle? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wyues.

_Rof_. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late Innouafion.

_Ham_. Doe they hold the fame effimation they did when I was in the City; are they fo followed.

_Rof_. No indeede are they not.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

not figh _gratis_, the humorous man fhall end his part in peace: the Clowne fhall make thofe laugh whole lungs are tickled a'fh' fere: and the Lady fhall fay her minde freely; or the blanke Verfe fhall hault for't: what Players are they?

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

_Ham_. How chances it they traualle? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wyues.

_Rofin_. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouafion?

_Ham_. Doe they hold the fame effimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow'd?

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

**Ham.** How comes it? doe they grow rufy?

**Rosin.** Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yales, that crye out on the top of queftion; and are moft tyranically clap’t for’t: thefe are now the fashion, and fo be-ratled the common Stages (fo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare fcarfe come thither.

**Ham.** What are they Children? Who maintains ’em? How are they efecoted? Will they purfue the Quality no longer then they can finge? Will they not fay afterwards if they fhould grow themfelves to common Players (as it is like moft if their meanes are no better) their Writ-ers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againft their owne Succeffion.

**Rosin.** Faith there ha’s bene much to do on both fides: and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Con-trueurifie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-ment, vnleffe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queftion.

**Ham.** Is’t poiffible?

**Guild.** Oh there ha’s beene much throwing about of Braines.
II. ii.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and thofe that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is fomthing in this more then Naturall, if Philofophie could finde it out. A Flourifh.

Guyl. There are the players.

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

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

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

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

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

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

Flourifh for the Players.

Guyl. There are the Players.

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

Guyl. In what my deere Lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.
II. ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

Ham. Hearke you Guildensterne, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his fwashing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the seconde time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

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

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

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

When Roffius an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honor.
Harn. Earkeyou. Guyldensterne, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swailling clouts.

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

Ham. I will prophesy, 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 Roffius was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The beft actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, Hiftory, Pastoral, Pastoral Comicall, Hiftoricall Pastoral, scene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

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

Pol. What a treafure had he my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

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

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe ——

Polon. The beft Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiftorie, Pastoral: Pastoral-Cmicall-Hiftoricall-Pastoral: Tragicall-Hiftoricall: Tragicall-Cmicall-Hiftoricall-Pastoral: Scene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O Iephta Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'ft thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more.

The which he loued pafsing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

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

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

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

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee laft: Com'ft thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miftris? Byrlady your Ladifhip is neerer Heauen then when
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

II.ii.

Pol. If you call me Leptaha my Lord, I haue a daughter that I love.

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pausing well.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as moft like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanfon will showe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

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

Player. What fpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a fpeech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleafd not the million, t'was cauairy to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose judgements in fuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the fenes, fet downe with as much modeftie as cunning. I remember one fayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

I faw you laft, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a piece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maisters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, fly at any thing we fee: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come gine vs a taft of your quality: come, a paffionate fpeech.

1. Play. What fpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a fpeech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Cauiarie to the Generall: but it was (as I receiued it, and others, whose judgement in fuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modeftie, as cunning. I remember one fayd, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fa-
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

noury; nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal’d it an honeft method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou’d, ’twas Αέneas Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priams slaughter. If it line in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged Pyrrhus like th’Hyrcanian Beast. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night reemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe. Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear’d With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick’d

With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. ii.

matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handguns then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loned, t'was Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priamus slaughter, if it lie in your memory begin at this line, let me fee, let me fee, the rugged Pirrhus like Th'irceanian beaft, tis not fo, it beginnes with Pirrhus, the rugged Pirrhus, he whose fable Armes,

Black as his purpofe did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horfe,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more difmall head to fōte,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnes,
Bak'd and impafted with the parching ftreets
That lend a tirramus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rofted in wrath and fire.
And thus ore-ciied with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellifh Pirrhus
Old grandfire Priam feekes; fo proceede you.

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

Anon he finds him,
Stricking too fhort at Greekes, his antike Sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at Priam drivets, in rage fhrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Bak'd and impafted with the parching fstreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vide Murthers, rofted in wrath and fire.
And thus o're-ciied with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellifh Pyrrhus
Old Grandfire Priam feekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well fpoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Player. Anon he finds him.
Stricking too fhort at Greekes. His antike Sword.
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falltes
Repugnant to command: vnequall matcht.
Pyrrhus at Priam drivets, in rage fhrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II. ii.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Th’vnnerued Father fals. Then fenfeleffe Illium, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crafh Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend Priam, seem’d i’th’Ayre to sticke: So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus ftood, And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing. But as we often see againft some storme, A silence in the Heauens, the Racke ftaund ftil, The bold windes fpeechleffe, and the Orbe below As huff as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus paufe, A ro wfeld Vengeance fets him new a-worke,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

II. ii.
The vmerued father fairs:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus care, for loe his sword

Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reverent Priam, feem'd i'th ayre to stick.
So as a painted tirant Pyrrhus stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often fee againft some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still.
The bold winds speechleffe, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder

So as a painted tirant Pyrrhus stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still.
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall.
On Marses Armor forg'd for provee eterne,
With leffe remorfe then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In general Synod take away her power,
Breake all the Spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of heaven
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.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for provee Eterne,
With less remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Bawdry, or hee sleepe. Say on; come to Hecuba.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.
   Ham. The inobled Queene?
   Pol. That's good: InobledQueene is good.

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

Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had see, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
Put if the Gods themselfes did see her then,
When she law Pyrrhus make malicious fport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

11.ii.

Play. But who, a woe, had seen the mobled Queene,
Ham. The mobled Queene
Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames

With Bifon rehume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes.
A blancket in the alarime of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainft fortunes state would treafon have pronouft;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When the law Pirrhus make malicious spport
In mincing with his fword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnleffe things mortall moue them not at all.

Would have made milche the burning eyes of heauen
And paſsion in the Gods.

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

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the reft of this foone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well beftow'd; doe you heare, let them be well vs'd, for they are the abftract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnleffe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſsion in the Gods.

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

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the reft, foone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players weel beftow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abstractions and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vfe them according to their de-fart.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

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

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doft thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dofen or fixteene lines, which I would fet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs). 119

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse every man after his decent, & who shall escape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the leffe they deferre the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

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

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dozen lines, or sixtene lines, which I would let done and infrert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to Elfonoure.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Rosf. Good my Lord.

Ham. I fo God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flauue am I.

Is it not monftrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paflion
Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit

That from her working all the vilage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distrustion in his afpect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

Rosfin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt. |264b

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I fo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flauue am I?
Is it not monftrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paflion,
Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit,

That from her working, all his vilage warm'd;

Teares in his eyes, distrustion in's Afpect,

A broken voyce, and his whole Function futing

With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares.
And cleare the generall care with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raftall, peake
Like lohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whole property, and moft deere life.
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
II.ii.  

For **Hecuba**.

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

That he _should_ weep for her? what would he doe  

Had he the motiue, and that for paision  

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

And cleane the generall care with horrid speech,*

590 Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,  

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede  

The very faculties of eyes and eares: yet I,  

A dull and muddie metteld raskall peake,  

Like _John_ a dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,  

And can say nothing; no not for a King,  

Vpon whose property and moft deare life,  

A _damn'd_ defeate was made: am I a coward,  

Who calles me villain, breaks my pate a croffe,

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

Tweakes me by the nose, givces me the lie _i'th_ thraote  

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

Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it _cannot_ be  

But I am pidgion liuer'd, and lacke gall  

To make oppreッション bitter, or ere this  

I shoulde a fatted all the region kites  

With this _flaues_ offall. bloody, bawdy villain,  

Remorfeffé, trecherous, lecherous, kindles villain.  

Why what an _Affe_ am I, this is moft braue,  

That I _the sonne_ of a deere murthered,  

Prompted to my revenge by heauen and hell.

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*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).*

Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a-croffe?  

600 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?  

Tweakes me by'th' Nofe? givces me the Lye _i'th_ Throat.  

As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?  

Ha? Why I _should_ take it: for it _cannot_ be,  

But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall  

To make Oppreッション bitter, or ere this,  

I shoulde haue fatted all the Region Kites  

With this _flaues_ Offall. bloody, a Bawdy villain,  

Remorfeffé, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villain!  

610 Oh Vengeance!  

Who? What an _Affe_ am I? I _fure_, this is moft braue,  

That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,  

Prompted to my Revenge by Heauen, and Hell,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Muft (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curling like a very Drab,
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene froke fo to the foule, that prefently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefacons.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With moft myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play someting like the murder of my Father.
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obferue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene
Il.ii. 
Muft like a whore vnpacke my hart with words, 
And fall a curling like a very drabbe; a fallyon, fie vppont, foh. 
About my braines; hum, I haue heard, 
That guilty creatures fitting at a play, 
Hauing by the very cunning of the scene, 
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions: 
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake 
With moft miraculous organ: Ile haue thefe Players 
Play something like the murther of my father 
Before mine vnclc, Ile obferue his lookes, 
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blemch 
I know my courfe. The fpirit that I haue feene 
May be a deale, and the deale hath power 
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps, 
As he is very potent with fuch fpirits, 
Abuues me to damne me; Ile haue grounds 
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing 
Wherein Ile catch the confcience of the King. 

III.i. Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guildenfterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference 
Get from him why he puts on this confusion, 
Grating fo harfly all his dayes of quiet 
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?
Rofin. He does confesse he feeleth himfelfe distracted.
But from what caufe he will by no meanes speake.

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

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rofin. Moft like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

Qu. Did you affay him to any pastime?

Rofin. Madam, it fo fell out, that certaine Players
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III.i.

Rof. He dooes confesse he feeleth himfelfe distracted. But from what caufe, a will by no meanes speake.

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

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 demandes Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you affay him to any paftime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players We ore-wrught on the way, of theſe we told him, And there did feeme in him a kind of ioy 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 moft true, And he befeecht me to intreat your Maiefties To heare and fee the matter.

King. With all my hart, And it doth much content me To heare him fo inclin'd. Good gentleſmen gine him a further edge, And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Rof. We fhall my Lord. Exeunt Rof. & Guyl.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

We ore-wrught on the way: of theſe we told him, And there did feeme in him a kinde of ioy To heare of it. They are about the Court, And (as I thinke) they haue already order This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis moft true: And he befeech'd me to intreat your Maiefties To heare, and fee the matter.

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

Rofin. We fhall my Lord. Exeunt.
King. Sweet Gertrude leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so beftow our felves, that seeing vnfeeue
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy caufe
Of Hamlets wildenefe: so shall I hope your Vertues
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. i.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave vs two,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le fo bestow our selves, that seeing vnseeene,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
That thus he suffres for.

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

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious fo pleafe you.
We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercife may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with denotions vifage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himfelfe.

King. 'tis too true,
How smart a lath that speach doth giue my confcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaft'reng art,
Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point.

To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mery there it goes.
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an everlafting Judge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscouered country, at whose fighet
The happy smile, and the accurfed damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,

Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curffed of the poore?
The widow being oppreffed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taffe of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thoufand more calamities bêsides,
To grunt and fweate vnnder this weary life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queftion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune.
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by oppofing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to fay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thoufand Naturall shockes
III.i.

Is not more ougly, to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moft painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question.

Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes againft a sea of troubles,
And by oppofing, end them, to die to fleepe
No more, and by a fleepe, to fay we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall flocks
That flefh is heire to; tis a confumation
Deuoutly to be wiift to die to fleepe,
To fleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that fleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Muft giue vs paufe, there's the refpect
That makes calamitie of fo long life:

For who would beare the whips and fcornes of time,
Th'oppreffors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of 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,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure, 
But for a hope of something after death?

Which pulles the braine, 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.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiveed of you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life, 
But that the dread of something after death, 
The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will, 
And makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue, 
Then flye to others that we know not of. 
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all, 
And thus the Natuie hew of Resolution 
Is sickled o're, with the pale caft of Thought, 
And enterprizes of great pith and moment, 
With this regard their Currants turne away, 
And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now, 
The faire Ophelia? Nimph, in thy Orizons

Be all my finnes remembred.
To grunnt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose borne
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 dooes make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of refolution
Is sickled ore with the pale caft of thought,
And enterprifes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loofe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does 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 redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of fo sweet breath compofd
As made these things more rieh, their perfume loft,
Take thefe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q).  

