THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.
WHo's there?
Fran. Nay answer me : Stand & unfold
your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco.*
Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.
Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand : who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?
Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: give you goodnight.
Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio,* welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight , twice seene of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.
Hor. Tush tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have seene.
Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Mar. Peace, breake thee of : *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.
Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be spoke too.
Mar. Question it *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou tht usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march : By Heaven I charge the speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Barn. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay: speake; speake : I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barn. How now *Horatio?* You tremble & look pale :
Is not this something more then Fantasie ?
What thinke you on it ?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeve
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted :
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not :
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.
Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subhect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night joynt-Labourer with the day :
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,

At

At least the whisper goes so : Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet,*
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras :* who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras,*
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet.* How sir, young *Fortinbras,*
Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd up a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare unto our State)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And termes Compulsative, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motive of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.
Enter Ghost againe.
But soft. behold: Loe, where it comes again :
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or use of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ; speake to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast up-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus.*
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will ot stand.
Barn. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so Majesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty an shrill-souning Throate
Awake the God of Day : and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
the Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleeve it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seene to night
Unto yong *Hamlet.* For upon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our Duty?
Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conveniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

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

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe :
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
Th'Imperiall Joyntresse of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife ; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras,*
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deare Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not sayl'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras,*
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppresse
His further gate heerein. In that the Levies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject : and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius,* and you *Voltemand,*
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further persoall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow :
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.
Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
And now *Laertes,* what's the newes with you?
You

You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes ?*
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes,*
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou have *Laertes ?*
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to France.
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What sayes *Pollonius?*
Pol. He hath my Lord :
I do beseech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes,* time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cosin *Hamlet,* and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast they nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know'st'tis common, all that lives must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be ;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay,it is : I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. There indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that Within, which passeth show ;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet.*
To give these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Surviver bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us
As of a Father ; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Love,
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye.
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.
Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet* ;
I prythee stay with us, go not to Witttenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Maam.
King. Why 'tis a loving,and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heavens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seemes to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
That growes to Seed : Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead : Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre : so loving to my Mother,
that he might not beteene the windes of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease 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 shooes were old.
Whith which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, even she.
(O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Unkle,
My Fathers Brother : but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules.* Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled *[gavled]*eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets :
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Servant ever.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio?*

Mar.

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you : good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge?*
Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsinour?*
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray the doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio :* The Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever seene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Her. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This marvell to you.
Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe,*
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately : By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
*Mar.*My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted up it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake :
But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis very strange.
Hor. As I doe live my honnourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Her. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long? (dred.
Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't
Ham. His beard was grisly? no.
Hor. It was, as I have seene it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd. (gaine.
Ham Ile watch to Night ; percchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person
Ile speake to it, though Hell itselfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hiterto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loves; so, fare ye well:
Upon the Platforme twitx eleven and twelve,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play : would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.
Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
And Convoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet,* and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his temple waxes,
The inward service of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Pehaps he loves you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare : but you must feare
His

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as unvallued persons doe,
Carve for himselfe; for on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeeldig of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
It fits your wisedome so farre to beleeve it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall,
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you lift his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia,*feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone :
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none elese neere.
Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh, feare me not.
Enter Polonius.
I stay too long ; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboord,aboord for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion' thought his Act:
Be thou familiaar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele :
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell : but being in
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgement"
Costly thy habit as thy purse ca buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.
Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.
Polon. the time invites you, goe, your servants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt.
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
Ophe. So please you, somthing touching th L. *Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you, give me up the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Unsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.
Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.
Polon. I. Springes to catch Woodcockes. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Gives the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giving more light then heate; extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. Fir this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia,*
Doe not beleeve his vowes;for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye which their Investments show :
But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
the better to beguile. This is for all:
I woul not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio,Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly : is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is strooke. (season,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What

