

УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE TRAGICALL
HISTORIE OF HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARKE

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**The Tragicall Historie of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke**

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Quarto:

William Shakespeare

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The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that? 2. T'is I. 1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch, 2. And if you meet *Marcellus* and *Horatio*, The partners of my watch, bid them make haste. 1. I will: See who goes there. *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.* *Hor.* Friends to this ground. *Mar.* And leegemen to the Dane, O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you? 1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you goodnight. *Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*. 2. Say, is *Horatio* there? *Hor.* A peece of him. 2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.* *Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night. 2. I haue seene nothing. *Mar.* *Horatio* says tis but our fantasie, And wil not let beliefe take hold of him, Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs, Therefore I haue intreated him a long with

vs [B1v] To watch the minutes of this night, That if againe this apparition come, He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it. *Hor.* Tut, t'will not appeare. 2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe Assaile your eares that are so fortified, What we haue two nights seene. *Hor.* Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this. 2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes, The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe. 2. In the same figure like the King that's dead, *Mar.* Thou art a scholler, speake to it *H_oratio_*. 2. Lookes it not like the king? *Hor.* Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder. 2. It would be spoke to. *Mar.* Question it *H_oratio_*. *Hor.* What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake. *Mar.* It is offended. *exit Ghost.* 2. See, it stalkes away. *Hor.* Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake. *Mar.* Tis gone and makes no answer. 2. How now *H_oratio_*, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this something more than fantasie? What thinke you on't? *Hor.* Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes. *Mar.* Is it not like the King? [B2] *Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very armor he had on, When he the ambitious *Norway* combated. So frownd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce, Tis strange. *Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this

dead hower, With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.
Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not, But in the thought
and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to
the state. *Mar.* Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch, So nightly toyles
the subiect of the land, And why such dayly cost of brazen
Cannon And forraine marte, for implements of warre, Why such
impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske Does not diuide the
sunday from the weeke: What might be toward that this sweaty
march Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who is't
that can informe me? *Hor.* Mary that can I, at least the whisper
goes so, Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*, Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared
to The combate, in which our valiant H_amlet_, For so this side
of our knowne world esteemed him, Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law And heraldrie, did
forfeit with his life all those His lands which he stode seized
of by the conqueror, Against the which a moiety competent, Was
gaged by our King: Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse, Of inapproued
mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
[B2v] Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes For food and diet
to some enterprise, That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it)
is the Chiefe head and ground of this our watch. *Enter the Ghost.*
But loe, behold, see where it comes againe, Ile crosse it, though it
blast me: stay illusion, If there be any good thing to be done, That
may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee. Speake to mee. If thou

art priuy to thy countries fate, Which happily foreknowing may
preuent, O speake to me, Or if thou hast extorted in thy life, Or
hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth, For which they say you
Spirites oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake,
stoppe it *Marcellus*. 2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost*. H_or._ Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti- call, to offer
it the shew of violence, For it is as the ayre invelmorable, And our
vaine blowes malitious mockery. 2. It was about to speake when
the Cocke crew. H_or._ And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard The Cocke, that is the
trumpet to the morning, Doth with his earely and shrill crowing
throate, Awake the god of day, and at his sound, Whether in earth
or ayre, in sea or fire, The strauagant and erring spirite hies To
his confines, and of the trueth heereof This present obiect made
probation. *Marc*. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke, Some
say, that euer gainst that season comes, Wherein our Sauours
birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
[B3] And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad, The nights
are wholesome, then no planet frikes, No Fairie takes, nor Witch
hath powre to charme, So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.
H_or._ So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it: But see the
Sunne in russet mantle clad, Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie
mountaine top, Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise, Let
vs impart what wee haue seene to night Vnto yong H_amlet_: for
vpon my life This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him: Do you
consent, wee shall acquaint him with it, As needefull in our loue,

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

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

King Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*, Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar* For bearers of these greetings to olde *Norway*, giuing to you no further personall power To businesse with the King, Then those related articles do shew: Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie. *Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie. *King.* Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel: And now *Leartes*; what's the news with you? You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*? *Lea.* My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence, Now that the funerall rites are all performed, I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*, [B3v] For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee, Yet something is there whispers in my hart, Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*. *King* Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*? *Cor.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt, And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue. *King* With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well. *Lear.* I in all loue and dutie take my leaue. *King.* And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.* What meanes these sad and melancholy moods? For your intent going to *Wittenberg*, Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient, Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother. Therefore let mee intreat you stay in

Court, All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne. *Ham.* My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare: No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes, Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage, Nor all together mixt with outward semblance, Is equall to the sorrow of my heart, Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe, These but the ornaments and sutes of woe. *King* This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*, But you must thinke your father lost a father, That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the Generall ending. Therefore cease laments, It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead, A fault gainst nature, and in reasons Common course most certaine, None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die. *Que.* Let not thy mother loose her praiers H_amlet_, Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*. *Ham.* I shall in all my best obay you madam. *King* Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne, And there's no health the King shall drinke to day, But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell [B4] The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince H_amlet_ *Exeunt all but H_amlet._* *Ham.* O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos! O God, within two months; no not two: married, Mine vncler: O let me not thinke of it, My fathers brother: but no more like My father, then I to *Hercules*. Within two months, ere yet the salt of most Vnrightheous teares had left their flushing In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast Deuoyd of reason would not haue made Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman, Why she would hang on him, as if increase Of appetite had

growne by what it looked on. O wicked wicked speede, to make
such Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes, Ere yet the shooes were
olde, The which she followed my dead fathers corse Like *Nyobe*,
all teares: married, well it is not, Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue. *Enter Horatio
and Marcellus.* *Hor.* Health to your Lordship. *Ham.* I am very
glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe. *Hor.* The
same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer. *Ham.* O my good
friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from
Wittenberg H_oratio_? *Marcellus.* *Marc.* My good Lord. *Ham.*
I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs; But what is your
affaire in *Elsenoure*? Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you
depart. *Hor.* A trowant disposition, my good Lord. [B4v] *Ham.*
Nor shall you make mee truster Of your owne report against your
selfe: Sir, I know you are no trowant: But what is your affaire
in *Elsenoure*? *Hor.* My good Lord, I came to see your fathers
funerall. *Ham.* O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student, I
thinke it was to see my mothers wedding. *Hor.* Indeede my Lord,
it followed hard vpon. *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, H_oratio_, the funerall
bak't meates Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, Would
I had met my deerest foe in heauen Ere euer I had seene that
day *Horatio*; O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.
Hor. Where my Lord? *Ham.* Why, in my mindes eye H_oratio_.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King. *Ham.* He was a
man, take him for all in all, I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight, *Ham.* Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father. *Ham.* Ha, ha, the King my father ke you. *Hor.* Ceasen your admiration for a while With an attentiu eare, till I may deliuer, Vpon the wisse of these Gentlemen This wonder to you. *Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare it. *Hor.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch In the dead vast and middle of the night. Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father, Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea* Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes Before their weake and feare oppressed eies Within his tronchions length, While they distilled almost to gelly. [C1] With the act of feare stands dumbe, And speake not to him: this to mee In dreadfull secresie impart they did. And I with them the third night kept the watch, Where as they had delivered forme of the thing. Each part made true and good, The Apparition comes: I knew your father, These handes are not more like. *Ham.* Tis very strange. *Hor.* As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true, And wee did thinke it right done, In our dutie to let you know it. *Ham.* Where was this? *Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched. *Ham.* Did you not speake to it? *Hor.* My Lord we did, but answere made it none, Yet once me thought it was about to speake, And lifted vp his head to motion, Like as he would speake, but euen then The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste, It shruncke in haste away, and vanished Our sight. *Ham.* Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me. Hold you the watch to night? *All* We do my Lord. *Ham.* Armed say ye? *All* Armed my good Lord. *Ham.* From top to toe? *All.* My good Lord, from head

