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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.
As it is now Acted by Her MAJESTIES
Servants.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON.
Printed for Rich. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in Paul's Church-
Yard, and E. Rumball in Covent-Garden. 1703.

Newly Publish'd, some Fables after the Familiar Way of Mounfieur de la Foun
taine, price 1 s. 6 d.
The Comical History of Francis, Translated from the French, by several Hands, and
Adapted to the Humour of the present Age, price 6 s.
The Theory and Practice of Architecture; or, Vignola and Vitruvius Abridg'd, Illustra-
ted with 63 Copper Plates, price 5 s.
To the Reader.

His Play being too long to be conveniently acted, such places as might be least prejudicial to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage: but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inserted according to the Original Copy with this Mark."
The Persons Represented.

Claudius, King of Denmark,
Hamlet, Son to the former King,
Horatio, Hamlet's Friend,
Marcellus, an Officer,
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,
Oysimaund.
Cornelius.
Laertes, Son to Polonius.
Rinaldo.
Rosencraus, 2 Courtiers.
Guldenstern, 2 Courtiers.
Cum aliis.
Lucianus.
Fortinbras, King of Norway,
Osbrick, a fantastical Courtier,
Barnardo, 2 Centinels.
Francisco, 2 Centinels.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father,
Two Grave-makers.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark,
Ophelia, in Love with Hamlet,

Mr. Crosby.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Noake.
Mr. Young.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Cademan.
Mr. Perceval.
Mr. Jevan.
Mr. Rathband.
Mr. Floyd.
Mr. Medburn.
Mr. Undrill.
Mr. Williams.
Mrs. Shadwel.
Mrs. Betterton.
THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE of DENMARK

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Bar. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Good night.

Mar. O farewell honest Souldiers; who has relieved you?

Fran. Barnardo has my place: good night.

Mar. Holla, Barnardo.
The Tragedy of

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hora. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Hora. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but a phantastick,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreadful fight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hora. 'Twill not appear.

Bar. Sit down a while.

And let us once again affail your ears

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

Hora. Well, let's down.

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yon same Star that's westward from the Pole,
Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven

Where now it burns Marcellus and my self,

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break the off, look where it comes again.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speak to it Horatio.

Hora. Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hora. What art thou that usurpest this time of night;
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? I charge the speak.

Mar. It is offered.

Bar. See it walks away.

Hora. Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

Bar. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantastick?

What think you of it?

Hora. I could not believe this,

Without the sensibl and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy self.
Shall was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitions Norway combin'd.
"So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
"He fmore the fleted Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and at the fame hour,
With martial falk hath he gone by our watch.

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

Mar. Pray fit down and tell me he that knows

Why this fame strict and moft obfervant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And with fuch daily cost of brazen Canon,
And foreign Mart for implements of war?

Why fuch impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this heavy hafte
Makes the night joyntfableur with the day?

Who is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I:
At leaft the whisper goes fo.—Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a moft emulate pride,
Dar'd the to combat; in which our valient Hamlet
(For fo this fide of our known world esteem'd him)
Did flay this Fortinbras, who by a feal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all these lands.
Which he ftood feiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Againft the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher: as by the fame compact
And carriage of the Articles design,
His fell to Hamlet: now, fir, young Fortinbras
Of unimprov'd metal, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt up a lift of lawlefs Refolutes,
For food and diet to fome Enterprise
That hath a stomack in't, which is no other
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by strong hand
And Terms compulsatory, tho' forefai'd lands
So by his Father left: , and this I take it
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The Tragedy of

'The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Or this Post-Hall, and romage in the land.
Bar. I think it be no other but even so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

'Hora. A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.

In the most high and flourishing state of Rome,
A little e'e the mightyest Julius fell,
The graves flood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did speak and gibber in the Roman streets,
As Stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disillusions in the Sun, and the moist Star.
Upon whose influence Neptunes Empire stands
Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,
And even the like presurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates.
And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
Have heaven and Earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again?
I'll cross it though it blast me: Stay illusion,
If thou hast any found, or use of voice:
Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid;
O speak:
Or if thou hast uphoord in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it, stay and speak, stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Bar. 'Tis hear.
Hor. 'Tis hear.
Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong being so majestic,
To offer it the stem of violence:
It is ever as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.
Hor. and then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons: I have heard
The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding, throat:

Awake
Awake the God of Day; and at his warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th’ extravagant and erring Spirit byes
To his confine; And of the truth herein
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.
Some say, that ever’gainst that season comes;
Wherein our Saviour’s Birth is celebrated,
This Bird of dawning s’ingeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is that Time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in rich Mantle clad
Walks o’re the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill:
Break we our watch up, and, by my Advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to Night
Unto young Hamlet; perhaps
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it.
As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let’s do’t, I pray, and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exeunt.]

Flourish Eater Claudius! King of Denmark, Gertrad the Queen, Council, as Polonius, and his Son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear Brother’s Death
The memory be green, and that it us be sitted
To bear our Hearts in Greif, and our whole Kingdom,
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe:
Yet so far hath Discretion faught with Nature,
That we with wisest Sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves:
Therefore our sometime Sitter, now our Queen,
To Imperial Jointrefs this warlike State,
Have we as ’twere with a defeated Joy,
With an auspicious and dropping Eye,
With Mirth in funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale, weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr’d
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along (for all our thanks)
Now follows that you know young Fontinbrazi,
Holding a weak supposal of our Worth,
Or thinking by our late dear Brother’s Death
"Ours to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not failed to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Left by his Father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him,
Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is, we have here writ
To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose to suppress
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjects: And we now dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
Ambassadors to old Norway,
Who have no further personal power
Of treaty with the King, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.
Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we shew our duty
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
Now Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit, what is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg Laertes
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark, to my Father:
What wouldst thou have Laertes?
Laer. My dear Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and favour.
King. Have you your father's leave? what says Polonius
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my flow leave,
By labour some petition: and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour Laertes, time be thine,
And thy belt graces: spend it at thy will.
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son,
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
Hamlet: Prince of Denmark

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the Sun.
Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;
Thou know’st it ’tis common all that live must die,
Passing through Nature to eternity.
Ham. I Madam it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, Madam, nay it is, I know not seems;
’Tis not alone this morning cloke will smother,
Nor customary futes of solemn black,
Nor windy suspension of forc’d breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth shew
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King ’Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your Father;
But you must know your Father lost a Father;
That Father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolence, dares express
An impious stubbornness, ’tis unmanly grief,
’Tis shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool’d:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? fie, ’tis a fault to heaven?
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most obsurd, whose common theam.
Is death of fathers, and who still have cried
From the first Course till he that died to day,
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
As of a father: and let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no les nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son.
The Tragedy of Sea

Do I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to School to Wittenberg.
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here in the Cheer and comfort of our Eye.

Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with us go not to Wittenberg.

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

King. 'Tis a loving and fair Reply.
Be as our self in Denmark. Madam come,
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
No joyous Health that Denmark drinks to day,
But the great Canon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings rowse the Heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking Earthly Thunder: Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet

Thaw and resolve it self into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had o: fixt
His Canon 'gainst self Slaughter!
How weary, Itale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this World?
'Tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature
Possess it meekly, that it should come thus,
But two months Dead, nay, not so much, not two,
So excellent a King,
So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven
Visit her Face too roughly:
Shee us'd to hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,

Let me not think on't, Frailty thy name is Woman,
A little month: or e're those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe all Tears, why the
Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,
My father's brother? but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
E're yet the first of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married! O most wicked speed to post
With such dexterity to inclement sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But
Hamlet Prince of Denmark

"But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue."

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

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

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good e'en Sir.)

But what make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, my good Lord!

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do my ear that violence,

To be a witness of your own report.

Against your self; I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsenour?

We'll teach you here to drink e're you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, fellow student

I think it was to my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the Funeral back'd means.

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables

Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven

E're I had seen that day, Horatio.

My Father, methinks I see my Father.

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's Eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yeaster-night.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Defer your admiration but a while.

With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witnesses of these Gentlemen,

This wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast middle of the night

Been thes encounter'd: a figure like your Father,

And armed exactly, Cap a-pe,

Appears before them, and with solemn march.
The Tragedy of

Goes flow and stately by them: thrice he walkt
By their oppreft and fear surpriz'd Eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilst they did still'd
Almost to gely with their fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me
They did impart in dreadful facretie,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time.

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: 'I know your father,
These hands are not more like'

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watch,
Ham. Did you speak to it?
Hora. My Lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lift up its head, and did address
It self to motion, as it would speak;
But even then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the found it thrench in half away,
And vanish from our fight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hora. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it then our duty
To let you know it.

