THE

DEVONSHIRE "HAMLETS."
HAMLET
By William Shakspeare,
1603;

HAMLET
By William Shakspeare,
1604:

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

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

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL.
M,DCCC,LX.
Printed by Josiah Allen, jun., Birmingham.
TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

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

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JOSIAH ALLEN, jun.

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

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

The 1604 quarto is also scarce, only three copies being known. One belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, another to Lord Howe, and the other to Mr. Huth, junior, of London. The history of the Devonshire copy is not publicly known, that of Lord Howe formerly belonged to Charles Jennens, Esq., and Mr. Huth's copy was discovered by Mr. Howard Staunton in the library of Mr. Plumer of Selkirk, and for which, with a folio of 1623, and 1632, Mr. Huth paid 200l., leaving about 15l. as the cost of the quarto Hamlet. All these copies are perfect and extremely valuable, not only as giving the text "enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppy," but as containing many passages of extreme beauty not found in the earlier quarto. A glance at the pages of this reprint will show how large are the additions, and how singularly interesting is the collation of the two texts. Whatever theory may be adopted as to their origin or date, their rarity is remarkable and their literary value great, since (in the words of Mons. F. V. Hugo, who has recently translated both versions into French) they afford us a "comparaison infiniment curieuse, en ce qu'elle nous permet de pénétrer jusque'au fond la pensée du poète, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail."

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

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

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

Edgbaston, January, 1860.  

SAML· TIMMINS.
ENGLISH EDITIONS OF "HAMLET."


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

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


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

[Dr. Inglesby found, on careful collation, that the quartos of 1606, 1607, 1611 are not, as suggested by Mr. Rooney, the "same editions with different titles."]


The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. As it is now Acted At His Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by Andrew Clarke, for J. Martyn and H. Herringman, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at the Blue Anchor, in the tower Walk of the New Exchange. 1678.

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

The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1683.

The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1695.

The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare. 4to. 1703.


The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Altered by J. P. Kemble. 8vo. London 1796, also 1800, 1804, 1815.

ENGLISH COMMENTARIES.

The Historie of Hamlet. London, R. Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier. 4to. 1608. [A reprint of the story, from Balle, Forest, and Saxo Grammaticus, on which the drama is founded, apparently a popular book.]

Notices of the Play of Hamlet, by Dr. Drake. 1699.

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


Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Hamlet. 8vo. 1752.


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

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


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

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


Popular and Classic Illustrations of Insanity (Essays and Orations), by Sir Henry Halford. 12mo. 1832. [Printed for private circulation, and very scarce, see Quarterly Review, xliii. 184-185.]


Shakespeare’s Hamlet: an attempt to find the way to a Great Moral Problem by a methodical analysis of the play, by Edward Strachey. London, 1848.


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

On the Meaning of the Word “Esit,” in Hamlet, by H. K. S. Causton. 8vo. 1851. [An able defence of the “River”-reference, but very scarce, and apparently withdrawn soon after publication, on account of its libellous character.]
An Essay on the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare, by Alfred Roffe. 18—

Hamlet: an Attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an Accessary before the fact in the Murder of her first Husband. London. 8vo. 1856.

[A very curious pamphlet, in which the 1603 quarto text is shown to give important evidence of Gertrude’s innocence of her first husband’s death.]

Hamlet: First Edition (1603): the Last Leaf of the lately-discovered copy carefully reprinted, with a Narrative of its discovery, Remarks on its probable date, on the date of the first edition of Lear, and on the pirated quartos, by M. W. R(ooney). Dublin, 1856. [Unfortunately, in one edition, this “carefully-reprinted” “last leaf” showed on collation no less than nineteen errors in twenty-five lines.]

Hamlet: a Psychological Study (Journal of Mental Science, vol. v., No. 27). (Reprinted in Dr. Bucknill’s Psychology of Shakespeare. 8vo.) 1859.

A New Exegesis of Shakespeare: Interpretation of his Principal Characters & Plays on the Principle of Races. Edinburgh, 1859. [A very extraordinary volume, showing that the “principal characters” are only “types of race”—Hamlet of the Teutonic; and that Shakespeare, if not a Welshman, must have been a Celt.]

ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

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

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Hamlet (Garden at Elsinour) xiv, 171

(Character of) xxviii, 483

(Goethe’s analysis) xiii, 433

(Le Tourneur’s translation) li, 230

(Closing scene of) lxxi, 490

(Texts of) lxxxi, 366-367, 370-371, 377-384

(Authorities of Saxo Grammaticus) lxxxi, 287

(Walliy’s translation) lxxxi, 57-58

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Hamlet (Story Saxo Grammaticus) ii, 291

(Speech of Gertrude) xi, 178

(Causes of unfitness for French stage) xvii, 449

(Acted at Pittsburgh) xxxi, 151

(Ducis’ version) xxix, 48-47

(Criterion of madness) lxxix, 184-185

(Dr. Johnson on) Ixxix, 313-321

(Miscellaneous) x, 492; xvi, 185; xvii, 219; xx, 403; xxxi, 391; xxvi, 398; xxvii, 98; xxix, 429

(Character of) li, 183-184

(History of Saxo Grammaticus) li, 461-462

BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.

Hamlet (Letters on) ii, 504

(Critique on) v, 228

(Danish translation) x, 174

(French version) xi, 449

(Ghost in) xx, 782

(Inconsistency of) xxx, 35

(Jacques compared) xxiv, 558

(Character of) 585

(Mr. Young’s acting) 559

(Retzius’s Illustrations) 668

(John Kemble’s acting) xxxi, 674

(Tragedy of) xxxii, 398

(Love for Ophelia) 400

(Goethe’s Faust) xxxvi, 236, 269

(Schroeder’s version) xxxvii, 242

(German Critics on) 243

(Goethe on) 246

(Tieck and Horn) 247

(Compared with Romeo and Juliet) 523

(Garrick’s changes) xlv, 356

(Ducis’ French version) xlv, 359

(Feigned Madness) xlv, 449

(Play represented in) xlv, 146

(Passages in) lxvi, 252, lxvii, 654-5
GERMAN EDITIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.


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


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

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

Shakespeare's Hamlet, von Prof. Gaus (In vermischten Schriften) 2 vols. 1834.


Hamlet, Prinz von Dänemark. Deutsch durch Dr. Friedrich Köhler (mit Englischen Texte). Leipzig, 1856.


GERMAN COMMENTARIES.


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


FRENCH TRANSLATIONS AND COMMENTARIES.

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

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

Hamlet, Tragédie en cinq Actes. Imitée de l'Anglais par J. F. Ducis. 8vo. Paris,1815. [A ludicrous attempt to "improve" Hamlet, and adapt it to the French stage.]

Shakespeare's Hamlet. Tragédie en 5 Actes, conformé aux representations données à Paris. 1827.


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


Hamlet. Traduit par Guizot. [? Title and date.]

Observations sur Hamlet, par Jäneke, Programm der höhern Bürgerschule zu Graudenz. 1853.


DANISH TRANSLATION.

Hamlet: a Danish Version, by Foerson. Copenhagen, 1807. [See Blackwood's Magazine; x, 174.]

ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

Hamlet. 8vo. Firenze, 1814.

SPANISH TRANSLATION.

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

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

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

By William Shake-speare.

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

At London printed for N.I. and John Trundell.
1603.
THE
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Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his Shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.
The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

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

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete Marcellus and Horatio,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.
   Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

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

H A M L E T

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. VV Hose there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke 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 moue stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meeete Horatio and Marcellus,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Horo. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leeedemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farwell honest fouldiers, who hath relieu’d you?

Fran. Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night. Exit Fran.

B. Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Say, is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
I have seen nothing.
Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let believe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen by vs,
Therefore I have intreated him a long with vs
to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Affaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare Bernardo speake
of this.
Laft night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole,
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Lookes it not like the king?
Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
It would be spoke to.
Question it Horatio.

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

Mar. It is offended. exit Ghost.
See, it stalkes away.

Hor.
Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A pece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let believe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our styory,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond fame starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

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

Hora.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answr.
2. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantastie?
What thinke you on't?

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

Mar. Is it not like the King?

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

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

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

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiec of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And foraine martre, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of shipp-writes, whose fore taske

Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at 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 esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbraffe,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His
Prince of Denmarke.

_Hora._ Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake. _Exit Ghost._

_Mar._ Tis gone and will not anfweare.

_Bar._ How now _Horatio_, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

_Hora._ Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

_Mar._ Is it not like the King?

_Hora._ As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious _Norway_ combated,
So frownd he once, when in angry parle
He smot the fleaed 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 perculiar thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

_Mar._ Good now 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 imprefle of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who iift that can informe mee?