III. i.  

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

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priviledge than with honefty?  
Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme Honesty, from what she was into a bawd: Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:  
This was sometymes a Paradox,  
But now the time giues it scope.  
I never gaue you nothing.  
Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them such earneft owes of love,  
As would haue moon'd the ftonieft breaft alue,  
But now too true I finde,  
Rich gifts waxe poore, when givers grow vnkinde.  

Ham. I never louned you.  
Ofel. You made me beleue you did.  
Ham. O thou shouldest not a beleued me!  
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldest thou  
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferet honeft,  
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes  
It had beene better my mother had ne'er borne me,  
O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,  
With more sinnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts  

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).  

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeft?  
Ophe. My Lord.  
Ham. Are you faire?  
Ophe. What meanes your Lordfhip?  
Ham. That if you be honeft and faire, your Honesty should admit no dicourfe to your Beautie.  

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, hane better Comerce then your Honesty?  
Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likeneffe.
Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.

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

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me beleue fo.

Ham. You should not haue beleu’d me, for vertue cannot fo innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunry, why would’lt thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Bleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens secure him!
Ham. Wher's thy father?
Ofel. At home my lord.
Ham. For Gods fake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne houfe: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.
Ham. If thou doft marry, Ile giue thee

This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaffe as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?
Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monfters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

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

To a Nunnery goe.  

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q4).

130 or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do earling betwene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue 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 houfe,
Farewell.
Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.
Ham. If thou dostt marry, Ile geve thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaff as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monfters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Ham. I haue heard of your prattlings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your felfes another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I fay we will haue no more marriage, tho'fe that are married alreadie, all but one fhall lieue, the reft fhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. Exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

for Wife men know well enough, what monfters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heauenly Powers, restore him.
Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.

God has giuen you one pace, and you make your felfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lifpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I fay, we will haue no more Marriages. Tho'fe that are married already, all but one fhall lieue, the reft fhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. Exit Hamlet.
III.i.

*Ofe.* 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 scene what I haue scene, see what I see. *exit.*

170  *King.* Loue? No, no, that's not the caufe. *Enter King and Corambis.*

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*Ophe.* O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, fword,
160  Th'expectanie and Rose of the faire State,
The glaffe of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obferu'd of all Obferuers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies moft deiect and wretched,
That fuck'd the Honie of his Muficke Vowes:
Now fee that Noble, and moft Soueraigne Reafon,
Like fweet Bels jangled out of tune, and hart'h,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blafted with extafie. Oh woe is me.
T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

*Enter King, and Polonius.*

170  *King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III.i.

Oph. O what a noble mind is herec overthrown!
The Courtiers, fouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, Iword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glaffe of fasion, and the mould of forme,
Th'oibslerd of all obfervers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies moft defect and wretched,
That lackt the honny of his mutickt vowes;
Now fee what noble and moft fouraigne reafon
Like fweet bells iangled out of time, and harfh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ftature of blowne youth
Blatfed with extacie, ô woe is mee
Thaue feene what I haue feene, fee what I fee.  Exit,

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he fpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's fomething in his foule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the difclofe
Will be fome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus fet it downe: he fhall with fpeede to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the feas, and countries different,

With variable objects, fhall expell
This fomething fetted matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ftill beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himfelfe.
What thinke you on't?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Nor what he fpake, though it lack'd forme a little,
Was not like Madnffe. There's fomething in his foule?
O're which his Melancholy fits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the difclofe
Will be fome danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus fet if downe. He fhall with fpeed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different

With variable Obiects, fhall expell
This fomething fetted matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines ftill beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himfelfe. What thinke you on't?
Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,

I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,

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.

Now my good Lord, do you know me?

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a ffishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,

For to be honest, as this age goes,

Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile herefie:

For here the Satyrical Satyre writes,

That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Pol. It shal do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet faide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,

Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him
Pol. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his grieved,
Sprung from neglected love: How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,

Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his grieved, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac’d (to please you) in the care
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.
Grey bearded, pittifull weake hammes, growty legges.
All which fir, I moft potently beleue not:
For fir, your felfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabe, you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my graue.
Cor. How prægnant bis replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at firft he tooke me for a fifhmonger:
All this comes by lone, the vemencie of lone.
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extafie in lone, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.

Ham. You can take nothing from me fir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Cor. You feeke Prince Hamlet, fee, there he is. exit.
Gil. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Roffencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elsiauoure.
Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenberg.

Ham. I thanke you, but is this viiftation free of
Your felues, or were you not fent for?

Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confeffion in your eye:
Come, I know you were fent for.

Gil. What fay you?

Ham. Nay then I fee how the winde fits,
Come, you were fent for.
Roff. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the caufe and ground of your discontent.
Ham. Why I want preferment.
Roff. I thinke not fo my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you fee contents me not,
No nor the fpangled heauens, nor earth nor fea,
No nor Man that is fo glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I faid, Man did not content mee?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q.).

III. i.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II.ii.

**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. [30]

**Ham.** Players, what Players be they?

**Roff.** My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

Those that you tooke delight to fee so often. (fitie?

**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 carres 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 thofe that would make mops and moes

At my uncle, when my father liued,

Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds

For his picture: but they shall be welcome,

He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,

The ventrous Knight shall vfe his foyle and target,

The louver shall play gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,

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

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

*The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.*

Do you fee yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

**Gil.** That may be, for they fay an olde man

Is twice a childe. (Players,

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

You fay true, a monday laft, t’was so indeede.

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

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

When Roffios was an Actor in Rome.

**Cor.** The Actors are come hither, my lord.

**Ham.** Buz, buz.

**Cor.** The beft Actors in Christendome,

Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,

Pastorall, Historiack, Historiack, Historiack, Comick,

Comick historiack, Pastorall, Tragedy historiack:

**Seneca** cannot be too heauy, nor **Plato** too light:

For the law hath writ thofe are the onely men.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 143

III.i.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

II.ii.

Ha. O Iepha Judge of Israel! what a treasure hast 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 have a daughter that
I love paffing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paffe.
And so it was, the first verfe of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:

Enter players.

Welcome maifters, welcome all,
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I law thee laft, com’ft thou to beard me in Denmarke?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladifhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God fir your voyce, like a pece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack’t in the ring: come on maifters.

Weele even too’t, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we fee, come, a taffe 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 neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleafed 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 modeftie as cunning:
One faid there was no fallets in the lines to make the fauory,
But called it an honete methode, as wholefome as sweete.

Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was Aeneas tale to Dido,
And then especially where he takes of Princes slaughter.

If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me fee.

The rugged Pyrrus, like th’arganian beast:
No t’is not fo, it begins with Pirrus:
O I have it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpofe did the night reemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion fineered
With Heraldry more difmall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guife, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnies,
Back’t and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire Pryam feekes:
So goe on.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well fpoke, and with good
His antike fword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to refift.

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

Cor. Enough my friend, t’is too long.

Ham. It fhall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee’s for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or elfe he fleepes, come on to Hecubu, come.

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

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rofe vp,
And o’re her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe ftoode,
Who this had feene with tongue inuenom’d fpeech,
Would treafon haue pronounced,
For if the gods themfelves had feene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malitious frokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,

It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And paffion 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 fee the Players well beftowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abftracts 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 vfe them according to their deferts.

Ham. O farre better man, vfe every man after his deferts,
Then who fhould fcape whipping?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III.i.
Ill.ii.

Vfe 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 maifters, can you not play the murder of Gonfago?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'ft not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would fet downe and infer?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.

And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.

Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and dutie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote flaue am I?

Why thefe Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? What would he do and if he had my loffe?

His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,

He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,

Amaze the standers by with his laments,

Strike more then wonder in the induciall cares,

Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,

Indeede his paffion would be generall.

Yet I like to an affe and Iohn a Dreames,

Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,

Stand ftill, and let it paffe, why fure I am a coward:

Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nofe,

Gie's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,

Sure I should take it, or elfe I haue no gall,

Or by this I fhould a fatted all the region kites

With this flaues offell, this damned villaine,

Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:

Why this is braue, that I the fonne of my deare father,

Should like a fcalion, like a very drabbe

Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,

I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play,

Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confeft a murder

Committed long before.

This fpirit that I haue fceene may be the Diuell,

And out of my weakeneffe and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with fuch men,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).
II.ii.

Doth seeke to damne me, I will have founder prooves,
The play's the thing.
Wherein I'le catch the confciencie of the King.  

III.i.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

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

Gill. My lord, we haue done all the beft we could,
To wring from him the caufe of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an anfwere to that we expofde.

Roff. Yet was he fomething more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,

He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highneffe company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increafe his mirth,
Spare for no cof, our coffers fhall be open,
And we vnto your feluies will still be thankefull.

Both In all wee can, beoure you fhall commaund.

Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleafure you, beoure you fhall not want.  

Gill. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred youl'f ee this play.

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

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, give me leaue to fpake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his diftemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if fo it pleafe you,
Elle they fhall not meete, and thus it is.

King What i'ft Corambis?  

Cor. Mary my good lord this, foone when the fports are

Madam, fend you in haffe to fpake with him,
And I myfelfe will ftand behind the Arras,
There queftion you the caufe of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:

My Lord, how thinke you on't?

King It likes vs well, Gertrud. what fay you?

Queene With all my heart, foone will I fend for him.

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

execunt omnes.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 151

III. i.
Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly as the tongue
as I taught thee.
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue every thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebuftious periwig
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noifes,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I prounnd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as line the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not law the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vs all gently, for in the very torrent tempeft, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you mutf acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness, o it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to splet the eares of the groundlings, vwho for the moft part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shawes, and noyfe: I would have fuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you anoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne difcretion be your tutor, fute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this specciall obfervance, that you ore-steppe not the modeftie of nature: For any thing fo ore-doone, is from the purpofe of playing, whose end both at the firft, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to fhow vertue her feature; feorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and prefure: 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, mutf in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue feene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophaneely, that neither ha-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne

Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this specciall obfervance: That you ore-top not the modeftie of Nature; for any thing fo ouer-done, is frö the purpofe of Playing, whose end both at the firft and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to fhow Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and prefure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greeue; The cenfure of the which One, mutf in your allowance ore-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue feene Play, and heard others praife, and that highly (not to speake it prophaneely) that neyther ha-
players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

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

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be observed: O tis vile, and fhewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one fute
Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparel, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cuUifon:
And, your beere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of ieafts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a left
Vnleffe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maifters tell him of it.

The accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures journerne-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity fo ab-
hominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.
III. ii.

uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutter & bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

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

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is fett downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to fett on fome quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some neceffary queftion of the play be then to be considered, that's villainous, and fhewes a moft pittifull ambition in the foole that vfes it: goe make you reade. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speake no more then is fett downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselfes laugh, to fett on fome quantitie of barron Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some neceffary Queftion of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & fhewes a moft pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vfes it. Goe make you reade. Exit Players.
players We will my Lord.
Ham. Well, goe make you ready.  
execunt players.

Horatio. Heere my Lord.
Ham. Horatio, thou art even as inut a man.

As e're my conuerration cop'd withall.
Hor. O my lord!
Ham. Nay why fhould I flatter thee?

Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine fhould I recieue by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery fit on thofe time-pleaing tongs,
To glofe with them that loues to heare their praife,
And not with fuch as thou Horatio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildenfterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?
Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.
Ham. Bid the Players make haft.  
Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to haften them?
Both. We will my Lord.  
Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.
Ham. What hoa, Horatio?
Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as inut a man

As e're my Conuerration coap'd withall.
Hora. O my deere Lord.
Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the thee Queene to, and that presently.

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

Rof. I my Lord. Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man,

As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good [spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why shold the poore be flatterd?
No, let the candied tongue licke abfurdf pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doft thou heare,
Since my deare Soule was miftris of her choice,
And could of men diftinguifh her election.

S'hath feald thee for herfelfe, for thou haft been
As one in fuffering all that fuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equall thanks; and bleft are thofe
Whofe blood and judgement are fo well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haft, but thy good [spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? [267a
No, let the Candied tongue, like abfurdf pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning? Doft thou heare,
Since my deare Soule was Miftris of my choyfe,
And could of men diftinguifh, her election.