What does this meane my Lord: (rouse,)
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Rhenish downe
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custom
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
Enter Ghost.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us:
Be thou a Spirit of hearth, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call the *Hamlet,*
King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherin we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground :
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule,what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soveraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me still : go on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve :
Still am I cal'd? Unhand me Gentlemen :
By Heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Her. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow;'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghost and Hamlet. (ther.
Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-
Gho. Marke me
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
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 Prison-House;
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porpentine :
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet,* oh list,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.
Ham. Oh Heaven!
Gho. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is ;
But this most foule, strange, and unnaturell.
Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of Love,
May sweepe to my Revenge.
Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
that rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Whould'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare :
It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me : so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd : But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpant that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham O my Propheticke soule: mine Uncle?
Ghost, I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never wil be moved,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven :
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be,: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
With juyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
The naturell Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine ;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht ;
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmark be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven ,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet* : remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely up : Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triviall fond Rcords,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and observation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heaven:
O most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke ;
So Unckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue,Adue, remember me : I have sworn't.

Hor. & Mar.within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*

Hor. Heaven secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?
Both. I, by Heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Grave, to tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are i'th'right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For every man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
*Ham.*I'm sorry they offend you heartily :
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham, Yes by Saint *Patricke,* but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honsest Ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is betweene us,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers.
Give me one poore request.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord : in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Marcell. We have sworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.
Gho. Sweare. *Ghost cries under the State.*
Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny ? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare.
Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene.
Sweare by my sword.
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & ubique? Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe upon my sword,
Never to speake of this that you have heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare. (fast?
Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th'ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio,*
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would
Or if we list to speake ; or there be and if there might.
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe :
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you :
Sweare.
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : so Gentlemen,
With all my love I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke : let us goe in together,
Ad still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt: Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.
Polon. Give him his money, and thesse notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely: good *Reynoldo,*
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what means; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expense: and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne : Come you more neere:
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if 't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please : marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that :
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A savagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working: (sound,
Marke you your party in converse ; him you would
Having ever seene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does : what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing : where did I leave?
Reynol. At closes in the consequence :
As friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falsehood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Sonne; you have me, have you not?
Reynol. My Lord I have.
Polon. Good buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.
Reynol. I shall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia,* what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heaaven?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gived to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors ; he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Love?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What said he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, ahd held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last,a little shaking of mine Arme :
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe;
He rais'd a sigh,so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Love,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,

And

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under Heaven,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord : but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accesse to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee : but beshrew my jealousie :
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come,go we to the King,
This must be knowne, w[hich] being kept close might move
More greefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cumaliys.

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne.*
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we have to use you, did provoke
Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation : so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, not the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour.
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time : so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thankes
As fits a Kings rmembrance.
Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Soveraigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guil. We both obey.
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
King. Thankes *Rosencrance,* and gentle *Guildensterne.*
Qu. Thankes*Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosencrance.*
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye.
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King :
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I have us'd to do : that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

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

Pol. give first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

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

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

enter Polonius,Voltumand, and Cornelius.

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

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak :
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras,* which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Unkle never more
To give th'affray of Armes against your Majestie.
Whereon old Norwey, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And this Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So levied as before, against the Poleak :
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Though your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well :
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke upon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'l Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day ; night night ; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Brevetie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and ourtward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no Art at all :
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true : A foolish figure,
But farewell it : for I will use no Art.

Mad

Mad let us grant him then: and now remaines
That we finde 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 have a daughter : have, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall,and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-
phelia.

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

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

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

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire
,Doubt, that the Sunne doth move:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I love.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones ; but that I love the best, oh most Best beleeve it. Adieu.

Thine evermore most deere Lady whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.

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

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine prove so[.] But what might you think?
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Majestie your Queen heere, think,
If I had playd the Desk or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love,with idle sight,
What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris)thus I did bespeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then,I Precepts gave her,
Tht she should locke in her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens :
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have possitively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

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

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.
Qu. So he ha's indeed.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.
Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my Lord?
Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.
Pol. That's very true,my Lord.
Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion---
Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend
looke too't.
Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extreamity for love : very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you rad my Lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?
Ham. Betweene who ?
Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.
Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Saturicall slave saies here,
that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme : and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeve ; yet I holde it
not Honestie to have it thus set downe : For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.
Pol, Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?
Ham. Into my Grave?
Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me anything, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Enter Rosencran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

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

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

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

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

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

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

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular : what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