_Hora._ That can I.
At leaft the whisper goes so; our laft King,
Whofe image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by _Fortinbraffe of Norway_,
Thereto prickt on by a moft emula'te pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant _Hamlet_,
(For so this fide of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this _Fortinbraffe_, who by a feald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

_Did_
The Tragedie of Hamlet

His lands which he stooode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:

Now sir, yong Fortenbraffe,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Resolutes

For food and diet to some enterprize,
That hath a stomackle in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chief head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But
Prince of Denmarke.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he ftood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article designe,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbras
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of laweleffe resolutes

For foode and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacque in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our sate
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father loft; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke 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 mindes eye:
In the moft high and palmy sate of Rome,
A little ere the mightiuest Iulius fell
The graues ftood tennatelesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As ftares with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Difafter in the funne; and the moist ftaare,

Upon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sicke almoft to doome'sday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of feare euents
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

2. Tis heere. exit Ghost.
Hor. Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestically,
to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invetimoral,
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 fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The straunagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the truth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any found or vie of voyce,

Spake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may awoyd
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoor'd in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.

Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus.

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

We doe it wrong being so Maiestical
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,

Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th' extraugant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obie& made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.

Some say that euer gainft that season comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm e
The Tragedie of Hamlet

So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

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

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

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Learres, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.
Prince of Denmarke.

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

_Hora._ So haue I heard and doe in part believe it,
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill

_Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise_
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young _Hamlet_, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, setting our duty.

_Mar._ Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
_Where we shall find him most conuenient._

_Exeunt._

Floriis.  _Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,_
_Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,_
_Hamlet, Cum Alys._

Claud.  Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingsdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet io faire hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wifest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our felues:
Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state

_Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy_
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with diridge in marriage,
In equall scale waishing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young _Fortinbrasse,_
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death

_Our state to be disjiont, and out of frame_
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not failed to peltur vs with meffiage

Importing
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Yong good Cornelia, and you Voltemar
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To bulinesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your hafe commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now Leares what's the newes with you?
You said you had a fute what it Leares?

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

King Haue you your fathers leaue, Leares?
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
Prince of Denmarke

Importing the surrender of those lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue here writ
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbraffe
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppreffe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lift, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subie& of, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, 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 what is the newes with you?
You told vs of some fute, what is Laertes?
You cannot speake of reacon to the Dane
And loose your voyce; what wold't thou begge Laertes?
That shall not be my offer, not thy askinge,
The head is not more natue to the hart
The hand more instrumetall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What wold't thou haue Laertes?

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

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies Poloniue?
Polo. Hath my Lord wronge from me my lowe leaue
By labourome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I feald my hard consent,
And I beseech you grant your Highness leaue.

King. With all our heart, Lear's fare thee well.

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

King. And now princely Sonne Hamlet, Exit.

What means these sad and melancholy moods?

For your intent going to Wittenberg,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,

Being the joy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All Denmarkes hope our coosin and deareft Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:

No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,

Nor the distracted hauior in the visage,

Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,

Is equal to the sorrow of my heart,

Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,

These but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King. This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne Hamlet,

But you must think your father lost a father,

That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the

Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,

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

A fault gainst nature, and in reaons

Common course most certaine,

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

I doe beseech you gie him leauе to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine
And thy beft graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cofin Hamlet, and my fonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kind.
King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.
Ham. Not fo much my Lord, I am too much in the fonne.
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,
Thou knoweft tis common all that liues muſt die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
Quee. If it be
Why feemes it fo perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seems Maddam, nay it is, I know not feemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor cuftomary fuites of solembe blacke
Nor windie fupiration of forft breath
No, nor the fruitfull rier in the eye,
Nor the deiekt hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of grieue
That can devote me truely, thefe indeede feeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which pasſes showe
Thefe but the trappings and the fuites of woe.
King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To gie thefe mourning duties to your father
But you muſt knowe your father loft a father,
That father loft, loft his, and the furuiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obfequious forrowe, but to perfeuer
In obftinate condolement, is a courfe
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly grieue,
It showes a will most incorreſett to heauen
Ahart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An understanding simple and vnſchoold
For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

King Spoke like a kinde and a moft louing Sonne,

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowle the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

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

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

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

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam,

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

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

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

C. But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vncline: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to Hercules.

Within two months, ere yet the salt of moft
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her gall'd eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the showes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like Nyobe, all teares: married, well it is not,

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

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

Hor. The fame my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good even sirs:
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?

Hora.
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a fatire, so louing 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 thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those flooies were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like Niobe all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reaSON
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the falt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauley eyes
She married, ó moft wicked speedè; to poft
With fuch dexteritie 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 see you well; Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The fame my Lord, and your poore servuant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, I cheane that name with you,
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elsionoure?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient, I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates Did coldly furnisf forth the marriage tables, Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen Ere euer I had seene that day Horatio; O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father, Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.

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

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I sawe him yefternight, Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

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

Hor. Ceafen your admiration for a while With an attentiue eare, till I may deliuer, Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, In the dead vaft and middle of the night. Beene thus encountered by a figure like your father, Armed to poyn, exactely Capaeea Appeares before them thirsle, he walkes Before their weake and feare oppresst cies. Within his tronchions length,

2K. While they distilled almoft to gelly. With the acte of feare stands dumbe, And speake not to him: this to mee In dreadfull secresie impart they did. And I with them the third night kept the watch, Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing. Each part made true and good, The Apparition comes: I knew your father,

These
Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day Horatio,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
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 yefternight.
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
Vpon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile 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 incountered, a figure like your father
Armed at poyn, exactly Capapea
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes lowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'ft they ditti'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparison comes: I knewe your father,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

These handes are not more like.

_Ham._ Tis very strange.

_Hor._ As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.

_Ham._ Where was this?

_Mar._ My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

_Ham._ Did you not speake to it?

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

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

_All._ We do my Lord.

_Ham._ Armed say ye?

_All._ Armed my good Lord.

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_All._ My good Lord, from head to foote.

_Ham._ Why then saw you not his face?

_Hor._ O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

_Ham._ How look't he, frowningly?

_Hor._ A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

_Ham._ Pale, or red?

_Hor._ Nay, verie pal

_Ham._ And fixt his eies vpon you.

_Hor._ Most constantly.

_Ham._ I would I had beene there.

_Hor._ It would a much amazed you.

_Ham._ Yea very like, very like, staid it long?

_Hor._ While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.

_Mar._ O longer, longer.

_Ham._ His beard was grisfield, no.

_Hor._ It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A fable filuer.

_Ham._
Prince of Denmarke.

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon 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 felse to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at thefound it thrunk in haft away
And vanisht 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 dutie
To let you knowe of it.

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

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then fawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most 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.

Ham. His beard was grissl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A fable filuer'd.

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Hor. I warrant it will.

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

All. Our duties to your honor. exit.

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

Enter Lear and Ofelia.

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

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

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this light
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,

Giee it an vnderstanding but no tongue.
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelze
Ile visitte you.

All. Our dutie to your honour. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then fit still my soule, fonde deedes will rife
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. Exit.

Laertes, and Opheliamis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sifter, as the winds gieue benefit
And conuay, in assisftant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favoure,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

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 seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

C 3. His
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 Sophist,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

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

Enter Corambs.

Cor. Yet here Learis? aboord, aboord, for shame,
Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not af vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The fafty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choife be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May glie his saying deed, which is no further

Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent ear you lift his song
Or losse your hart, or your chaft treaure open
To his vnmastrd importunity.

Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare syster,
And keepe you in the reare of your affections
Out of the fhot and danger of desire,
"The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If the vnmaske her buttie to the Moone"

"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes"
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring"
"Too oft before their buttons be discloped,
And in the morn and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lefection keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious parents doe,

Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of daulience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

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

Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a bord, a bord for shame,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The windes fits in the shouder of your saile,
And you are ftaid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

" Be thou familiare, but by no meanes vulgare;
" Tho'fe friends thou haft, and their adoptions tried,
" Graple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
" But do not dull the palme with entertainne,
" Of euerie new vnflag'd courage,
" Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
" Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

" Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
" But not exprest in fashion,
" For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a moft sele& and generall chiefe in that:

" This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it muf't follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.
Lear. I humbly take my leave, farewell Ofelia,

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

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

Vnto
Prince of Denmarke.

The wind fits in the shoulder of your faile,

And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou famillier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,
Grapple then vnto thy loule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,

Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenfure, but refere thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
But not exprest in fancy;rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclames the man
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and ftation,
Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy
For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,

And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must folowe as the night the day
Thou canft not then be false to any man:
Forwells, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Moft humbly doe I take my leue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your feruants tend.
Laer. Farwell Ophelia, and remember well
What I haue sayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the keye of it.

Pol. What if Ophelia he hath sayd to you?
Ophe. So pleafe you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Guen private time to you, and you yourself
Haue of your audience beeene moft free and bountious,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Otel. And withall, such earnest vowes.
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden prefence,
Or tendering thus you'll tender mee a foole.
Otel. I shall obey my lord in all I may.
Cor. Otelia, receive none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Desire;
Come in Otelia, such men often proue,
"Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Otel.
Prince of Denmark.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooves 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
Unsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Do you believe his tenders as you call them?