to foote. *Ham.* Why then saw you not his face? *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp. *Ham.* How look't he, frowningly? *Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ham.* Pale, or red? *Hor.* Nay, verie pal *Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you. [C1v] *Hor.* Most constantly. *Ham.* I would I had beene there. *Hor.* It would a much amazed you. *Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long? *Hor.* While one with moderate pace Might tell a hundred. *Mar.* O longer, longer. *Ham.* His beard was grisleld, no. *Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life, A sable siluer. *Ham.* I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe. *Hor.* I warrant it will. *Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person, Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape, And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen, If you haue hither consealed this sight, Let it be tenible in your silence still, And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night, Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue, I will requit your loues, so fare you well, Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue, Ile visit you. *All.* Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.* *Ham.* O your loues, your loues, as mine to you. Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes, Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play, Would the night were come, Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit. Enter Leartes and Ofelia.* *Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard, But ere I part, marke what I say to thee: I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes, Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue, Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister, [C2] The Chariest maide is prodigall enough, If

she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone. Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts, Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame. *Ofel.* Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu care, And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme, But my deere brother, do not you Like to a cunning Sophister, Teach me the path and ready way to heauen, While you forgetting what is said to me, Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful, And little reckes how that his honour dies. *Lear.* No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*, Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue. *Enter Corambis.* *Cor.* Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame, The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile, And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee And these few precepts in thy memory. "Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare; "Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried, "Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele, "But do not dull the palme with entertaine, "Of euery new vnfleg'd courage, "Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in, "Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee, "Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy. "But not exprest in fashion, "For the apparell oft proclaimes the man. And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that: "This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any one, [C2v] Farewel, my blessing with thee. *Lear.* I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*, And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit. Ofel.* It is already lock't within my

hart, And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it. *Cor.* What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you? *Ofel.* Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.* *Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand, That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so, As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe So well as befits my honor, and your credite. *Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue to me. *Cor.* Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them. *Ofel.* And withall, such earnest vowes. *Cor.* Springes to catch woodcocks, What, do not I know when the blood doth burne, How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes, In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence, Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole. *Ofel.* I shall obey my lord in all I may. *Cor.* *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters, "For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart; "Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire; Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue, "Great in their wordes, but little in their loue. *Ofel.* I will my lord. *exeunt. Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.* *Ham.* The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and An nipping winde, what houre i'st? *Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.* *Mar.* No, t'is strucke. *Hor.* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [C3] *Ham.* O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse, Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles, And as he dreames, big draughts of renish downe, The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out, The triumphes of his pledge. *Hor.* Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'st and though I am Natiue here, and to the maner borne, It is a custome, more honourd in the breach, Then in the obseruance. *Enter the Ghost.* *Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes. *Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs, Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell: Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou commest in such questionable shape, That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance, But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher, In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd, Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane, That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele, Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone, Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature, So horridely to shake our disposition, With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules? Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane? *Hor.* It beckons you, as though it had something To impart to you alone. *Mar.* Looke with what courteous action It waues you to a more remoued ground, But do not go with it. [C3v] *Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord. *Ham.* It will not speake, then will I follow it. *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord. That beckles ore his bace, into the sea, And there assume some other horrible shape, Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason, And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it. *Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee. *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go. *Ham.* Why what should be the feare? I do not set

my life at a pinnes fee, And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe, Go on, ile follow thee. *Mar.*
My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe. *Ham.* My fate cries out, and
makes each pety Artieue As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen; By heauen ile make a ghost
of him that lets me, Away I say, go on, ile follow thee. *Hor.* He
waxeth desperate with imagination. *Mar.* Something is rotten in
the state of *Denmarke.* *Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this
sort? *Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit. Enter*
Ghost and Hamlet. *Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade
me? *Ghost* Marke me. *Ham.* I will. *Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit,
doomd for a time To walke the night, and all the day Confinde
in flaming fire, Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are purged and burnt away. *Ham.* Alas poore Ghost. *Ghost* Nay
pitty me not, but to my vnfoldng Lend thy listning eare, but
that I am forbid [C4] To tell the secrets of my prison house I
would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word Would harrow vp thy
soule, freeze thy yong blood, Make thy two eyes like stars start
from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And
each particular haire to stand on end Like quilts vpon the fretfull
Porpentine, But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh
and blood Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue. *Ham.*
O God. *Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder. *Ghost* Yea, murder in the highest degree, As in the
least tis bad, But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall. *Ham.*
Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or

the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge. *Ghost* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be. Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard, A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke* Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde: But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne. *Ham.* O my prophetike soule, my vncler! my vncler! *Ghost* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts, So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene, But vertne, as it neuer will be moued, Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen, So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt, Would fate it selfe from a celestially bedde, And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be, Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes [C4v] In the after noone, vpon my secure houre Thy vncler came, with iuyce of Hebona In a viall, and through the porches of my eares Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect Hold such an enmitie with blood of man, That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through The naturall gates and allies of the body, And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood Like eager dropings into milke. And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer. Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie At once depriued, no reckoning made of, But sent vnto my graue, With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head, O horrible, most horrible! *Ham.* O God! *ghost* If thou hast nature in thee,

bear it not, But howsoever, let not thy heart Conspire against thy mother aught, Leave her to heauen, And to the burthen that her conscience beares. I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire: Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit Ham.* O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else? And shall I couple hell; remember thee? Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes, All triuiall fond conceites That euer youth, or else obseruance noted, And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit. Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernicious villaine, Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine, (My tables) meet it is I set it downe, That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne; [D1] At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*. So vncke, there you are, there you are. Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me, Soe t'is enough I haue sworne. *Hor.* My lord, my lord. *Enter. Horatio, Mar.* Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus.* *Hor.* Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho, ho, so, ho, so, come boy, come. *Hor.* Heauens secure him. *Mar.* How i'st my noble lord? *Hor.* What news my lord? *Ham.* O wonderfull, wonderful. *Hor.* Good my lord tel it. *Ham.* No not I, you'l reueale it. *Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen. *Mar.* Nor I my Lord. *Ham.* How say you then? would hart of man Once thinke it? but you'l be secret. *Both.* I by heauen, my lord. *Ham.* There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*, But hee's an arrant knaue. *Hor.* There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell you this. *Ham.* Right, you are in the right, and therefore I holde it meet without more circumstance at all, Wee