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

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

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

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

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

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition : for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

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

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

Both. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man : I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elsonower?*

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you : and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny ; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale justly with me : come, come; nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship,by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a petter proposer could charge you withall ; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition;that this goodly frame the Earth,seemes to me a sterrill Promontory ; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehencion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals ; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

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

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

Rosin. To thinke,my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you : wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of mee : the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target : the Lover shall not sigh *gratis,* the humorous man shall end his part in peace : the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th'sere : and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't : what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. 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 follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

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

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question ; and are most tyrannically clap't for't : these are now the

fashi-

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils,and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say after wards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the boyes carry it away?

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

Ham. It is not strange : for mine Unckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this ore then Naturell, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Playeers.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come : The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward)should more appeare like enteertainment then yours. You are welcome : but my Unckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

*Guil.*In what my deere Lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse—

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie,Historie,Pastorall : Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastoricall : Scene indivible, or Poem ulimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jeptha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i't'right old *Jeptha?*

Polon. If you call me *Jeptha* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot : and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was : The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see the well : Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last : Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neere: Heaven then when I say you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like Franch Faulconers, flie at any thing we see; wee'l have a Speech straight. Come give us a tast of your quality : come, a passionate speech.

1.Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted : or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviarie* to the Generall ; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play ; well digested in the Scoenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lov'd, 'twas *AEneas* Tale to *Dido,* and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus*

The rugged *Pyrrhus,* he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Guelles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

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

1.Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command : unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide :
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reverend *Priam.* seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
[A ro wsed] Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam.*
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power :
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee say on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepes. Say on ; come to *Hecuba.*

1.Play. But who,O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good : Inobled Wueene is good.

1.Play. Run bare-foot up and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume : A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would treason have pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Unlesse things mortall move them not at all)
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven,
And passion in the Gods.

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

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest, soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel bestow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Use everie man after his desart, and who should scape whipping : use them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they deserve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in

Pol. Come sirs. *Exit Polon.*

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

Play. I my Lord.

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

Play. I my Lord.

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

Rosin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye : Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing : No, not for a King,
Upon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Nose? gives me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it : for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall
to make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall. bloudy : a Bawdy villaine.
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, Kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye upon't : Foh. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scoene,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Unkle. Ile observe his lookes,
Ile rent him to the quicke : If he but blench
I know my course.The Spirit that I have seene
May be the Divell, and the Divel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
More Relative then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.
Qu. Did he receive you well?
Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
Were ore-wrought on the way : of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it : They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.
King, With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.
Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father and my selfe(lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene
We may of their encounter frankely judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th'affliction of his love, or no.
That thus he suffers for.
Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia,* I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.
Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves : Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd that with Devotions visage.
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The divell himselfe.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heavie burthen!
Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe
No more ; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? ‘Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame ; I, there’s the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffel’d off this mortall coile,
Must give us pawse. There’s the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life :
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz’d Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and swear under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes us rather beare those illes we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o’re, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia?* Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receive them.
Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.
Ophe. My honor’d Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos’d,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left :
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkinde.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha : Are you honest?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Commerce then your Honestie?
Ham. I trulie : for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.
Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeve so.
Ham. You should not have beleeved me. For vertue cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish of it. I loved you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would’st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, revengefull. Ambitions, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such

Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth.
We are arrant Knaves all, beleeve none of us. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou oest Marry, Ile give thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chast as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go,Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
for Wise men know well enough, what monsters
you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-
well.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
God has given you one pace, and you make you self an-
other:you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are
married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes :
Now see that Noble, and most Soveraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'have seene what I have sene : see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute :
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart :
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet I do beleeve
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected love. How no *Ophelia?*
You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hol it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes : let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him : Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so :
Madesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue : But if you mouth it, As many of your Players do, I had as live the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines : Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but use all gently ; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verue ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings : who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Teermagant : it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther : but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature ; for any thing so over-done,is fro[m] the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature ; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure, Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeve ; The censure of the which One, must in you allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considereed: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildinsterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Works?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Playeers make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio?*