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

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie

That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not 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 impartun'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 almoft all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe

When the blood burns, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light than heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something fcanter of your maiden prefirence
Set your intretments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle;for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke

Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their Inuetments showe
But meere imploratorts of vnholie suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

Haue
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ophel. I will my lord. \hspace{1cm} \textit{exeunt.}

\textit{Enter} Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, \hspace{1cm} \textit{Sound Trumpets.}

Mar. No, t'is strucke.

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

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

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'ft and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

140 Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowlie.

10 Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Renish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry it.

But to my minde, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, than the oberuance.
This heavy headed reueale east and west

20 Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinith phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform’d at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particular 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

30 Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauisue manners, that these men

35 Carrying I saye the stamp of one defect

D Being
Enter the Ghost.

**Hor.** Looke my Lord, it comes.

**Ham.** Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commnest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee **Hamlet,** King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anfwere mee, let mee not burft in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burft their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burft his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate steele,
Reuifftes thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say,speake,wherefore,what may this meane?

**Hor.** It beckons you,as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

**Mar.** Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But do not goe with it.

**Hor.** No, by no meanes my Lord.

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

**Hor.**
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Ghost.

_Hora._ Looke my Lord it comes.

_Ham._ Angels and Minifters 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'ft in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royall Dane, o anfwere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones heare'd in death
Haue burst 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 theele
Reuifites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we foole of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what shou'd we doe?

_Hora._ It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it fome impartment did desire
To you alone.

_Mar._ Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remoued 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 shou'd be the feare,
I doe not fet my life at a pinnes fee,

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord. That beckles ore his bace, into the sea, And there assume some other horrible shape, Which might depruie your foueraigntie of reason, And drue you into madneffe: thinke of it.

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

Hor. My Lord,you shall not go.

Ham. Why what shoule be the seare? I do not set my life at a pinnes see, And for my foule, what can it do to that? Being a thing immortall, like it selfe, Go on, ile follow thee.

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

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

Hor. He waxeth desperete with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this fort? Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. exit.

Enter Ghooft and Hamlet.

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

Ham. I will.

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

Ham. Alas poore Ghooft.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

_Ham._ It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

_Mar._ You shall not goe my Lord.
_Ham._ Hold of your hands.
_Hora._ Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

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

_Hora._ He waxes desperate with imagion.
_Mar._ Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
_Hora._ Haue after, to what issue will this come?
_Mar._ Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

_Hora._ Heauen will direct it.
_Mar._ Nay lets follow him. _Exeunt._

_Enter Ghost, and Hamlet._

_Ham._ Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,
_Ghost._ Mark me me.
_Ham._ I will.

_Ghost._ My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

_Ham._ Alas poore Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. O God.
Ghost Reuenge his soule, and moft vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder.
Ghost Yea, murder in the higheste degree,
As in the leaft tis bad,
But mine moft soule, beastly, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Hastte me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it, may swepe to my reuenge.
Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldest thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in eafe
On Lethe wharffe: briefe let me be.

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

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

Ghost


Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham.  Speake, I am bound to heare.

10  Ghost.  So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear

Ham.  What?

Ghost.  I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confound 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 vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

20  Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, ô lift:
If thou did’st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham.  O God.

Ghost.  Reuenge his soule, and most vnnatural murther.

Ham.  Murther.

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

Ham.  Haft me to know’t, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May swepe to my reuenge.

Ghost.  I find thee apt,
And duller should’st thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in eafe on Lethe wharffe,
Would’st thou not stare in this; now Hamlet heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,

40  A Serpent sting me, so the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abuse: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

45  Ham.  O my propheticke soule! my Vnkle?

Ghost.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

But vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdneffe court it in a shape of heauen,
So Luft, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, brieue let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

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

And all my smothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depreied, no reckoning made of,
But fent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
Ham. O God!
ghost If thou haft nature in thee, beare it not,

But
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traiterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, even with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poore,
To whose of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed

And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkest I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleepeing within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Upon my secure house, thy vnkle stole
With iuyce of curfed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leauorous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courseth through

The natural gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posseffe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleepeing by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euens 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, 6 horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

D 3

Let
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leave her to heaven,
And to the burden that her conscience beares.

I must be gone, the Glo-worms shews the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectual fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me.

Ham. O all you hope of heaven! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?

Yes thou poor Ghost; from the tables
Of my memory, I will wipe away all fawes of Bookes,

All triuiall fond conceites

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

Yes, yes, by heaven, a damned pernicious villain,

Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villain,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At leaft 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 haue sworn.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Enter. Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

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

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar.
Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsmeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother aught, leauue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bofome 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 coupple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All fawes of booke, all formes, all preffuures past
That youth and obfervuation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmiuxt with bafe matter, yes by heauen,
O moft pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smilling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At leaft I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hora. Heauens secure him.
Ham. So be it.

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

Mar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Hor. There need no Ghoft come from the graue to tell you this.
Ham. Right,you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shакe hands and part;you as your busines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euerу 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 for they offend you; hartely,ysе faith hartily.
Hor. Ther’se no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patriке but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.
For your defires to know what is betweene vs,
Or’emaifter it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlemen,
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 sweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

The Ghost under the stage.

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

Gho. Sweare.
Ham. Well said old Mole, can’t worke in the earth?
so faft, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio,
Then are Dream’t of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde foere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrafe,
As well well, wee know, or we could and if wee would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe you, sweare
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit, so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,

And
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Vpon my sword.
Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'lt thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Content to sweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

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

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
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 philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I heare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shal thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shal
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.

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

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as Hamlet may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together.            Exeunt.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

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

Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. You shall do very well Montano, to say thus,

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

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

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

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing hall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, 0 curfed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue 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 inquiere
Of his behaevour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encomapfment, and drift of question
That they doe know my fonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler 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?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very Wilde,
A dicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may seaseon it in the charge.

E. You
Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence, 
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

What was I about to say,

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.
Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus, 
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say, 
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day, 
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing, 

Or at Tennis, I or drunken drunk, or entering 
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell, 

Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach, 

By indirections, finde directions forth, 

And
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominit crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be affir'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

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

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yestreday, or th'other day,

Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a housse of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,
With windlesse, and with a slayes of bias,
By indirections find directions out,

So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Mon. I haue my lord.
Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke
Mon. My lord I wil.     exit.

Enter, 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, searefull 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 Iewell that ador'nd his feature moft
Is flich and folne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrifft,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a figh
He doth vnclape his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leave me.

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

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.  Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

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

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

Pol. With what i’th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my cloffet,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac’d,

No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,

Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pitious 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 said 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 such perufall of my face

As a would draw it, long stayd he so,

At laft, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus wav’ng vp and downe,

He raifd a figh fo pitious and profound

As it did feme 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 find his way without his eyes,

For out adores he went without theyr helps,

And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Madde for thy loue,

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

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

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

Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet

Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,
It is most right, and we most fory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euens as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,

That you will labour but to wring from him
Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seke the King, This is the very extacie of loue, Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe, And leades the will to desperat undertakings As oft as any passions vnder heauen That does afflic our natures: I am forry, What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late? 

Opb. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund I did repell his letters, and denied His accesste 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 bethrow my Ielousie:

By heauen it is as proper to our age To cast beyond our selues in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King, This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue More griefe to hide, then hate to vttre loue,

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne, 

Moreouer, that we much did long to see you, 
The need we haue to vs ye did prouoke 
Our haffie fending, somthing haue you heard Of Hamlets transformation, fo call it, 
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man Refemblles that it was, what it should be, More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe

I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both 
That beeing of fo young dayes brought vp with him, And sith fo naborde to his youth and hauior, That you vontafe your reft heere in our Court Some little time, so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

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

King Thanks Guilderstone,and gentle Rossencraft.

Que. Thanks Rossencraft,and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Oufelia.

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

King Thou still haft beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I affure your grace,
I holde my 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.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

Then to entreatie.

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

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guylendensterne.

Quee. Thanks Guylendensterne, and gentle Rosencraus.

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

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

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Rof. and Guyl.

Enter Polonius.

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

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

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

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

E 3

Pol.
Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now Voltemar, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,

Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse

His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation against the Polacke:

But better look't into, he truely found

It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrefts

On Forthenbraffe, which he in briefe obays,

Receivres rebuke from Norway: and in line,

Makes vow before his vnkle, neuer more

To giue the aylay of Armes against your Maiestie,

Whereon olde Norway overcomne with ioy,

Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,

And his Commisshown to employ those fouldiers,

So leuied as before, against the Polacke,

With an intrearty herein further shewne,

That it would please you to giue quiet passe

Through your dominions, for that enterprize

On such regardes of safety and allowances

As therein are set downe.

King It likens vs well, and at fit time and leasure

Weele reade and anfwere these his Articles,

Meane time we thankke you for your well

Tooke labour: goe to your rest, at night weele feast together:

Right welcome home. exequat Ambassadors.