shake hands and part; you as your busines And desiers shall leade
you: for looke you, Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is; and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray. *Hor.* These
are but wild and wherling words, my Lord. *Ham.* I am sory they
offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily. *Hor.* Ther's no offence my
Lord. *Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is H_oratio_, And
much offence too, touching this vision, It is an honest ghost, that
let mee tell you, For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
[D1v] Or emeister it as you may: And now kind frends, as yon are
frends, Schollers and gentlemen, Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What i'st my Lord? *Ham.* Neuer make known what you
haue seene to night. *Both.* My lord, we will not. *Ham.* Nay but
swear. *Hor.* In faith my Lord not I. *Mar.* Nor I my Lord in
faith. *Ham.* Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword. *Gho.*
Swear. *The Gost under the stage.* *Ham.* Ha, ha, come you here,
this fellow in the sellerige, Here consent to swear. *Hor.* Propose
the oth my Lord. *Ham.* Neuer to speake what you haue seene to
night, Swear by my sword. *Gost.* Swear. *Ham.* *Hic & vbique;*
nay then weele shift our ground: Come hither Gentlemen, and
lay your handes Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake Of
that which you haue seene, swear by my sword. *Ghost* Swear.
Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth? so fast, a
worthy Pioner, once more remoue. *Hor.* Day and night, but this
is wondrous strange. *Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it
welcome, There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio,*
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie, But come here, as

before you neuer shall How strange or odde soere I beare my
selfe, As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet, To put an
Anticke disposition on, That you at such times seeing me, neuer
shall With Armes; incombred thus, or this head shake, [D2]
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase, As well well, wee
know, or wee could and if we would, Or there be, and if they
might, or such ambiguous. Giuing out to note, that you know
aught of mee, This not to doe, so grace, and mercie At your
most need helpe you, sweare. *Ghost.* sweare. *Ham.* Rest, rest,
perturbed spirit: so gentlemen, In all my loue I do commend mee
to you, And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may, To pleasure
you, God willing shall not want, Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray, The time is out of
ioynt, O cursed spite, That euer I was borne to set it right, Nay
come lett's go together. *Exeunt. Enter Corambis, and Montano.*
Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne, And this same
mony with my blessing to him, And bid him ply his learning
good *Montano.* *Mon.* I will my lord. *Cor.* You shall do very well
Montano, to say thus, I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life, As thus; being amongst his
acquaintance, You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke
you mee, At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing, You may
go so farre. *Mon.* My lord, that will impeach his reputation. *Cor.*
I faith not a whit, no not a whit, Now happely hee closeth with
you in the consequence, As you may bridle it not disparage him
a iote. What was I a bout to say, *Mon.* He closeth with him in

the consequence. *Cor.* I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say, [D2v] *Mary*
this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day, Or then, or at such a
time, a dicing, Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell, Thus sir do wee that know
the world, being men of reach, By indirections, finde directions
forth, And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not? *Mon.*
I haue my lord. *Cor.* Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
Mon. I will my lord, *Cor.* And bid him ply his musicke *Mon.*
My lord I wil. *exit. Enter, Ofelia.* *Cor.* Farewel, how now *Ofelia*,
what's the news with you? *Ofe.* O my deare father, such a change
in nature, So great an alteration in a Prince, So pitifull to him,
fearefull to mee, A maidens eye ne're looked on. *Cor.* Why what's
the matter my *Ofelia*? *Of.* O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure
of *Denmark*, Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had, The Iewell
that ador'nd his feature most Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's
bereft him, Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone, There
comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke, His garters lagging
downe, his shooes vntide, And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my
face, As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect. Small while
he stode, but gripes me by the wrist, And there he holdes my
pulse till with a sigh He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night: And as he went, his eie
was still on mee, For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked, He
seemed to finde the way without his eies: For out of doores he
went without their helpe, [D3] And so did leaue me. *Cor.* Madde

for thy loue, What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late? *Ofelia* I did repell his letters, deny his gifts, As you did charge me. *Cor.* Why that hath made him madde: By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast Beyond ourselues, as t'is for the yonger sort To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sorry That I was so rash: but what remedy? Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue, Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt. Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.* *King* Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet Hath lost the very heart of all his sence, It is most right, and we most sorry for him: Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender Our care to him, and our great loue to you, That you will labour but to wring from him The cause and ground of his distemperancie. Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull. *Ros.* My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound By loue, by duetie, and obedience. *Guil.* What we may doe for both your Maiesties To know the grieffe troubles the Prince your sonne, We will indeuour all the best we may, So in all duetie doe we take our leaue. *King* Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft. *Que.* Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone. *Enter Corambis and Ofelia.* *Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully Return'd from *Norway*. *King* Thou still hast beene the father of good news. *Cor.* Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace, [D3v] I holde my duetie as I holde my life, Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King: And I beleeeue, or else this braine of

mine Hunts not the traine of policie so well As it had wont to doe, but I haue found The very depth of Hamlets lunacie. *Queene* God graunt he hath. *Enter the Ambassadors. King* Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*? *Volt.* Most faire returnes of greetings and desires, Vpon our first he sent forth to suppress His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd To be a preparation gainst the Polacke: But better look't into, he truely found It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved, That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays, Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine, Makes vow before his vncl, neuer more To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie, Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy, Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee, And his Commission to employ those souldiers, So leuied as before, against the Polacke, With an intreaty heerein further shewne, That it would please you to giue quiet passe Through your dominions, for that enterprise On such regards of safety and allowances As therein are set downe. *King* It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure Weele reade and answeere these his Articles, Meane time we thanke you for your well Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together: Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors. Cor.* This busines is very well dispatched. [D4] Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet, Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then: Now to know the cause of this effect, Or else to say the cause of this defect, For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe. *Cor.* Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter, Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince. My Lord, but note this letter, The which my daughter in obedience Deliuer'd to my handes. *King* Reade it my Lord. *Cor.* Marke my Lord. Doubt that in earth is fire, Doubt that the starres doe moue, Doubt trueth to be a liar, But doe not doubt I loue. To the beautifull *Ophelia*: Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*. My Lord, what doe you thinke of me? I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this? *King* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect. *Cor.* I would be glad to prooue so. Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden: Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre, And one that is vnequall for your loue: Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters, Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe. Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me. Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd, Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport, He straitway grew into a melancholy, From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction, Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse, And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine [D4v] Into this frensie, which now possesseth him: And if this be not true, take this from this. *King* Thinke you t'is so? *Cor.* How? so my Lord, I would very faine know That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely, And it hath fallen out otherwise. Nay, if circumstances leade me on, Ile finde it out, if it were hid As deepe as the centre of the earth. *King.* how should wee trie this same? *Cor.* Mary my good lord thus, The Princes walke is

here in the galery, There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes: Your selfe and I will stand close in the study, There shall you heare the effect of all his hart, And if it proue any otherwise then loue, Then let my censure faile an other time. *King*. See where hee comes poring vppon a booke. *Enter Hamlet*. *Cor*. Madame, will it please your grace To leaue vs here? *Que*. With all my hart. *exit*. *Cor*. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke, And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene. *Ham*. To be, or not to be, I there's the point, To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all: No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes, For in that dreame of death, when wee awake, And borne before an euerlasting Iudge, From whence no passenger euer retur'nd, The vndiscoverd country, at whose sight The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd. But for this, the ioyfull hope of this, Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world, Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore? The widow being oppressd, the orphan wrong'd; [E1] The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne, And thousand more calamities besides, To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life, When that he may his full *Quietus* make, With a bare bodkin, who would this indure, But for a hope of something after death? Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence, Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue, Than flie to others that we know not of. I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all, Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred. *Ofel*. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem- brance, such tokens which I haue