Hath feal'd thee for her felfe. For thou haft bene
As one in fuffering all, that fuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath tane with equall Thankes. And bleft are thofe
Whofe Blood and judgement are fo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
There is a play to night, wherein one Scene they have
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoot,

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 shal still be on his face,
And not the smalleft alteration
That shal appearie in him, but I shal note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To found what stop the pleasure. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'ft that Acte a-foot,
Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it felse vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
To found what stop the please: give me that man
That is not passions flawe, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,

There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my fathers death.
I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
Even with the very comment of thy foule
Observe my Uncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghoft that we haue feene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As Vulcanis filthy; 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 he steale ought the whil'ft this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

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

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cofin Hamlet?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q2).

For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our judgements ioyne,
To cenfure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'ft this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
Guildenfterne, and other Lords attendan, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?
I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuerfitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Julius Cæsar*, I was killed in the Capitol, Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him, To kill fo capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come fit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you giue me leaue, and fo forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord. (trary matters?

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

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions difh: I eate the Ayre promife-cramm'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this anfwer Hamlet, thefe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuerfitity, you fay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill fo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they flay vpon your patience.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q3).

III. ii.

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,

100 Promifcram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer Hamlet,

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuerfitie you fay,

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

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Iulius Cæfar, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild mee.

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

Be the Players readie?

Rof. I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience.

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

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

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady fhall I lie in your lap?

120 Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

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

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

130 Ham. Who I?
Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he fits downe in an Arbor. She leaves him; Then enters Lucianus with poison 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.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ofei. I my Lord. Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what shouled a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ofei. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord. Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ie haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heanens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-line his life halfe a yeare: But bylady he muft builde Churches then: or else he sullen not thinking on, with the Hoby-horffe, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horfe is forgot.

Hobyes play. The dumbe shew enters. Enter a King and Queen, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneels, and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.
III. ii.

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what shoulde a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father die in two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ie have a fute of fables; o heavens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-line his life halfe a yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els she shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for o, for o, the hobby-horfe is forgot.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbe show follows:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaves him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kiseth it, pours poysfon in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harfie awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Malicho, it means mischiefe.

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

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

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him asleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiseth it, and pours poysfon in the Kings eares, and Exeunt. The Queen returns, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seem to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queen with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue.

Oph. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that means Mischeefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.
Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Ham. I, or any shew you'l shew him,
Be not afear'd to shew, hee'le not be afear'd to tell:
O thefe Players cannot keepe counfell, the'lle tell all
Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere flowoing to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. 'Tis a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?
Ofel. Tis short my Lord.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Duke Full fourtie yeares are paft, their date is gone,
Since happy time joyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Ruunes weakely in their pipes, and all the ftraines
Of musfick, which whilome pleafe mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature muft pay his due,
To heauen muft I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O fay not fo, left that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wife, more youthfull, and one.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 165

III. ii.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will shew him, be not you affharm'd to shew, heele not flame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, hee 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 pose of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord,

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gone round
Neptunes falt waft, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dofen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since love our harts, and Hymen did our hands

Vnite conmutuall in moft sacred bands.

Queene: So many iournyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are, fo fickle of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state.
That I diftruft you, yet though I diftruft,
Discomort you my Lord it nothing muft.
For womanes feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womanes feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phebus cart gon round,
Neptunes falt Waft, and Tellus Orbed ground:
And thirtie dofen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene.
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands

Vnite conmutuall, in moft sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so fickle of late.
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I diftruft you: yet though I diftruft,
Discomort you (my Lord) it nothing muft:
For womanes Feare and Love, holds quantitie.
In neither ought, or in extremitie:
Dutcheffe O speake no more, for then I am accurft,

None weds the seconnd, but she kils the firft:

A seconnd time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When seconnd husband kiffes me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleeeue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is fiz'd, my Feare is fo.

King. Faith I muft leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the ref: 
Such Loue, muft needs be Treafon in my breft: 
In seconnd Husband, let me be accurft,

None wed the seconnd, but who kill'd the firft.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The inftances that seconnd Marriage moue,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is fo,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leave thee loue, and shortly to.
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue muft needs be treason in my brest,
In seconed husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are baft respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisstes me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the flaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe fsticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee,
Moft neceffary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in paffion we propofe,
The paffion ending, doth the purpose lofe,

Are baft respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When seconed Husband kisstes me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speake:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the flaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe fsticks on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary tis, that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in paffion we propofe,
The paffion ending, doth the purpose lofe.
For our demises till are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our own:
So think you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

_Dutchess_ Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife.

_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (F1).

The violence of other Griefe or Joy,
Their owne ennactors with them selues destroy:
Where Joy most Renels, Griefe doth most lament;
Griefe ioyes, Joy greeues on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues shoulde with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queston left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elle Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanced, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shal neuer lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qs).

III. ii.
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themselfes deffroy,
Where ioy moft reuels, griefe doth moft lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on flender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loiies shoild with our fortunes change:
For tis a queftion left vs yet to proue,
Whether lone lead fortune, or els fortune lone.
The great man downe, you marke his faifiour flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth lone on fortune tend,
For who not needes, fhall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly feafons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy firft Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repofe lock from me day and night,
To defperation turne my truft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prifon be my fcoope,
Each oppofite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would have well, and it deffroy,
Both heere and hence purfue me lafting strife, Ham. If she fhould
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Directly feafons him his Enemie.

But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repofe locke from me day and night:
Each oppofite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deffroy:
Both heere, and hence, purfue me lafting strife.
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
170  The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q).

III. ii.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke Tis deeply sorne, sweete leaue me here a while, My fpirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with fleepe.

Dutchefle Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene vs twaine. exit Lady

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protestes too much.

Ham. O but shee'le keep her word.

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

Ham. No offence in the world, poysfon in ieft, poifon in [40

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

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

The image of a murder done in guyana, Albertus

250 Was the Dukes name, his wife Baptifla;
Father, it is a kmnui'h pece 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 lone you beare, if I fawe the
poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y'are very pleafant my lord.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deepely sorne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while, My fpirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with fleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, Sleepees
And never come mishance betweene vs twaine. Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

240 Qu. The Lady protestes to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-

cence in't?
III. ii.

King. Tis deeply fworne, fweet leave me heere a while, My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Quee. Sleepe rock thy braise.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth proueft too much mee thinks.

Ham. but flie'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poyfon in ieft. 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 done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shall fee anon, tis a knauifh peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not, let the gaull'd lade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your lone
If I could fee the puppets dallying.

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poyfon in ieft. no Offence i'th' world. [268b]

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:

This play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauifh pcece of worke: But what o' that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnwrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your lone:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ofel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the duell weare blacke, For i'le have a fute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead, And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some

Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outlive memorie, But by my faith hee muft build churches then, Or els hee muft follow the olde Epitithe, With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horfe is forgot.

Ofel. Your iefts are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would coft you a groaning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you muft take your husband, begin. Murdered

Begin, a poxe, leave thy damnable faces and begin, Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blace, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

Confederate seafon, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,

With Hecates bane thrife blafted, thrife infected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholefome life vfurps immediately. exit.

Ham. Hepoyfons him for his effate.

King Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rifes, lights hoc.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ophe. Yoh are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coft you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blace, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate seafon, else, no Creature seeing:

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,

With Hecats Ban, thrice blafted, thrice infected,
Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

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

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you miftake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leave 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,
VWith Iecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inducted,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholfome life vfurps immediatly.

Ham. A poyfons him i'th Garden for his eftate, his names Gonzago, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall fee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of Gonzagoes wife.

Oph. The King rifes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Gine o're the play.

280 King. Gine me fome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. 

Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

270 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholfome life, vfurps immediately.

Poures the poyfon in his eares.

Ham. He poyfons him i'th Garden for's eftate: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall fee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Ophe. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frighted with falfe fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Gine o're the Play.

280 King. Gine me fome Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. 

Exeunt
III. ii.

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

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

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.
Ross. 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.
Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleafant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and caufe of your diſtempora-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciall
Rofes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowfhip in a crie
of Players fir.

290 Hor. Halfe a fhare.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doft know: Oh Damon deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of Ione himselfe,
Harn. Why let the strookey Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauld play,
For some muft watch while some muft sleepe.
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forret of fea-
thers, if the reft of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Rofes on my raz’d thooses, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dooft know oh Damon deere
This Realme difmantled was
Of loue himfelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very patiock.

Hora. You might haue rym’d.

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghofts word for a thousand
pound. Did’ft perceine?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

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.

And now raignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim’d.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghofts word for
a thousand pound. Did’ft perceine?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinercance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Mufick. Come ye Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come some Muficke.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

310 Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diftemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome shoulde shew it selfe more ri-

er, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plunde him into farre
more Choller.

320 Guild. Good my Lord put your discours into some
frame, and start not so wildly from my aflayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement merulious distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wifedome shou’d shewe it selle more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discouerse into some frame, And stare not so 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 courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shal please you to make me a wholsome anfwere, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ro’l. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome anfwer, my wits diseasd, but sir, fuch anfweres as I can make, you fhal command, or rather as you fay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you fay.
Gil. My lord, your mother craves to speak with you.  
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother.  
Roff. But my good Lord, shall I intreat thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?  
Roff. Alas my lord I cannot.  
Ham. Pray will you.  
Gil. I have no skill my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Rofin. Then thus the fayes: your behauior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.  
340 Ham. Oh wonderfull Somne, that can so aftoniff a Mother. But is there no seuell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?  
Rofin. She defires to speake with you in her Cloffet, ere you go to bed.  
Ham. We shall obey, were thce ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with vs?  
Rofin. My Lord, you once did love me.  
Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and ftealers.  
350 Rofin. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftem-per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-tie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.  
Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. ii.

Rof. Then thus the fayes, your behauior hath strooke her into admiration.

340 Ham. O wonderful fome that can fo ftonifh a mother, but is there no fequell at the hecles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She defires to speake with you in her clozet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, have you any further trade with vs?

Rof. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And doe still by thefe pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauncement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe for your succeffion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is something mutfy, O the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my lone is too vnmanerly.

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

Guild. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me I cannot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Rofin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe, for your Succeffion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graffe growes, the Prunerbe is something mutfy.

Enter one with a Recorder.

360 O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my lone is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderftand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.
Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing, 
Tis but stopping of these holes, 
And with a little breath from your lips, 
It will give most delicate music. 

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord. 

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I befeech you. 

Ros. My Lord wee cannot. 

Ham. Why now, how vnworthy a thing woüld you make of 
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon [42 
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee, 
And dive into the secret of my foule. 
Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd 
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument 
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not 

IV.ii. Play vpon mee, bedefes, to be demanded by a fpunge. 

Ros. How a fpunge my Lord? 

Ham. I fir, a fpunge, that fokes vp the kings 
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes 
His liberalitie your store house: but fuch as you, 
Do the king, in the end, beft ferve; 
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes, 

In the corner of his law, firt mouths you, 
Then swallowes you: fo when hee hath need 
Of you, t'is but squeeing of you, 
And fpunge, you shall be dry againe, you fhall. 

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

III.ii.390 Ham Farewell, farewell, God bleffe you. 

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone. 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1). 

379 Ham. I do befeech you. 

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord. 

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges 
with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your 
mouth, and it will discouerfie most excellent Muficke. 
Looke you, these are the stops. 

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vitterance of 
hermony. I have not the skill. 

380 Ham Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
Ham. I doe befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers, & the number, give it breath with your mouth, & it will discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmonie, I have not the skill.

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

God bleffe you sir.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would feeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myfterie; you would found mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will. though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you Sir.
Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queen 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 weafel.

Cor. T’is back’t like a weafell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

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

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night unto your Lordship. exit Horatio.

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

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne’re content. exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queen would speake with you,
and prefently.

Ham. Do you see that Cloud? that’s almost in shape
like a Camell.

Polon. By’th’Misse, and it’s like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back’d like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Enter Polonius.