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

Now
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fit him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to supperlie
His Nephews leues, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the Pollacke,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That to his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrafe, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vnkle neuer more
To giue that aye of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norway overcomne with ioy,
Gives him three score thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commissiion to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the Pollacke,
With an entreatie herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feaste together,
Most welcome home.  Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now my Lord touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the caufe of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectuie comes by cause.
Queen Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is sureft,we often loose:now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliever'd to my handes.
King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord,
Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull Ofelia:

Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince Hamlet.

My
**Prince of Denmarke.**

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie 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 soule of wit,
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What if but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

_Quee._ More matter with leffe art.

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

_To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beauti-
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white boisme, these &c._

_Quee._ Came this from _Hamlet_ to her?

_Pol._ Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

_Doubt thou the starres are fire,_

_Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,_

_Doubt truth to be a lyer,_

_But never doubt I love._

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

_Pol._ This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.

And more about hath his solictings

As
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is unequall for your loue:

Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absente herselfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus crost'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a fadness, 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 Thine you tis so?
Cor. How! so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue faide tis so, positively,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how shoud we trie this same?
Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the gallery,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke

When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miftris thus I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I preffcripts gaue her
That she shoulde locke herself from her refort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruitez of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a fadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes 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 poistiuely said, tis so,
When it proued otherwithe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwithe;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure hours together

Heere in the Lobby.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

There let Ophelia, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand cloze in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any other wise then loue,
Then let my cenfure faile an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring ypon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

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

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

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an eueralasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscovered country, at whose figh
The happy smyle, and the accursd damn'd.
But for this, the joyfull hope of this,
Whol'd bear the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poore?
The widow being oppreffed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taffe of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnnder this weary life,
When that he may his full Quietus make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this endure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pufles the braine, and doth confound the fence,
Which makes vs rather beare thofe euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conffience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ophel.
Ques. So he dooes indeede.
Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Bede 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 afsitant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Ile bord him presently, oh give me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I sirs 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 sunne 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. How say you by that, till harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my

Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord.
Ham. Betteene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.
Ham. Slaunders sir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 45] Ofl. My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofl. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofl. What meanes my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofl. My Lord, can beauty haue better priviiledge than with honesty?

Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofl. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earneft vowes of loue,
As would haue mou’d the fonieft breaft alive,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I neuer loued you.

Ofl. You made me beleue you did.

Ham. O thou shouldest not a beleued me!

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


Prince of Denmark.

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir [See p. 88 1] though I moost powerfully and potentlie believe, yet I hold it not honestly to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my graue.

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

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

Enter Guyldefsnerne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Ros. God save you sir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My moost deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooest thou Guyldeftene?

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 soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lie about her wafft, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

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

What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds' grownne honest.

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

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

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and fure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny:

were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iuftly with me,come,come,come,nay speake.

Guyl. What shoule we say my Lord?
[36]

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 48] But I could accuse myself of such crimes
It had been better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainful,
With more sinner at my beck, then I have thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellows as I
Do, crawling between heaven and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaves all,
Believe none of us, to a Nunnery goe.

Otel. O heavens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Otel. At home my lord.

Ham. For God's sake let the doors be shut on him,
He may play the fool no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

Otel. Help him good God.

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

Otel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool,
For widemen know wel enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Otel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I have heard of your paintings too,
God hath given you one face,
And you make your fancies another,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [See p. 89.] a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queen haue 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 confonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euene and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Rof. What say you.

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

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

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

ther, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loft all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercices: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roffe fret-
ted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moueing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your finilling, you seeme to say so.

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

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

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shal receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether they are comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Majestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vfe his foyle and target, the Louer shal not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely: or the black verfe shal haut for’t. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

F 2

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 46] You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures, Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance, A pox, t'is scurvy, Ile no more of it, It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages, All that are married but one,shall liue, The rest shall kepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe, To a Nunnery goe. exit.

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

[See p. II 47]  

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

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

[See p. II 34] Now my good Lord, do you know me? Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.
Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?
Ham. Wordes, wordes.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?
II ] [ 37 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both ways.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

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

Rof. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my VnCLE is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, gie two and twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred ducks a pece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. A Florish.

210 Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elsounre, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extant to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairly outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my VnCLE-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

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

Enter Polonius.

220 Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

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

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

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when Raffius was an Actor [See p. 41 1] in Rome.

320 Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vpon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

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

[See p. II 34]  
Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Mary most vile hereifie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,

[See p. II 35]  
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, growty legges,
All which sir, I moost potently beleue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Ham. Into my graue.
Cor. By the maffe that's out of the aire indeed,
Very threwd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

Ham: You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating fool.
Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is.  exit.
Gil. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to Elsanoure.

Gil.
Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited, Sceneca cannot be too heaui, nor [See p. 41 1] Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O Ieptha Iudge of Israel, what a treaure had'ft thou?

Pol. What treaure had he my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

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

Pol. If you call me Ieptha my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pasing 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 see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc since I saw thee laft,com'ft thou to beare me in Denmark? what my young Lady and miftris, by lady your Ladifhippe is nerer to heav'n, then when I saw you laft by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peice of vncurrant gold, [See p. 42 1] bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speach my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speach once, but it was never ached, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleafd not the million, t'was caiuariy to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one fayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handfome then fine: one speach in't I chiefly loued, t'was Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priams slaufter, if it lieue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pirbus like Th'ircanian F 3. beast
Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenburg.
Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your felues, or were you not sent for?

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

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

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I think e not so my lord.

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

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

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

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

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

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the City,
II ]  [ 39 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

beaft, tis not fo, it beginnes with Pirrhus, the rugged Pirrhus, he whose [See p. 42 1]
fable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night reemle, [See p. 48 1]
When he lay couch'd in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dreadful and black complextion smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,
Now is he total Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empafted with the parching freetes
That lend a tirannus and damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish Pirrhus
Old grandfire Priam seekes; fo proceepe you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good

Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,

Pirrhus at Priam drieus, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,

Th'vnnerued father fails:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoope to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prifoner Pirrhus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent Priam, seem'd i' th' ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant Pirrhus flood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often fee against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the raccce stand still,
The bold winds speechleffe, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, fo after Pirrhus paufe,
A rowsefd vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Marfes Armor forg'd for proowe eterne,
With leffe remorfe then Pirrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out,
[ 40 ]

The Tragedie of Hamlet

... (sigh?)

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

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

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that

Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,

And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes

At my vnclse, 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 louer shall figh gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh (sigh?)

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

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

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

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

Is twice a childe. (Players,

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

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

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

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Pol. This is too long. [See p. 48 1]

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

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

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With Biron rume, a clout yppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanc and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steet,
Gainst fortunes state would treafon haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When the fau Pirrbus make malicious spord
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
[See p. 44 1]
The inftant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnleffe things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

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

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

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

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

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; doft thou
heare
Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When Raffus was an Actor in Rome.
Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz.
Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plato too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.
Ha, O Iephæ Judge of Israel! what a treasure hadst thou?
Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued paffing well.
Cor. A, still harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me Iephæ, I hane a daughter that
I loue paffing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paffe,
And so it was, the first verfe of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maifters, welcome all, Enter players.
What my olde friend, thy face is valanced
Since I saw thee laft, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladifhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than

Pray
Prince of Denmarke.

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago? [See p. 44 I]

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study
a speech of some dozen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set
downe and insert 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 Elson- [See p. 45 I] ours.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pechant flauce am I.
Is it not monstrosous that this player heere
But in a fixation, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function futting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? what would he doe
Had he the motieue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn-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 calls me villaine, breaks my pate a croffe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Tweakes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I shoule take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 88] Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring:come on maifters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech,a passionate speech.

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

[See p. II 39] No t'is not so, it begins with Pirrus:
O I haue it.
The rugged Pirrus, he whose fable armes,
Blanke as his purpose did the night reemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horfe,
Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, baundy villain,
Remorlesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villain.
Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
That I the folne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muss like a whore vp packe my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene firoke fo to the foule, that prefently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obleue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abues me to damme me; Ile haue grounds
More relatue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. Exit.

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

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Ros. He dooes confessle he feeles himselfe distraeted,
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
G Of
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandfire Pryam seakes:
So goe on. (accent.

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

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
His antike sworde rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to restift.

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

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

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-feeeming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stooede,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselfes had seene her then,
When she saw Pirrus with malicious strokes,
Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggar of question, but of our demaunds
   Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you affay him to any pastime?

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

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseech me to intreat yeur Maiefties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin’d.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord.  

   Execute Ros.  & Guyl.

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue closly sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t’were by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Whee’le so beftow our felues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly judge,
And gather by him as he is behau’d,
Ift be th’affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

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

Ophb. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 40] Mincing her husbandes limbs,
   It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
   And passion in the gods.

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

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

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

   Ham. O farre better man,vse euery man after his deferts,
   Then who should scape whipping?
   Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
   The leffe they deserue, the greater credit’s yours.

   Cor. Welcome my good fellowes.  

[See p. II 41] Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-der of Gonzago?

   players Yes my Lord.

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

   players Yes very easily my good Lord.