receiued of you. *Ham.* Are you faire? *Ofel.* My Lord. *Ham.* Are you honest? *Ofel.* What meanes my Lord? *Ham.* That if you be faire and honest, Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty. *Ofel.* My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than with honesty? *Ham.* Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme Honesty, from what she was into a bawd: Then Honesty can transforme Beauty: This was sometimes a Paradox, But now the time giues it scope. I neuer gaue you nothing. *Ofel.* My Lord, you know right well you did, And with them such earnest voves of loue, As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue, But now too true I finde, Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde. *Ham.* I neuer loued you. *Ofel.* You made me beleue you did. *Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleueed me! [E1v] Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me, O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull, With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts To put them in, what should such fellowes as I Do, crawling between heauen and earth? To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all, Beleue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe. *Ofel.* O heauens secure him! *Ham.* Wher's thy father? *Ofel.* At home my lord. *Ham.* For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him, He may play the foole no where but in his Owne house: to a Nunnery goe. *Ofel.* Help him good God. *Ham.* If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee This plague to thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe, Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe. *Ofel.*

Alas, what change is this? *Ham.* But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, For wisemen know well enough, What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe. *Ofel.* Pray God restore him. *Ham.* Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too, God hath giuen you one face, And you make your selues another, You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures, Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance, A pox, t'is scury, Ile no more of it, It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages, All that are married but one, shall liue, The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe, To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*[E2] *Ofe.* Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this? The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him, All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me, To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.* *King Loue?* No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and* Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.* *Cor.* Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while, I will my selfe goe feele him; let me worke, Ile try him euery way: see where he comes, Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.* Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.* *Ham.* Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger. *Cor.* Not I my Lord. *Ham.* Then sir, I would you were so honest a man, For to be honest, as this age goes, Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand. *Cor.* What doe you reade my Lord? *Ham.* Wordes, wordes. *Cor.* What's the matter my Lord? *Ham.* Betweene who? *Car.* I meane the matter you reade my Lord. *Ham.* Mary most vile heresie: For here the Satyricall Satyre writes, That olde men

haue hollow eyes, weake backes, Grey beardes, pittifull weake
hammes, gowty legges, All which sir, I most potently beleeeue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am, If like a Crabbe, you could
goe backward. *Cor.* How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger: All this comes by loue,
the vemencie of loue, And when I was yong, I was very idle, And
suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this: Will you walke
out of the aire my Lord? *Ham.* Into my graue. [E2v] *Cor.* By the
masse that's out of the aire indeed, Very shrewd answers, My lord
I will take my leaue of you. *Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.*
Ham. You can take nothing from me sir, I will more willingly
part with all, Olde doating foole. *Cor,* You seeke Prince Hamlet,
see, there he is. *exit. Gil.* Health to your Lordship. *Ham.* What,
Gilderstone, and Rossencraft, Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes
to *Elsanoure.* *Gil.* We thanke your Grace, and would be very
glad You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.* *Ham.* I thanke
you, but is this visitation free of Your selues, or were you not
sent for? Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye: Come,
I know you were sent for. *Gil.* What say you? *Ham.* Nay then
I see how the winde sits, Come, you were sent for. *Ross.* My
lord, we were, and willingly if we might, Know the cause and
ground of your discontent. *Ham.* Why I want preferment. *Ross.*
I thinke not so my lord. *Ham.* Yes faith, this great world you
see contents me not, No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth,
nor sea, No nor Man that is so glorious a creature, Contents not

me, no nor woman too, though you laugh. *Gil.* My lord, we laugh not at that. *Ham.* Why did you laugh then, When I said, Man did not content mee? *Gil.* My Lord, we laughed when you said, Man did not content you. What entertainment the Players shall haue, We boarded them a the way: they are comming to you. [E3] *Ham.* Players, what Players be they? *Ross.* My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty, Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (stie? *Ham.* How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re- *Gil.* No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont. *Ham.* How then? *Gil.* Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away, For the principall publike audience that Came to them, are turned to priuate playes, And to the humour of children. *Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it, For those that would make mops and moes At my vncl, when my father liued, Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds For his picture: but they shall be welcome, He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me, The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, The louer shall sigh gratis, The clowne shall make them laugh (for't, That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely. *The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.* Do you see yonder great baby? He is not yet out of his swadling clowts. *Gil.* That may be, for they say an olde man Is twice a childe. (Players, *Ham.* Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede. *Cor.* My lord, I haue news to tell you. *Ham.* My Lord, I haue news to tell you: When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord. *Ham.* Buz, buz. *Cor.* The best Actors in Christendome, Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall, Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comickall, [E3v] Comickall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall: *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light: For the law hath writ those are the onely men. *Ha.* O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel!* what a treasure hadst thou? *Cor.* Why what a treasure had he my lord? *Ham.* Why one faire daughter, and no more, The which he loued passing well. *Cor.* A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord, If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that I loue passing well. *Ham.* Nay that followes not. *Cor.* What followes then my Lord? *Ham.* Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe, And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes: Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.* What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke?* My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were: Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters, Weele euen too't, like French Falconers, Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech. *Players* What speech my good lord? *Ham.* I heard thee speake a speech once, But it was neuer acted: or if it were, Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember, It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary To the million: but to me And others, that receiued it in the like kinde, Cried in the toppe of their

iudgements, an excellent play, Set downe with as great modestie
as cunning: One said there was no sallets in the lines to make
thê sauory, But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as
sweete. [E4] Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember Was *Æneas*
tale to *Dido*, And then especially where he talkes of Princes
slaughter, If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line, Let me
see. The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast: No t'is not so,
it begins with *Pirrus*: O I haue it. The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose
sable armes, Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble, When
he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now his blacke and
grimme complexion smeered With Heraldry more dismall, head
to foote, Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked With blood
of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes, Back't and imparched in
calagulate gore, Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire *Pryam*
seekes: So goe on. (accent. *Cor.* Afore God, my Lord, well spoke,
and with good *Play*. Anone he finds him striking too short at
Greeks, His antike sword rebellious to this Arme, Lies where it
falles, vnable to resist. *Pyrrus* at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde Of his fell sword,
th' unnerued father falles. *Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.
Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard: A pox, hee's for a
ligge, or a tale of bawdry, Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*,
come. *Play.* But who O who had seene the mobled Queene?
Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good. *Play.* All in the
alarum and feare of death rose vp, And o're her weake and
all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket And a kercher on that head,

where late the diademe stooed, Who this had seene with tongue
inuenom'd speech, Would treason haue pronounced, [E4v] For
if the gods themselues had seene her then, When she saw *Pirrus*
with malitious strokes, Mincing her husbandes limbs, It would
haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen, And passion in
the gods. *Cor.* Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more. *Ham.*
T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord, Will you see the Players
well bestowed, I tell you they are the Chronicles And briefe
abstracts of the time, After your death I can tell you, You were
better haue a bad Epiteeth, Then their ill report while you liue.
Cor. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts. *Ham.*
O farre better man, vse euey man after his deserts, Then who
should scape whipping? Vse them after your owne honor and
dignitie, The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours. *Cor.*
Welcome my good fellowes. *exit. Ham.* Come hither maisters,
can you not play the mur- der of *Gonsago*? *players* Yes my Lord.
Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me Some dozen or
sixteene lines, Which I would set downe and insert? *players* Yes
very easily my good Lord. *Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow
that lord: And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him
not. Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you, And for a time
I would desire you leaue me. *Gil.* Our loue and duetie is at your
commaund. *Exeunt all but Hamlet. Ham.* Why what a dunghill
idiote slaue am I? Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? [F1]