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as just a man
As ere my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee.Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No,let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining ? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a'foot,
Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
Observe mine Unkle : If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene :
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans [Stythe]. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face :
And after we will both our judgements joyne,
To censure of his seeming.
Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steal ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle. Get you a place.
King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet?*
Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish : I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet,* these words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'University, you say?
Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.
Ham. And what did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Julius Cesar,* I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutis* kill'd me.
Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?
Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.
Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.
Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.
Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?
Ophe. No my Lord.
Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.
Ophe. Ophe. You are merrie,my Lord?
Ham. Who I?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham, Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.
Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then let the Divel weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare : But byrlady he must builde Churches then : or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe show enters.
Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles,and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. Shee seeing him a-sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away : The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?
Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho,* that meanes Mischeefe.
Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?
Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.
Ophe. Will they tell us what this shew meant?
Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.
For us, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stoopng to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.
Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King and his Queene.
King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World have times twelve thirties beene,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.
Bap. So many journies may the Sunne and Moone
Make us againe count o're, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must :
For womens Feare and Love, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extramity:
Now what my love is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Love is siz'd, my Feare is so.
King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd,belov'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou---
Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
King. I do beleeve you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite unripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,
Their owne ennactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Revels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe Joyes, Joy greeves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.
Ham. If she should breake it now.
King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leave me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
King. Have you heard the Argument,is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Of-

fence i'th'world.
Ham. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how? Tropically :
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista :* you shall see anon : 'tis a knavish peece of worke : But what o'that? Your Majistie, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not : let the gall'd jade winch:our withers are unrung.
Enter Lucianus.
This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus,my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you ahd your love:
If I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.
Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturell Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, usurpe immediately.
Powres the poyson in his eares.
Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago :* the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophe. The King rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give o're the Play.
King. Give me some Light. Away.
All. Lights,Lights,Lights. *Exeunt.*
Manet Hamlet & Horatio.
Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe ;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players sir.
Hor. Halfe a share.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know : Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Jove himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Pajocke.
Hora. You might have Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio,* Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?
Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him.
Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Ham. Oh,ha? Come some Musick. Come [ye] Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.
Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good y Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe you Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall be the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answere : my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command : or rather you say, my Mother : therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham, We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you/

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying : governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of hermony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing

you make of me : you would play upon mee; you would seeme to know my stops : you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie ; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother :
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature ; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero,* enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell. not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Majistie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance : but much more,
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
The lives of many, the cease of Majestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd : which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fettrs put upon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. *Exeunt Get.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect ; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther :
That cannot be since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law ; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd : Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strungs of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heaven,
And so am I reveng'd : that would be scann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his [f]oule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To Heaven.Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save Heaven:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavie with him : and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe : or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
*Ham.within.*Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now *Hamlet"*
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:
You go not till I set you up a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Duckate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Qu. Oh me,what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, it is the King?
Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe ;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.
*Qu.*What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me ; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill :
A Combination and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love : For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites upon the Judgement : and what Judgement
Would step from this, to this? What divel was't,
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! wheere is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet,* speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stwe'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the nasty Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me ; and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits ;
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?
Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your beddedhaire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him : look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke upon me,
Least with this pitteous action you convert
My sterne effects : then what I have to do,
Will want true colour ; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you speake this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our selves.
Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he lived,
Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extasie?
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I have uttered ; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word : which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Unction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courbe, and woe, for leave to do him good.
Qu. Oh *Hamlet,*
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Unkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the nest abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent : but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him : so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.
Qu. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do :
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call youhis Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
Unpegge the Basket on the houses top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions, in the Basket, creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Qu. Be thou assure'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I have no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.
Ham. I must to England you know that?
Qu. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.
Ham. This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.
Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.
Enter King.
King. There's matters in these sights.
These profound heaves
You must translate ; Tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Sonne?
Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night?
King. What *Gertrude?* How do's *Hamlet?*
Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The unseene good old man.
King. Oh heavy deed:
It had bin so with us had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our love,
We would not undeerstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.
King. Oh *Gertrude,* come away :
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenstern:*
Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude,* wee'l call up our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet?*
Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeve it.