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

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maffe and tis, like a Cannell 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

Then I will come to my mother by and by, [57]
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leave me friends.
I will say so. By and by is easily 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 loofe not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of Nero enter this firme bofome,

Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake daggers to her, but use none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seals neuer my soule confent. Exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Polon. I will say so. Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easilly saide. Leave me Friends:
Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter busines as the day

Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loofe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bofome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule confent.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs, To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The terms of our estate, may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide: Most holy and Religious feare it is To keepe those many many bodies safe

10 That live and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single And peculiar life is bound
Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiision will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard fo neer’s as doth hourly grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues provide.
Moft holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
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 maufic wheele
Fixon the somnet of the higheft mount,
To whole hough Spokes, tenne thousand leffer things
Are mortiz’d and adiyn’d, which when it falls,
Each small annexment petty confequence
Attends the boyflrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and refts
The liues of many, the ceffe of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What’s neere it, with it. It is a maufic wheele
Fixon the Sumnet of the higheft Mount,
To whole huge Spokes, ten thousand leffer things
Are mortiz’d and adiyn’d: which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pettie confequence
Attends the boyflrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedy Voyage:
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

Ill. iii.

Enter the King.

King  O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would waft the crime cleere from my confcience!

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will hafte vs.  
Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet:
Behind the Arras Ile conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant fhee'll tax him home,
And as you faid, and wisely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, shou'd o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
III. iii.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haft vs. Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet, Behind the Arras I'le conuay my felfe. To heare the proceffe, I'le warrant thee'letax him home.

And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd, Tis meete that some more audience then a mother, Since nature makes them parciall, shoud ore-heare The fpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige, I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed. And tell you what I knowe. Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord. O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen, It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont, A brothers murther, pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharpe as will, My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent, And like a man to double busines bound, I stand in paufe where I fhall firft beginne, And both neglect, what if this curfed hand Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood, Is there not raine enough in the fweete Heauens To waft it white as snowe, whereto fernes mercy But to confront the vifage of offence? And what's in prayer but this two fold force, To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Oh my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen, It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't, A Brothers murther. Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharpe as will: My stronger guilt, defeats my strong entent, And like a man to double businesse bound, I stand in paufe where I fhall firft begin, And both neglect; what if this curfed hand Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood, Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens To waft it white as Snow? Whereto fernes mercy, But to confront the vifage of Offence? And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force, To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
III. iii.

When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trefpsaffe,
The earth doth ftill crie out upon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are finnes that are vpardonable:
Why fay thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but ftill to perfeuer in a finne,
It is an act gainft the vninuerfall power,

Moft wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from delioure.

hee kneels. enters Hamlet

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ie looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ferue my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am ftill posseft
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may fhoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis feene, the wicked prize it felle
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo abone,
There is no ftuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our felves compell'd
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. iii.

50 Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My fault is paft, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serene my turne, forgive me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still poss'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guiltied hand may showe by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it sel'd.

Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our felues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence, what then, what refts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, o bofome blacke as death,
O limed foule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd; helpe Angels make aflay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be loft 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 I'le doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reveng'd, that would be scand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What refts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bofome, blacke as death!
Oh limed foule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aflay:
Bowe stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be loft as finnewes of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'le doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd; that would be scann'd,
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his fins brim full,
And how his foule stode to the estate of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his foule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not reveng: no, get thee vp ajen,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowfe, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relif
Of salvation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phificke but prolongs thy weary dayes.  

King  My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.  

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

III. iv.  

Enter Queene and Coramhis.

Cor.  Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le throwde my felfe behinde the Arras. 

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this fame Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery. not Reuenge.

He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freth as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and courfe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and feaon'd for his paffage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,

Or in th'inceftuous pleasure of his bed,
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villain send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and sily, not reuended,
A tooke my father groly full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as fluth as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuenged
to take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seaftond for his passage?
No.

Vp now, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in theinceftious pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relisf of salvation in't,
Then trip him that his heeles may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereeto it goes; my mother stayes,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts never to heauen goe. Exit.

Enter Gertrud and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftraight: looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broaft to beare with,
And that your grace hath sreend and stooed betweene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

At gaming,кажing, or about some acte
That ha's no relisf of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereeto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies. Exit.

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remaine belowe,
Words without thoughts, never to Heauen go. Exit.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broaft to beare with,
And that your Grace hath sreend, and stooed betweene
Queene Do fo my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'ft with you mother?
Queene How i'ft with you?
Ham. I'le tell you, but firft weele make all safe.
Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

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

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.t).

Much heate, and him. Ile silence me c'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen 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 quefition with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the [rood] not fo. You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge.
You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe

Where you may fee the moft part of you.

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

Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge:
You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe,

Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Rafh intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

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

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitrable ftuffe,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And fee how horride there and blace it fhews.

Queen Hamlet, what mean'ft thou by these killing
Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

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

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almonst 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, farewell,
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 heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned Cuftome have not braz'd it so,
That it be proofe and bulwark against fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue

In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That burres the grace and blushe of modeftie,
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent lone,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As fals as dicers oathes, o such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foule, and sweete religion makes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Cuftome have not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,

In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That burres the grace and blushe of Modeftie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrit, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent lone.
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As fals as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very foule, and sweete Religion makes
Ham. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe.
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherein all virtues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,

Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like Vulcan.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this fame have you left to change with this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound maife.
With triftfull vifage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thun-
ders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upn this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preffentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ione himfelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. iv.

A rapscandy of words; heavens face dooes glowe
Ore this foldity and compound maffe

50 With heated vifage, as against the doome
Is thought fick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares fo low’d, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was feated on this browe,

55 Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A ftation like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heane, a kifsing hill,

A combination, and a forme indeedee,
Where ever God did feeme to fet his feale
To giue the world affurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes.

60 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blafting his wholforme brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leave to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it lone, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it’s humble,

65 And waits vppon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this, fence sere youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sere that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thrall’d
But it referu’d some quantity of choife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:

60 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where ever God did feeme to fet his Scale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.

65 Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew’d eare
Blafting his wholforme breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble,

70 And waites vppon the Judgement: and what Judgement
III. iv.
What Diuell thus hath confoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That flew my father, and your deare husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure 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 perfift and dwell in finne,
To sweate under the yoke of infamie,
To make increafe of shame, to feale damnation.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath confend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canft mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froft it felfe, as actuely doth burne,
As Reafon panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'ft mine eyes into my very foule,
And there I fee fuch blacke and grained spots.
As will not leaue their Tinct.
To ferue in such a difference, what denill waft
That thus hath confund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
80 Or but aickely part of one true fence
Could not fo mope: o flame where is thy blus'h?
Rebellions 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 flame
When the compulline ardure gines the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actinely doth burne,
And reaon pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my foule,
90 And there I see such blacke and greened spots
As will leane there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nafty sty:

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 slau'e that is not twentithe part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
Queene  Hamlet, no more.

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

Queene  Hamlet, thou cleanes my heart in twaine.

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

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, faue me, you gratious
Powers above, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sone to chide,
That I thus long have let reuenge slipp by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Left that my heart of stone yeeld to compassion,
And euery part that shoulde affift reuenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost  Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she standes amazde:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i'lt with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

That from a shelke, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu.  No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gratious figure?

Qu.  Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

111.iv.

That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of threds and patches,
Sane me and honer ore me with your wings
You heauenlyguards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and paflion lets goe by

Th'important acting of your dread command, o say.

---

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies frongeft workes.
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Queene Nay, how i'th with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queene Not I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?
Queene No neither.
Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he sceaues away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. exit ghost.
Queene Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a foule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this moft horride murder:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleepeing Soldiours in th'Alarne,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe conioyn'd, preaching to ftones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this piteous action you convurrt
Ger. Alas how i'th with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold difcourfe,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping fouldiers in th'alarne,
Your bedded hair like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy dittemper
Sprinkle coole patience, wherecon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause concoyled, preaching to ftones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittous action you convert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe

Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you fpeake this?
Ham. Doe you fee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our felves.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, cuen now out at the portall. Exit Ghost.

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

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

My stierne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you fpeake this?
Ham. Do you fee nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our felves.
Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes cuen now out at the Portall. Exit.
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extatie is very cunning in.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q.1).

III. iv.

But Hamlet, this is onely fantafie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulfe doth beate like yours,
It is not madneffe that poiffeeth Hamlet.

O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your felfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but affift mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.1).

Ham. Extasie?

140 My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keepe time.
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teft
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your foule,
That not your trefpaffe, but my madneffe speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whilst ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infests vnfeene. Confeffe your felfe to Heauen.

150 Repent what’s paft, auyd what is to come,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

III. iv.

140  *Ham.* My pulf e as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madneffe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the reft,
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 trefpaffe but my madneffe speaks,
It will but skin and filme the vcieorous place
While ranck corruption mining all within
Infests vnfeene, confesse your felfe to heauen,

150  Repent what's paffed, ayoyd what is to come,
And doe not fpred the compoft on the weeds
To make them ranke, forgie me this my vertue.
For in the fatneffe of these purifie times
Vertue it felfe of vice muft pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woe for leaue to doe him good.

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

*Ham.* O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,

160  Assume a vertue if you haue if not,
That monfter cuftome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Linery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And do not fpred the Compoft or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgine me this my Vertue.
For in the fatneffe of this purifie times,
Vertue it felfe, of Vice muft pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

*Qv.* Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it,
And leu e the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to mine Vnkles bed,

160  Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiestie,  
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts, [47  
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,  
What stratagem fo'e thou shalt devise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:  
Come sir, I'le provide for you a grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.  
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

IV. i.  
Enter the King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Unpegge the Basket on the houses top:  
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape  
To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe  
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath  
What thou haft faide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?  
Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.  
Ham. This man shall let me packing:
III. iv.

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 have no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seal'd, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will tru't as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to hame the enginer
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: 6 tis moft sweete

When in one line two crafts directly meete,
This man shall let me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor
Is now moft still, moft secret, and moft graue,
Who was in life a moft foolifh prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. Exit.

IV. i. Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now moft still, moft secret, and moft graue,
Who was in life, a foolifh prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonious.

IV. i. Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues ,
King. Now Gertred, what fayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

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

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

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleffe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing somthing stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainifh apprehension killes
The vnfeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin fo with vs had we beene there:
IV. i.

You must translate, tis fit we understand them,
Where is your sonne?

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

King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the fea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleffe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,

10 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainifh apprehenfion kills
The vnfeene good old man.

King. O heauy deepe!
It had beene fo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be anfwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept fshort, refrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but fo much was our lone,

20 We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,
But like the owner of a foule difeafe
To kepe it from divulging, let it feele
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be anfwered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept fshort, refrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But fo much was our lone,

20 We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,
But like the Owner of a foule difeafe,
To kepe it from divulging, let's it feele
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord.  Exeunt Lordes.

King Gertred, your fonne shall presentely to England,
His shipping is already furnifhed,
And we haue fent by Rossencrefi and Gilderstone,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happineffe:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than this native home:
See where he comes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure.  He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this wilde deed,
We muft with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse.  Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius flaine,
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,
The funne no sooner fhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede,
We muft with all our Maieftie and skill
Enter Raf. & Guild. Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho Guyldefterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius flaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe fecke him out speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrard, wee'le call vp our wifeft friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And what's vntimely done,
Whole whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranports his pouyned shot. may miffe our Name,
And hit the woundleffe ayre. ò come away,
My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.  
Ham. Safely ftowd, but foft, what noyfe, who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him.
Go feeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haft in this.  Exit Gent.
Come Gertrude, wee'l call vp our wifeft friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ftowed.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh here they come. Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Ros. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Ros. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best servise in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
IV. ii.

Rof. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.

Rof. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
   And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleue it.


Ham. That I can keepe your counfaile & not mine owne belfides
to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by
the fomne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his
authorities, but fuch Officers doe the King beft fervice in the end, he
keepes them like an apple in the corner of his law, firft mouth’d to be
laft swallowed, when hee needs what you haue glean’d, it is but squee-
fing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I vnderftand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauifh fpeech sleepe in a foolish care.

Rof. My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

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

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

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

IV.iii.

Enter King, or two or three.

King. I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the body,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

20 the corner of his law, firft mouth’d to be laft swallowed,
when he needs what you haue glean’d, it is but squee-
fing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I vnderftand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauifh fpeech sleepe in a foolish care.

Rofin. My Lord, you muft tell vs where the body is,
and goe with vs to the King.

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

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after. Exeunt

IV.iii. Enter King.

King. I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the bodie:
Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

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

King Now fomne 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 services, two dishes to one meffe:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe:
Yet muft not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis fo, th'offenders fcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This fodaine fending him away, muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releceu,
Or not at all.

How now? What hath befalne?

Rofin. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
IV.iii.