What would he do and if he had my losse? His father murdred,
and a Crowne bereft him, He would turne all his teares to droppes
of blood, Amaze the standers by with his laments, Strike more
then wonder in the iudiciall eares, Confound the ignorant, and
make mute the wise, Indeede his passion would be generall. Yet
I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames, Hauing my father murdred
by a villaine, Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose, Giue's me the
lie i'th throate downe to the lungs, Sure I should take it, or else
I haue no gall, Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine, Treachcrous, bawdy,
murderous villaine: Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my
deare father, Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe Thus raile
in wordes. About my braine, I haue heard that guilty creatures
sitting at a play, Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a
murder Committed long before. This spirit that I haue seene may
be the Diuell, And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men, Doth seeke to damne me,
I will haue sounder proofes, The play's the thing, Wherein I'll
catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde The cause of our
sonne Hamlets lunacie? You being so neere in loue, euen from
his youth, Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could, [F1v] To wring
from him the cause of all his grieffe, But still he puts vs off, and

by no meanes Would make an answer to that we exposde. *Ross.* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth Before we left him, and I take it, He hath giuen order for a play to night, At which he craues your highnesse company. *King* With all our heart, it likes vs very well: Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth, Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open, And we vnto your selues will still be thankfull. *Both* In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund. *Queene* Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke Gil.* Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince. *King* Thanks to you both; Gertred you'l see this play. *Queene* My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth. *Cor.* Madame, I pray be ruled by me: And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake, We cannot yet finde out the very ground Of his distemperance, therefore I holde it meete, if so it please you, Else they shall not meete, and thus it is. *King* What i'st *Corambis*? (done, *Cor.* Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are Madam, send you in haste to speake with him, And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras, There question you the cause of all his grieffe, And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all: My Lord, how thinke you on't? *King* It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you? *Queene* With all my heart, soone will I send for him. *Cor.* My selfe will be that happy messenger, Who hopes his grieffe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes Enter Hamlet and the Players.* [F2] *Ham.* Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue as I taught thee, Mary and you mouth it, as a many of

your players do I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow, Then such
a fellow speake my lines. Nor do not saw the aire thus with your
hands, But giue euerything his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebellious periwig To
teare a passion in totters, into very ragges, To split the eares of the
ignorant, who for the (noises, Most parte are capable or nothing
but dumbe shewes and I would haue such a fellow whipt, or o're
doing, tarmagant It out, Herodes Herod. *players* My Lorde, wee
haue indifferently reformed that among vs. *Ham*. The better, the
better, mend it all together: There be fellowes that I haue seene
play, And heard others commend them, and that highly too, That
hauing neither the gate or Christian, Pagan, Nor Turke, haue
so strutted and bellowed, That you would a thought, some of
Natures journeymen Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abhominable: Take heede, auoyde
it. *players* I warrant you my Lord. *Ham*. And doe you heare?
let not your Clowne speake More then is set downe, there be of
them I can tell you That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them, Albeit there
is some necessary point in the Play Then to be obserued: O t'is
vile, and shewes A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keeps one sute Of ieasts,
as a man is knowne by one sute of Apparell, and Gentlemen
quotes his ieasts downe In their tables, before they come to the
play, as thus: [F2v] Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and,
you owe me A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:

And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips, And thus
keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts, When, God knows, the warme
Clowne cannot make a iest Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man
catcheth a hare: Maisters tell him of it. *players* We will my Lord.
Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.* *Horatio.* Heere
my Lord. *Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man, As e're
my conuersation cop'd withall. *Hor.* O my lord! *Ham.* Nay why
should I flatter thee? Why should the poore be flattered? What
gaine should I receiue by flattering thee, That nothing hath but
thy good minde? Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise, And not
with such as thou *Horatio*. There is a play to night, wherein one
Sceane they haue Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote, Marke thou the King, doe
but obserue his lookes, For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that, It is a dammed
ghost that we haue seene. *Horatio*, haue a care, obserue him
well. *Hor.* My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face, And
not the smallest alteration That shall appeare in him, but I shall
note it. *Ham.* Harke, they come. *Enter King, Queene, Corambis,*
and other Lords. (a play? *King.* How now son *Hamlet*, how fare
you, shall we haue *Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon
cramm'd, feede a the ayre. [F3] I father: My lord, you playd in
the Vniuersitie. *Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good
actor. *Ham.* What did you enact there? *Cor.* My lord, I did act
Iulius Cæsar, I was killed in the Capitol, *Brutus* killed me. *Ham.*

It was a brute parte of him, To kill so capitall a calfe. Come, be these Players ready? *Queene* Hamlet come sit downe by me. *Ham.* No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at- Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (tractiue: To lay my head in your lappe? *Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters? *Ham.* Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con- *Enter in Dumble Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Luci- anus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commmeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other. Ofel.* What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue. Ham.* This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe. *Ofel.* What doth this meane my lord? *Ham.* You shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all. *Ofel.* Will he tell vs what this shew meanes? *Ham.* I, or any shew you'le shew him, Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell: O, these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all. *Prol.* For vs, and for our Tragedie, Here stowpiug to your clemencie, We begge your hearing patiently. *Ham.* Is't a prologue, or a poesie for a ring? *Ofel.* T'is short, my Lord. *Ham.* As womens loue. *Enter the Duke and Dutchesse. Duke* Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone, Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one: [F3v] And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines, Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare, Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare: And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due, To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you. *Dutchesse* O say not so, lest

that you kill my heart, When death takes you, let life from me depart. *Duke* Content thy selfe, when ended is my date, Thou maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate, More wise, more youthfull, and one. *Dutchesse* O speake no more for then I am accurst, None weds the second, but she kills the first: A second time I kill my Lord that's dead, When second husband kisses me in bed. *Ham.* O wormewood, wormewood! *Duke* I doe beleue you sweete, what now you speake, But what we doe determine oft we breake, For our demises stil are ouerthrowne, Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne: So thinke you will no second husband wed, But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead. *Dutchesse* Both here and there pursue me lasting strife, If once a widdow, euer I be wife. *Ham.* If she should breake now. *Duke* T'is deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while, My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe. *Dutchesse* Sleepe rocke thy braine, And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady Ham.* Madam, how do you like this play? *Queene* The Lady protests too much. *Ham.* O but shee'le keepe her word. *King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it? *Ham.* No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in [F4] *King* What do you call the name of the play? (iest. *Ham.* Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus* Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one *Lucianus* nephew