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

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?
All. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hora. O Yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in forrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.
Hora. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred,

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grilled?
"Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,  
A fable silver'd  
Ham. I will watch to night,  
Perrchance 'twil walk again.  
Hor. I war'nt it will.  
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person  
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it requite your silence still,  
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves: so fare you well.  
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve  
I'll visit you.  

All. Our duty to your honour.  
Ham. Your loves as mine to you; farewell.  

My father's Spirit in Arms, all is not well.  
I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:  
Till then fit still my Soul, soul deeds will rise  
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them from mens Eyes.  

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.  

Laer. My neceffaries are imbark't, farewell,  
And litter, as the winds give benefit  
And convey in Assifant, " do not sleep.  
But let me hear from you.  

Ophel. Do you doubt that?  

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood  
A Violet in the youth and prime of Nature,  
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minuet:  

No more.  

Ophel. No more but so.  

Laer. Think it no more.  

For Nature creffant does not grow alone,  
In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,  
And now no foil but cautel doth besmerch  
The virtue of his will; but you must fear  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:  
He may not, as inferior persons do,  
Beflow himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the Voice and yielding of that body
The Tragedy of

Whereof he is to head, then if he says he loves you,

It suits your wisdom so far to believe it,

As he in his particular Act and Place

May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what los's you honour may sustain,

If with your credulous ear you hear his Songs;

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasurer open

To his unmasked importunity.

Fear it Ophelia, fear it; my dear sister,

And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire:

The charlest maid is prodigal enough.

If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:

Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes;

The canker galls the infant of the spring.

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth;

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,

Youth to itself rebels though none else near.

Ophel. I shall the Effect of this good Letter keep

About my heart. But good brother,

Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,

Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

While's like a Libertine,

Himself the Primrose-path of dalliance treads,

And reaks not his own creed.

Laert. O fear me not ;

I stay too long. But here my Father comes.

A double blessing is a double grace,

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polo. Yet here Laertes? aboard, aboard for shame

The wind fits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are staid for. There my blessing with thee;

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou Character : Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast and their adoption tired,

Grapple them unto thy Soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dally thy palm with entertainment.

Of each new hatch'd unshag'd courage: beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear't that th' opposer may beware.of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

[Enter Polonius]
'Coffly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express in fancy; rich, nor gawdy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chief in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft looses both it self and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night to day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel, my blessing season this in thee.

Lae. Most humbly I do take my leave. my Lord.
Poi. The time invets you, go, your servans tend.
Lae. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well.
What I have said to you.
Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lock't;
And you your self shall keep the key of it.
Lae. Farewel.
Poi. What is't Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Poi. Marry well bethought.
'Tis could me he hath very oft of late.
Given private time to you: and you your self.
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you...
You do not understand your self so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour;
What is between you, give me up the truth.
Ophel. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Poi. Affotion! you speak like an agree girl,
Unsifted in such perillous circumstance;
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.
Poi. Marry I will teach you, think your self a baby,
That you have ta'n these tenders for true pay,
Which are not stering; tender your self more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of this poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a fool.
Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Poi. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech;
My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Poi. I springes to catch Wood-cocks; I know
When the Blood burns how prodigally the Soul...
Lends the tongue vows, "these blazes: daughter,
"Giving more light than heat; Extint in both,
"Even in their promife, as it is a making,
"You must not take't for fire: from this time
"Be something scantier of your maiden presence,
"Set your entreatments at a higher rate
"Then a command to a parlay; for Lord Hamlet,
"Believe so much in him, that he is young,
"And with a larger tedder may he walk
"Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
"Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
"Not of that dye which their investments shew
"But mere Implorators of unholy suits,
"Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
"The better to beguile: this is for all,
"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you to flander any moments leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,
Look to it: I charge you, come your ways.
Ophel. I shall obey, my Lord.

[Excune.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve,
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of Trumpets and Guns.

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walk to right and takes his rowle,
"Keeps waflcil, and the swaggering up spring reels,
And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. I marry is't.

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
"This heavy-headed revel East and West
"Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations:
"They clepe us Drunkards, and with swineish phrase
"Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
"From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
"The pith and marrow of our attribute:
"So oft it changes in particular men,
"That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since Nature cannot choose his origin)
By their o’re-growth of some complection,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much o’re-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying I say the ramp of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes star,
His virtues else be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general Censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com’ft in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee; I’ll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, royal Dane: O answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance but tell
Why thy canoniz’d bones hearded in death
Have burst there cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter’d,
Has op’t his ponderous and marble jaws,
To call thee up again: ‘what may this mean
That thou dead coarse again in compleat steel
Revisitst thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a remote ground,
But do not go with it.

Hor. No by no means.

Ham. It will not speak, then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. VVhy? what should be the fear?
I do not value my life:
And for my Soul what an it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as it self?
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you towards the floods, my Lord?

Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
That betters o're his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? 'Think of it,
The very place puts toys of desolation
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks to many fadoms to the Sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,
Go on I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artery in this Body
As hardy as the Nemean Lion's Nerve:
Still I am call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exit Ghost and Hamlet]
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: lift, lift, O lift,
If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder;

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is:
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Halt me to know't, that I with wings as swift
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shou'dst thou be than the fat weed
That roots it self in ease on Lethe's wharf,
'Wouldst thou not stir in this: "now Hamlet hear,
Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Ranckly abused: but know thou, Noble Youth,
The Serpent that did fling thy Father's heart
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetick Soul, my Uncle?

Ghost. I, that incestious, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traiter'ous gifts,
'O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
'So to seduce! "won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine; 'but virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
'Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
'So vice, though to a radiant angel linkt,
'Will sort it self in a celestial bed,
'And prey on garbage.
But sord, methinks I cent the morning air,
Brief let me be: sleeping in my Garden,
My Custome always of the Afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me stole
With juice of curfed Hebona in a Vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous distilment, whose Effects
Hold such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth pollute
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barkt about
Mott Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleepeing, by a brother's hand,
Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
If thou haft Nature in thee bear it nor,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceft.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor lett thy soul design
Aftainft thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosome lodge,
To prick and stinging her: fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worm shews the morning to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Farewel, remember me;
'Ham. O all you hosts of heaven! O earth! what else
And shall I couple hell? O fie! 'tis hold, hold my heart,
And you my fines grow not instant old,
But bear me strongly up; remember thee!
I thou poor Ghoff, whilst memory holds a feat
In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
Ye! from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All registers of books, all forms and pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live.
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
O most pernicious Woman!
O villain, villian, similing villain?
My tables, meet it is I sit down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
So Uncle there you are; now to my word,
It is farewell, remember me.
I have sworn.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Ill, ho, ho, my Lord,

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

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderfull

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Nor I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret.

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's never a villain Dwelling in all Denmark,

But he's an Arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave
to tell us this.

Ham. Why right; you are in the right,

And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You as your business and desire shall point you;

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and for my own poor parr

I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,

Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too: touching this vision here;

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;

For your desire to know what is between us

O're master't as you may: and now, good friends,

As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't my Lord; we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but I swear'r.
The Tragedy of

Hor. In faith, my Lord, nor I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
  Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.
  Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

[Ghost cries under the Stage]

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'lt thou so? art thou there true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in, the Selleridge,

Consent to swear.
  Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.
  Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. He's ubique, then we'll shift our ground;

Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work 't'h'earth so fast?

A worthy Prior; once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,

Here as before; never, so help you mercy,

(How strange or odd so e're I bear my self,

As I precedence hear after shall think meaner,

To put an antick disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumbered thus, or head thus shak't,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase;

As well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,

Or if we lift to speak, or there be, or if they might,

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you know ought of me, this you must swear,

'So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghoft. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen

With all my love I do commend me to you,

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do t'express his love and friendship to you

Shall never fail, let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your-lips, I pray,

The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight.
Enter Polonius and his Man.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo.

Before you visit him, to make enquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said, look you Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense: and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my Son, come you more near,

Then your particular demands will touch it.

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his father, and his friends,

And in part him: Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. I very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well.

But if he be he I mean, he's very wild,

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so rank

As may dishonour him, take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing.

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the Charge.

You must not put another scandal on him.

That he is open to incontinency,

That's not my meaning, but breathe his faults so quaintly;

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood.