How dangerons is it that this man goes loofe,
Yet muft not we put the ftong Law on him,
Hoe's lou'd of the diftracted multitude,
VWho like not in their judgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders fcorge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This fuddaine fending him away muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, difeafes desperat growne,

By delperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?
Ros. Where the dead body is beftowd my Lord
    VVe cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleafure
King. Bring him before vs.
Ros. 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 conuocation of politique wormes are e'ne at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felves for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable fervice, two difhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleafure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures els to fat vs, and we fat our felse for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable fervice to difhes, but to one Table that's the end.
Looke you, a man may fifh with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fifh,
Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

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

King But fonne Hamlet, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to miffe him there,
Father, you had best 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 hafte and finde him out.

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

King Well fonne Hamlet, we in care of you: but specially
in tender prefervation of your health,
The which we price even as our proper felfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for England,
The winde fits faire, you fhall aboarde to night,
Lord Roffencraft and Gilderstone fhall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewel mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. What doft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to fhew you how a King may go [27:3a]
a Progreffe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heauen, fend thither to fee. If your Meffen-
ger finde him not there, fecke him i'th other place your felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
fhall nofe him as you go vp the ftaires into the Lobby.

King. Go fecke him there.

Ham. He will ftay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine efpccial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

IV. iii.

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

King. King. What dooft thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your meffenger finde him not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose 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 do tender, as we deereely grieue For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'associates 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 fees the, but come for England, Farewell deere Mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For that which thou haft done, muft fend thee hence With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy felfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at 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 Cherube that fee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.
IV. iii.

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

execute all but the king.

King Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
He prefently without demaunding why,

That Hamlet loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:

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

IV.iv. Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that Fortenbraffe nephew to old Norway,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.
Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England.

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, He haue him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haft.

And England, if my lone thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may glue thee fene,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danifh Sword, and thy free awe
IV. iii.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

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

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Away, for every thing is feald and done
That els leans on th' affayre, pray you make haft,

And England, if my lone thou hold'ft at ought,
As my great power thereof may gine thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danifh sword and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly fet
Our Soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, doe it England.
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,

How ere my hapes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

Exit.

IV.iv.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbras
Craines the conveynance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeous

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Payes homage to vs; thou maift not coldly fet
Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

How ere my hapes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

Exit

IV.iv.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him that by his licenfe, Fortinbras
Claimes the conveynance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendezvous:
222 The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

IV.iv.

According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away.  exequnt all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

If that his Maiefty would ought with vs,
We fhall exprefle our dutie in his eye,
And let him know fo.
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,  
We shal expresse our dutie in his eye,  
And let him know so.  
   Cap. I will doo't my Lord.  
   For. Goe softly on.  

   Enter Hamlet. Rosencrans, &c.  
   Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?  
   Cap. They are of Norway sir.  
   Ham. How purpofd sir I pray you?  
   Cap. Against some part of Poland.  
   Ham. Who commandes them sir?  
   Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbrafe.  
   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 duckets, five I would not farme it;  
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole  
A rancker rate, shoulde it be fold in fee.  
   Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.  
   Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.  
   Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets  
Will not debate the question of this straw  
This is the Impoffume 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 please you goe my Lord?  
   Ham. Ile be with you straignt, goe a little before.  
How all occaions doe informe againft me,  
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man  
If his chiefe good and market of his time  
Be but to fleeepe and feede, a beaft, no more:  
Sure he that made vs with such large discoure  
Looking before and after, gaue vs not  
That capabilitie and god-like reafon  

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

   Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.  
   For. Go safely on.  

Exit.
IV. iv.

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 evry thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shal.

Queene God grant it may, heau'n's keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mifchance of olde Corambis death,
Hath pier'd 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 come from France,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnleffe by some means he be pacified.

Qu. O fee where the yong Ofelia is!
To suit in vs vnvfd, now whether it be
40 Bestiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisiely on th'event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wiseldom,
And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and means
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such maifie and charge.
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
50 Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Expelling what is mortall, and vntrue,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare.
Euen for an Egg-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 stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother flaind,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
60 The imminent death of twenty thousand men.
That for a fantastie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine, o from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.  Exit.
Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her hairainge.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F·).

IV. v.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.
Hor. She is importunate, indeede distract, her mood will needs be pittied.
Qu. What would she haue?
Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies shee heares There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart. Spurnes enuioufly at Strawes, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe senfe: Her speech is nothing. Yet the vnsheped vfe of it doth move The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it.
10 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winkes, and nods, and gesturers yeeld them.
IV. v.

Enter Horatio, Gertrud, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,

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

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, fayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her hart.
Spurnes enuioughly at frawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vfe of it doth mon.
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
10 And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

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

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke foule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amiffe,
'So full of artleffe iealousie is guilt,
20 'It fpills it selfe, in fearing to be fpilt.

Oph. Where is the beautesous Maiestie of Denmarke?
Quee. How now Ophelia?

Quee. How now Ophelia?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may ftrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke foule (as finnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amiffe,
So full of Artleffe iealousie is guilt,
20 It fpills it selfe, in fearing to be fpilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted,

Ophe, Where is the beautesous Maiestie of Denmark.
Qu. How now Ophelia?
Ofelia. How should I your true love know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoone.

White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the grave did not goe
With true louners flowers:

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'th with you sweete Ofelia?

Ofelia. Well God yeeld you,
IV. v.

Oph. How should I your true love know from another one,

By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shooe.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, may pray you marke,

He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grafgreene turph, at his heeles 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 bewept to the ground did not go. Song.
With true lone flowers.

40 King. How do ye pretty Lady?

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

God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets have no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, fay you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.

All in the morning betime,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

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

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they ask you what it meanes, fay you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:

And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we caft away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we caft away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.

And of all chriuent soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ofelia.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,
Then vp he rofe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty Ophelia.
Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
   By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
IV. v.

50 And I a mayde at your window
   To be your Valentine.
   Then vp he rofe, and doud his close, and dupt the chamber doore,
   Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

   King. Pretty Ophelia.
   Oph. 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 ansvers.) So would I a done by yonder Sænne
   And thou hadst not come to my bed.

   King. How long hath she beene thus?
   Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chufe
   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 counfaile. Come
   my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
   Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

You promis'd me to Wed:
   So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
   And thou hadst not come to my bed.

   King. How long hath she bin this?
   Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
   but I cannot choose but weep, to thinke they should
   lay him i'th cold ground. My brother shall knowe of it,
   and so I thanke you for your good counfell. Come, my
   Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight Iweet Ladies :
   Goodnight, goodnight. Exit.
IV.v.

King A pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was never certaine bred,
To day we laugh and live, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

King. Follow her clofe,
Gieue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When followes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battaliaes. Firft, her Father claine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remove: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia
Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement
Without the which we are Pictures, or meeere Beafts.
Laft, and as much containing as all thefe.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

IV.v.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô Gertrard, Gertrard.
When forrowes come, they come not sngle spyes,
But in battalians: firft her Father flaine,

Next, your fonne gone, and he moft violent Author
Of his owne juft remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholffome in thoughts, and whiphers
For good Polonius death: and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia
Devided from herfelfe, and her faire judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaCts,
Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With peltilent spcehes of his fathers death,
Wherein ceffitie of matter beggerd,
Will nothing sticke our perfon to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare Gertrard, this
Like to a murdring pееce in many places
Gives me superfluous death. A noife within.

Enter a Messenger.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keeps on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peltilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceffitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our perfons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. Ô my deare Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Pееce in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. A Noife within

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyfe is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

IV. v.

A noyfe within. enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou wilde king, giue me my father:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Mef. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Liff)
Eates not the Flats with more impititious hafte
Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuftome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the faffe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you faffe Danifh Dogges.

Noife within. Enter Laertes.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

IV.v.

Meffen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift
100 Eates not the flats with more impititious 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, cuftome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choosë we, Laertes shal be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau’d it to the clouds,
Laertes shal be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the falle traile they cry. A noise within.

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. VVe will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giuie me my father.

Quee. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Baftard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft vnfinched browe
120 Of my true mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let’s come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou ville King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Baftard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft vnfinched brow
120 Of my true Mother.
Speake, say, where's my father?

king Dead.

130 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 refolnue.

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

There's fuch divinitie doth wall a king,
That treafon dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
Tis true, and we moft fory for it

Being the chiefeft piller of our state:

Therefore will you like a moft desperate gamfter,
Swoop-ftake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

The Tragedye of Hamlet (F1).

King. What is the caufe Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our perfon:
There's fuch Diunity doth hedge a King,
That Treafon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenft? Let him go Gertrude.

Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

130 Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be luggel'd with.

To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackeft diuell.
IV. v.

King. VVhat is the caufe Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes fo gyant like?
Let him goe Gertrard, doe not feare our perfon,
There's fuch diminutie doth hedge a King,
That treafon can but pheepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenft, let him goe Gertrard.

Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But no by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'lle not be ingled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest denill,
Confience and grace, to the profoundeft pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I gine to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'lle be reveng'd
Moft throughly for my father.

King. Who fhall ftay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'lle husband them fo well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'th writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ftake, you will draw bothfriend and foe
Winner and looser.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Confience and Grace, to the profoundeft Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I gine to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely I'lle be reveng'd
Moft throughly for my Father.

King. Who fhall ftay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, I'lle husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ftake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and looser.
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms, 
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes, 
I will no reconcillement but by bloud.

King Why now you speake like a moft lounge fonne:

And that in soule we forrow for for his death, 
Your seife ere long fhall be a witnecfe, 
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.  

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, Ofelia? O my deere sifter!
I'ft poffible a yong maides life, 
Should be as mortall as an olde mans fawe?
O heau'ns themselfes! how now Ofelia?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Lael. None but his Enemies. 
King. Will you know them then. 
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes: 
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician, 
Repaft them with my blood. 
King. Why now you speake 
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman. 
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death, 
And am moft fenfible in greefe for it, 
I shall as lenell to your Judgement pierce 
As day do's to your eye. 

A noife within. Let her come in. 
Enter Ophelia. 

Lae. How now? what noife is that? 
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt.
IV. v.

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 guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am moft fencibly in griefe for it,
As day dooes to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyfe is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares feauen 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 Rofe of May,
Deere maid, kind fifter, sweet Ophelia,
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

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

Laer. Hadft thou thy wits, and did’ft perfwade reuenge
It could not moone thus.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madneffe shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rofe of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, Iweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauens, is’t possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where ’tis fine,
It fends some precious inftance of it felfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac’d on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had’ft thou thy wits, and did’ft perfwade Reuenge, it could not moone thus.
Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's home for me too; you must weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rofemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Lone remember:
And there's panfey for thoughts.

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

180 Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.
For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the falfe steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is faint Valentines day,
IV. v.

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

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

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

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

180  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 Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would
give you Some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they fay a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and affictions, passion, hell it felfe
She turns to favour and to prettines.

190  Oph. And will 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 fnow,
Flaxen was his pole,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would give you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They fay, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it felfe:
She turns to Favour, and to prettinessse.

Oph. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rofe, and dan'd his clothes,
And duped the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By giffe, and by faint Charitie,
Away, and fie for fhame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth fhe, before you tumbled me,
You promifed me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadft not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Lone. exit Ophelia.

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My fifter thus diftracted:
Curfed be his foule that wrought this wicked act.
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
200 God a mercy on his foule, and of all Christians foules,
    God buy you.

Lae. Doe you this ô God.

King  Laer. I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wifeft friends you will,
    And they fhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in fatisfaction; but if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
    And we fhall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q₄).

And they fhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in fatisfaction. But if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
    And we fhall ioyntly labour with your foule
To giue it due content.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

IV. v.

And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearfed, then the world fhall heare [53
Leartes had a father he held deere.

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

IV. vi.  Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your fonne is fafe arriv'de in Denmarke,
This letter I eu'n now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtile treafon that the king had plotted,
Being croffed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet fent to the king of England,
Wherein he faw himfelfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen Then I perceiue there's treafon in his lookes
That feem'd to fugar o're his villanie:
But I will foothe and pleafe him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you Horatio where he is?

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

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

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obferue the king, and you fhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Laer. Let this be fo:
His meanes of death, his obfcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Laer. Let this be fo.
His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe fword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oftentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muft call't in queftion.

King. So you fhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. Exeunt.
IV. vi.

Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of Gilderstone and Rosencraft?
Hor. He being set a-shore, they went for England,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform’d on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without discouerie.