to the King. *Ofel.* Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord. *Ham.* I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the poopies dallying. *Ofel.* Y'are very pleasant my lord. *Ham.* Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres. *Ofel.* Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord. *Ham.* Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead, And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie, But by my faith hee must build churches then, Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe, With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot. *Ofel.* Your iests are keene my Lord. *Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take them off. *Ofel.* Still better and worse. *Ham.* So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, Come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge. *Murd.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing. Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected, With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie, One wholesome life vsurps immediatly. *exit.* *Ham.* He poysons him for his estate. [F4v] *King* Lights, I will to bed. *Cor.* The king rises, lights hoe. *Exeunt King and Lordes.* *Ham.* What, frightened with false fires? Then let the stricken deere goe weepe, The Hart vngalled play, For some must laugh, while some must weepe, Thus runnes the world away. *Hor.* The king is mooued my lord. *Hor.* I *Horatio*, i'le take

the Ghosts word For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'st with you? *Ham*. And if the king like not the tragedy, Why then belike he likes it not perdy. *Ross*. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant, My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera- *Gil*. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you. *Ham*. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. *Ross*. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much? *Ham*. I pray will you play vpon this pipe? *Ross*. Alas my lord I cannot. *Ham*. Pray will you. *Gil*. I haue no skill my Lord. *Ham*. Why looke, it is a thing of nothing, T'is but stopping of these holes, And with a little breath from your lips, It will giue most delicate musick. *Gil*. But this cannot wee do my Lord. *Ham*. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you. *Ros*. My lord wee cannot. (me? *Ham*. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon [G1] You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee, And diue into the secreet of my soule. Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge. *Ros*. How a sponge my Lord? *Ham*. I sir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes His liberalitie your store house: but such as you, Do the king, in the end, best seruise; For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes, In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you, Then

swallows you: so when hee hath need Of you, t'is but squeasing of you, And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall. *Ros.* Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue. *Ham* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you. *Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.*

Enter Corambis *Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you. *Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell? *Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed. *Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weasel. *Cor.* T'is back't like a weasell. *Ham.* Or like a whale. *Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.* *Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by. Good night Horatio. *Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.* *Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me: O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter This soft bosome. Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall. I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent, [G1v] To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.* *Enter the King.* *King.* O that this wet that falles vpon my face Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience! When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse, The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact, Pay me the murder of a brother and a king, And the adulterous fault I haue committed: O these are sinnes that art vnpardonable: Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat, Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe: I but still to perseuer in a sinne, It is an act gainst the vniuerfall power, Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer, Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last, And thus hee dies:

and so, am I reuenged: No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping,
his sins brim full, And how his soule floode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres, And shall I kill him
now When he is purging of his soule? Making his way for heauen,
this is a benefit, And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen, (drunke,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking Or in
the incestuous pleasure of his bed, Or at some act that hath no
relish Of saluation in't, then trip him That his heeles may kicke at
heauen, And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayer, This phisicke
but prolongs they weary dayes. *exit Ham. King.* My wordes fly vp,
my sinnes remaine below. No King on earth is safe, if Gods his
foe. *exit King.* [G2] *Enter Queene and Corambis. Cor.* Madame, I
heare yong Hamlet comming, I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the
Arras. *exit Cor. Queene* Do so my Lord. *Ham.* Mother, mother,
O are you here? How i'st with you mother? *Queene* How i'st with
you? *Ham,* I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe. *Queene*
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. *Ham.* Mother, you
haue my father much offended. *Queene* How now boy? *Ham.*
How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you shall heare me
speake. *Queene* What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe. *Cor.* Helpe for the Queene. *Ham.* I a Rat, dead for a
Duckat. Rash intruding foole, farewell, I tooke thee for thy better.
Queene Hamlet, what hast thou done? *Ham.* Not so much harme,
good mother, As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queene How! kill a king! *Ham.* I a King: nay sit you downe,
and ere you part, If you be made of penitible stuffe, I'le make

your eyes looke downe into your heart, And see how horride
there and blacke it shews. (words? *Queene* Hamlet, what mean'st
thou by these killing *Ham*. Why this I meane, see here, behold
this picture, It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband, See
here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe, An eye, at which his foes
did tremble at, A front wherin all vertues are set downe For to
adorne a king, and guild his crowne, Whose heart went hand
in hand euen with that vow, He made to you in marriage, and
he is dead. [G2v] *Murdred*, damnably *murdred*, this was your
husband, Looke you now, here is your husband, With a face like
Vulcan. A looke fit for a murder and a rape, A dull dead hanging
looke, and a hell-bred eie, To affright children and amaze the
world: And this same haue you left to change with this. What
Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde? A! haue you
eyes and can you looke on him That slew my father, and your
deere husband, To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
Queene O Hamlet, speake no more. *Ham*. To leaue him that bare
a Monarkes minde, For a king of clowts, of very shreads. *Queene*
Sweete Hamlet cease. *Ham*. Nay but still to persist and dwell in
sinne, To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie, To make increase of
shame, to seale damnation. *Queene* Hamlet, no more. *Ham*. Why
appetite with you is in the waine, Your blood runnes backward
now from whence it came, Who'le chide hote blood within a
Virgins heart, When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?
Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine. *Ham*. O throw
away the worser part of it, and keepe the better. *Enter the ghost*

in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gracious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And euery part that should assist reuenge, [G3]
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.
Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i'st with you Lady?

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

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene No neither. (habite

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

Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

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

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

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiesty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts, [G3v]
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt devise.

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

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes. King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him? *Queene* Alas my lord, as raging as the sea: Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire, But then he throwes and tosses me about, As one forgetting that I was his

mother: At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis* Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage The good olde man he killes. *King* Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state. *Lordes* goe to him, inquire the body out. *Gil.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.* *King* Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England, His shipping is already furnished, And we have sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*, Our letters to our deare brother of England, For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse: Happly the aire and climate of the Country May please him better than his natiue home: See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes. *Gil.* My lord, we can by no meanes Know of him where the body is. *King* Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body? *Ham.* At supper, not where he is eating, but Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes [G4] are euen now at him. Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe: Looke you, a man may fish with that worme That hath eaten of a King, And a Beggar eate that fish, Which that worme hath caught. *King* What of this? *Ham.* Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar. *King* But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body? *Ham.* In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there, Father, you had best looke in the other partes below For him, aud if you cannot finde him there, You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby. *King* Make haste and finde him out. *Ham.* Nay doe you heare?

do not make too much haste, I'll warrant you hee'll stay till you come. *King* Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially in tender preseruacion of your health, The which we price euen as our proper selfe, It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*, The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night, Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you. *Ham.* O with all my heart: farewell mother. *King* Your louing father, *Hamlet.* *Ham.* My mother I say: you married my mother, My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh, And so (my mother) farewell: for *England* hoe. *exeunt all but the king.* *king* Gertred, leaue me, And take your leaue of *Hamlet*, To *England* is he gone, ne're to returne: Our Letters are vnto the King of *England*, That on the sight of them, on his allegiance, He presently without demaunding why, [G4v] That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die, There's more in him than shallow eyes can see: He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

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

enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well, I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long, If euey thing fall out to our content, As I doe make no doubt but so it shall. *Queene* God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe: But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death, Hath pierسد so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart, That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes. *King* Alas deere heart! And on the other side, We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*, And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land, And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death, Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified. *Qu.* O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

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

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoone. [H1]
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

king How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia*?