Of general assault.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.
"Rey. But, my good Lord,
"Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
"Rey. I, my Lord, I would know that,
"Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You laying these flight follies one my Son,
As there a thing a littel foil'd with working,
Mark you your party in converse, he you would found,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath off guilty, be affur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good Sir (or fo) or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase or the addition
Of Man and Country.
"Rey. Very good, My Lord.
"Pol. And then, Sir, does he this, he does: what was I about to say?
By the Mafs I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?
"Rey. At closes in the consequence.
"Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesteraday, or th' other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
There was he gaming there, or took in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this Carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlessses, and with essays of byas,
By indirect and directions cut:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not?
"Rey. My Lord, I have.
"Pol. Good buy ye, fareye well.
"Rey. Good, my Lord.
"Pol. Observe his inclination in your self.
"Rey. I shall, my Lord.
"Pol. And let him ply his Mufick.
"Rey. Well, my Lord. [Exit Rey. Enter Ophelia.
"Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Ophel. O, my Lord, my Lord ! I have been so affrighted.
Pol. With what?
Ophel. My Lord, as I was reading in my closet,
Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungartred, and down-gyved to his anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitious
As if he had been sent from hell,
To speake of horrours, he comes before me,

Pol. Mad for thy love.

Ophel. My Lord I do not know,

But truly I do fear it

Pol. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o're his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it: long stayd he so
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down
He rais'd a sigh so pitious and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes:
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last hended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,

This is the very extasie of love,
* Whose violent property foregoes it self,
* and leads the will to desperate undertakings,
* As oft as any passion under heaven
* that does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His access to me

Pol. That hath made him mad:
* I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
* I had not queated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
* And meant to wrack thee, but beflirew my jealoufie?
* By heaven it is as proper to our Age
* To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
* As it is common for the younger fort
* To lack discretion: 'Come, go with me to the King;
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern

King. Welcome good Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Besides, that we did long to see,
The need we have to use you did provoke
The Tragedy of

Our hastily sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, to call it;
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: what it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself
I cannot dream of: I intreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him
And fith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some littel time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
Thet lies within our remedy.

Queen Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres: if it will please you
To shew us so much gentleness and good-will,
As to meploy your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Rofi. Both your majesties
Might by the Sovereign power you have over us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And hear give up our selves in the full bent;
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks Rosencraus and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks Guildenstern and gentel Rosencraus,
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son: go some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil

Pol. The Embassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd,

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news:

Pol. Have I, my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God. and to my gracious King:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As
As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear?
'Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadours.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all our sons distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Ambassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him: welcome my good friends:

Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires:

Upon our first he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's lives, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation against the Pollack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd
That to his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majestie,
Whereon old Norway overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in Annual fee,
And his commision to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, again the Pollack,
With an intreaty herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet passes
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On such regards of farte and allowance
As herein is set down.

King. It likes us well,
And at more considered time we'll Read,
Answer and think upon this Business:
Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together:
Moft welcome home.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time;
Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time;
Therefore brevity is the Soul of wit,
And tedioumens the limde and outward flourishes:

[Exeunt Embassadours.]
The Tragedy of

I will be brief: your noble Son is mad.
Mad call I it: for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all,
That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art:
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather lay the cause of this defect,
For this effect effectually comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Consider.

I have a daughter, have her while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given my this; now gather and furmifie.

To the Celestial and my soul's idol, the beautified Ophelia. This's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: Beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall hear,
such in her excellent white bosom, These, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her? Pol. Good Madam stay a while I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are fire,

Doubt that the Sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a lyar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love the best, O most best believe it: Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Hamlet.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
And more concerning his solicitings.
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

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

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so but what would you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it I must tell you that
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book.

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or lookt upon this love with idle fight,

What might you think no I went round to work. 

And
And my Young Mistrefs thus I charg'd:

Lord Hamlet is a prince above thy Sphere,

This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock her self from his report,

Admit no Messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done: she took the fruits of my advice,

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a fadness, then into a fall,

' Thence to a watch, then into a weaknesses,

Thence to a lightnefs, and by this deciſion

Into the madness wherein he now raves,

And all mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been fuch a time, I would fain know that.

That I have poſitively said, 'tis fo,

When it prov'd otherwife?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise?

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed.

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together

Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At fuch a time I'll loofe my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind the Arras then,

Mark the encounter; if he love her not,

And be not from his reafon fal'n thereon,

Let me be no affitant for a State,

But keep a farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where fadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do defeech you both away,

I'll board him preſently, O give me leave;

'How does my good Lord Hamlet?

' Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fisb-munger,

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were fo honofl a man.

Pol. Honofl my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, to be honofl as this world goes,

Is to be one man pickt out of ten thoufand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good

killing
killing carnation. Have you a daughter? 

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i’th the Sun, conception is a blessing, 

Bras your daughte, may conceive, friend look to’t.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daugter, yet he knew me not at first, but said I was a fish-monger, he is far gone; and truely in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this I’ll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir, for the Satyrical Rogue says here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams, all which Sir, though I most powerfully and poetically believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down, for your self, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t, will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham, Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed that’s out of the Air; how pregnant sometimes his replyes are! a happiness that often madness hit’s on, *Which reason and sanctity could not so happily be delivered of. *I will leave him and daughte. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. Save you Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends how doth thou Guildenstern?

Ah Rosencraus, good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,

Ve are not the very button.

*Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros. Neither, my Lord.

*Ham. Then you live about her waste, or the middle of her favours?

*Guil. Faith in her privates we.

*Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a Strumpet.

*What news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the world’s grown honest.

Ham.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: sure your news is not true.

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

*Ref.* To visit you, my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you,

*And* dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny: *were you not sent*? or *is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.*

*Gerl.* What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your Modesties have not craft enough to coulour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

*Ref.* To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowships, by the confronancy of our youth, by the obligation of our preferred love, and by what more dear, and better prouvifir and charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

*Ref.* What say you?

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

*Gerl.* My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrerie to the King and Queen moult no feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all costome of exercises, "and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, " that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a tender promontory, this most excellent Canopy the Air look you, this brave o’he-hang’d firmament, this Majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a work is man? hom. noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an Angel! in apprehension, the beauty of the World, the paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to fav fo.

*Ref.* My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

*Ref.* To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenter Entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer your Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have tributs of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall not sigh Gratifs, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.

What Players are they?

*Ref.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.
Ham. How chances it thy travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

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

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty forty, fifty; a hundred duckets a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[A flourish.]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elsenour, your hands: come then, that appurtenance of welcome is Fashion and Ceremony, let me comply with you in this garb, "left my extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome: " but my Uncle-father, and Aunt mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know an hawk from a hand-faw.

[Enter. Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer, that great Baby as you see is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

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

Ham. I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, mark it: You say right, Sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed.

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

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you when Rosius was an Aëtor in Rome.

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Aëtor on his Asf.

Pol. The bestd Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, indivisible, or Poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautius too light for the law of Wit and Liberty; these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephtha Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What treasurerehad he, my Lord,

Ham. Why one fair daughter and no more the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter!

Ham. Am I not i'th right, old Jephtha?

What follows then, my Lord?
Hamlet Prince of Denmark

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome Masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend, why thy face is valance'd since I saw thee last, comfit thou to hear me in Denmark? what my young Lady and Mistresses' my Lady your Ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: Masters you are all welcome, we'll one to t like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech straight, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate Speech.

Player. What Speech, my good Lord.

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted; or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the million, twas a Caviary to the general, but it was as I receivd it and others, whose Judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine; and excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning; remember one said there were no Sallets in the lines to make the matter favory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the Author to Affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chearly loved, 'twas Eni's talk to Dido, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter, if it live in your memory. Begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pyrrhus like the Hircanian Beast, 'tis not. It begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose fable Arms, Black as his purpose did the night resemble, When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now his dread and black complection smeared With Heraldry more dismal head to foot: Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, Bak'd and embafted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous and a damned light To their Lord's murder, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus 'ere-cit'd with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandier Priam seeks; so proceed you.

Pol. My Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion; so proceed.

Play. Anon he finds him.

Striking too short at Greeks his antick Sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command; unequal marcht, Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
The Tragedy of

But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls
'Seeming to fell this blow, with flaming top
'Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
'Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus ear: for loe his Sword,
'Which was declining on the milky head
'Of reverend Priam seem'd i' th' Air to stick,
'So as painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
'Like a natural to his will and matter,
'Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the Heavens, the racks stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowled vengeance sets new awork,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With remorse, than Pyrrhus bleeding Sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! 'all ye Gods
'In general Synod take away her Power,
'Break all the Spokes and Fellows from her Wheels,
'And bow the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
'As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your Beard: prethee say on, he's for
a jig, or a tale of Bawdry, or he Sleeps; say on, come to Hecuba.

Play. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down threatening the flames.

A clout upon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o'er-ramed loyns,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.

Who this had seen, with tongue in venome sleept,
Gainst fortunes State would Treason have pronounce'd:
'But if the Gods theymselves did see her then,
'When the raw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
'In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbs,
'The instant burst of clamour that she made,
'Unles things mortal move them not at all,
'Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
'And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turned his colour, and his tears in's Eyes
prethee no more.
Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord will you see the Players well bellowed, do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstraéct and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

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

Ham. Much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity, the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; do'ft thou hear me, old friend, can you Play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it to morrow-night: you could for need study a speech of some dozen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsenour.

[Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

'Ham. I so, God buy to you; now am I alone,

O what a rogue and scabour flave am I! Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul to his own conceit,
That for her working all the visage wand,
Tars in his Eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? what would he do
Had he the motive, and that for passion
That I have? he would 'drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of Eyes and Ears; yet I,
A dull and muddy melted raskal, peak
Like John-a dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing, no not for a King,
Upon whose property and my dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
The Tragedy of 'Twekes me by the Nose, gives the Lye i' th' Trot
As deep as to the Lungs? who does me this?
Hah! 's wounds I shoold take it, for it cannot be
But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
To make oppression bitter, or 'e're this.
I shoold have fattad all the region Kites.
With this Slaves Offal: "bloody, bawdy villain.
Remorseless, treachrous, lecherous, kindles villain,
Why what an Ass am I? this is most brave,
That I the Son of a dear Father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell.
'Mult like a Whore unpick my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab, itallion, tie upon't, for
About my brains. "hum, I have heard
That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been tricked to the Soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefaotions:
For Murther, though it have no Tongue will speak.
With most miraculous Organ, "I'll have these Players
Play somethings like the Murther of my Father
Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
i'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
I know my course. " The Spirit that I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
To assume a pleasing shape, " yea and perhaps
Out of my weaknesses and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: " I'll have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,
Guildemstern, Lords.

King. A N D can you by no drift of Conference
Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distraft
But from what cause he will by no means speake
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded,

But
But with a crafty Madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true Estate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Unapt to question; but of our demands
Most fre in is reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o’re-took on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I think they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. ’Tis most true,
And he befeecht me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To hear him so inclin’d:
Good Gentlemen give him a further Edge,
And urge him to these delights,

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

King. Sweet Gertrard leave us two,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he as ’twere by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her father and myself
Will so bestow our selves; that seeing and unseen
We may of their encounter judge,
And gather by him as he is behav’d.
If it be the Affli£tion of his Love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet’s wildnes, so shall I hope your Vertues
Bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours

Ophel’Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal’d; ”read on this Book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelines: we are oft to blame in this
’Tis too much prov’d, that with devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do sugar o’re
The Devil himself.

[Exent Ros. and Guild.]

King.
The Tragedy of

King. O'tis too true:

'How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Conscience!
The harlots check beautied with piastring Art,
'Is not more usable to the thing that helps it;
'Than is my deed to my most painted word.
'O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw, my Lord.

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

Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The flings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die to sleep
No more: and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd, to die, to sleep,
'To sleep perchance to dream, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come;
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Muss give us pause, there's the respect.

That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time;
Th' oppressors wrong, and proud man's contumely,
The pangs of desipled love, and the laws delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When as himself might his Quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bare;
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whoseborn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make cowards,
And thus the healthful face of resolution
Shews sick and pale with thought:
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fate Ophelia. Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sins remembred?

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.

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

Ophel. My honoured Lord you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made these things more rich: their perfume loft,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophel. What means your Lordship?

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

Ophel. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
Than with honesty?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty
from what it is to a hawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty
to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proof. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so evacuate
our old flock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived,

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ers? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better my mother had not born me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my back than I have
thoughts to put them in, imaginations to give them shape, or time to act
them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and
Heaven? we are Arrent knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a Nun-
nery? where's your Father?

Ophel. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,

That he may the Fool no where but in's his own house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O help him you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, I'll give thee this Plagne for thy dowry, be
thou as Chaffe as Ice, as puér as Snoosh, thou shalt not scape calumny, get
thee to a Nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a Foe,
for wife-men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a
Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.


Ham, I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath
given you one face, and you make your selves another, you Jig and
Amble, and you litp, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance, go to, I'll no more on't, it hath
made
The Tragedy of
made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are
Married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to
a Nunnery go.

Ophel. O what a Noble mind is there o’rethrown!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
The expectation and Rose of the faire Rate,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th’ obferv’d of all obfervers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies moft deject and wretched.
That suckt the honey of his Mufick vows,
Now see that Noble and moft Sovereign reafon
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatcht Form and Stature of blowen Youth
Blasted with Extatie. O woe is me
T’have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lack form a little,
Was not like madness, there’s something in his Soul
O’re which his melancholly fits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the disclose,
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have a quick determination
Thus set down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our negleSted Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expel
This something setled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains flill beating,
Puts him thus from Fashion of himself,
What think you on’t?
Pol. It shall do well:
But yet I do believe the Origen and Commencement of it,
Sprung from negleSted love: how now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet laid,
We heard it all: my Lord, do as you please,
Bat if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother alone intreat him,
To shew his grief; “let her be round with him,”
And I’ll be plac’d (to please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if she find him not,
To England send him or Confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be So,
Madneis in great ones must not unwatcht go.

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speach I pray you as I pronounce’d it to you,

smoothly
"Smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as I were the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do not I love the art to much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent-tempelt, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it smoothness: O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated fel low, tear a passion to very raggs, to split the Ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews an noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for 'O're-doing Ter mestant, it out. Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your Tutor; sure the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special observance, that you o'er-strep not the modesty of Nature for any thing too o're-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature, to shew Virtue her Feature, scorn her own image, and the very Age and Body of the time, his form and pressure: now this o're-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve; the Censure of which one must in your Allowance o're-weigh a whole Theatre of others. O there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise; and that highly, not to speak it Profanely, that neither having the Accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor Men, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

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

Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some Necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that uses it: go, make you ready. How now, my Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencranz.

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.


Horo. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e're my Conversation met withal.

Horo. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter, For what advancement may I hope from thee.

That haft no Revenue but thy good Spirits
To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the Knee.
Where thrift may follow fawning, do'st thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her Election,
Shall seal'd thee for her self: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffers and rewards
Hast ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those.
Whole Blood and Judgment are so well commended
That they are not a Pipe for fortune's finger,
To found what stop the pleafe: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, I, in my heart of hearts.
As I do thee. Somthing too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death;
I prethee when thou feest that Act on foot
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
Do not it self discover in one Speech,
it is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul.
As Vulcan's flithy; "give him heedfull note,
For I mine Eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our Judgments joyn
In cenfure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my Lord,
If the real ought the whilst this Play is playing
And, escape detection, I will pay the theft.
Enter Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, King. Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.
Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet.

Ham. Excellent if'faith,
Of the Cameleons dish I Eate the Air,
Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons fo.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now, my Lord.
You play'd once in the University, you say.

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

Ham. What did you Enact?

Pol. I did Enact Julius Cesar. I was kill'd i'th' Capitol,
Brutus kill'd me.
Ham. It was a bruit part of him to kill so Capital a Calf there.

Be the Players ready?

Ref. I, my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Gett. Come hither my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's metal more Attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Ophel. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Ophel. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids legs.

Ophel. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig maker, what should a man do but be merry: for look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long I say then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables: O Heavens die two months ago, and not forgotten yet: then there's hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a year: but he must build Churches then, "or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forget.

The Trumpet sounds. Dumb shew follows.

Enter a King a Queen, the Queen Embracing him, and he her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, he lies him down upon a bank of flowers, she seeing him asleep leaves him: Anon comes another man, takes of his Crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's Ea s, and leaves him; the Queen returns, find: the King dead, was passionate Action; the Poisonoer with some three or four come in again, seems to condole with her, the Dead body is carried away, the Poisonoer woes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts Love.

Ophel. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching mallico, it means mischief.

Ophel. Belick this shew imports the Argument of the Play.

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

The Players cannot keep, they'll shew all straight

Ophel. Will he shew us what this shew meant

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy;
Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poem of a King?

Ophel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As women's Lows.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Cart gone round
Neptune's felt wash, and Tellus er'd the Ground,
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed shine
About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our Hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite, infolding them in Sacred bands.

Queen. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o're e re love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far different from your former State,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust
Difcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, even as they Love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in Extremity.

Now what my love has been, proof makes you know,
And as my love is great, my fear is so;
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too,
My working powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For Husband shalt thou.

Queen. O confound the rest!

Such Love must needs be Treason in my breast,
In seconf Husband let me be execriff.
None wed the seconf but who kill'd the first:
The instances that Second marriage move,
Are base respect of thrift, but none of Love:
A seconf time I kill my Husband dead,
When Second Husband kisses me in bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we speak,
Purpose is but the slave to memery,
Of violent Birth and poor validity,
Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
'the violence of either grie, or joy.

[Ham. That's

[VVormwood.]

[Thee]
Their own ena&ures with themselves destroy;
'Where joy most revels grief doth most lament:
'Grief joy, joy griefs on slender Accident:
This world is not for Aye, nor is it strange.
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune Love,
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor Advanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
? And hitherto doth Lord on Fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a Friend.
And who in want a hallow freind doth try,
Directly seafons him his Enemy,
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run.
That our devices still are overthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, there ends none of our own.
Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed,
But thy thoughts die when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turn my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheer in prifon be my scope,
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I widow be, and then a wife.

King. 'Tis deeply Sworn: sweet leave me here a while.
My Spirits grow dull, and faint I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain.

Ham. Madam how like you this Play?
Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.
Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jefl, poifan in jefl, no offence.
King. What do they call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse trap; marry how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murder done at Vienna, Gonzago is the Duke's name, his wife Baptista, you shall see anon, 'tis a Knavish piece of worke, but what of that? your Majesty and we shall have free Souls, it touches not us; let the galled Jade winch, our withers are unwrung. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Ophel. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love
If could see the puppets dallying.
The Tragedy of

Ophel. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take of mine Edge.
Ophel. Still worse and worse.
Ham. So you mistake your Husbands. "Begin Murtherer, 'tis thy
damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for
revenge.
Luc. Thoughts black, hands p, drugs fit, and tim: agreeing,
Considerate reason, and no Creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected
With Hecate bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected.
Thy natural magic, and d're propety,
On wholesome lights usurps immediately.
Ham. He poisons him in th' Garden for his Estate, his name's Gonzago,
the story is extent, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see Anon
how the Murtherer gets the Love of Gonzago's Wife.
Ophel. The King rises.
Queen. How fares, my Lord?
Pol. Give o're the Play.
King. Give me somelight, away.
Pol. Lights, lights, lights. [Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio]
Ham. Why let the fruken Dear go weep,
The Hart ungalled go Play.
For some must watch whilst some must sleep,
Thus runs the World away. Would not this Sir, and a forrest of fea-
thers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn Turk with me, with provincial
Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a City of players
Horatio. Half a share?
Ham. A whole one, I
For thou do'ft know O Damon dear,
This Realm dismantled was
Nf. Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very very Peacock.
Horatio. You might have rim'd.
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand-pound.
Didst perceive?
Horatio. Very well, my Lord.
Ham. Upon the talking of the poisoning.
Horatio. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ah, come some Mufick, come the Recorders,
For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie,
Come, some Mufick.

Enter Rosencraus and Guidenstern.
Guil. Good, my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole History.
Guil. The King, Sir.
Ham. I Sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous ditempered.
Ham. With drink, Sir?
GuiL No my Lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show it self richer to signify this to the
Defer; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him
into more choler.
GuiL Good my Lord; put your discourse into some frame,
And start not so wildly from my business
Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.
GuiL The Queen your Mother in most great & op. of Spirit hath
sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
GuiL Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it
shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers
Commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the
business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Ros. What my Lord?
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but Sir, such
answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mo-
ther; therefore no more, but to the matter, my Mother you say.
Ros. Then thus she says, your behaviour hath struck her into amaze-
ment and admiration.
Ham O wonderful Son that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there
no equal at the heels of this Mothers admiration? impart.
Ros. She defiere to speak with you in her Closet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our Mother; have you any
further trade with us?
Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.
Ham. And do still by these pickers and stealers.
Ros. Go, d, my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do
fuerly bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to
your freind.
Ham. Sir, I lack advancement:
Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for
youe Succession in Denmrrk.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. Isir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something mussy:
oh the Recorders let me see one, to withdraw with you why do you
go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a
тол?
GuiL O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannere-
ly.
Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?
GuiL My Lord, I cannot,
Ham. I pray you.
GuiL Believe me I cannot.
Ham. I beseech you.

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

Ham. It is as safe as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most Eloquent music: look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these annot I Command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would found me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much Music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter. Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

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

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. 'Tis black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by; They fool me to the top of my bent. "I will come by and by;
'Leave me, friends."
'I will say so. By and by is easily said.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to the World: now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such business as day it set
Would quake to look on: soft, now to my mother,
O heart love not thy Nature! let not ever
The Soul of Nero this firm Bosom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none,
'My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.
'How in my words soever she be fit.
'To give them Seals never my Soul consent.'

Enter: King, Rosencraes, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range; therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And her to England shall along with you,
The terms of our Eftinate may not endure
Hazzards so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his brows.

Guil. We will our selves provide;
Most Holy and Religious fear it is
To keep those many Bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

"Ref. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the Strength and Armour of the mind
To keep it safe from Noyance, but much more
That Spirit, upon whose weal depends and reaps
The lives of many: the cels of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's heart with it: or it is a maifie wheel,
Fist on the fomner of the highest mount,
To whose huge Spokes ten thousand feller things
Are mortised and adjoynd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty Confequence
Attends the boiftrous rai, never alone
Did the King figh, but a general groan:
King. Arm you I pray you to this speedy Voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free footed.

Ref. We will make halft.

Enter Pollonius.

Pol. Sir, he's going to his mothers Clofet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my felf
To hear the Procefs, I'll warrant the'll tax him home;
And as you faid, and wisely was it faid;
'Tis meet that fomemore Audience than a fMother,
Since nature makes them partial, fould o're-hear,
Their speech; fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear.

King. Thanks my dear Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it smells to Heaven,
It hath the elfest curfe upon't;
A brothers Murther: pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as fhip as will,
My fronger guilt defeat my frong intent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in paufe where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it felf with brother's blood
Is there not rain enough in the feet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow? whereto ferves mercy,
But to confront the Vifage of offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold force,
To be folelall'd e're we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up:
My fault is paft; but oh! what form of Prayer
Can serve my turn: forgive me my foul Murther? 
That cannot be, since am still possed 
Of those effects for which I did the Murther, 
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen: 
May one be pardoned and retain th' offence: 
'Tis in the corrupted currents of this World 
Often a guided hand may shew by justice, 
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it self 
Bays out the Law; but 'tis not so above, 
There is no ruffling, there the Action lies 
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd 
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults 
To give in evidence: what then what refis? 
Try what Repentance can, what can it not? 
Yet what can it when one cannot repent? 
O wretched state! O bosom black as death! 
O limed Soul that struggling to be free 
Art more engaged ' help Angels, make arm, 
Bow stubborn knees, and Heart with firings of steel 
Be soft as fines of the new born-babe, 
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer, he kneels and Prays, 
And now 'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven. 
And so am I reveng'd that would be scann'd; 
He kill'd my Father, and for that 
I his sole Son send him 
To Heaven 
Why this is a reward,——— not revenge: 
He took my father grostly, full of bread, 
With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as May, 
And how his Audit stands who knows save Heaven? 
But in our Circumstances and course of thought, 
'Tis heavy with him; and am then reveng'd 
To take him in the purging of his Soul, 
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage; 
No, 
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time, 
When he is Drunk, Alseep, or in his Rage, 
Or in the incestuous jeaures of his Bed, 
At Game, a Swearing, or about some Act 
That hath no Relish of Salvation in't, 
Then trip him that his heels may kick at Heaven, 
And that his Soul may be damn'd and black 
As Hell where to it goes: my Mother stays, 
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days. 

Exit. 

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight, look you lay him home to him
Tell him his pranks have been to broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath stood between
Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,
Pray you be round.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended,
Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so, you-

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak:

Ham. Come, come, and sit down, you shall not budge,

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the utmost part of you:

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me

Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help!

Ham. How now a Rat, dead for a Ducker, dead;

Pol. O I am flain.

Queen. O me, What hast thou done?

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

Queen. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good Mother,

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. I, Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findest to be too bold is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custome have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against Sense:

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
Tongue in noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose.
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
And sets a blister there. makes Marriage vows
As false as Dicers oaths: oh such a deed
As from the Body of Contradition plucks
The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rapsody of words, *Heavens face does glow,
* Yea this Solidity and compound mass,
* With heated visage as against the doom,
* Is thought-fick at the Act.
Ah me that Act!

Queen. Ay me, what Act!

Ham. That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index:
Look here upon this Picture, and on this
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was featcd on this brow,
Hiperions curls, the front of Love himself,
An Eye like Mars to threaten and command,
* A station like the Herald Mercury
* New lighted on a heaven-killing hill,
A combination and form indeed:
Where every God did seem to set his Seal.
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,
Blasting his wholesome Brother: have you iyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain love to feed.
And batten on this Moor? ha! have you Eyes?
You cannot call it Love, for at your Age
The heyday of the blood is tame, it's humble.
And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have.
Else could you not have motion, but sure that Sense.
Is apoplext, for madness would not Err,
Nor Sense to extatie was ne're so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice.
To serve in such a difference, *what Devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hodman-blind?
*Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
*Ears without hands, or Eyes, smelling fans all,
*Or but a sickly part of one true Sense
*Could not so mope, 'Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mintine in [a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame.
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it self as Actively doth burn,
And reason pardons will.