Queene Thankes be to heauen for bleffing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowfand mothers bleffings to my fonne.
Horat. Madam adue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

IV. vi.

_Enter Horatio, with an Attendant._

_Hora._ What are they that would speake with me?
_Ser._ Saylers sir, they say they have Letters for you.
_Hor._ Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

_Enter Saylor._

_Say._ God bleffe you Sir.
_Hor._ Let him bleffe thee too.

_Say._ Hee shall Sir, and’t please him. There’s a Letter
10 for you Sir: It comes from th’Ambaffadours that was
Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. 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.

Hor. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A shall sir and pleafe him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
from th'Embaffador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou fhalt haue oner lookt this, giue these felowe some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere we were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrate of very warlike appointment gaue vs chafe, finding our felues too flou of faile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the infinit they got cleeere of our shippe, fo I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to

bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio. When thou fhalt have overlook'd this, giue these felowe some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Soe we were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlike appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our felues too flou of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the instant they got cleeere of our Shippe, fo I alone became their Prifoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Thieues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
IV. vi.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldest flye death. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.  

Exit.

IV. vii. Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
IV. vi.

doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue fent, and repayre thou to me with as much fpeede as thou wouldest flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, thefe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne hold theyr course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

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

IV. vii.

Enter King and Laeret.

King. Now muft your confcience my acquittance feale, And you muft put me in your hart for friend. Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care, That he which hath your noble father slaine Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee Why you proceede not againft thefe feats So criminal and fo capitall in nature, As by your safetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two fpeciall reasons

Which may to you perhaps feeme much vnfinnowd, But yet to mee thar strong, the Queene his mother Liues almoft by his lookes, and for my felfe, My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
IV. vii.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loure the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slighthly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father loft,
A Sifter druen into desperatte tearmes,
Who was (if praifes may go backe againe)
IV. vii.

She is so conclude to my life and foule,
That as the fтарre mooues not but in his fphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,

20

Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his Gines to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightely tymberd for so loued Arm’’d,
Would haue reverted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym’d them.

Lae'r. And so haue I a noble father loft,
A sifter driuen into desprat termes,
Whofe worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you muft not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it paftime, 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?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepe for that,
You muft not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it paftime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou’d your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine. —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maiestie: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?
50 What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

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

60 king Leartes, content your selfe, be ruled by me,
And you shall have no let for your revenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 253

IV.vii.

Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leave vs.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom:
to morrow shall I begge leave to fee your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occaion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamlets character. Naked,

And in a postscript here he fayes alone,
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,

It warmes the very sickness in my hart

That I liue and tell him to his teeth

Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so Laertes,

As how should it be so, how otherwise,

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now returned

As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes

No more to undertake it, I will worke him

To an exploit now ripe in my devise,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Kin. 'Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Post-

script here he fayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,

It warmes the very sickneffe in my heart,

That I shal liue and tell him to his teeth;

Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so Laertes, as how shoulde it be so:

How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,

As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes

No more to undertake it; I will worke him

To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,
King  Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,  
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,  
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you  
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,  
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Vnder the which he shall not chooje but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But euen his Mother shall vncarge the practife, And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul’d,
The rather if you could deuife it to
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much, And that in Hamlets hearing, for a qualitie Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts Did not together plucke such enuie from him As did that one, and that in my regard Of the vnworthieft fiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth, Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes

The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then setled 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 feru’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 beene incorp’st, and demy natur’d With the braue beaft, fo farre he topt me thought,

That I in forgerie of fhares and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life Lamord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And to such wondrous doing brought his Horfe, As had he beene encorps’t and demy-Natur’d With the braue Beast, so farre he paft my thought,
Lea. And how for this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Kin. The very fame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't'would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
IV. vii.

King. The very fame.

Lae. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And lien of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a matterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall.

That he crye out 'twould be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the Scritures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you opposed them; for this report of his
Did Hamlet so ennemon with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Lae. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,

A face without a hart?

Lae. Why ask ye this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your father,
But that I knowe, love is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooue,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke or snufe 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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Lae. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Lae. Why ask ye this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I knowe Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooue,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
King. Mary Leartes thus: I'll lay a wager, 
Shalbe on Hamlets side, and you shall give the oddes, 
The which will draw him with a more desir, 
To try the maintry, that in twelue venies 
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted, 
When you are hot in midst of all your play, 
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie, 
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson, 
That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood, 
In any part of him, he cannot live: 
This being done will free you from suspicion, 
And not the deereft friend that Hamlet lov'de 
Will euer haue Leartes in suspexit. 

Lear. My lord, I like it well: 
But say lord Hamlet shoule refuze this match.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake, 
To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed, 
More then in words? 

Laer. To cut his throat i'eth Church. 

Kin. No place indeed shoule murder Sancturize; 
Reuenge shoule haue no bounds: but good Laertes 
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber, 
Hamlet return'd, shal know you are come home: 
Wee'll put on thofe shal praiue your excellenc, 
And fet a double varnish on the fame 
The Frenchman gane you, bring you in fine together, 
And wager on your heads, he being remiff,
"We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thriffs sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'wolver,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To shewe your selfe indeede your fathers fonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarie,
Reuendge should have no bounds: but good Laertes

Will you doe this, kepe clofe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praiue your excellencc;
And let a double varnish on the fame
The french man gane you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Moost generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with eafe,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choo"fe
A sword vnbaite, and in a pace of practife

Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpo"fe, Ile annoynynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplafme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Moost generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with eafe,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choo"fe
A Sword vnbaite, and in a pace of practife,

Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpo"fe Ile annoynynt my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplafme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death.
King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And left that all shou'd misse,
I'le have a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene.

King How now Gertred, why looke you heavily?
Queene O my Lord, the yong Ofelia
Hauing made a garland of sundry forties of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit vs to our shape, if this shou'd faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or seconed, that might hold,
If this shou'd blast in proffe: Soft, let me fee
Wee'l make a solemnne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,

And that he calvs for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

IV. vii.

That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I call him flightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conveniance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our fhape if this shoule fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affayd, therefore this project,
Should have a back or fecond that might hold
If this did blaff in proove; foft let me fee,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
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 fipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd ftruck,
Our purpofe may hold there; but ftay, what noyfe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faft they follow; your Sifters drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd, 0 where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes aflatant the Brooke
That showes his hory leaues in the glaffie ftreame,
Therewith fantafficke garlands did fhe make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

A Challice for the nonce; whereon but fipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd ftruck,
Our purpofe may hold there; how fweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faft they'll follow: your Sifter's drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! 0 where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aflatant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glaffie ftreame:
There with fantafficke Garlands did fhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weedes
The enious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad, 
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she fate smiling,
Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vnecapable
As it were of her distreffe, but long it could not be,

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

Lear. So, she is drown'd:
Too much of water haft thou Ofelia,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Renenge it is muft yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe.  

exceunt.

V. i.

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
In chriitian buriall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F4).

Clambring to hang; an enious fliner broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distreffe,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Lear. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Clambring to hang, an envious fliner broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Marmaid like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she haunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.

Or like a creature native and indewed
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

_Laer._ Alas, then shee is drownd.

_Quee._ Drownd, drownd.

_Laer._ Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blaze,
But that this folly drowntes it. 

_Exit._

_King._ Let's follow Gertrud,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore let's follow. 

_Exeunt._

Enter two Clownes.

_Cloone._ Is shee to bee buried in Christiant buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (V1).

_Laer._ Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone

The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. 

_Exit._

_Kin._ Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. 

_Exeunt._

Enter two Clownes.

_Clove._ Is shee to bee buried in Christiant buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?
2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because she's drown'd.

2. But she did not drown her selfe.

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

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, if I stand here, if the water come to me, I drown not my selfe:

20 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:

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

2. I but fee, she hath christian burial,

Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folk

Should have more authoritie to hang or drown

Themselves, more than other people:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be Se offendendo, it cannot bee elle: for heere lies the point; If I drown my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delner.

Clown. Give me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stand the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drown himsefe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
Other. I tell thee he is, therfore make her grave straights, the crowner hath fette on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clowne. How can that be, vnleffe she drownd her selfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found fo.

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

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne him selfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not him selfe, 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 queft law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beeene a gentlewoman, she shoulde have been buried out a Christian burial.

Clowne. Why there thou fayft, and the more pitty that great folke shoulde have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themeselues, more then theyr even Chriftien: Come my Spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profeffion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?
Goe fetch me a ftope of drinke, but before thou 
Goeft, tell me one thing, who buildes strongeft, 
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter? 
2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone, 
And will indure long.

Clowne That's pretty, too't agen, too't agen.
2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes, 
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe 
does it well? the gallowes does well to them that doe ill, 
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say, 
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes 
Laft till Doomef-day. Fetch me a ftope of beere, goe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Clo. He was the firft that euer bore Armes. 
Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What; ar't a Heathen? how doft thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes 
Adam dig'd: could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou anfwerest me not to the purpofe, con-
fesse thy felfe ——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the 
Mafon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thoufand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes 
does well; but how does it well? it does well to thofe 
that doe ill: now, thou doft ill to fay the Gallowes is
V. i.

Clowne. A was the first that ever bore Armes.
Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerst me not to the purpose, confesse thy selue.
Other. Goe to.
Clown. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

50 Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lies a thoufand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes does well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to lay the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe 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.
Clown. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queftion next, fay a graue-maker, the houfes hee makes lafts till Doomefday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a foupe of liquor.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.)

built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.
Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.
Other. Marry, now I can tell.
Clo. Too't.
Other. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queftion next, fay a Graue-maker: the Houfes that he makes, lafts till Doomefday: go, get thee to Yaughan, fetch me a foupe of Liquor.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne  A picke-axe and a fpade,  
A fpade for and a winding theete,  
Moft fit it is, for t’will be made,  he throwes vp a shouel.  
For such a gheft moft meete.

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

Hor. My lord, Cuftome hath made it in him feeme no-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,  
me thought it was very sweete:  
To contract O the time for a my behoue,  
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha’s this fellow no feeling of his buineffe, that  
he fings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuftome hath made it in him a property of ca-

Ham. ’Tis ee’n fo; the hand of little Impelment hath  
the daintier fenfe.

Clowne fings.

But Age with his fealing fps  
haft caught me in his cluch:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. i.

In youth when I did loue did loue,  

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract o' the time for a my behoue.
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

_Enter Hamlet and Horatio._

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a fings in grave-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his ftealing steppes  

Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been fuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could fing once, how the knawe iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines iawbone, that did the firft murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. I might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doof thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord fuch a one, that praised my lord fuch a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

_And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such._

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knawe iowles it to th' ground, as if it were Caines iaw-bone, that did the firft murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Affe o're Of-fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-row sweet Lord: how doft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?
Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,  
For and a winding sheete,  
Moft fit it is for to be made,  
For such a ghost moft meet.  

Ham. Looke you, there’s another Horatio.  
Why mai’t not be the scull of some Lawyer?  
Me thinkes he shoulde 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 leafes and free-holde,  

And tenements? why that fame boxe there will fearfe  
Holde the conueiencie of his land, and muft  
The honor lie there? O pittifull transormance!  
I prethlee tell me Horatio,  

Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?  
Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.  
Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselfes shepe and calues  
That deale with them, or put their truft in them.  

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).  

Hor. I, my Lord.  
Ham. Why ee’n so: and now my Lady Wormes,  
Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons  
Spade; heere’s fine Resolution, if wee had the tricke to  
ee’t. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but  
to play at Loggets with ’em? mine ake to thinke  
on’t.  

Clowne fings.  
A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.  
for and a fhrowding-Sheeete:  
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,  
for such a Guest is meete.  

Ham. There’s another: why might not that bee the  
Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his  
Quillets? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why  
doee’s he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples. & knockt about the maffene with a Sextens fpade; heere's fine resolution and we had the tricke to fée't, did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a fpade a fpade, Song.
for and a fhrowing fhleet
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for fuch a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why ddoes he fuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the fcone 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 Statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very connveyances of his Lands will fearcely lye in this boxe, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe have no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which feeke out assurance in that, I wil fpeake to this fellow. Whofe Graue's this Sirra?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

the Scone with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Connveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muft the Inheritor himfelfe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues that feeke out assurance in that. I will fpeare to this fellow: whofe Graue's this Sir?
There's another, why may not that be such a ones Scull, that praied my Lord such a ones horfe, When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee Lets queftion yonder fellow. Now my friend, whose grane is this? Clowne Mine fir. Ham. But who must lie in it? (fir. Clowne If I shoulde say, I shoulde, I shoulde lie in my throat

Ham. What man must be buried here? Clowne No man fir. Ham. What woman? Clowne. No woman neither fir, but indeede One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This feauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant, Comes fo neere the heel of the courtier, That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing, How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F').