   Ham. T’is well, I thanke you;follow that lord:
   And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.
Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou’d, that with devotions vifage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The devill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lath that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlots checke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed to my most painted word:
O heawy 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 slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wish’d to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there’s the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there’s the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scorners of time,
Th’oppreffors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz’d loue, the lawes delay,
The Infolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th’vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscovering country, from whose borne

G 2

No
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idlete slauem I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an aste and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nofe,
Gieue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I shouold take it, or else I haue no gall,

Or by this I shoulde a fattet all the region kites
With this flaues offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play,

Hath,
Prince of Denmarke.

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natuie hiew of resolution
Is fickled 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 dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to 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 so sweet breath compoizd
As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeft.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honeft & faire, you should admit

no discource to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comershe
Then with honeftie?

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

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

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

Oph.
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confessed a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I have seen may be the Diuell,
And out of my weaknesses and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damme me, I will have founded proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'lle catch the conscience of the King. exit.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

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

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

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

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

Opb. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sin—[See p. 35 I] ners, I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of [See p. 36 I] such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, euenegfull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling between earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Opb. At home my Lord.

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

Opb. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

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

Opb. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & am- [See p. 37 I] ble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantones ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no more marriage, thofe that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry goe. Exit.

Opb. O what a noble mind is heere otrethrowe!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectation, and Rofe of the faire state,
The gaffe of fashiohn, and the mould of forme,
The obluereu'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That fuckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, o woe is mee
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. Exit.

G 3

Enter
[See p. II 48]

Both In all wee can be sure you shall commaund.
Queene Thankses gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleafure you, be sure you shall not want. (Denmarke
Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King Thanks to you both: Gertred you’l see this play.
Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the foule
He is inclin’d to any kinde of mirth.

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

King What i’ft Corambis? (done,

Cor. Mary my good lord this,foone when the sports are
Madam, fend you in haffe to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand 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, Gerterd, what fay you?

Queene. With all my heart, foone will I fend for him.

Cor. My selfe will be that happy meffenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal’d to her. exsunt omnes

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I’de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue every thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the foule, to heare a rebuftious periwig

To
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter King and Polonius.

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

Pol. It shall doe well.

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

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

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

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraunt, who for the noises,
Moff parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferenty 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 abominable:
Take heed, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselves, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vteth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one fute
Of ieatfs, as a man is knowne by one fute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieatfs 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 cullison:
And your beere is sowre: and blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of ieatfs,
When God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a ieft
Vntleffe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

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

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. Horatio, thou art euene as iuft a man,
As e're my comersaftion cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Player. I warrant your honour.

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

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

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoe that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselfes laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some neccessary queestion of the play be then to be considerd, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vies it: goe make you reade. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldesterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

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

Ros. I my Lord. Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Horo. Heere sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man

As ere my conuerfation cop't withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face: And if he doe not bleach, and change at that, It is a damned ghost that we haue seene. Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well. Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face, And not the smallet alteration That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it. Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King,Queene,Corbamis,and other Lords. (a play? King How now son Hamlet,how fare you,shall we haue Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haft but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flatterd?
No, let the candied tongue liche absurd pompe,
And croke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Shath seald thee for herelfe, for thou haft been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haft tane with equall thanks; and blest are thos
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To found what stop he pleafe: give me that man
That is not passions slaue, 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 circumftance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obferue my Vuncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Volcans sithy; give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In cenfure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst 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,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon crammd, feede a the ayre.

I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.
Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
Ham. What did you enaet there?
Cor. My lord, I did aet Iulius Caesar, I was killed in the Capitoll, Brutus killed me.
Ham. It was a brute parte of him, To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be thefe 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 so forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?
Otel. No my Lord. (trary matters?
Ham. Upon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
Prince of Denmark.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram’d, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer Hamlet,

These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i’th Vniuerfitie you say,

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

Ham. What did you enac’t?

Pol. I did enac’t Julius Caesar, I was kild i’th Capitall,

Brutus kild mee.

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

Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay 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 shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

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

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

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

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

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

H. Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Otfel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, they'le tell all.
Pro. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ftowplug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. I'lt a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?
Otfel. Tis short my Lord.
Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veins,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of muficke, which whilome pleade mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefor sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.

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

Duke
Prince of Denmarke.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe upon a bancke of flowers, he seeing him asleep, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisst it, pours poysion in the sleepeers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner woos the Queene with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Opb. What means this my Lord?
Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it means mischiese.
Opb. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter Prologue.
The Players cannot keepe, they're tell all.
Opb. Will a tell vs what this show meant?
Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you ashamed to show, heele not shame to tell you what it means.
Opb. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the pofie of a ring?
Opb. Tis breefe my Lord.
Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

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

Queene. So many journeys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are fo sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I driuert you, yet though I driuert,
Discomfit you my Lord it nothing must.
Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thon maift( perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wife, more youthfull, and one.

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

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

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

King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt lie in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kild the first.  
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoise is but the flawe to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruit of unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
What to our felues in passio we propoe,
The passio ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, grieffe, or ioy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieffe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That even our loues shoulde with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man done, you marke his faavourite flyes,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

For our demifes stil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no secondd husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Duchesse Both here and there pursue me lafting strife,
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.
Ham. If the should breake now.
Duke T's deeply sworne, sweete leave me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-
ous time with sleepe.
Duchesse Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. exit Lady
Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?
Queene The Lady protests too much.
Ham. O but thee'le keepe her word.
King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
in it?
Ham. No offence in the world, poysfon inieft, poifon in
King What do you call the name of the phy?
(ieft.
Ham. Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in guyana, Albertus
Was the Dukes name, his wife Baptista,
Father, it is a knauihf peece 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.
Ofl. Ya're as good as a Chorus my lord.
Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
poopies
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Prince of Denmarke.

The poore aduaunc’d, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seaions him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne,
That our deuises 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 repose lock from me day and night,
To desperacion turne my truft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of joy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it deftroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lafting trife, Ham. If she shoulde
If once I be a widdow, euers I be a wife. breake it now.

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

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene vs twaine. Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee’le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in’t?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poysfon in ieft, no offence i’th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

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

Enter Lucianus.

Osb. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If
poopies dallying.

Otel. Y'are very pleafant my lord.

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

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

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, For i'le haue a fute of Sables: 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 must build churches then, Or els hee must follow the old Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

Otel. Your iests are keene my Lord.

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

Otel. Still better and worfe.

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

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate feason, else no creature seeing: (agreeing. Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected, With Hecates bane thrife blasted, thrife infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholesome life vfurps immediately.

Ham. Hepoyfanshim for his estate.

King. Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rifes, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

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

Hor. The king is mooued my lord.

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

If I could see the puppets dallying.

_Oph._ You are keene my lord, you are keene.

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

_Oph._ Still better and worse.

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

_Luc._ Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,

Confiderat season els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedses collected,

With _Hecat_ ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,

On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

_Ham._ A poyfons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names _Gonzago_, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of _Gonzagoes_ wife.

_Oph._ The King rises.

_Que._ How fares my Lord?

_Pol._ Giee ore the play.

_King._ Giee me some light away.

_Pol._ Lights, lights, lights. _Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio._

_Ham._ Why let the strooken Deere goe wepe,

The Hart vngaule play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

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

_Hora._ Halfe a share.

_Ham._ A whole one I.

For thou doo't know oh _Damon_ deere

This Realme dimantled was

Of _love_ himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

_Hora._ You might haue rym'd.

_Ham._ O good _Horatio_, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'tt perceiue?

_Hora._ Very well my Lord.

_Ham._ Upon the talke of the poyfning.

_Hor._ I did very well note him.

_Ham._
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Rosencraft and Gillerstone.

Roff. Now my lord, how it with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Roff. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasante,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempers-

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

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

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

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutfase me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.
Guyl. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him?
Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous diastempred.
Ham. With drinke sir?
Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,
Ham. Your wisedom shound shewe it selve more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.
Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And 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 curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall pleafe you to make me a wholesome aunfwere, I will doe your
mothers commaundment, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.
Ham. Sir I cannot.
Ros. What my Lord.
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits difeasfd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shhall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.
Ros. Then thus she fayes, your behauoir hath stroke her into a-
mazement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderful sonne that can fo ftonifh a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heles of this mothers admiration, impart.
Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?
Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.
Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stekers.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Rosf. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Rosf. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I have no skill my Lord.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of theèse 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 heartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My Lord wee cannot. (me?)

Ham. Why how unhomely a thing would you make of
You would see me to know my stops, you would play vpon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And dye into the secreet of my soule.

Zownds do you thynke I am easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can fret mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge.

Ros. How a spunge my Lord?

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

Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God bless thee.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambs

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

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

Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinke it's like a weasel.

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

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. exit Coram.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

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

Enter the Players with Recorders.

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

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

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

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying, gouerne thefe ventages with your fingers, & the vmbre, glie it breath with your mouth, & it wil discouer most eloquent musique, looke you, thefe are the stops.

Guil. But thefe cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

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

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night Horatio.
Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship.       exit Horatio.