Queen. O Hamlet speak no more,
Thou turn’st my very Eyes into my Soul,
'And there I see such black and grieved spots
'As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
Strew’d in corruption, “Honeying and making Love
"Over the nafty ftye.

Queen. O speak to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine Ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet,

Ham. A murtherer and a villain,
A slave that’s not the twentieth part the tybe
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole:
And put it in his pocket.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches;
Save me and hover o’re me with your wings
You Heavenly guards: what would your gracious fire?

Queen. Alas! he’s mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide?
That lap’t in time, and person lets go by
Th’ important Acting of your dread command? O say?

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation.
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy Mother lies,
O step between her and her fighing Soul!
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest workes.
Speak to her Hamlet?

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas! how is’t with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with the incorporeal Air do hold discourse?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly Peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th’ Alarm,
Your hair
Starts up and stands an end: O gentle Son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he glicheres,
His forme and caufe conjoynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Left with this piteous Action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Not in all, yet all that is here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it steals away,

My Father in his habit as he liv'd,

Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,

This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulfe as yours doth temperately keep time.

And make as healthfull Musick: it is not madness

That I have uttered, bring me to the poet,

And I the matter will reword, which madness

Cannot do. Mother, for love of grace

Lay not that flattering antion to your Soul,

That not your trespass but my madness speaks;

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption mining all within

Infects unseen: confess your self to Heaven,

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,

And do not spread the compost on the weeds

To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,

For in the fatnes of these purse times

Vertue it self of vice must pardon beg,

Yea curb and woe for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet thou hast clef left my heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,

And leave the purer with the other half.

Good night, but go not to my Uncle's bed,

Assume a vertue if you have it not. Once more good night.

That monster custom, who all Sense doth eat,

Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,

That to the use of Actions saif and good

He likeweife gives a frock or livery

That aptly is put on: refrain to night,

And that shall lend a kind of casines

To the next abstinence, the next more easy,

For use almoft can change the stamp of nature,

And master the Devil, or throw him out

With wonderous patency: Once more good night,

And when you are desirable to be blest

I'll bleffing beg of you: for this fame Lord

I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind,
One word more, good Lady
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
'Pinch wanton on your cheek, cell you his Mouse,'
'And let him not for a pair of reechy kisses,
'Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know;
'For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wise,
'Would from a paddock from a Bat, a Gib,
'Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of Sense and Secrifice
Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
'Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
'To try the conclusions in the basket creep,
'And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England, you know that.
Queen. Alack I had forgot,
's is so concluded.
Ham. There's Letters seal'd, and my two School Fellows,
'Whom I will trust as I would Adders fang'd,
'I hey bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
'And marshal me to knavery; let it work,
'For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
'Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard
'But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
'And blow them at the Moon: O 'tis most sweet
'When in one line two crafts directly meet.
'This man will set me packing,
'I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.'
Mother good night indeed; this Counsellor
is now most still, most Secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these Sighs, these profound Heaves, You must Translate, 'tis fit we understand them: Where is your Son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. [Exeunt Ros. and Guil. Ah mine own Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What Gertrard, how does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind when both contend Which is the Mightier in his Lawless fit Behind the Arras hearing something stir, Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat, And in this Brainish Apprehension kills The unseen Good old Man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us had we been there, His Liberty is full of threats to all, To you your self, to us, to every one. Alas, how shall this Bloody Deed be answered? It will be laid to us, whose Providence Should have restrain'd This mad Young-man: but so much was our Love We would not understand what was most fit, But like the owner of a foul Diseafe, To keep it from divulging, let it feed Even on the pith of life: where is he gone? Quocue, To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd O'er whom his very madness like some Ore Amoug a mineral of metal bafe, Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrard come away,

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch But we will chip him hence, and this vile deed We must with all our Majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern; Friends both, go joyn with you some further Aid, Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his Mother's Closet hath he drag'd him; Go seek him out, speak fair and bring the Body Into the Chapil; I pray you haft in this: Come, Gertrard, we'll call up our wisest friends, Enter Ros. and Guild.
Hamlet. Safely flow'd: what noise? who calls Hamlet?
O here they come.
Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded with dust, where it is a kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence, and bear it to the Chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your Council and not mine own; besides, to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the Son of a King?
Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my Lord?
Ham. I Sir, that fokes up the King's Countenance, his rewards, his authorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeeving you and spunge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a Foolish ear.
Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.
Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body: the King is a thing.
Guil. A thing, my Lord?
Ham. Of nothing, 'tis bring me to him.
[Exeunt.

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body:
How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose?
Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
He's Lov'd of the deftra&ed multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their Eyes,
Ayd where'tis fo th' offender scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence: to bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

[Exeunt.]
The Tragedy of

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

'King. How now? what hath befallen?
Rof. Where the dead Body is betow'd, my Lord.
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Rof. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure,
King. Bring him before us.
Rof. Ho, bring in my Lord Hamlet. [They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. But where is he?
Ham. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure,
Bring him before us.

Rof. Ho, bring in my Lord Hamlet. [They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper, where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is earen, a certain convocation
of politic worms are e'ne at him: "your worm is your only Emperor;
for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for
maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service,
two dishes but to one tab, that's the end.

King. Alas! Alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of
the fish that hath fed of that worm.

'King. What do'tst thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go a progress
through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In Heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not
there, seek him 'twixt other place your self: but indeed if you find him
not within this month, you shall lose him as you go up the stairs into the
Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deed for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy self,
The bark is ready, and the wind sits fair,
'Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see a Cherube that sees them: but come, for England:

Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.

Come for England.

King. Follow him.
Tempt him with speed aboard,
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night;
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else depends on the affair; "pray you make haste:
And England, if my present love thou holdst at o'night,
As my great power thereof may give thee send;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free owe
Pays homage to us, thou may'st not coldly let
Our Sovereign process, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, do it England,
For like the Heftick in my blood he rages,
And must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How e're my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

'Fort. Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his licence Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majesty would ought with us
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so:
Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.
'Fort. Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrants, &c.

'Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?
'Cap. They are of Norway, Sir.
Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Against some part of Poland.
'Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
'Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for some frontier?
'Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five dukers, five I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker race, should it be sold in fee.
'Ham. Why then the Pollock never will defend it?
'Capt. Nay 'tis already garrison'd.
'Ham. Two Thousand Souls, and 20000 dukers
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without,
Why the man dies. Humbly thank you, Sir;
Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Rif. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,

If his chife good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and God-like reason

To suit in us unus'd: now whether it be

Beaftial oblivion, or some craven scruple.

Of thinking too precifely on th' event,

A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom,

And ever three parts coward: I do not know

Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do't: examples gros as earth exhort me,

Witness this army of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender Prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what was mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to flir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour's at the flake. How fland I then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitement of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while to my thame I fee

The eminent death of twenty thousand men,

That for fantasie and trick of fame

Go to their graves, like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the flain? O from this time forth.

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrud, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,

Indeed distracted, and deferves pity.

Queen. What would the have?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears

There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,

Spurns enviousfly at straws, speaks things in doubt

That carry but half Sense, her speech is nothing.
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, "they yawn at it;
And both the words up fit for their own thoughts,
Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily,
Hor. 'Twere good she were spoke with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. [Enter Ophelia.]

Que. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amifs,
'So full of artels jealousy is guilt,
' It spils it self in fearing to be spilt.
Ophel. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?
Que. How now, Ophelia? [She Singi.
Ophel. How should I your true Love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and by his fendal shoon.
Que. Alafs! sweet Lady, what import this Song?
Ophel. Say you, nay pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a fttone.
O ho.
Que. Nay but, Ophelia.
Ophel. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enters King.

Que. Alafs, look here, my Lord.
Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweep to the ground did not go
With true love showers.
king. How do you, pretty Lady?
Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's daughter.
we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
King. Conceit upon her father.
Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it
means, say you this.
To morrow is S. Valentine's-day [Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
'Then up he rose and don'd on his cloathes, and dupt the Chamber-door,
'Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.
king. Pretty, Ophelia.
Ophel. Indeed without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alack and she for shame,
Young men will do't if they come to't,
by cock they are to blam.
The Tragedy of

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed.

(He answers.) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hast not come to my bed.

King. How long hast thou been thus?

Opbel. I hope all will be well, we must be patient; but I cannot choose
but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall
know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.

Come my Coach, good night. Ladies good night,
Sweet Ladies, good night, good night.