Clo. Mine Sir:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made, for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lyeft in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doft thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.
Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I 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 dost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

140 Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her foule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vnndo ee us. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant comes so neere the heele of our Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last king Hamlet ouercame Fortenbraffe.

Ham. How long is that since?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

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? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vnndeoe vs: by the Lord Horatio, thefe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pefant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of all the dayes i'th yeare, I came too't that day that our last King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?
Clowne  I faith fir, if hee be not rotten before  
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,  
He will laft you, eight yeares, a tanner  
Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.  
Ham.  And why a tanner?  
Clowne  Why his hide is fo tanned with his trade,  
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous  
Deouourer of your dead body, a great foaker. 

Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,  
Let me fee, I euer since our laft king Hamlet  
Slew Fortenbraffe in combat, yong Hamlets father,  
Hee that's mad.

160  Clo.  Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:  
It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee  
that was mad, and fent into England.  
Ham.  I marry, why was he fent into England?  
Clo.  Why, becaufe he was mad; hee fhall recover his  
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.  
Ham.  Why?  
170  Clo.  'Twill not be feene in him, there the men are as  
mad as he.  
Ham.  How came he mad?  
Clo.  Very ftrangely they fay.  
Ham.  How ftrangely?  
Clo.  Faith c'ene with loofing his wits.
Clow. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was horne: hee that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why becaufe a was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be feene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee)

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corfes, that will fearce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your horfon dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?
Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loofing of his wittes.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clowne A this ground, in Denmarke.
Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there, Or if he haue not, 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. Whole scull was this?

Clowne This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one Yorickes scull.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. Whole was it?
Clo. A whorefon mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Clo. A peftlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a
Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This fame Scull
Sir, this fame Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Iefter.

Ham. This?
Clo: E'ene that.
Ham. Let mee see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Ho-
Ham. Whose was it?  
Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?  
Ham. Nay I know not.  
Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue. a pourd a flagon of Renifh on my head once: this same 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 thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung thofe lyppes that I haue kift I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your fongs, your flaflhes of merriment, that were wont to fet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she muft come, make her laugh at that. Prythee Horatio tell me one thing.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Qr).

V. i.

220  Hor. Even so my Lord.
    Ham. And smelt thus?
    Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.
    Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
    Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
    became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being
    but clay, why might not time bring to paffe, that he might
    stoppe the boung 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, Leartes, and other lordses,
with a Priest after the coffyn.

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Hor. What's that my Lord?
Ham. Doft thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fa-
    shion i'th' earth?
220  Hor. E'ene fo.
    Ham. And smelt fo? Puh.
    Hor. E'ene fo, my Lord.
    Ham. To what base yfes we may returne Horatio.
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of A-
    lexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole.
    Hor. Twere to consider: to curiously to consider fo.
230  Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
    with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.
    Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander re-
    turneth into duft; the duft is earth; of earth we make
    Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto be was conuer-
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. i.

_Hora._ What's that my Lord?

_Ham._ Doost thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

_Hora._ Een so.

_Ham._ And smelt so pah.

_Hora._ Een so my Lord.

_Ham._ To what base vses wee may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till a find it stopping a bunghole?

_Hor._ Twere to consider too curiously to consider fo.

_Ham._ No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modefty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stoppe a Beare-barrell? [88]

Imperious Cæsar 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 they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corps they follow, did with defprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

_Laer._ What Ceremonie els?

_Ham._ That is Laertes a very noble youth, marke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarfe they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

_Laer._ What Cerimony else?

_Ham._ That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.
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 fung for her maiden foule:
And but for favour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed chritian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlifh Priest, a miniftring Angell
shall my fifter be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire Ofelia dead!

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.),

Lear. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-fwaies the order,
She shou'd in ground vnfanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laft Trumpet. For charitable praiyer,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, shou'd be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ftrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Lear. Muft there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We shou'd prophane the fervice of the dead,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V.i.

Lear. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd

As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-fways the order,
She shoulde in ground vsn Sanctified been lodg'd
till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles shoulde be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Lear. Muft there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,

We shoulde prophane the service of the dead,

To fing a Requiem and such reft to her

As to peace-parted soules.

Lear. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlifh Priest,
A Ministring Angell shal my Sifter be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia,

Queene. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou shoulde'ft haue been my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Lear. O treble woe

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

To fing fage Requiem, and such reft to her

As to peace-parted Soules.

Lear. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlifh Priest)
A Ministring Angell shal my Sifter be,
When thou lyest howling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou shoulde'ft haue bin my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Lear. Oh terrible woe,

Fall ten times treble, on that curfed head

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head.
Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sifter farewells:
Leartes leapes into the graue.

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

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

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

I lou'de Ofelia as deere as twenty brothers could:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Whose wicked deed, thy moft Ingenious fence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your duft, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old Pellon, or the skyith head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ftand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule.
V. i.

Whoe 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 duff vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skye fh head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares fuch an emphesis, whose phrase of forrow
Coniures the wandring farres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule,

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rafh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame

Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my Sonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thoufand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Ham. Thou pray't not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rafh,
Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifeneffe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thoufand Brothers
Could not (with all theyr quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her?
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt faft, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vellels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
300 Com'ft thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,
Here let vs ftand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the fea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour fcope.

Ham What is the reafon sir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you caule: but ftand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. i.

King. O he is mad Laertern.
Quee. For loue of God forbearc him.
Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't tearo tylfelfor-
Woo't drinke vp Elill, eate a Crocadile?

Ilc doo't, doofc come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone
Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ilc rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneffe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him.
Anon as patient as the female Done

When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir,
What is the reafon that you vfe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himfelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day.

Exit Hamlet

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.
Strengthen your patience in our laft nights fppech,
Weele put the matter to the prefent pufh:
Good Gertrard fet some watch ouer your fonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Kin. This is meere Madneffe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Done,

When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reafon that you vfe me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himfelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit.

Kin. I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laft nights fppech,
Wee'l put the matter to the prefent pufh:
Good Gertrude fet some watch ouer your Sonne,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q1).

V. i.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, Leares.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall Hamlet drinke his laft,
For preſently we meane to fend to him,
Therfore Leares be in readynes.

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

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

Queene God grant they may. exequunt omnes.

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me fleepe; me thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
V. i.

320 This graue shall haue a living monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie fhall we fee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.    Exeunt.

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this fir, now fhall you fee the other,
You doe remember all the circumftance,
Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me fleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rafhly,
And prayfd be rafhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indifcretion sometime serues vs well
10 When our deepe plots doe pall, & that fhould learne vs
Ther’s a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is moft certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My fea-gowne fcarft about me in the darke
Grop’t I to find out them, had my defire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

(And praine be rafhnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indifcretion sometimnes serues vs well,
10 When our deare plots do paule, and that fhould teach vs,
There’s a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moft certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My fea-gowne fcarft about me in the darke,
Grop’d I to finde out them; had my defire,
Finger’d their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnfeale
Their grand Commiffion, where I found Horatio,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many feuerall forts of reafon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, fuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the superuize no leasure bated.
No not to ftay the grinding of the Axe,
My head fhoud be struck off.

_Hor._ Ift poffible?

_Ham._ Here's the Commiffion, read it at more leyfnre:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
To mine owne roome againe, making fo bold
My feares forgetting manners to unfold
Their grand commissiun; where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command

Landed with many feuerall forts of reauns,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leasure bated,
No not to fayne the grinding of the Axe,
My head fhould be portioned off.

Hor. Ift pofible?

Ham. Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I befeech 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,
Demifd a new commiffion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statifs doe,
A beneficte to write faire, and laboured much
How to forget that learning, but Sir now
It did me yeomans feruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneft conjuration from the King,
As Englands was his faithfull tributary,

As love betweene them like the palme might florifh,

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

Hor. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,

Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fat me downe,
Denis'd a new Commiffion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statifs doe,
A beneficte to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans feruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneft Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,

As love betweene them, as the Palme should florifh.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leffe,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purfe,
Which was the Modell of that Danifh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma twixt their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debate more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to sudden death.
Not shrining time alow'd.

_Hora._ How was this seald?

_Ham._ Why even in that was heaven dominant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the mock of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of the other,
Subscribe it, gaunt th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was frequent
Thou knowest already.

_Hora._ So _Guil'den'terne_ and _Rosencraus_ goe too't.

_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the bater nature comes
Betwixt the paffe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposites.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!

_Ham._ Does it not thinke thee stand me now upon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betwixt th'election and my hopes,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).*

Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'ft already.

_Hor._ So _Guil'den'terne_ and _Rosincran's_, go too't.

_Ham._ Why man, they did make lone to this imploytie
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Dooth by their owne insinuation growe:
Tis dangerous, when the bater nature comes
Betwixt the paffe, and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposites.

_Hor._ Why, what a King is this?

_Ham._ Does it not, thinke thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Pop't in betwixt th'election and my hopes,
Ham. beleue mee, it greeues mee much Horatio,
That to Leartes I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe.
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

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

Gent. Now God faue thee, sweete prince Hamlet.

Ham. And you fit: foh, how the muske cod fnels!

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

Ham. I shall fir gine you attention:

By my troth me thinkes tis very colde.

Gen. It is indeede very rawifh colde.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come

In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to saye one: but I am very forry good Horatio.
That to Laertes I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me

Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. ii.

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cuilnage, i'ft not perfect confience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thanke you Sir, doft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, he hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beafts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, 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 indifferen cold my Lord indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Enter young Ofricke. (marke)

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Meffe; 'tis a Chough; but as I say spacious in the possession of durt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleene mee 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferen cold my Lord indeed.
The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr.)

Ham. Tis hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very fwoøtery hotë:
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).

V. ii.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultory, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beleech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faitb, fir here is newly com to Court Laertes, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of moft excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you Ihall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would fee.

Ham. Sir. his definition suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dofie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yau neither in repect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infusion of inuch dearth and rarenesse, 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 moft infallibibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ift not pofsible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purfe is empty already, all's golden words are fpent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, leaft I shoulde compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe hiselffe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. I beleech you remember.

Ofir. Nay, in good faith, for mine eafe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side. 
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers, 
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

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

Gent: The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Ham. The worde had bee more coyn german to the phrafe, if he could have carried the canon by his side, 
And howe's the wager? I understand you now.

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

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, 
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Ham. What's his weapon?

Qfr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Qfr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responflue to the hiltts, moft delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Qfr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Hor-
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2). 297

V. ii.

Cour. I meane fir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King fir hath wagerd with him fix Barbary horfes, againgft the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapiers and Poynards, with their a signifyes, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to the hits, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muft be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more lerman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides. I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbry horfes againgft fix French swords their a signifyes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againgft the Danifh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paffes betweene your felfe and him, hee shal 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 anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your perfon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it plesa his Maiettie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

ves againgft fixe French Swords: their A signifyes, and three liberall conceited Carriages: that's the French but againgft the Danifh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laird that in a dozen paffes betweene you and him, hee shal not exceed you three hits: He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to inmediate tryall, if your Lordfhip would vouchsafe the Anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your perfon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it plesa his Maiettie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the
Gent. My Lord, prefently, the king and her maiestie,
With the rest of the best judgement in the Court.
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maiestie. I wil attend him.
Gent. I shall deliver your most sweet answer. exit.
Ham. You may sir, none better for y'are spiced.
Elfe he had a bad nofe could not smell a foole.
Hor. He will disclose himfelfe without inquirie.
Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?
Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.
Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the fame breede that I know the droffie age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of hifty collection, which carries them through and through the moft prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he fends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. [95

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene defires you to vfe some gentle entertainment

Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will looke my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F).

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee fuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beauy that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yefty collection, which carries them through & through the moft fond and winnowed opinions: and doe but blowe them to their trialls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
Ham. Believe me Horatio, my heart is on the fodsaine
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, there is a predestinate providence.
in the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Learis, Lordes.