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

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

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes 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 bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To give them seales neuer my soule content. Exit.

Enter the King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor standes it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our eftate may not endure
Hazard fo neer's as doth hourly grow
Out of his browes.

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

Ros. The single and peculer life is bound
With all the strengthe and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maifie wheele
Fixt on the sommet of the higheft mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thouand leffer things
Are morteifft and adjoynd, which when it falls,
Enter the King.

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

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boyfrinous raine, neuer alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rei. We will haft vs. Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe
To heare the proccesse, I'le warrant shee'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, should ore-heare
The speach 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 yppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronguer guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double buisines bound,
I ftand in paufe where I shall firft beginne,
And both negleét, what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To waft it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the viage of offence ?
And what's in prayer but this two folde force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe,then I'le looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgie me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still posseft
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I. May
be kneeles. enters Hamlet.

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

No, not fo: he tooke my father sleeping, his fins brim full,
And how his foule stoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, faue 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 reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,
(drunke,
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 relifh
Of salutation in't, then trip him

That
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying, 
And now Ile doot, and so a goes to heauen, 
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand 
A villaine kills my father, and for that, 
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send 
To heauen. 
Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge, 
A tooke my father grofily full of bread, 
With all his crimes broad blowne, as futh as May, 
And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen, 
But in our circumstance and courie of thought, 
Tis heawy with him: and am I then reuendged 
To take him in the purging of his soule, 
When he is fit and seafond for his passlage? 
No, 
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent, 
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage, 
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed, 
At game a swearing, or about some act 
That has no relifh of saluation in't, 

Then
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That his heele may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. exit Ham.

King My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. exit King.

Enter Queene and Corambis.
Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. exit Cor.

Queene Do so my Lord.
Ham. Mother,mother, O are you here?
How i'ft with you mother?
Queene How i'ft with you?
Ham. I'le tell you, but firft weele make all safe.
Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Queene How now boy?

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

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Help hee.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Rash intruding fool, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.
Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screened and ftood betwenee
Much heate and him, I'le silence me even heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

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

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

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

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

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. 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 set thofe to you that can speake.

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

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

Pol. What how helpe.

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

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. How! kill a king!
Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penitrable stufse,
I'lle make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horridge there and blacke it shews. (words?
Queen. Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

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

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

A front wherein all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand euem with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred,
Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrible stuffe,
If damned custome haue not braid it so,
That it be proofe and bulwark against fence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blulres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hipocrit,takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, o such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foule, and sweet religion makes
A rapledy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound maffe
With heated vifage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretendment of two brothers,
See what a grace was feated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaua, a kising hill,
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

And this fame haue you left to change with this.

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

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

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

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

Ham. Nay but to lieue
In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honyng, and making loue
Ouer the nafty stie.

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 slaue that is not twentith part the kyth
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. 64] Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gratious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And every part that shoulde assist 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 negleet, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted looke,
Thy mother’s fearefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i’st with you Lady?
Queene Nay, how i’st with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discoure with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queene Not I.
Ham. Nor do you nothing see?
Queene No neither.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houre ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
         Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, o say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunte purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i'ft with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discoure,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping foul'diers in th'alarme,
Your bedded hairre like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke.?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittious action you convert
My stearn effectes, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our felves.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,
It is not madnesse that possessest Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

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

Queene
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

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

[See p. 63 I]

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,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vfe of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a flock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shal lend a kind of eafines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vfe almoft can change the stamp of nature,
And eather the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potentie: once more good night,
And when you are defirous to be blest
Ile blesing beg of you, for this fame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so
Queene Hamlet, I vow by that majefty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my beft,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuife.
II] [65]

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dippight of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houfes 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 assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft say'd 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 truft 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 haue the enginer
Hoift with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This
The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale,confent,and doe my beft,
What stratagem foere thou shalt deuife.
    Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.
    Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?
    Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I firt bespake 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 Hamlet no sooner heard,but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries,a Rat,a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killes.
    King Why this his madnesse will vn doe our state.

Lordes
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Gyaldensterne.

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

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrard, how does Hamlet?

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

King. O heauy deedle!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deedle be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept shot, restraine, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule diseaue
To keepe it from divulging, let it seede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

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

King. O Gertrard, come away,

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

Gil. We will my Lord.     Exeunt Lourdes.

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

Gil.
Prince of Denmarke.

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will shew him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Maiestie and skill        Enter Ros. & Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guyldensterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come Gertrard, wee'le call vp our wifest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whatvs vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poynded shot, may miffe our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, o come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.          Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely fowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?
Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.
Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleue it.

Ros. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne,besides
to be demanded of a spunge, what replycation shoulde be made by
the fonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
keepes them like an apple in the corner of his law, first mouth'd to be
laft swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gled, it is but squee-
fing you, and spunge you shal be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepees in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.
Enter Hamlet and the Lords.

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

King Now scone 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 seruices, two dishes to one meffe:
Looke you, a man may fishe with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fishe,
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
Prince of Denmarke.

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.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to secke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou’d of the distracted multitude,
VWho like not in their judgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseaes desperat growne,
By desperat 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 bestowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleuere
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 conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that’s the end.

King. Alas, alas.
Ham. A man may fith with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fith that hath fedde of that worme.
King. King. VVhat doost thou meane by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ham. O with all my heart:farewel mother.
King. Your louing fathere, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one fleshe,
And so (my mother)farewel: for England hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king. Gertred, leave me,
And take your leaue of Hamlet,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
He prefently without demaunding why,
That Hamlet loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
Prince of Denmarke.

through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall no se 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 safetie

Which we doe tender, as we deerely grieue

For that which thou haft done, must fende thee hence.

Therefore prepare thy selfe,

The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,

Th'associats tend, and evey thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

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

Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:


King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speede abord,

Delay it not, lye haue him hence to night.

Away, for evey thing is seald and done

That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,

And England, if my loue thou hol'dst at ought,

As my great power thereof may glie thee fence,

Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,

After the Danish sword; and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set

Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full

By Letters congruing to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,

For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
He once being dead, why then our state is free. exit.

Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.

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

enter
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.

For. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbras
Craues the conueyance of a promifd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randezous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrus, &c.

Ham. Good Sir whole powers are thefe?
Cap. They are of Norway Sir.
Ham. How purpofd Sir I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commaunds them Sir?
Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortenbras.
Ham. Goes it againft 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 fivue duckets, fivue I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, should 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 queftion of this straw,
This is th'Impofitume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and showes no caufe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you Sir.

Cap. God buy you Sir.
Ros. Wil't pleafe you goe my Lord?
Ham. Ile be with you straignt, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,
enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship’t for England, fare him well,
I hope to hear good newes from thence ere long,
Prince of Denmarke.

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chiefes good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To suft in vs unvif'd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue causell, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition pufht,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposeth what is mortall, and vnordinate,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not toome enough and continent
To hide the flaine, o from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.     Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

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

Quee.
If euer thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shal.

Queene God grant it may,heau'ns keep my Hamlet safe:
But this mishance of olde Corambis death,
Hath pieresd 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 meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong Ofelia is!

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

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sondall shoone.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graffe greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

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

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father, sakes she hears
There's tricks 'twitch world, and hems, and beats her hart,
Spurns enviously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vfe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
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 spoked with, for thee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queen. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
Each toy seme to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse zealoufie is guilt,
It spils it selve in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

Queen. How now Ophelia?

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

Queen. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his head a grafsgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Song.

Oho.

Queen. Nay but Ophelia.

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

Enter King.

Queen. Alas looke heere my Lord.

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

Song.

With true loue flowers,

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

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

King.
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but wéepe:

And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. exit Ophelia.

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

How
Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

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

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.

All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rofe,and dond his close,and duct 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 anfwers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

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 chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i’th cold ground,my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good countaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, gieue her good watch I pray you.

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

When sorrowes come, they come not sngle spyes,

But in battalions: firft her Father slaine,

Next,your fonne gone, and he most violent Author Of his owne iuft remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whiphers

For good Polomius death : and we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire judgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder,keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And
How now, what noyse is that?

\[ \text{A noyse within. \quad enter Lear.} \]

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?
Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggered,
Will nothing flack our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: o my deare Gertrud, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Gives me superfluous death. A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

Enter Laertes with others.

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

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

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

Let
king Dead.

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

Lear. By whome, by heau’n I’le be resolued.
king Let him goe Gertred, away, I feare him not,
There’s such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe Gertred, that your father is murdred,
T’is true, and we moft sory for it,
Being the chiefeft piller of our state:
Therefore will you like a moft desperate gamfter,
Swoop-flake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I’le ope mine arms,

And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,

I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
king Why now you speake like a moft louing fonne:
And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witneffe,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear.
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Prince of Denmarke.