Rosin. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best service in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

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

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to finde the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence : to beare all smooth, and even,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releeved,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincranc.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We annot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildensterne?* Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet,* where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and everything at bent
for England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him : but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and wife : man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed aboord :
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire pray you make hast.
And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us ; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soveraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous :
If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense : Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breedig minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.
Enter Ophelia distracted.
Ophe, Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.
Qu. How now *Ophelia?*
Ophe. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.
Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.
Enter King.
Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.
Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.
Ophe. Larded with sweet flowere :
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showres.
King. How do ye, pretty Lady?
Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.
King. Conceit upon her Father.
Ophe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this :
Tomorrow is S.Valentines day,all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window , to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes,& dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis ,and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame :
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed :
So would I ha done by yonder Sonne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.
King. How long hath she bin this?
Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, y
Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight sweet Ladies :
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*
King. Follow her close,
Give her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battaliaes*[Battalions?]* First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne just remove : the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death ; and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,

 Without

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude,* this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers?*
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mes. Save your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile the cry,
Oh-this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.
Noise within. *Enter Laertes.*
King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
Al. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you : Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard :
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even heere betweene the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude* : Do not feare our person :
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes,*
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude.*
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance : Vowes, to the blackest divell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation : to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes:*
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes :
And like the kind Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as levell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie up my Braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oy Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia:*
Oh Heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loves.
Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony ,nony ,hey nony :
And on his grave raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Dove.
Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Revenge, it could not move thus.
Ophe. You must sing downe-a-downe, and you call him a-down-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Stweard that stole his masters daughter.
Laer. this nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Rembraunce. Pray love remember : and there is Paconcies , that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you. and Columbines: that's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaes: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed : They say, he made a good end ;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction,Passion,Hell it selfe : She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.
Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe :
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come again.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole :
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exit Ophelia.*
Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. Laertes, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me ;
If by direct of by Colaterall hand
They finde us touch'd, 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 us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To give it due contet.
Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchmeent o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
That I must call in question.
King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio,with an Attendant.

*Hora.*What are they that would speake with me?
Ser. Saylors sir, they say they have Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*
Enter Saylor.
Say. God blesse you Sir.
Hor. Let him blesse thee too.
Say. He shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir : It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio,* as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.
HOratio, *Whe thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellowes some meanes to the King : They have Letters for him. Ere we werre two dayes old at Sea, A Pyrate of very Warkicke appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them : On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them . Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Rosincrance *and* Guildensterne, *hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.*
He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.
Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.
King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.
Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why yon proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd up?
King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes : and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publicke count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.
Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe again)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.
King Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull
That we can let ouf Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine----
Enter a Messenger.
How now? What Newes?
Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.* This to your
Majesty : this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?
Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio,* he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes you shall heare them:
Leave us. *Exit Messenger*
High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.
Hamlet.
What should this meane? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone : Can you advise me?
Laer' I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.
Kin. If it be so *Laertes,* as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.
Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
to an exployt now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy,*
I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so farr he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life *Lamound.*
Kin. The very same.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Jemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence ;
And for your Rapier most especially[e],
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin, Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time :
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe : what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.
Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds : but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Wherre it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Vertue
Under the Moone, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall : Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit us to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe : Soft,let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't : when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile have prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sippong,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there ; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's deown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards give a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them :
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambering to hang; an envious sliver broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Unto that Element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefor I forbid my teares : but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out : Adue my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
Kim. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will give it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?
Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.
Clo. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?
Other. Why 'tis found so.
Clo. It must be *Se offendendo,* it cannot be else : for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.
Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delver.
Clown. Give me leave ; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himsele ; it is will he nill he, he goes' marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himself. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.
Other. But is this law?
Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't : if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christian. Come,my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could he digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe---

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall. the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't again, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a rarre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan,* fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweet :
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch :
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowles it to th'ground, as if it were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther : It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices:one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham: Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord : how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so : and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em ? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A [Pickhaxe] *and a Spade, a Spade,*
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another : why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too , then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muft the Inheritor himselefe have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more,my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord,and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lye Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will undoe us : by the Lord *Horatio,* these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo Why, because he was mad; hee shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. ‘Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e’ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I have bin sixteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie ‘ith’earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan’d with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now:this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a [pou'rd] a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings jester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E’ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick,* I knew him *Horatio,* a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times : And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorges rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I have kist I know not how oft. VVere be your Jibes now? Your Gambals ? Your Songs ? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chopfalne ? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What’s that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o’this fashion i’th’earth?