King Now fonne Hamlet, we haue laid vpun your head,
And make no question but to haue the at.
Ham. Your majestie hath laide a the weaker side.
King We doubt it not, deiluer them the foiles.
Ham. Firft Learis, heere's my hand and loue,
Protestting that I never wrongd Learis.
If Hamlet in his madneffe did amisse,
That was not Hamlet, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Learis,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F,).

I haue bene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
oddes: but thou wouldeft not thinke how all heere a-
bout my heart: but it is no matter.
Hor. Nay, good my Lord.
Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will for-
ftall their repaire hither, and lay you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defe Augury: there's a speciall
Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come: the readineffe is all, fnce no
man ha's ought of what he leans. What is't to leane be-
times?
in continuall practife, I shall winne at the odds; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere 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 ganging, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

_Hora._ If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will for that their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

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_Ham._ Not a whit, we defie angury, there is spesiall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now. if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaves, knowes what ift to leave betimes, let be.

_A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cus/hion, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes._

_King._ Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

240

_Ham._ Givne me your pardon Sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes.

And you muft needs haue heard, how I am punifht
With a fore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneffe:
Waff Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? neuer Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be pane away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fi).

_Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foiles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it._

_Kin._ Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

_Ham._ Givne me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This prefence knowes.

240 And you muft needs haue heard how I am punifht
With fore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclame was madneffe:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Nener Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be pane away:
Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature, 
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe, 
And will no reconcilement, 
Till by some elder maisters of our time 
I may be satisfied.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes, 
Then Hamlet does it not. Hamlet denies it: 
Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be so, 
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, 
His madneffe is poore Hamlets Enemy. 
Sir, in this Audience, 
Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill, 
Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts, 
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house, 
And hurt my Mother. 

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature, 
Whole motune in this cafe I shoulde stirre me moft 
To my Renenge. But in my termes of Honor 
I stond aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
V. ii.

And when hee's not huifelfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it,
Who doees it then? his madneffe. Ift be fo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madneffe is poore Hamlets enimie,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd cuill,
Free me so farre in your moſt generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this cafe shouuldf stirre me moſt
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a looſe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maifters of knowne honor

I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
To my name vn-gorg'd: but all that time
I doe receaue your offer'd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it frequently, and will this brothers wager
frankely play.
Giu vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shal like a starre i' th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Vi).

Till by some elder Maifters of knowne Honor,

I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vn-gorg'd. But till that time,
I do receaue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giu vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shal like a Starre i' th darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.
304  The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q.).

V. ii.
270  King  Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle Leartes, thes foyles,
Haue all a laught, come on fir:  a hit.

Lear. No none.  

Heere they play

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F.).

270  King.  Give them the Foyles yong Ofricke,
Coufien Hamlet, you know the wager.
Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker fide.
King.  I do not feare it,
I haue feene you both:
But fince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.
Lear. This is too heauy,
Let me fee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
Thefe Foyles haue all a length.  Prepare to play.
Ofricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If Hamlet giue the firft, or second hit,
280 Or quit in anfwer of the third exchange,
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q2).  305

V. ii.

270 King. Give them the foiles young Ostricke, colin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a’th weeke fide.

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 fee another.

Ham. This likes me well, thefe foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If Hamlet give the firt or fecound hit,

Or quit in afwre of the third exchange,
Let all the battlemants their ordnance fire.
The King fhall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice fhall he throw,
Richer then that which foure succeffeue Kings
In Denmarke Crowne haue wonne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets [97

290 And you the judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King fhall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an vniue fhall he throw
Richer then that, which foure succeffive Kings
In Denmarke Crowne haue wonne.

Giue me the Cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet. Come, beginn,

And you the judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir. They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.
The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q).

V. ii.

Ham. Judgement.
Gent. A hit, a moft palpable hit.
Lear. Well, come againe. They play againe.
Ham. Another. Judgement.
Lear. I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.
King Here Hamlet, the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy face.
King Give him the wine.
Ham. Set it by, I'le hane another bowt firft,
I'le drinke anone.

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

King Do not drinke Gertred: O t'is the poyfned cup!

Ham. Leartes come, you dally with me,
I pray you paffe with your moft cunningfit play.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (P).

Ham. Judgement.
Of/r. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets found, and fhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firft, fet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what fay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne fhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and feant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowfes to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heere to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout firt, fet it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confeft.

King. Our fonne fhall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and fcant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfuned 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 almoft againft my confcience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you paffe with your beft violence

I am fure you make a wanton of me.
Lear. I say you so? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come on sir.
They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.
King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keep the gates.

Lords How is't my Lord Leartes?

Lear. Even as a coxcombe shoul'd,
Foolishly stain'd with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thine hand.

Unbated and invenomed: thy mother's poyfned,
That drinke was made for thee.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (Fr).

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcoke

To mine Sprindge, Ofricke,
I am iuftly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Laer. Say you fo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenft.
Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How ift Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick, I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery. [98]
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. Shee founds to fee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare Hamlet, The drinke the drinke, I am poyfned.
Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine, No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houre of life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q.).

Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She founds to fee them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke, I am poyfoned.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treachery, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet.
Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can doe thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Ham. The poyfned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here.  The king dies.

Lear. O he is iuftly ferued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,  Leartes dies.
And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.
Then a Dane, here is some poifon left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practife
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loc, heere I lye, [281b]
Neuer to rife againe: Thy Mothers poyfon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.  Hurts the King.

All. Treafon, Treafon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceftuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. King Dyes.
Laer. He is iuftly feru'd.
It is a poyfon temp'red by himselfe:
V. ii.

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe heere I lie
330 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poyfned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Trefalon, trefalon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou ineftitious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuftly servered, it is a poyfon temper'd by himselfe,
340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes, or audience to this acte,
Had I but time, as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ftrick'd in his arreft, Ô I could tell you,
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
350 Thou liu'lt, report me and my caufe a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hör. Neuer beleeeue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquor left.

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (Q1).

340 Exchange forgiueneffe with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee, Dyes.
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ftrick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
350 Thou liu'lt, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleeeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
V. ii.

*Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fe Horatio, and if thou shouldest die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leave behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart finckes Horatio.
Mine eyes haue loft their sight, my tongue his vfe:
Farewel Horatio, heauen receive my foule.  

*Ham. dies.*

---

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.  

*Enter Fortenbraue with his traine.*

*Fort.* Where is this bloudy fight?

*Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragick spectacle.

---

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

*Ham.* As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall lien behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Abfent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harfh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyfe is this?

*Enter Ofricke.*

*Ofr.* Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come frō Poland
To th'ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I dye Horatio:
The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
V. ii.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giuie me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, fhall I leafe behind me?
If thou did'ft ever hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harfh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noife is this? A march a farre off.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraffe with conqu'rt come from Poland,
To th'emembassador of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my fpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On Fortinbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurants more and leffe
Which haue solicited, the reft is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?
Hora. What is it ye would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your search.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'ellection lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurants more and leffe,
Which haue solicited. The reft is silence. O, o, o, o. Dyes

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight Sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels fing thee to thy reft,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this fight?
Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceafe your search.
V. ii.

_Fort._ O imperious death! how many Princes
Haft thou at one draft bloodily shot to death?

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

_Hor._ Content your felves, 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 told,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

---

_The Tragedie of Hamlet_ (F1).

_For._ His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaft is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou fo many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily haft strooke.

_Amb._ The fight is difmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fenfeleffe that should give vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That _Rosencerance_ and _Guildenferne_ are dead:
Where shoulde we haue our thankes?

_Hor._ Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
For. This quarry cries on hanock, o prou'd death
What feaft is tower'd in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft sroke?

Embaft. The fight is diffmall
And our affaires from England come too late,

The cares are fenceless that shou'd giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That Rosencrus and Guyldensterne are dead,
Where shou'd we haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gane commandement for their death;
But since fo iump vpon this bloody queftion
You from the Pollack warres, and you from England.

Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a fstage be placed to the view,

And let me fpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; fo shal] you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, cafmall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no caufe
And in this vpshot, purpofes mistooke,
Falne on th'inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nobleft to the audience,
Fort. I have some rights of memory to this kingdom,
Which now to claim my leisure doth invite me:

Let four of our chiefest captains
Bear Hamlet like a fouldier to his grave:
For he was likely, had he lived,
To a proud most royal.

Take up the bodie, such a sight as this
Becomes the fields, but here doth much amiss.

Finis

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdom,
Which are to claim, my vantage doth invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voice will draw on more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more mishance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let four Captains
V. ii.

For me, with forrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause 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 beene put on,
To haue prooued moft royall; and for his paffage,
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 shewes much amis.
Goe bid the fouldiers shoote. Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moft royally:
And for his paffage,
The Souldiours Musick, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowedly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.
CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

p. 21, l. 17, dele comma after thine.
p. 21, l. 3 from bottom, read looke.
p. 25, l. 20, read chiefeft.
p. 26, l. 1 from bottom, read should.
p. 32, l. 12, read Apparition comes: I.
p. 43, l. 11 from bottom, put colon after judgment.
p. 55, l. 3 from bottom, read sulphurous.
p. 56, l. 4, read my.
p. 61, l. 7 from bottom, read difpatcht.
p. 62, l. 6 from bottom, for he, read be (b imperfect, very like h).
p. 73, l. 5 from bottom, the n in drabbing is turned (but looks like n, only somewhat imperfect, in Halliwell’s facsimile).
p. 79, l. 8, put full stop after me.
p. 86, l. 4 from bottom, for second our, read out (t very like r).
p. 87, l. 1 from bottom, read Enterprize.
p. 88, l. 1, read of.
p. 90, l. 1 from bottom, for itav, read itay (y imperfect, very like v).
p. 91, l. 14 from bottom, read “move” (in Halliwell’s facsimile, however, the word looks like “mone”).
p. 94, l. 14 from bottom, read Not.
p. 100, l. 6 from bottom, full stop after Lord is correct (comma in Booth’s reprint).
p. 101, l. 12 from bottom, read Wee’l (looks like Wee’l in Halliwell’s facsimile).
p. 102, l. 5 from bottom, read whether.
p. 103, l. 7 from bottom, read rill (i. e. after rill).
p. 113, l. 23, read Striking.
p. 114, l. 11 from bottom, Prifoner is correct (prifoner in Booth’s reprint).
p. 125, l. 11 from bottom, put colon after it.
p. 138, l. 1 from bottom, put comma after him.
p. 146, l. 20 from bottom, c in kercher may be e.
p. 150, l. 13, s in was indistinct.
p. 155, l. 5 from bottom, read barren (very much like barron in Halliwell’s facsimile).
CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

p. 157. l. 2, dele one the.
p. 158, l. 9, put full stop after face.
p. 160, l. 13 from bottom, read feed.
p. 165, l. 16 from bottom, put comma after extremitie.
p. 170, l. 9, read keepe.
p. 177, l. 13, greate can hardly be read great (although t and r are
often very much unlike).
p. 182, ll. 12 to 16 should stand two lines lower down.
p. 205, l. 21, for second if, read it.
p. 207, l. 12 from bottom, read "Ham."
p. 227, l. 3 from bottom, put full stop after "distracted".
p. 229, l. 9, now may be now (but it is often impossible to distin-
guish between f and t).
p. 230, l. 10 from bottom, put full stop after Valentine.
p. 231, l. 11, read promifd.
p. 232, l. 3 from bottom, put comma after Judgment.
p. 242, l. 2 from bottom, read right.
p. 251, l. 16 from bottom, put full stop after "Meffen".
p. 265, l. 8, read the.
p. 269, l. 15, read twere.
p. 269, l. 18, read It.
p. 270, l. 8 from bottom, dele full stop after "Spade" (full stop in
Booth's reprint).
p. 275, l. 2, horne may be borne (b imperfect).
p. 277, l. 9 from bottom, put full stop after it.
p. 278, l. 1 from bottom, read he.
p. 288, ll. 6 and 7 from bottom, put commas at end of lines (colon
after life in Booth's reprint).
p. 312, l. 3 from bottom, this can hardly be read this.
p. 316, l. 11 from bottom, I distinct in Br. Mus. copy C. 39. i. 12
(very like T in Haliwell's facsimile).
p. 316, l. 10 from bottom, ro (for to) is distinct.
First - when in his youth.

2nd - later among other places - expanding knowledge.

End - to be continued.
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