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

Laer. Where is my father ?
King. Dead.
Quee. But not by him.
King. Let him demaund his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conficence and grace to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poyn't I stand,
That both the worlds I guie to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you ?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That foopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and loofer.
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-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleffe of your fathers death,
And am molt sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

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

Oph. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is newe for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you must weare your new
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loeue, there's rosemery for you
For remembrance: I pray Loeue remember,
And there's pensey for thoughts.

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

Ophelia There is sennell 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 ioy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Oph. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the false steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is fain Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,

[See p. 178]
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Opb. They bore him bare-fatte on the Beere, Sng.
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 mooue thus.

Opb. You muzz finge a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falle Steward that ftole his Maifters daughter.

Laer. This nothing’s more then matter.

Opb. There’s Rofemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

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

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

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

Oph. And wil a not come againe, Sng. [See p. 73 1]
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caft away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians foules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this 6 God.

King. Laerius, I must commune with your grieue,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 78] And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rofe, and dan’d his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By giffe,and by saint Charitie,
Away,and fie for shame:
Yong men will do’ot when they come too’t:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done,by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. exit Ophelia.

Lear. Grief vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My fitter thus distracted:
Curfed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

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

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 shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.

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

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv’d in Denmarke,
This letter I euen now receiv’d of him,
Whereas he writes how he ecapt’ the danger,
And subtle treafon that the king had plotted,
Being croffed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of England,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray’d to death,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Lae. Let this be so.

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

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

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

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

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Saylers.

Say. God besse you sir.

Hora. Let him besse thee to.

Say. A shalr sir and pleaše him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came frô th'Embaflador that was bound for England, if your name be Ho-ratio, as I am let to know it is.

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

As at his next conversion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

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

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

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

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

Queene But what became of Gilderstone and Rosencraft?

Hor. He being fet ahoire, they went for England,
And in the Packet there wret down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without discouerie.

Queene Thanks be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once again I take my leaue,
With thowfand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Learnes.
they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Guylidensterne 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 thesfe your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.  

*Exit.*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Purfued my life.

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

*King.* O for two speciell reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsoone
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concluie to my life and foule,
That as the starre mooves not but in his sphere
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,
Worke like the sping that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Guies to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slighly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

*Laer.* And so haue I a noble father loft,
A sifter driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goo backe againe

*Exit.*

*L3.*
King. Hamlet from England! is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

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

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

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King. Nay but Lear, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy with,
Upon some praife that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

Lea. And how for this?

King. Mary. Lear, thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on Lear's side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maintry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,

When you are hot in midil 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 liue:
Prince of Denmarke.

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

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte 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.

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

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking your pardon, there-vmto recount the occasion 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 Hamlet's caracter. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he says alone,
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am loft in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I live 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 ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my devise,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuile it so

70 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

75 Did not together pluckle such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest fledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,

Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then setted age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy,

I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horfebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horfe,
As had he beene incorp'ft, and demy natur'd

With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Uppon my life Lamond.

King. The very fame.

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

King. He made confession of you,

And gaue you such a matterly report
For art and exercice in your defence,
And for your Rapier moft especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed

If
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. Laertes was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of profe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
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
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
That hurts by easong; but to the quick of th’vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i’th Church.
King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return’d, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Lear. My lord, I like it well:  
But say lord Hamlet shold refuse this match.

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 should miffe,  
I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,  
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,

Shall be his period and our happinesse.  
Lear. 'Tis excellent, O would the time were come!  
Here comes the Queene.  
King How now Gertred, why looke you heauly?

Queen O my Lord, the yong Ofelia  
Having made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,  
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aflayd, therefore this project,
Should haue a back or seconed that might hold
If this did blaf in provee; soft let me see,
Wec'le make a solemn wagger on your cunninges,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue presard him

A Challicce for the nonce, whereon but spitting,
If he by chance escape your venom’d fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sistres drownd Laertes.

Laer. Drown’d, 6 where?

Queene. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That showes his horrie leaues in the glaffy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlandes did the make

Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purple
That liberall Shepheards gue a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M. Clambring
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Till that her clothes, being beauey with their drinke,
50 Draggd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownd:

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

†

enter Clowne and an other.

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

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
Prince of Denmarke.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fprod wide,
And Marmainde like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature naive and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodiuous lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.
Quee. Drownd, drownd.
Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I have a speach a fire that faine would blafe,
But that this folly drownes it. Exit.

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

Enter two Clowns.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Chriftian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne faluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straignt, the crow-
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Chriftian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drownd'd herfelfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

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

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

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

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

2. I but see, she hath christien burial,
Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should have more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselfes, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a splot of drinke, but before thou
Goe ft, tell me one thing, who buildes ftrongeth,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

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

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

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

Clowne Pretie agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
doee it well? the gallowes doees well to them that doe ill,
goee get thee gone:

And if any one ask thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Laft till Dooome-day. Fetch me a splot of beere, goe.

Enter
Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry it, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not bee a gentlewoman, she haue been buried out a christian burial.

Clowne. Why there thou sayft, and the more pitty that great folk shoule haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then theyr euene Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hol vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

Ile put another question to thee, if thou answereft me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lies a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry nowe I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel 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, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomefday.

Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

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.

M 2.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t’will be made,  be throws up a shouel.
For such a ghost most meete.

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

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

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

Ham. Looke you, there’s another Horatio.
Why mai’t not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he shou’d 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 same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conueiance of his land,and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformation!
I prethee tell me Horatio,
Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde,and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselfes sheepe and calues
That deale with them,or put their truuff in them.
There’s another,why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praifed my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? Horatio, I prethee

Let's
Prince of Denmark.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in grauemaking.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his fealing steppes Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the

knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines jawbone, that did the

first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this affe now

ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,

how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that

praised my lord such a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt

about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine resolution and

we had the tricke to see't, did thefe bones cost no more the breeding,

but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, Song.

for and a throwing sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,

where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his caes, his tenurs, and his

tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him a-

bout the fconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his acti-

on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of

Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vou-

chers, his recouries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vou-

chers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length

and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his

Lands will scarceply lye in this box, & muft th'inheritor himselfe haue

no more, ha.

Hor. Not a lot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hor.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose grave is this?
Clowne Mine sir.
Ham. But who must lie in it? (sir.
Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

Ham. What man must be buried here?
Clowne No man sir.
Ham. What woman?
Clowne No woman neither sir, but indeede.

One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord Horatio,
This feauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before.
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky 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 so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deeourer of your dead body, a great foaker.
Looke you, heres a cull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I ever since our last king Hamlet
Slew Fortenbraffe in combat, yong Hamlet's father,
Hee that's mad.
Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Faith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clowne A this ground, in Denmarke.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seake out affurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but reft her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equioucation vill vndoo vs. By the Lord Horatio, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the petant coms fo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king Hamlet ouercame Fortenbrafe.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was borne: he that is mad and sent into [See p.87 I] England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why becaue a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

M 3

Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Where is he now?
Clowne Why now they sent him to England.
Ham. To England! wherefore?
Clowne Why they say he shall have his wittes there,
Or if he have not, 'tis no great matter there,
It will not be seen there.
Ham. Why not there?
Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.
Ham. Whose scull was this?
Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,

He poured once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one Yorike's scull.

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

I knew him Horatio,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caered mee twenty times
Upon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
your iefts now Yorike? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selle an inch
thicke, to this she must come Yorike. Horatio, I prethee
tell me one thing, dooest thou thinke that Alexander looked
thus?
Hor. Euen so my Lord.
Ham. And smelt thus?
Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.
Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of

Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
became earth, of earth we make clay, and Alexander being
but clay, why might not time bring it to passe, that he might
stoppe
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long will a man lie i’th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-son dead body, heer’s a scull now hath lyen you i’th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorison mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pefilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this fame skull sir, was sir Yoricks skull, the Kings Ieeter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite ieft, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge ries at it. Heere hung thofe lyppes that I haue kift I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your fongs, your fla-shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-ouer the must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hora. What’s that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft 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 ves sees ye may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of Alexander, till a find it stopping a buingeole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth yvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was convurted, might they
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stoppe the bousing hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious Caesar dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

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

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
It shews to be some noble parentage:

Stand by a while.
Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest. My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for favoure of the king, and you,
She had been buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed christian burial.

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

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

Lear.
Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious 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 thay follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we awhile and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is Laertes a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doṣt. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg’d
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayne the order,
She shold in ground unsanctified been lodg’d
till the laft trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles shold be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow’d her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ftrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doṣt. No more be doone.

We shold prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i’th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shal my sifter be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop’t thou should’st have been my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue frew’d thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: stiffer farewell:
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on, Olympus hie,
And make a hill to o’re top old Pelion: Hamlet leapes in after Leartes
What’s he thatconiures so?

Ham. Beholde tis I, Hamlet the Dane.
Lear. The diuell take thy soule.
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’d Ophelia as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

Wilt fight, wilt faft, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vesseles, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com’st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk’st of burying thee a liue,

Here let vs stond: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Prince of Denmarke.

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyeef head
Of blew Olympus.

_Ham._ What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandringftarres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
_Hamlet_ the Dane.