Hor. E’ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E’ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio.* Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander,* till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. ‘Twere to consider : to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died :*Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cesar,* dead and turn’d to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t’expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the Kng.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
With Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; ‘twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.
Laer. What Ceremony else?
Ham. That is *Laertes,* a very Noble youth : Marke.
Laer. What Ceremony else?
Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg’d,
As we have [warrantis], her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o’re-swaies the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg’d,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.
Laer. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *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 shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia?*
Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop’d thou should’st have bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought the Bride bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t’have strew’d thy Grave.
Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriv’d thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the grave.
Now pile your dust, upon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,
To o’re top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus.*
Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. the devill take thy soule.
Ham. Thou prai’st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.
Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him uppon this Theme.
Untill my eielids will no longer wag.
Qu, Oh my Sonne, what Theame?
Ham. I lov’d *Ophelia;* fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)
Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?
King. Oh he is mad *Laertes.*
Qu. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. Come show me what thou’lt doe.
Woo’t weepe? Woo’t fight? Woo’t teare thy selfe?
Woo’t drink up *Esile,*eate a Crocodile?

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
to outface me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on us ; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Kin. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Heare you Sir :
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. *Exit.*
Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push :
Goog *Gertrude* set some watch over your Sonne,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir,in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutinies in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Her. That is most certaine.
Ham. Up from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio,*
Oh royall knavery : An exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Ist possible?
Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning : but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans service : wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.
Ham. An earnest Conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time allowed.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale :
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gav't th'impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling never knowne : Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.
Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Hor. Why, what a King is this?
Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes;
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evill.
Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.
Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one : but I am very sorry good *Horatio*
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe ;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his ; Ile count his favours :
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.
Hor. Peace, who comes heere?
Enter young Osricke. (marke.
Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?
Hor. No my good Lord.
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him : he hath much Land, and fertile ; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.
Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right use, 'tis for the head.
Osr. I thanke your Lordship. 'tis very hot.
Ham. No, beleeve me 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.
Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osricke.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as ‘twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha’s laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What’s his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That’s two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha’s wag’d with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon’d as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards , with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so : three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What do you call the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter : If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords : their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that’s the French bu against the Danish; why is this impon’d as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestie, ‘tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose ; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you ee’n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for’s tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck’t it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them throught & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls : the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes : but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there’s a soeciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, ‘tis not to come : if it bee not to come, it will bee now : if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no ma ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.
Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was manesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* Never *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away :
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes,*
Then Hamlet does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it the? His Madnesse ? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.
Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I have a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And wil not wrong it.
Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Give us the Foyles : Come on.
Laer. Come one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes,* in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.
Laer. You mocke me Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the Foyles yong *Osricke,*
Cousen *Hamlet,* you know the wager.
Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.
King. I do not feare it,
I have seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.
Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*
Osricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Orinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamalets* better breath,
And in the Cup an union shall he throw
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give

Give me the Cups,
An let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well : againe.
King. Stay, give me drinke.
Hamlet. this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit ; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne shall win.
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord ;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wonton of me.
Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Osr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osricke,*
I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Qu. No,no, the drinke, the drinke,
Oh my deere *Hamlet,* the drinke, the drinke
I am poyson'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet.*
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Never to rise againe : Thy Mothers poyson'd;

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Union heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgivenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet;*
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio,* wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte :
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio,* I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never beleeve it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heaven Ile have't.
Oh good *Horatio,* what a woulded name,
(Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and shout within.
What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.
Osr. Yong *Fortinbras,* with conquest com fro[m] Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio:*
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras,* he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurents more and lesse,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*
Hor. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.
Fortin. Where is this fight?
Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. His quarry cries on havocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
So bloodily hast strooke.
Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfull'd,

That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead :
Where should we have our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you :
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidental judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me,
Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have prov'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take up the body; such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exeunt Marching : after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.

F I N I S.