Ofelia Well God yeeld you, It grieues me to see how they

laid him in the cold ground, I could not chuse but weepe: And will he not come againe? And will he not come againe? No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone, And he neuer will come againe. His beard as white as snowe: All flaxen was his pole, He is dead, he is gone, And we cast away moane: God a mercy on his soule. And of all christen soules I pray God. God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia. king* A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede: O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away! Content on earth was neuer certaine bred, To day we laugh and liue, tomorrow dead. How now, what noyse is that? *A noyse within. enter Leartes. Lear.* Stay there vntill I come, O thou vilde king, give me my father: Speake, say, where's my father? *king* Dead. *Lear.* Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not Be juggled with, for he is murdred. *Queene* True, but not by him. *Lear.* By whome, by heau'n I'll be resolu'd. [H1v] *king* Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not, There's such diuinitie doth wall a king, That treason dares not looke on. Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred, T'is true, and we most sory for it, Being the chiefest piller of our state: Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster, Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all? *Lear.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms, And locke them in my hart, but to his foes, I will no reconcilment but by blood. *king* Why now you speake like a most louing sonne: And that in soule we sorrow for for his death, Yourselfe ere long shall be a witsesse, Meane while be patient, and content your selfe. *Enter Ofelia as before. Lear.* Who's this,

Ofelia? O my deere sister! I'st possible a yong maides life, Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe? O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia?* *Ofel.* Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures: Here, here is rew for you, You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes, Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew With a difference, there's a dazie. Here Loue, there's rosemary for you For remembrance: I pray Loue remember, And there's pansy for thoughts. *Lear.* A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance: O God, O God! *Ofelia* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you Some violets, but they all withered, when My father died: alas, they say the owle was A Bakers daughter, we see what we are, But can not tell what we shall be. For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy. [H2] *Lear.* Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell. *Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now: I pray now, you shall sing a downe, And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter And the false steward, and if any body Aske you of any thing, say you this. Tomorrow is saint Valentines day, All in the morning betime, And a maide at your window, To be your Valentine: The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes, And dupt the chamber doore, Let in the maide, that out a maide Neuer departed more. Nay I pray marke now, By gisse, and by saint Charitie, Away, and fie for shame: Yong men will doo't when they come too't: By cocke they are too blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed. So would I a done, by yonder Sunne, If thou hadst not come to my bed. So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies. God bwy you Loue. *exit*

Ofelia. *Lear.* Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered, My sister thus distracted: Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
king Content you good Leartes for a time, Although I know your griefe is as a floud, Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while, And thinke already the reuenge is done On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne. *Lear.* You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'll striue, To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath, Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare [H2v] Leartes had a father he held deere. *king* No more of that, ere many days be done, You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.* *Enter Horatio and the Queene.* *Hor.* Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*, This letter I euen now receiv'd of him, Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger, And subtle treason that the king had plotted, Being crossed by the contention of the windes, He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*, Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death, As at his next conuersion with your grace, He will relate the circumstance at full. *Queene* Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie: But I will soothe and please him for a time, For murderous mindes are always jealous, But know not you *Horatio* where he is? *Hor.* Yes Madame, and he hath appoyntd me To meete him on the east side of the Cittie To morrow morning. *Queene* O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com- A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me Be wary of his presence, lest that he Faile in that he goes about. *Hor.* Madam, neuer make doubt of that: I thinke by this the news be come to court: He is

arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall Quickly finde, *Hamlet*
being here, Things fell not to his minde. *Queene* But what became
of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*? *Hor.* He being set ashore, they
went for *England*, And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him: And by great chance
he had his fathers Seale, So all was done without discoverie. [H3]
Queene Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince, *Horatio*
once againe I take my leaue, With thowsand mothers blessings
to my sonne. *Horat.* Madam adue. *Enter King and Leartes.* *King.*
Hamlet from England! is it possible? What chance is this? they
are gone, and he come home. *Lear.* O he is welcome, by my
soule he is: At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy, That I shall
liue to tell him, thus he dies. *king* Leartes, content your selfe, be
rulde by me, And you shall haue no let for your reuenge. *Lear.*
My will, not all the world. *King* Nay but Leartes, marke the plot
I haue layde, I haue heard him often with a greedy wish, Vpon
some praise that he hath heard of you Touching your weapon,
which with all his heart, He might be once tasked for to try your
cunning. *Lea.* And how for this? *King* Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay
a wager, Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire, To try the maistry,
that in twelue venies You gaine not three of him: now this being
granted, When you are hot in midst of all your play, Among the
foyles shall a keene rapier lie, Steeped in a mixture of deadly
poyson, That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood, In any
part of him, he cannot liue: This being done will free you from

suspicion, And not the deerest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de Will euer
haue Leartes in suspect. *Lear*. My lord, I like it well: But say lord
Hamlet should refuse this match. *King* I'll warrant you, wee'll
put on you Such a report of singularitie, [H3v] Will bring him
on, although against his will. And lest that all should misse, I'll
haue a potion that shall ready stand, In all his heate when that he
calles for drinke, Shall be his period and our happinesse. *Lear*.
T'is excellent, O would the time were come! Here comes the
Queene. *enter the Queene. king* How now Gertred, why looke
you heauily? *Queene* O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia* Hauing made
a garland of sundry sortes of floures, Sitting vpon a willow by a
brooke, The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell, And for
a while her clothes spread wide abroade, Bore the yong Lady vp:
and there she sate smiling, Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen
and earth, Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable As it were of
her distresse, but long it could not be, Till that her clothes, being
heauy with their drinke, Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.
Lear. So, she is drownde: Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares, Reuenge it is
must yeeld this heart release, For woe begets woe, and grieffe
hangs on grieffe. *exeunt. enter Clowne and an other Clowne* I say
no, she ought not to be buried In christian buriall. 2. Why sir?
Clowne Mary because shee's drownd. 2. But she did not drowne
her selfe. *Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her. 2.
Yea but it was against her will. *Clowne* No, I deny that, for looke
you sir, I stand here, If the water come to me, I drowne not my

selfe: But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd, *Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death: [H4] Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir. 2. I but see, she hath christian buriall, Because she is a great woman. *Clowne* Mary more's the pittie, that great folke Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne Themselues, more than other people: Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest, Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter? 2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone, And will indure long. *Clowne* That's prety, too't agen, too't agen. 2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes, And that brings many a one to his long home. *Clowne* Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill, goe get thee gone: And if any one aske thee hereafter, say, A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio. Clowne A picke-axe and a spade, A spade for and a winding sheete, Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel*. For such a ghest most meete. *Ham*. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe, That is thus merry in making of a graue? See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth. *Hor*. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no- *Clowne* A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing. For and a winding sheete, Most fit it is for to be made, For such a ghest most meet. *Ham*. Looke you, there's another *Horatio*. Why mai't not be the soull of some Lawyer? [H4v] Me thinkes he should indite that fellow Of an action of Batterie, for knocking Him

about the pate with's shouel: now where is your Quirkes and
quilllets now, your vouchers and Double vouchers, your leases
and free-holde, And tenements? why that same boxe there will
scarce Holde the conueiance of his land, and must The honor
lie there? O pittifull transformance! I prethee tell me *Horatio*,
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes? *Hor.* I my Lorde, and of
calues-skinnes too. *Ham.* Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe
and calues That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones Scull, that
praised my Lord such a ones horse, When he meant to beg him?
Horatio, I prethee Lets question yonder fellow. Now my friend,
whose graue is this? *Clowne* Mine sir. *Ham.* But who must lie
in it? (sir. *Clowne* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my
throat *Ham.* What man must be buried here? *Clowne* No man sir.
Ham. What woman? *Clowne.* No woman neither sir, but indeede
One that was a woman. *Ham.* An excellent fellow by the Lord
Horatio, This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier, That hee gawles his
kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing, How long will a man lie in the
ground before hee rots? *Clowne* I faith sir, if hee be not rotten
before He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses, He will
last you, eight yeares, a tanner Will last you eight yeares full
out, or nine. *Ham.* And why a tanner? [I1] *Clowne* Why his hide
is so tanned with his trade, That it will holde out water, that's
a parlous Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker. Looke
you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare, Let me see,