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

O this is the Poison of deep grief, it springs all from her father's death:
And now behold, O Gertrard, Gertrard,
When sorrows come, they come not finge's spies,
But in battalions: first, her father slain,
Next, your Son gone, and he most violent author:
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsom in thoughts and whispers.
For good Polonius's death, and we have done but
Obscurely to inter him; poor Ophelia
Divided from her self and her fair Judgment,
Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts.
Laff, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in Secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not whispers to infect his Ear.
With bell lent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggar'd,
'Will not flick our person to arraign,
'In ear and ear: 'O my dear Gertrard, this
Like to a murdering-piece in many places.
Gives me superfluous death.

[Enter Messengers.]

King. Where are my Swiffsers? let them go the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save your self, my Lord.

The Ocean over-peering of his lift
Eats not the flats with more impatient haste,
Than young Laertes in a riotous head.
O're-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratiers and props of evey word,
They cri'e chufe we Laertes for our King.
Grips, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds;
Laertes shall be King.

'Queen. How cheerfully on the faife tail they cry,
O this is counter, you false Danisht dogs.
Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sits, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you keep the door. O thou vile King,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes,

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard.

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Har ot.

Even here between the chaste brows.

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes?

That thy rebellion looks so Giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrard, do not fear our person,

There's such divinity doth hedge a King

That treason dares not reach at what it would,

And little of his will: tell me, Laertes,

Why thou are thus incenst: let him go, Gertrard.

Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with,

To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Devil,

'Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,

'I dare Damnation, "to this point I stand,

That both the Worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd,

Moft thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the Worlds:

And for my means I'll Husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Will you in revenge of your

Dear father's death destroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To this good friend; thus wide I'll ope my arms,

And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,

Relieve them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak

Like a good child, and a true Gentleman:

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensible in grief for it,
The Tragedy of

It shall as level to your judgment lye
As days does to your eye.

Enter Ophelia.1

A noise within.

Laer. Let her come in.

'How now? what noise is that?
'O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times fell
'Burn out the Sense and Virtue of mine eye.'

By Heaven: thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O Heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortal as a sick man's life!

And in his grave rain'd many a tear:

Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perfwade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a down, a down,

And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,

It is the false feaward that stole his Mother's daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you Love:

member, and there's Panicles, that's for thoughts.

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

Ophel. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Reef for you, and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace a Sundays, you may wear your Reef with a difference; ther's a Diffie: I would give you some Violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and affections, passion, hell itelf.

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophel. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan;

And peace he with his Son, and with all Lovers Souls.

King. Laertes I must share in your grief,

Or you deny me right; go but a parr.

Make choice of whom your wifelt friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,

It by d rect or by collateral hand

They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,

Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours.
To you in satisfaction; but if not
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your Soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this he fo.
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment of his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call’t in question.

King. So you shal,
And where th' offence is let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Horatio and others:

Hora. What are they that would speak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

[Enter Saylors.

Say. Save you, Sir.

Say. There’s a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Embassador that
was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am lest to know
it is.

Hora. Horatio, when thou shalt have over-lookt this, give these fellows
some means to the King, they have Letters to him. E’re we were two
days old at Sea, a Pirate of vary warlike appointment gave us chase.
Finding our selves too slow of feet, we put on a compelled Valour, and
in the Grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our Ship,
so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves
of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let
the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much
speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will
make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter, these good
fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencraus and Guildenstern hold
their course for England, of them I have much to tell thee.

Farewel.

Hor. Come I will make you way for these your Letters,
And do’t the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King and Laertes:

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance Seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears; but tell me
The Tragedy of

Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, and all things else,
You mainly were stir’d up.

King. For two special reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they’re strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for my self,
My virtue or my plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to the publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the people bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
‘Convert his gyves to grace’ so that my arrows
‘Too lightly timbered for so loved arms’
‘Would have reverted to my bow again,
‘But not where I have aimed them.’

Lear. And so I have a noble father lost;
A filler driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on the mount of all the Age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shoo’d with danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly will hear more.
I lov’d your father, and we love our self;
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mess. Saylors, my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them: leave us.

[Exeunt.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom:
To morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes, when I shall
[first asking your pardon] thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden return.

King. What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Lear. Know you the hand?

King. ’Tis Hamlet’s Character. Naked?
And in the postscript here he says alone,
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in t, my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes.
As how should it be so, how otherwise?
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. My Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

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

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless Livery that it wears,
Than fettled Age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and gravenefs: two months since
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I have seen my self: and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in t, he grew unto his feat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was t

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed
The gem of all the Nation

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a martially report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry’d out, ’twould be a fight indeed
If one could match you: the Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor Eye
If you oppos’d them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenome with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o’er to play with you.

Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart.

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not Love your Father,

But that I know Love is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of Love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness growing to a plentiful,
Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
We should do when we would: for this would changes,
And hath at amments and delays as many
And there are Tongues, are Hands, are accidents,
And then this Should is like a spend-thrift-figh,
That hurts by easeing: “but to the quick of the Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father’s Son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i’th’ Church?

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer;
Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good Laertes,
Keep close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return’d shall know you are come home,
We’ll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
A wager o’re your heads; he being remiss.
Most generous and free from all contriving
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse...
A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll Anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mounteback
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, Cataplasm so rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withal, I'll, touch my point
With this couteion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.

King. Let's further think of this
' Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,
' May fit us to our shape if this should fail,
' And that our drift look through our bad performance
' Were better not affray'd. Therefore this project
' Should have a back or second, that, might hold
' If this did blast in proof: " soft let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,
I have't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the purpose, whereon but tafting,
If he by chance escape your venom'd touch,
Our purpose may hold there. But slay, what noife? [Enter Que.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another, s heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O where!

Queen. There is a willow growing o're a Brook,
That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie stream,
Near which fantastick garlands she did make
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles Daisies, and long Purples,
' That liberal shepherds give a groffier name,
' But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
There on the boughs her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang an envious shiver broke.
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook, "her cloaths spred wide,
' Mermaide like a while they bore her up,
' Which time the chanted remnants of old lauds,
As one incapable of her owne distress,
Gr like a creature native and indued
Unto that element, but long it could not be
Til that her garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the gentle maid from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then is she drown'd
The Tragedy fo

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water halt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her Custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone.
' The woman will be out. 'Adieu, my Lord,
I have a fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.
King. Let's follow, Gertrud;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

Exit

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Clowns with spears and Mattocks:

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she willfully seeks her own salvation?
Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.
Clow. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own defence?
Oth. Why 'tis found so.
Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point, if I drown my self willingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform, or all, she drown'd her self willingly.
Oth. Nay but hear you, goodman deliver.
Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man go to this water and drown'd himself, it is will he nil he; he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.
Oth. But is this Law?
Clow. I marry is't, Crowners Quest-Law.
Ooth. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman she should have been buried without Christian burial.
Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pitty that great folk should have Contenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no Accident Gentleman but Gardners, Ditcher, and Grave makers, they hold up Adam's profession.
Ooth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow.
Hamlet. He was the first that ever bore a ms.

I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self.

Oth. Go to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The Gallows maker, for that our lives a thousand tenant,

Clow. I like thy wit well the Gallows does well, but how doth it well? It does well to chose that do ill; now thou doit ill to try the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I tell me that, and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Mass, I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull As will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are at't this question next, say, a Grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomday.

Go get thee in, and fetch me a ftoop of liquor.

In youth when I did love, did love,

 meu thought it was very sweet

To contract the time for a my behave,

O me thought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his business? he sings in Grave-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. Tis e're so, the hand of little employment hath the dainte sense.

Clow. But age with stealing steps

hath clawed me in his cluch,

And hath shipped in o the Land,

as if I never had been such.

Ham. That skull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if twere Cain's jaw-bone, thta did the first Murther: This might be the Pate of a Politition which this As now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Hora. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, good morrow, my Lord, how doth thou, sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's horse when he ment to beg him, might it not?

Hora. I, my Lord.

*Ham. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextons Spade; *' here's a fine seve-
revolution, and we had the trick to see't: did these bones cost no more
the breeding but to play at Loggits with them? mine ake to think
on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade, a spade,
for and a throwling sheet,
A pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer?
where be his quiddities now, his qualities, his cases, his tenures, and his
tricks? why doe he suffer this mad knave now to knock him about the
conce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his actions of battery?
Hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his
literatures, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries,
to have his fine pattern full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more
of his purchases and doubles, than the length and breadth of a pair of
indentures? the very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this
box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. 'Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?
Hora. 'Tis, my Lord, and calves-skins too.

Ham. 'They are sheep and calues which seek out assurance in that, 
will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?
Clow. Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Clow. You ly e out on't, Sir, and therefore tis not yours: for my part
I do not ly e in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou do'lt ly e in't, to be int and say it is thine, tis for the
dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

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

Ham. What man do'lt thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman, Sir, but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How abysolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or equi-
vocation will undo us. Foratio this three years I have took notice of it,
the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so near the
heel of the Courtier, he galls his knee. How long halt thou been a Grave-
maker?

Clow. Of all the days i'th year I came to't that day our last King
Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that
very day that young Hamlet was born, he that is mad and sent into
England.

Ham.
Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England.
Cow. Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Cow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Cow. Very strangely they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Cow. Faith e'en with loosing his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Cow. Why here in Denmark: where I have been Sexton, man and boy thirty years.
Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth e're he rot?
Cow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarse that will scarce hold the laying in, he will'laft you some eight years, or nine yeares: a Tanner will laft you nine years.
Ham. Why he more than another?
Cow. Why, Sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i' th' earth three and twenty years.
Ham. Whose was it?
Cow. A whorson mad fellow's is was, whose do you think it was?
Ham. Nay I know not.
Cow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir Torick's skull the King's Jest.
Ham. This.
Cow. E'en that.
Ham. Alas, poor Torick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss I knew not how oft: where be your jibes, now, your Jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop'd: Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee Horatio, tell me one thing,
Horo. What's that, my Lord?
Ham. Dost thou think Alexander lookt on this fashion i' th' Earth?
Horo. E'en fo.
Ham. And smelt fo; pah.
Horo. E'en fo, my Lord.
Horo. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole.
The Tragedy of

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, Alexander died, Alexander was buried.

Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead and turn’d to clay

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the World in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King.

The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow,

And with such maimed rites this doth betoken,

The coarse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life, ’twere of some estate:

Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg’d

As we have warranty her death was doubtful,

And but that great command o’re-ways the order,

She should in ground un Sanctified been lodg’d:

For charitable prayers,

Flints and pebbles should be thrown on her,

Yet here she is allow’d her rites,

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of be 1 and buiful.

1 aer. Must their no more be done?

Doft. No more:

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing a Requiem, and such rift to her

As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i’th’ earth,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring; tell thee churlish Priest

A ministering Angel shall my Sifter be

When thou liest howling.

Ham. What? the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweet to the sweet, farewell,

I hop’d thou should’st have been my Hamlet’s wife,

I thought thy budge-bed to have deckt sweet maid,

And not have strew’d thy grave,

1 aer. O treble woe

Fall ten times doublé on that cursed head;

Whose wicked deeds depriv’d thee of

Thy most ingenuous Sense: hold off the earth a while,
Hamlet Prince of Denmark

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms,
Now pile your dust upon the quick, and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T’oretop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears such a emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded heares? ’tis I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. Perdition catch thee;

Ham. Thou pray’st not well: I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eye lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov’d Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou’lt do,
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt teare thy self,
Wilt drink up Esil, eat a Crocodile?
I’ll do’t. doeost thou come hiter to whine?
To out face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make Offa like a wart; nay, and thou’lt mouth
I’l rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patience as a female Doe,
When first her golden couplets are disclos’d,
His silence will fit drooping,

Ham. Hear you Sir,
What is the reason you use me thus?
I lov’d you ever, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himself do what he may

The
The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his day.

King. I pray thee good. Horatio, wait upon him.

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech.
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude set some watch over your son,
This Grave shall have a living monument,
'An hour of quiet thereby, shall we see,
'Till then in patience our proceeding be.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir, you shall now see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remembe it my Lord?

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting.
That would not let me sleep, "methought I stay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves well
When our deep plots do fall, and that should learn us,
There's a divinity that shaps our ends
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,
Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unsould
Their grand Commiffion, where I found, Horatio,
An exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Danmarks health, and Englands too,
With how such Bugs and Goblins in my life;
That on the supervife, no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of an ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible.

Ham. Here's the Commiffion, read it at more leasure:
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?

Hor. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villains,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my brains
They began the Play: I for me down,
Devised a new Commiffion, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but Sir now
It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know

Hamlet and Horatio.
Th' effect of what I wrote?

_Hora._ I good my Lord.

_Ham._ An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear;
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like, as Sir of great charge,
That on the view of these contents,
Without debate more or less
He should those bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving time allow'd.

_Hora._ How was this seal'd?

_Ham._ Why even in that was heaven ordain'd,
I had my father's Signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish Seal,
Folded the writ up in the form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't the impression, plac'd it fast.
The changling never known; now the next day Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent Tho' knownest already.

_Hora._ So Guildenstern and Rosencrans went to

_Ham._ They are not near my conscience, their defect Does by their own insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes Between the pass and fall incensed point,
Of mighty opposites.

_Hora._ Why what a King is this!

_Ham._ Does it not, think you, stand me now upon? He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother, Stept in between th' election and my hopes, Thrown out his angle for my proper life, And with such censure, is't not perfect conscience? [Enter a Courier.

_Court._ Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

_Ham._ I humbly thank you Sir,
Doeft know this water file?

_Hora._ No my good Lord.

_Ham._ Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land and little, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's meat, 'tis a chough, but as I say spacious in the possession of dirt.

_Court._ Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

_Ham._ I will receive it, Sir, with all dilligence of spirit; your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

_Court._ I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot

_Ham._ No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly,
Court. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very foultry and hot, for my completi-
on.

Court. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell
how. My Lord, his Majesty had me signifie unto you, that he has laid a
great wager on your head, Sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Court. Nay good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come to
Court Laertes, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent
differences, of very soft society, and great show: need, to speak feeling-
ingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentn, for you shall find in
him the subsance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his defeniment suffers no loss in you, though I know to di-
vide him inventorially, would dizzy th' arithmetick of memory, and yet
but raw neither in respect of his quick fail? but in the verity of exotol-
ment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such
dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his
mirrour, and who else would trace him, has umbrage no hing more.

Court. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our
rawer breath?

Court. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will do't
Sir really,

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court Of Laertes?

Ham. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham Of him Sir.

Court. I know you are not Ignorant.

Ham. I would you did Sir, ye: if you did it would not much approve
me: well Sir,

Court. You are ignorant of what excellence Laertes is:

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in ex-
cellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Court. I mean Sir for his weapon, but the imputation laid on him by
them in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Court. Single Rapier.

The King Sir hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which
he has impawn'd as I take it six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their
affigns, as Giradle, Hanger, and so: three of the carriages are very dear
to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages and of very
liberal concept.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margine e're you had done.

Court. The carriages Sir are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could.
Carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, six Barbary horses against six French swords, their affigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Corr. The King Sir, hath laid Sir, that in a dozen passes between your self and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid one twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Court. I mean my Lord the opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walk here in the Hall, if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can, if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Court. Shall I deliver you fo?

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

Court. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours does well to commend itself, there are no tongues else for his turn.

Hora. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did fo Sir with his dug before he stuck it; thus has he and many more of the fame breed that I know, the drolifie age does on, only get the tune of the time, and out of the habit of incounter, a kind of milly collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and renowned opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Ophriek who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure; if his finenes speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

Ham. I do not think fo, since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of boding as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I will foresal their re-
The Tragedy of

Ham. Not a whit, we define Augury, "there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness is all since no man of ought he leaves knows what 'tis to leave betimes, let be.

A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I have done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knows, And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd

With a sore distraction; what I have done

That might your nature, honour, and Exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness,

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never.Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it;

Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy;

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o're the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, "but in my terms of honour
'I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by some elder Masters of known honour
'I have a voice and president for peace
'To my name ungar'd; but all that time

I do receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brother's wager
Frankly play.

Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me,

Ham. I'll be your foil Laertes, in mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a star in th' darkest night

Appear.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No on my honour.

King. Give them the foils, young Ostrick; cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager.

King. Very well my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.
King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefo re odds.

Laer. This is too heavy let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well, these foils have all a length.

Ofr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit an answer to the third exchange.
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in a cup an Onyx shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive Kings
I Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens the Heavens to Earth:
Now the King drinks to Hamlet: come begin,
And you the Judges beat a wary eye.

Ham. Come on Sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well again.

[Drums, Trumpets and shout.

King. Stay give me drink, Hamlet this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come another hit, what say you?

Laer. I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet, take my handkerchief, wipe thy brows:

The Queen salutes thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude do not drink:

Queen. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, by any by:

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord I'll hit him now:

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.
The Tragedy of, &c.

Of accidental judgments, causual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this uphot, purposes mislook,
Fallen on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the audience:
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more;
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, left more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. "Let four Captains:
Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely had he been put on,
The prov'd most Royal: and for his passage,
The Soldier's Musick and the Right of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the Bodies such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amis.
"Go bid the Soldiers Shoot.

[Exeunt.

FINIS.