_Laer._ The deuill take thy foule.

_Ham._ Thoupray't not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenitiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,
_King._ Pluck them a funder.
_Quee._ Hamlet, Hamlet.

_All._ Gentlemen.

_Hora._ Good my Lord be quiet.

_Ham._ Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

_Quee._ O my sonne, what theame?

_Ham._ I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all th eyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

_King._ O he is mad Laertes.

_Quee._ For loue of God forbear him.

_Ham._ S'wounds fhew me what th' owt doe :
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile doo't, doo'ft come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Oofell as a Wart.

_King._ Forbeare _Leartes_, now is hee mad, as is the sea,

Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while guie his wilde humour scope.

_Ham._ What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you caufe: but stand away,

A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

_Exit Hamlet and Horatio._

_Queene._ Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, _Leartes._

_King._ My lord, t’is so: but wee’le no longer trifle,
This very day shall _Hamlet_ drinke his last,
For pretently we meane to send to him,
Therfore _Leartes_ be in readynes.

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

_King._ Come _Gertred_, wee’l haue _Leartes_, and our sone,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

_Queene._ God grant they may. 

_Exit Hamlet and Horatio._

_Ham._ beleue mee, it greeues mee much _Horatio_,
That to _Leartes_ I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grieue,
Though there’s a difference in each others wrong.
Prince of Denmarke.

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe, 
Ile raff as well as thou.  
Quee. This is mere madmessse, 
And this a while the fit will worke on him, 
Anon as patient as the female Doue 
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed 
His silence will fit drooping.  
Ham. Heare you sir, 
What is the reason that you use me thus? 
I lou'd you ever, but it is no matter, 
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may 
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day.  Exit Hamlet 
King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio. 
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speach, 
Wheelee put the matter to the present pushe: 
Good Gertrud set some watch over your sonne, 
This graue shall haue a liuing monument, 
An houre of quiet thirteene shall we see 
Till then in patience our proceeding be.  Exeunt.  

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.  
Ham. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other, 
You doe remember all the circumstance.  
Hora. Remember it my Lord.  
Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting 
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay 
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly. 
And prays that rahnes for it: let vs knowe, 
Our indicrretion sometimes serues vs well 
When our depe plots doe palle, & that shouldelearne vs 
Ther's a diuinity that shapeth our ends, 
Rough hew them how we will.  
Hora. That is most certaine.  
Ham. Vp from my Cabin, 
My lea-gowne scarft about me in the darke 
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire, 
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew 
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold  
N. My
The Tragedie of Hamlet
Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their grand commisison; where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Danmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the superuife no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be ftooke off.
  Hora. I'tt posible?
  Ham. Heeres the commisison, reade it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
  Hora. 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,
Deuis'd a new commissiion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A bafeneffe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
  Hora. I good my Lord.
  Ham. An earneft coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace shou'd still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shruing time alow'd.
  Hora. How was this seald?
  Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purfe
Which was the modill of that Danishe seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other
Subscribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,

The
Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke you water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
Gent. Now God faue thee, sweete prince Hamlet.
Ham. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!

Gen. I come with an embassage from his maiefty to you
Ham. I shall sir give you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.
Gent. It is indeede very rawith colde.
Ham. T is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very swoltery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
II ] [ 92 ]

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was frequent
Thou knowest already.

_Hora._ So _Guyldef stere_ and _Rofencraus_ goe too’t.

_Ham._ They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne infinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the bafer nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty oppofits.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!

_Ham._ Dooes it not thinke thee theand me now yppon?

He that hath kild my King, and whor’d my mother,
Pop’t in betweene th’election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch cuflnage, i’ft not perfect conscience?

_Enter a Courtier._

_Cour._ Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

_Ham._ I humble thanke you sir.

Doof’t know this water fly?

_Hora._ No my good Lord.

_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shal stand at the Kings meffe, tis a cough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the posfession of durt.

_Cour._ Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maieftie.

_Ham._ I will receaue it fir withall diligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

_Cour._ I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

_Ham._ No believe me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

_Cour._ It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

_Ham._ But yet methinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

_Cour._ Exceedingly my Lord, it is very fouldery, as t’were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maieftie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

_Ham._ I befeech you remember.

_Cour._ Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, fir here is newly
com to Court _Laertes_, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of moft
_N 2_ excellent
Six Barbary horse, against six French rapiers,
With all their accoutrements 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.*
excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen-
try: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentle-
man would see.

Ham. Sir, his definition suffers no perdion in you, though I
know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of
memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but
in the vertie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,
& his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion
of him, his semblable is his mirroure, & who els would trace him, his
vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in
our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Itt not possible to ynderstand in another tongue, you will
too't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purfe is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not
much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, leaft I should compare with
him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horfes,
against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers
and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three
of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsire to
the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
done
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. The worde had beene more cofin german to the phrase, if he could have carried the canon by his side, And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

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

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiestie, With the rest of the best judgment in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.

Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweet answere. exit.

Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced, Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.

Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

Ham.
Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbry horses against fix French swords their asignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The king sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen pasifes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you 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 hisselfe, 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 duggle before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the fame breede that I know the drofy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hitty collection, which carries them through and through the most 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 sends 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 whensoeuer, provided I be so able as now.

N 3. Lord.
Ham. Beleeue me Horatio, my hart is on the sodaine
Very fore, all here about.
Hor. My lord,forbeare the challenge then.

Ham. No Horatio, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come,theres a predestiuate prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

Enter King,Queene, Leartes,Lordes.

King Now sone Hamlet, we hane laid vpion your head,
And make no question but to haue the beft.
Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.
King We doubt it not,deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd Leartes.
If Hamlet in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not Hamlet, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Leartes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house

And
Prince of Denmarke.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.
Ham. In happy time.
Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.
Ham. Shee well instructs me.
Hora. You will loofe my Lord.
Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continual practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou wouldst 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 gamgijuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.
Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence 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 leaues, knowes what if it to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.
Ham. Gieue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preffence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a fore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclaime was madneffe,
Wait Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it,
Who doees it then? his madneffe. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneffe is poore Hamlets enimie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the houfe

And
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,

But in terms of honor I'll stand aloof,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of our time
I may be satisfied.

King Give them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle Learst, these foyles,
Have all a laugh, come on sir: a bit.
Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my revenges but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loose, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Giuie vs the foiles.

_Laer._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ Ile be your foile _Laertes_, in mine ignorance
Your skill shalbe like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

_Laer._ You mocke me sir.

_Ham._ No by this hand.

_King._ Giue them the foiles young _Ofricke_, cousin _Hamlet_,

You knowe the wager.

_Ham._ Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a' th weeker side.

_King._ I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,

But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

_Laer._ This is to heauy: let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

_Ofr._ I my good Lord.

_King._ Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,

If _Hamlet_ giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shal drinke to _Hamlets_ better breath,
And in the cup an _Vnice_ shal he throwe,
Richer then that which foure succesfiue Kings
In Denmarke Crowne haue wore: giue me the cups,
And let the kettell to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. No none.                                               Here they play.
Ham. Judgement.
Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.                             They play again.
Lear. Well, come again.                                       They play again.
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 Giue him the wine.
Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
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. Learstes come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.

Lear. I! say you so? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come on sir.

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

King
Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets
And you the Judges bear a wary eye. the while.

Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Laer. Well, againe. Florish, a piece goes off.
King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I do confess.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browses,

The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude do not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poystned 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, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. How is't Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springde Ostrick
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, Hamlet, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How ift my Lord Learst?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly flaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and invenomed: thy mother’s povyned
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The povyned 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 iuustly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I do forgiue thee. Learst dies.

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead Horatio, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poision left.
Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee founds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare Hamlet,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfned.

Ham. O villaine, how let the doore be lock’t,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Lae. It is heere Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom’d, the foule practife
Hath turn’d it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise 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. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Lae. He is iustly serued, it is a poyfon temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiueness 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 act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergent Death
Is strict in his arreft, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
Thou liueft, report me and my caufe a right .
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere’s yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th’art a man
Gius me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O fie Horatio, and if thou shouldest die,
What a scandal wouldst thou leave behind?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart finckes Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewel Horatio, heaven receive my soul.  Ham. dies.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

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

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

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

Hor.
Prince of Denmarke.

O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leave behind me?
If thou did'rt ever hold me in thy hart,
Abfent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young Fortenbraffe with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of England giues this warlike volley.

Ham. O I die Horatio,
The potent poysom quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophesie th'ellection lights
On Fortinbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrences more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarrell cries on hauock, o prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strook?

Embaf. The fight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are fenelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencraus and Guyldensterne are dead,
Where should we haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome, 
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefe Captaines 
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue: 
For he was likely, had he liued, 
To a prou'd most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this 
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis
Prince of Denmarke.

You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shal you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgments, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nobleft to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shal haue alo 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 beeene put on,
To haue prooved moost royall; and for his passarge,
The fouldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.
Goe bid the fouldier's shoote. Exeunt.

FINIS.

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