I euer since our last king *Hamlet* Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat,
yong *Hamlets* father, Hee that's mad. *Ham.* I mary, how came
he madde? *Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Ham. Vpon what ground? *Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.
Ham. Where is he now? *Clowne* Why now they sent him to
England. *Ham.* To *England*! wherefore? *Clowne* Why they say he
shall haue his wittes there, Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter
there, It will not be seene there. *Ham.* Why not there? *Clowne*
Why there they say the men are as mad as he. *Ham.* Whose scull
was this? *Clowne* This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head, Why do
not you know him? this was one *Yoricke's* scull. *Ham.* Was this?
I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke* I knew him *Horatio*, A
fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times vpon his
backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a hundred times,
and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres your iefes now *Yoricke*?
your flashes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and
bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this she must come
Yoricke. *Horatio*, I prethee tell me one thing, doost thou thinke
that *Alexander* looked thus? *Hor.* Euen so my Lord. *Ham.* And
smelt thus? *Hor.* I my lord, no otherwise. [I1v] *Ham.* No, why
might not imagination worke, as thus of *Alexander*, *Alexander*
died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth, of earth
we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might not
time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the boung hole of a
beere barrell? Imperious Cæsar dead and turnd to clay, Might

stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away. *Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes, with a Priest after the coffin. Ham.* What funerall's this that all the Court laments? It shews to be some noble parentage: Stand by a while. *Lear.* What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else? *Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs, And more than well the church can tolerate, She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule: And but for fauour of the king, and you, She had beene buried in the open fieldes, Where now she is allowed christian buriall. *Lear.* So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell shall my sister be, when thou liest howling. *Ham.* The faire *Ofelia* dead! *Queene* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell: I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide, And not to follow thee vnto thy graue. *Lear.* Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell: *L_ear*tes leapes into the graue. Now powre your earth on, *Olympus* hie, And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes* Whats he that coniures so? _in after _*L_ear*tes_ *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane. *Lear.* The diuell take thy soule. *Ham.* O thou praiest not well, I prethee take thy hand from off my throate, For there is something in me dangerous, Which let thy wisdom feare, holde off thy hand: [I2] I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could: Shew me what thou wilt doe for her: Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray, Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot: Com'st thou here to whine? And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue, Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs, Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof, Make Oosell as a Wart. *King.* Forbeare

Leartes, now is hee mad, as is the sea, Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue: Therefore a while giue his wilde humour scope. *Ham.* What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus? I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away, A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day. *Exit Hamlet and Horatio. Queene.* Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus, And not his heart, *Leartes. King.* My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle, This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last, For presently we meane to send to him, Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes. *Lear.* My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet. *King.* Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne, Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both, Even as they tender vs, and loue their countrie. *Queene* God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.* *Enter Hamlet and Horatio Ham.* belecue mee, it grieues mee much *Horatio*, That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe: For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grieffe, Though there's a difference in each others wrong. *Enter a Bragart Gentleman. Horatio*, but marke yon water-flie, The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court. *Gent.* Now God saue thee, sweete prince *Hamlet*. [I2v] *Ham.* And you sir: soh, how the muske-cod smels! *Gen.* I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you *Ham.* I shall sir giue you attention: By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde. *Gent.* It is indeede very rawish colde. *Ham.* T'is hot me thinkes. *Gent.* Very swoltery hote: The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side, Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers, With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages: In good faith they are curiously wrought. *Ham.* The cariages sir, I do not know what

you meane. *Gent.* The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like. *Ham.* The worde had beene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side, And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now. *Gent.* Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you, And on your side the King hath laide, And desires you to be in readinesse. *Ham.* Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, I dare venture my skull: when must this be? *Gent.* My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty, With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace. *Ham.* Goe tell his maiestie, I will attend him. *Gent.* I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. *exit. Ham.* You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced, Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole. *Hor.* He will disclose himself without inquirie. *Ham.* Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine Very sore, all here about. *Hor.* My lord, forebeare the challenge then. *Ham.* No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now, Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate prouidence in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King. [I3] *Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.* King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head, And make no question but to haue the best. *Ham.* Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side. *King* We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles. *Ham.* First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue, Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes*. If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse, That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it, And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*, I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets

be at peace, And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother. *Lear*. Sir I am satisfied in nature, But in
termes of honor I'll stand aloofe, And will no reconcilment, Till
by some elder maisters of our time I may be satisfied. *King* Giue
them the foyles. *Ham*. I'll be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Haue all a laught, come on sir: *a hit*. *Lear*. No none. *Heere they*
play: *Ham*. Iudgement. *Gent*. A hit, a most palpable hit. *Lear*.
Well, come againe. *They play againe*. *Ham*. Another. Iudgement.
Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch. *King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth
drinke a health to thee *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin,
wipe thy face. *King* Giue him the wine. *Ham*. Set it by, I'll haue
another bowt first, I'll drinke anone. *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy
mother drinks to thee. *Shee drinks*. *King* Do not drinke *Gertred*:
O t'is the poysned cup! *Ham*. *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
[13v] I pray you passe with your most cunningst play. *Lear*. I! say
you so? haue at you, Ile hit you now my Lord: And yet it goes
almost against my conscience. *Ham*. Come on sir.

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

King Looke to the *Queene*. *Queene* O the drinke, the drinke,
H_amlet_, the drinke. *Ham*. Treason, ho, keepe the gates. *Lords*
How ist my Lord *Leartes*? *Lear*. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon: *Hamlet*, thou hast not
in thee halfe an houre of life, The fatall Instrument is in thy
hand. Vnbated and inuened: thy mother's poysned That drinke
was made for thee. *Ham*. The poysned Instrument within my

hand? Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine: Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies. Lear.* O he is iustly serued: *Hamlet*, before I die, here take my hand, And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies. Ham.* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well. *Hor.* No, I am more an antike-Roman, Then a Dane, here is some poison left. *Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe, O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die, What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde? What tongue should tell the story of our deaths, If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*, Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse: Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England. [14] enter Fortenbrasse with his traine. Fort. Where is this bloody fight? *Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold, Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle. *Fort.* O imperious death! how many Princes Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (*land, Ambass.* Our ambassie that we haue brought from *Eng-* Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake? O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country. *Hor.* Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground, The first beginning of this Tragedy: Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place, And let the State of the world be there: Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde, That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde. *Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome, Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee: Let foure of our chiefest Captaines Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue: For he was likely, had

he liued, To a prou'd most royall. Take vp the bodie, such a fight
as this Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis