

*T H E*  
Tragicall Historie of  
H A M L E T,  
*Prince of Denmarke.*

By William Shakespeare.

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Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much  
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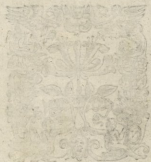
AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his  
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleetstreet.

THE  
Tragicall Historie of  
HAMLET

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The Tragedie of  
HAMLET  
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter *Bernardo*, and *Francisco*, two Centinels.

*Bar.* Who's there?  
*Fran.* Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe,  
*Bar.* Long line the King,  
*Fran.* *Bernardo*,

*Bar.* Hee.  
*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre,  
*Bar.* Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*,  
*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at hart.

*Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard?  
*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.  
*Bar.* Well, good night:  
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter *Horatio*, and *Marcellus*.

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?  
*Hor.* Friends to this ground.  
*Mar.* And Leedgemen to the Dane,  
*Fran.* Giue you good night.  
*Mar.* O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?  
*Fran.* *Bernardo* hath my place: giue you good night. Exit *Fran.*

*Mar.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

*Hor.* A pece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

*Hor.* What, ha's this thing appeared againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,  
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minets of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

He may approue our eyes and speake to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights seene.

*Hor.* Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats westward from the pole,

Had made his course r'illumne that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The bell then beating one.

*Enter Ghost.*

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* Most like, it horrorowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalkes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

*Hor.* Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,

Is not this something more then phantasie?

What thinke you-out?

*Hor.* Before my God I might not this belieue,

Without the fencible and true auouch

Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,

When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle

He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,

With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,

Why this same strik and most obseruant watch

So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,

And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon

And forraine mate, for implements of warre,

Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske

Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might be toward that this sweaty hast

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who ist that can informe mee?

*Hor.* That can I.

At least the whisper goes so; our last King,

Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,

Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,

(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)

Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact

Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands  
Which he flood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.  
Against the which a moitie competent  
Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,  
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comarr,  
And carriage of the article desleigne,  
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*  
Of vniimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Normay* heere, and there  
Sharpt vp a list of lawlesse resolute  
For foode and diet to some enter prise  
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other  
As it doth well appeare vnto our state  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And teames compulsatory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost; and this I take it,  
Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head  
Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.  
*Hor.* I thinke it be no other, but eno; ;  
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 warres.  
*Hor.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell  
The graues flood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets  
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood  
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,  
Vpon whose influence *Neptrunes* Empier stands,  
Was sicke almost to doo med'ay with eclipse,  
And euen the like precurse of feare euents  
As harbingers preceeding still the fates  
And prologue to the *Omens* comming on  
Haue heauen and earth to gether demonstrated  
Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe  
He crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,  
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,  
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done  
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,  
Speake to me.  
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate  
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd  
O speake:  
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth  
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.  
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*,  
*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?  
*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.  
*Hor.* Tis heere.  
*Hor.* Tis heere.  
*Mar.* Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall  
To offer it the shoue of violence,  
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,  
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.  
*Hor.* It was about to speake when the cock crewe.  
*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,  
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,  
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat  
Awake the God of day, and at his warning  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre  
Th'extraneous and erring spirit hies  
To his confine, and of the truth heerein  
This present obiekt made probation.  
*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock.  
Some say that euer gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad  
The nights are wholsome, then no planners strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme.

It spreads  
his armes.

The cock  
crows.



The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

*Flora.* So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,  
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad  
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for yppon my life  
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:  
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doe't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

*Exeunt.*

*Florish.* Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrude* be *Queene*,  
*Counsaile*: as *Polonius*, and *his* *Some* *Larertes*,  
*Hamlet*, *Cornelius*.

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death  
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted  
To beare our harts in grieffe, and our whole Kingdome,  
To be contracted in one browe of woe  
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrowe thanke on him  
Together with remembrance of our selues:  
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene  
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state  
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,  
In equall scale waighing delight and dole  
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard  
Your better wildomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)  
Now follows that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,  
Holding a weake supposall of our worth  
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
Our state to be disioyn'd, and out of frame  
Coleagu'd with this dreame of his aduantage  
He hath not fail'd to pestur vs with message

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe  
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:  
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,  
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ  
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortinbrasse*  
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares  
Of thus his Nephewes purpose; to suppress  
His further gait heerein, in that the leuies,  
The lifts, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch  
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valentius*,  
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,  
Guing to you no further personal power  
To busines with the King, more then the scope  
Of these delated articles allowe:  
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

*Cor. Fo.* In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

*King.* We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Larertes* whats the newes with you?  
You told vs of some sute, what ist *Larertes*?  
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane  
And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Larertes*?  
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,  
The head is nor more natie to the hart  
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth  
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,  
What wold'st thou haue *Larertes*?

*Lar.* My dread Lord,

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

*King.* Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

*Pol.* Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue  
By labourome petition, and at last  
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine

And thy best graces spend it at thy will :

But now my *Cofin Hamlet*, and my sonne.

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

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

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

*Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off

And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy veiled lids

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know't tis common all that liues must die,

Pasing through nature to eternitie.

*Ham.* I Maddam, it is common.

*Que.* If it be

VVhy seemes it so perticular with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother

Nor customary suites of solembe blacke,

Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,

No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,

Nor the deiefted haniour of the visage,

Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of grieffe

That can deuote me truly, these in deede seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play,

But I haue that within which passes shoue,

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

*King.* Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your father,

But you must knowe your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the surriuer bound

In filliall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseue

In obstinate condolement, is a courie

Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmaly grieffe,

It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient

An vnderstanding simple and vnchool'd

For what we knowe must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peuilh opposition

Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theame

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed

From the first course, till he that died to day

This must be so : we pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs

As of a father, for let the world take note

You are the most immediate to our throne,

And with no lesse nobilitie of loue

Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,

Doe I impart toward you for your intent

In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,

It is most retrogard to our desire,

And we beseech you bend you to remaine

Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our sonne.

*Que.* Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,

I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

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

*King.* Why tis a louing and a faire reply,

Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,

This gentle and vnfor'd accord of *Hamlet*'s

Sis smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

No second health that Denmarke drinks to day,

But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell,

And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,

Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish.* *Exeunt all.*

*Ham.* O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,

Thaw and resoluie it selfe into a dewe,

Or that the euerlasting had not fixt

His cannon gainst seale slaughter, o God, God,

How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seeme to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden

That grows to seede, things rancke and grose in nature,

Posselle it mecrely that it should come thus.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 Hyperion to a satyre, so louing to my mother,  
 That he might not beteeime the winds of heauen  
 Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth  
 Must I remember, why she should hang on him  
 As if increase of appetite had growne  
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,  
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman  
 A little month or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she followed my poore fathers bodie  
 Like *Nobe* all teares, why she  
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason  
 Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,  
 My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
 Then I to *Horatio*, within a month,  
 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighious teares,  
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes  
 She married, & most wicked speede, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*.

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.  
*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.  
*Hor.* The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.  
*Ham.* Sir. my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
 And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?  
*Mar.* My good Lord.  
*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)  
 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?  
*Hor.* A truant disposition good my Lord,  
*Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,  
 Nor shall you doe my eare that violence  
 To make it trustler of your owne report  
 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,  
 But what is your affaie in *Elvroure*?  
 Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Prince of Denmarke.

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.  
*Ham.* I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,  
 I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.  
*Hor.* Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.  
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak' meates  
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables  
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen  
 Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,  
 My father, me thinks I see my father.  
*Hor.* Where my Lord?  
*Ham.* In my mindes eye *Horatio*.  
*Hor.* I saw him once, a was a goodly King.  
*Ham.* A was a man take him for all in all  
 I shall not looke vppon his like againe.  
*Hor.* My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.  
*Ham.* Saw, who?  
*Hor.* My Lord the King your father.  
*Ham.* The King my father?  
*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while  
 With an attent eare till I may deliuer  
 Vppon the wites of these gentlemen  
 This maruile to you.  
*Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare?  
*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen  
*Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, on their watch  
 In the dead wall and middle of the night  
 Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father  
 Armed at poynt, exactly *Capeca*  
 Appears before them, and with solemne march,  
 Goes slowe and stately by them; thence he walkt  
 By their oppress and feare surprisid eyes  
 Within his tronchions length, what if they durst  
 Almost to gelly, with the act of feare  
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me  
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,  
 Whereas they had deliuered both in time  
 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,  
 The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watel

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Ham. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did adresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake?

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in haist away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Ham. As I doe lue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie.

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face?

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

Ham. What look't he frostingly?

Ham. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Ham. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Ham. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had bene there.

Ham. It would haue much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Ham. While one with moderate haist might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Ham. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grised, no.

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

A fable siluer'd.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to night

Perchance twill walke againe.

Ham. I warr't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all

If you haue hetherto conceald this fight

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And what someuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue.

I will requite your loues, so fare you well:

Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue

Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

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

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,

I doubt some foule play, would the night wore come,

Till then sit still my soule, fordeedees will rise

Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

*Enter Laertes, and Ophelias Sister.*

Laer. My necessaries are imbarcked, farwell.

And sister, as the winds giue benefit

And conuay, in assilant doe not sleepe

But let me heere from you.

Oph. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cresant does not growe alone

In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes

The inward seruice of the minde and soule

Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now;

And now no soyle nor cautell doth befmirch

The vertue of his will; but you must feare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnawlewed persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends  
The safety and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body  
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,  
It fits your wisdom so farre to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May giue his saying deede, which is no further  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way that losse your honor may sustaine  
If with too credent eare you list his songs  
Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open  
To his vnmaistred importunity  
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,  
And keepe you in the reare of your affection  
Out of the shot and danger of desire,  
" The chariest maide is prodigall inough  
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone.  
" Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes  
" The canker gauls the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,  
And in the morn and liquid dewe of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent,  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,  
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare."  
*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe  
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother  
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,  
Shoue me the step and thorny way to heauen  
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine  
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And reakes not his ownered.  
*Enter Polonius*  
*Pol.* Of feare me not,  
I stay too long, but heere my father comes  
A double blessing is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.  
*Pol.* Yet heere *Laertes* a bord a bord for shame

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
And you are stayd for, there my blessing with thee,  
And these fewe precepts in thy memory  
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,  
Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,  
Grapple them vnto thy saule with hoopes of Steele,  
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment  
Of each new hatcht vnflashed courage, beware  
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,  
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee,  
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,  
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can by,  
But not exprest in fancy rich not gaudy,  
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man  
And they in Fraunce of the best rank and station,  
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:  
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,  
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,  
And borrowing dulleth edge of husf bandry,  
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true  
And it must followe as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man:  
Farwell, my blessing feason this in thee.  
*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.  
*Pol.* The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.  
*Laer.* Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well  
What I haue sayd to you.  
*Oph.* Tis in my memory lockt  
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.  
*Laer.* Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*  
*Pol.* What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?  
*Oph.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.  
*Pol.* Marry well bethought  
Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Giuē priuate time to you, and you your selfe:  
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious;

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely  
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,  
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me,

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a greene gield  
Vnfit in such perillous circumstance,  
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

*Ophe.* I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke,

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babies  
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay  
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely  
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase  
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

*Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vovves of heauen,

*Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe  
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule  
Lends the tongue vovves, these blazes daughter

Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making  
You must not take for fire, from this time

Be something leaunter of your maiden presence  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate

Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,  
Belieue so much in him that he is young,

And with a larger tidder may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Opheles*,

Doe not belieue his vovves, for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their inuestments shewe

But meere implorators of vnholy fittes  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds

The better to beguile: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

*Hora.* It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

*Ham.* What houre now?

*Hora.* I thinke it lackes of twelue.

*Mar.* No, it is strooke.

*Hora.* Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke

What does this meane my Lord? *A flourish of trumpets*

*and 2. peeces of gun.*

*Ham.* The King doth wake to night and takes his rowle,

Keepes wallell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:

And as he draines his draughts of Rensh downe,

The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus Bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

*Hora.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ist,

But to my minde, though I am natie heere

And to the manner borne, it is a custome

More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

This heauy headed reuale east and west

Makes vs tradult, and taxed of other nations,

They chipe vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase

Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes

From our achievements, though person'd at height

The pith and marrow of our attribute,

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them

As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot choose his origin)

By their ore-grow'th of some complexion

Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,

Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens

The forme of plausive manners, that these men

Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Ghost.

*Hera.* Looke my Lord it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
King, father, royall Dane, & answere mee,  
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death  
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd  
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane  
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele  
Reuisites thus the gimmes of the Moone,  
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,  
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

*Hera.* It beckins you to goe away with it  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

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

*Hera.* No, by no means.

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

*Hera.* Doe not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why what should be the feare,  
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Hera.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,  
Or to the dreadfull sommer of the cleefe  
That beetles ore his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible forme  
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,  
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,  
The very place puts rayes of desperation  
Without more motiue, into euery braine  
That lookes so many fadomes to the sea  
And heares it rore beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me still,  
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

*Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

*Hera.* Hold of your hands.

*Hera.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

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

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

*Hera.* He waxes desperare with imagination.

*Mar.* Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hera.* Haue after, to what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

*Hera.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

*Ham.* Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

*Ghost.* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

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

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Gloſt.* Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing  
To what I ſhall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Gloſt.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Gloſt.* I am thy fathers ſpirit,  
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,  
And for the day confin'd to ſaſt in fires,  
Till the ſoule crimes done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid  
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,  
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word  
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,  
But this eternall blazon muſt not be  
To eares of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, & liſt?  
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue,

*Ham.* O God,

*Gloſt.* Reuenge his ſoule, and moſt vnnaturall murder.

*Ham.* Murther.

*Gloſt.* Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,  
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haſt me to know, that I with wings as ſwiſt  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

*Gloſt.* I find thee apt,  
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the ſat weede  
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,  
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke  
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death  
Ranckely abuſide: but knowe thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my propheticke ſoule! my Vncle?

Prince of Denmarke.

*Gloſt.* I that inceſtuouſ, that adulterate beaſt,  
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,  
O wicke wit, and giſtes that haue the power  
So to ſeduc; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt  
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queenes  
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there  
From me whole loue was of that dignitie  
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe  
I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall giſts were poore,  
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,  
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen  
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,  
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed  
And pray on garbage.

But loſt, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,  
Brieſe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,  
My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoone,  
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole  
With iuyce of curſed Hebona in a viall,  
And in the porches of my eares did poure  
The leापrous diſtilment, whoſe effect  
Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,  
That ſwiſt as quickſiluer it courſes through  
The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe  
And curde like eager droppings into milke,  
The thin and whoſome blood; ſo did it mine,  
And a moſt inſtant terter barck about  
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and loſiſome cruſt  
All my ſmooth body.

Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,  
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,  
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,  
Vnhuzled, diſappointed, vnanueld,  
No reckning made, but ſent to my account  
Withall my imperfections on my head,  
O horrible, & horrible, moſt horrible,  
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,



The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

*Ham.* O all you host of heauen, & earth, what els,  
And shall I couple hell, & sic, hold, hold my hart,  
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,  
But beare me swifly vp; remember thee,  
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate  
In this distracted globe, remember thee,  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,  
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past  
That youth and obseruation coppied there,  
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,  
Within the booke and volume of my braine  
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,  
O most pernicious woman,  
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,  
My tables, meet it is I set it downe  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,  
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.  
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,  
It is adew, adew, remember me.  
I haue sworn't.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*Hor.* Heauens secure him!

*Ham.* So be it.

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

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

Prince of Denmarke.

*Mar.* How i'ft my noble Lord?

*Hor.* What newes my Lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderfull.

*Hor.* Good my Lord tell it.

*Ham.* No, you will reucale it.

*Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

*Ham.* How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,  
But you'le be secret.

*Boob.* I by heauen.

*Ham.* There's neuer a villaine,

Dwelling in all Denmarke

But hee's an arrant knaue.

*Hor.* There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue  
To tell vs this.

*Ham.* Why right, you are in the right,

And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,

For every man hath busines and desire

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part

I will goe pray.

*Hor.* These are but wilde and whuring words my Lord.

*Ham.* I am forry they offend you hartly,

Yes faith hartly.

*Hor.* There's no offence my Lord.

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

And much offence to, touching this vision heere,

It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,

For your desire go knowe what is betweene vs

Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,

As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,

Giue me one poore request.

*Hor.* What i'ft my Lord, we will.

*Ham.* Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

*Boob.* My Lord we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?

Come on, you heare this fellowe in the S. Herige,

Consent to swear.

Flora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. He, & whigge, then weele shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard,

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can'st worke it in earth so fast,

A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends,

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth *Heracles*

Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come

Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With armes incumberd thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

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

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

O, such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe swear,

So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,

Before you visite him, to make inquire

Of his behaiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you fir,

Enquire me first what *Danckers* are in *Paris*,

And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,

What companie, at what expence, and finding

By this encompassment, and drift of question

That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer

Then your particular demaunds will touch it,

Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,

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

And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

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

But yf're he be I meane, hee's very wilde,

A dilded so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so rancie

As may dishonour him, take heede of that,

But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,

As are companions noted and most knowne

To youth and libertie,

Rey. As gaming my Lord,

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge,

E.

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,  
And I believe it is a fetch of wit,  
You laying these slight fallies on my sonne  
As t'were a thing a little foyle'd with working,  
Marke you, your partie in conserse, him you would found  
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes  
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd  
He closes with you in this consequence,  
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,  
According to the phrase, or the addition  
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord,

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

By the masse I was about to say something,  
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,  
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,  
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,  
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,  
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,  
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance  
I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,  
Your bait of fallhood take this carpe of truth,  
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,  
With windlesse, and with assaies of bias,  
By indirectiōs find directiōs out,  
So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, whats the matter?

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

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

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

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraç'd,  
No hat vpon his head, his stockings fouled,  
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his anckle,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
And with a looke so pittious in purport  
As if he had been loosed out of hell  
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,  
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,  
He falls to such perusall of my face  
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,  
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,  
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,  
He rai'd a sigh so pittious and profound  
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd  
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,  
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,  
And to the last bend'd their light on me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Pol.* Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extacie of loue,  
Whose violent proprietie fordoos it selfe,  
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings  
As oft as any passions vnder heauen  
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,  
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?  
*Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund  
I did repell his letters, and denied  
His accessse to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement  
I had not coted him, I feare'd he did but trifle  
And meant to wrack thee, but bestrow my Ielousie:  
By heauen it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,  
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue  
More grieffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,  
Come. *Exeunt.*

*Floriſb.* Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and  
Gylldenſterne.

*King.* Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Gylldenſterne,  
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,  
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke  
Our haste sending, something haue you heard  
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,  
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man  
Remembles that it was, what it should be,  
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe  
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both  
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,  
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,  
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time, so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of Denmarke.

So much at from occasion you may glean,  
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,  
That open eyes within our remedie.

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

*Ros.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund  
Then to entreatie.

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

*King.* Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Gylldenſterne.

*Quee.* Thanks Gylldenſterne, and gentle Rosencraus.  
And I beseech you instantly to visite  
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Gyl.* Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Quee.* I Amen.

*Exeunt Ros. and Gyl.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'ambassadors from Norway my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

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

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Give first admittance to th'embassadors,  
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast,  
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.

He tells me my deere *Gertrude* he hath found  
The head and source of all your sonnes displemper.

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

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sit him, welcome my good friends,  
Say *Polhemund*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard  
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,  
But better lookt into, he truly found  
It was against your highnes, whereat greu'd  
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence  
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests  
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,  
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more  
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:  
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
Gives him therefore thousand crownes in annuall fee,  
And his commission to employ those souldiers  
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,  
With an entreatie heerein further shone,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your dominions for this enterprize  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set downe.

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

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate  
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,  
Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,  
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,  
I will be brieft, your noble sonne is mad:  
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,  
What is't but to be nothing els but mad,  
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.  
Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,  
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,  
And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,  
But farewell it, for I will vse no art.  
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus  
Perpend,  
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,  
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

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

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,  
Doubt thou the starres are fire,  
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,  
Doubt truth to be a lye,  
Doubt neuer doubt I loue.

Letter.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon  
my grones, but that I loue thee best, o most best belieue it, adew.  
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.  
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (Hamlet.  
And more about hath his sollicitings

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prouise fo, but what might you thinke

When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,

If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from her resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:

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

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we moune for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Que. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,

That I haue positively said, tis so,

When it prou'd otherwife?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwises

If circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were laid inderde

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together

Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Que. So he dooes in deede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And be not from his reason a false thereon

Let me be no assisstant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Que. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, Exit King and Queene.

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,

It is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a

good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,

But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet bee

knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,

and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very

neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my

Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders fir, for the faterickal rogue sayes heere, that old

men haue gray beards, that their faces are wranckled, their eyes

purging thicke Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plentiful

The Tragedie of Hamlet

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams; all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honestly to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my graue.

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

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

Enter *Cymbeline*, and *Rofercaus*.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

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

Ref. God saue you fir.

Cymb. My honor'd Lord.

Ref. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extant good friends, how doost thou *Cymbeline*?

A *Rofercaus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ref. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Cymb. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ref. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Cymb. Faith her priuates we.

(uors.)

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?

Ref. None my Lord, but the world; growne honest.

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

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

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

Cymb. What should we say my Lord?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craftenough to cullour. I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ref. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniuere you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonance of your youth, by the obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ref. What say you.

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

Cymb. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgoen all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden sife, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

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

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

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

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

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Ref. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late inuouation.

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

Ref. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosphie could find it out.

Cygl. There are the players.

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

Cygl. In what my deare Lord.

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

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

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

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historical Pastorall, scene indeuidible.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Isræll, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

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

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

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God woe, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vail'd since I saw thee last, com' it thou to beard me in Denmarke? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent goldy bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech fraite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Pol. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not about once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas canary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallies in the lines, to make the matter satyry, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweets, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, 'twas *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pilws* like Th'reanian beaust,



The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it begins with *Piribus*, the rugged *Piribus*, he whose  
fable Armes;

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,  
When he lay touched in th'onyinous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared,  
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,  
Now is he totall Gules horribly tricked  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,  
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streets  
That lend a tirranous and a damned light  
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,  
And thus ore-cifed with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Piribus*  
Old grandfire *Priamus* seeks; so proceede you.

*Pol.* Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good  
*Play.* Anon he finds him, (discretion,

Striking too shourt at Greekes, his anticke sword  
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command; ynequall matche,  
*Piribus* at *Priamus* drives, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,  
Th'vnnerved father falls:  
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top  
Stroopes to his bayes and with a hidious crafte  
Takes prisoner *Piribus* care, for loe his sword  
Which was declining on the milkie head  
Of reuerent *Priamus*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,  
So as a painted tyrant *Piribus* stood  
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,  
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,  
A silence in the heauens, the racker stand still,  
The bold winds speechelesse, and the orbe belowe  
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull chunder  
Doth rend the region, so after *Piribus* pause,  
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,  
On *Mars*'s Atmor forg'd for prooe eterne,  
With lesse remorse then *Piribus* bleeding sword  
Now falls on *Priamus*.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,  
In generall sinod take away her power,  
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheeles,  
And boule the round naue downe the hull of heauen  
As lowe as to the fiends.

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's  
for a jigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to *Hamlet*.

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

*Ham.* The mobled Queene.

*Pol.* That's good.

*Play.* Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames

With *Bison* rehome, a clout yppon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lank and all ore-teamed ioynes,

A blanket in the alarme of feare caught vp,

Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steeped,

Gainst fortunes slate would treason haue pronounst;

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw *Piribus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

Valesse things mortall mooue them not at all,

Would haue made much the burning eyes of heauen,

And pafion in the gods.

*Pol.* Looke where he has not rend his coloure, and has reared in's  
eyes, prethee no more.

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

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

*Ham.* Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his des-  
ert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor  
and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your boun-  
ty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; do't thou  
heare

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gravages*?

*Play.* I my Lord,

*Ham.* Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would see downe and infer in't, could you not?

*Play.* I my Lord,

*Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, he leave you tell night, you are welcome to *Essex*.

*Ref.* Good my Lord.

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

O what a rogne and pelant slau am I. Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fiction, in a dreame of passion Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand, Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hebubs*. What's *Hebubs* to him, or he to her, That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speeches, Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy metel'd raskall speake, Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no nor for a King, Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd debate was made: am I a coward, Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face, Tweekes me by the nose, giues me the lie 't'ch thraote

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this, Ha! ha, wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should a fatted all the region kytes

With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,

Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Ase am I, this is most braue,

That I the sonne of a deere murdered,

Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,

Mull like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallion, sic vppont, foh,

About my braines; hum, I haue heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Haue by the very cunning of the scene,

Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:

For murder, though it haue no tongue will speake

With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,

Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench

I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene

May be a deale, and the deale hath power

T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,

Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds

More relative then this, the play's the thing

Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl- densterne, Lords.*

*King.* An can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

*Ref.* He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,

But from what cause, a will by no means speake,

*Gyl.* Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,

But with a craftie madnes keeps aloofe

When we would bring him on to some confession

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state,

*Quee.* Did he receiue you well?

*Rof.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guy.* But with much forcing of his disposition,

*Rof.* Niggard of question, but of our demaunds  
Most free in his reply.

*Quee.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Rof.* Maddam, it fo fell our that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,

And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

*Pol.* Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties

To heare and see the matter.

*King.* With all my hart,

And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And driue his purpose into these delights.

*Rof.* We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Rof. & Gyl.*

*King.* Sweet *Gertrud*, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,

Wee'le bestow our felues, that seeing vnscene,

We may of their encounter frankly iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

Ist be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

*Quee.* I shall obey you.

And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of *Hamlets* wildnes. so shall I hope your vertues,

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

*Opb.* Maddam, I wish it may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,

That show of such an exercise may collour

Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,

Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage

And pious action, we doe sugar ore

The deuill himselfe.

*King.* O tis too true,

How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience,

The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,

Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,

Then is my deede to my most painted word:

O heauy burthen.

*Enter Hamlet.*

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

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

Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer

The stings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,

Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe

No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end

The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks

That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation

Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,

To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,

For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come

When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle

Must giue vs pause, there's the respect

That makes calamitie of so long life:

For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,

Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,

The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurnes

That patient merriit of th'vnworthy takes,

When he himselfe might his quietas make

With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,

To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of,  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
And loofe the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons  
Be all my finnes remembered.

*Oph.* Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

*Oph.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,  
I pray you now recieue them.

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

*Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath compold  
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prouoe vnkind,  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Oph.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Oph.* What meanes your Lordship?

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

*Oph.* Should beauty my Lord haue better comers  
Then with honestie?

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

*Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleue'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euocut our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not

Prince of Denmarke.

*Oph.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sin-  
ners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of  
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am  
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck,  
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,  
or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling be-  
tweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs,  
goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him,

That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,  
Farewell.

*Oph.* O helpe him you sweet heauens.

*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow-  
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-  
lummy; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,  
marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monstres you  
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

*Oph.* Heauenly powers restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-  
uen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & am-  
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan-  
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,  
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all  
but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

*Oph.* O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!

The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,  
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,  
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,  
And I of Ladies most deiest and wretched,  
That suckt the honny of his musick vowes;  
Now see what noble and most foueraigne reason  
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,  
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth  
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee  
I haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,  
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,  
Was not like madnes, there's something in his foule  
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,  
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
VWill be some danger; which for to preuent,  
I haue in quick determination  
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to England,  
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,  
Haply the seas, and countries different,  
With variable obiects, shall expell  
This something fetled matter in his hart,  
Whereon his braines still beating  
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.

Pol. It shall doe well.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

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

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, & Rosencreaus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the?

Ros. I my Lord.

Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iust a man

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,  
For what aduancement may I hope from thee  
That no reuenuen hast but thy good spirits  
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning; doost thou heare,  
Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
S'thath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been  
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,  
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards  
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those  
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comeded,  
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger  
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man  
That is not pactions slau, and I will wear him  
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart  
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,  
There is a play to night before the King,  
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance  
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,  
I prethee when thou seeest that act a foote,  
Euen with the very comment of thy soule  
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt  
Doe not it selfe vnkenill in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,  
And my imaginations are as foule  
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,  
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,  
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne  
In censure of his seeming.  
*Hor.* Well my lord,  
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing  
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, *Queene*,  
*Polonius*, *Ophelia*.

*Ham.* They are comming to the play. I must be idle.

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our colin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent yfaith,  
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,  
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

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

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.  
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

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

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

*Brutus* kild mee.

*Ham.* It was a brutie part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,  
Be the Players readie?

*Res.* I my Lord, they slay vpon your patience.

*Ger.* Come heither my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother, heere's nettles more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that.

*Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap?

*Oph.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I mean country matters?

*Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a fayre thought to lye between maydes legs.

*Oph.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but  
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my  
father died within'th two howres.

*Oph.* Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke; for he haue a  
sute of sables; o heuens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,  
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-lie his life halfe a  
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer  
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for o, for  
o, the hobby-horse is forgot,

H,

Enter

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds, Dumbes show followers.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he ber, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him sleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate allion, the poyser with some thre or foure come in againe, seeme to conde with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VWhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Malicio, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

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

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere flooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posse of a ring?

Oph. This breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

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

Quee. So many journeyes may the Sunne and Moone  
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,  
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,  
So farre from eieere, and from our former state,  
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,  
Discomfourt you my Lord it nothing trust.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,  
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,  
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,  
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,  
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,  
Where loue is great, the liestl doubts are feare,  
Where litle feares grow great, great loue grows thers.

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

Quee. O confound the rest,  
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,  
In second husband let me be accurst,

None wed the second, but who kill the first. Ham. That's  
The instances that second marriage moue wormwood  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,  
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,  
Purpose is but the slave to memorie,  
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,  
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,  
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.  
Most necessary tis that we forget

To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,  
What to our selues in pafion we propose,  
The pafion ending, doth the purpose lose,  
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,  
Their owne ennaatures with themselves destroy,  
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,  
Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accident,  
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,  
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:

For tis a question left vs yet to proue,  
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.  
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduanc'd, makes friends of enemies,  
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,  
 For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seafons him his enemy.  
 But orderly to end where I begunne,  
 Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne,  
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne.  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,  
 So thinke thou wilt no fecond husband wed,  
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.  
*Quee.* Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,  
 Sport and repose lock from the day and night,  
 To desperation turne my trust and hope,  
 And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,  
 Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,  
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,  
 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

*King.* This deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,  
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
 The tedious day with sleepe.  
*Quee.* Sleepe rock thy braine,  
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?  
*Quee.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.  
*Ham.* O but shee'l keepe her word.  
*King.* Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?  
*Quee.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence 'th world.  
*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mousetrapp, may how tropically, this play is the Image  
 of a murder doone in *Fienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife  
*Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of  
 that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,  
 let the gauled lade winch, our wishers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*,  
 Nephew to the King.

*Enter Lucianus.*  
*Opb.* You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.  
*Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.  
*Opb.* You are keene my lord, you are keene.  
*Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.  
*Opb.* Still better and worfe.  
*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murderer, leaue  
 thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow  
 for reuenge.  
*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,  
 Considerat season els no creature seeing,  
 Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,  
 VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,  
 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,  
 On whollsome life vsurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*,  
 the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see  
 anon how the murderer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Opb.* The King rises.  
*Quee.* How fares my Lord?  
*Pol.* Giue ore the play.  
*King.* Giue me some light, away.  
*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*  
*Ham.* Why let the strooken Deere goe wepe,

The Hart vngauled play,  
 For some must watch while some must sleepe,  
 Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a Forrest of sea-  
 thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with provinciall  
 Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?  
*Hor.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.  
 For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere  
 This Realme dismantled was  
 Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere  
 A very very patock.

*Hor.* You might haue rym'd.  
*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand  
 pound, Didst perceiue?  
*Hor.* Very well my Lord.  
*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyfning.  
*Hor.* I did very well note him.



The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Enter Rosentrans and Gynldensternes.

Gynl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gynl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gynl. Is in his retirement meruilous displeurd.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gynl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie  
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would  
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Gynl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,  
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Gynl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if  
it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunswere, I will doe your  
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall  
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord,

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such  
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my  
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-  
mazement and admiration.

Gynl. O wonderful sonne that can so florish a mother, but is there  
no sequell at the beeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any  
further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of displemper, you do sure-  
ly barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your grieues to  
your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

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

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something  
musty, o the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why  
doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drive  
me into a toyle?

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

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

Gynl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gynl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Gynl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: gouerne these ventages with your fin-  
gers, & the vmbel, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse  
most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Gynl. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I  
haue not the skill.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

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

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,  
Leaue me friends.  
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and heell it selfe breakes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,  
And doe such busines as the bitter day  
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,  
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer  
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake dagger to her, but vsf none,  
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.*

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

*Guild.* We will our selues prouide,  
Most holy and religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more  
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
The liues of many, the celsse of Maiestie  
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw  
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele  
Fixt on the sommet of the highest mount,  
To whose though spokes, tenne thousand lesser things  
Are mortall and adioynd, which when it falls,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

*Ros.* We will haue vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe  
To heare the processe, I'll warrant thence letax him home,  
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,  
Tis meere that some more audience then a mother,  
Since nature makes them parcial, should ore-heare  
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,  
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is rank, it smells to heauen,  
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,  
A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,  
And like a man to double busines bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,  
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,  
Is there nor raine enough in the sweete Heauens  
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,  
To be forefalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.  
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer  
Can serue my turne, for giue me my soule murther,  
That cannot be sinee I am still posselt  
Of those effects for which I did the murther;  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offences gilded hand may shew by iustice,  
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe  
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld  
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,  
Try what repentance can, what can it not,  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,  
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,  
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,  
Bowe stubborn knees, and hart with strings of steale,  
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,  
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,  
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,  
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand  
A villaine kills my father, and for that,  
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send  
To heauen.  
Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,  
Aooke my father grossly full of bread,  
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flust as May,  
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged  
To take him in the purging of his soule,  
When he is fit and sealond for his passage?  
No.  
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,  
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,  
Or in th'incessious pleasure of his bed,  
At game a sweaering, or about some act  
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,  
And that his soule may be as damnd and black  
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staires,  
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. Exit.  
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe  
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. Exit.

Enter Gertrud and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks haue beene too braod to heare with,  
And that your grace hath screend and stood betwene  
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,  
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,  
Wash-drawe, I heare him comming,  
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?  
Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.  
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.  
Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.  
Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.  
Ger. Why how now Hamlet?  
Ham. What's the matter now?  
Ger. Haue you forgot me?  
Ham. No by the rood not so,  
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.  
Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.  
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downie, you shall not boudge.  
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse  
Where you may see the moist part of you.  
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murder me,  
Helpe how.  
Pol. What how helpe.  
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.  
Pol. O I am flaine.  
Ger. O me, what hast thou done?  
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother  
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,  
Iooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,  
Thou find'it to be too busie is some danger,  
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,  
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall  
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,  
If damned custome haue not braid it so,  
That it be prooue and bulwark against fence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'it wagge thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blussh of modesty,  
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose  
From the faire forehead of an innocent lone,  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes  
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soule, and sweet religion makes  
A rapsedy of words; heauen's face dooes glowe  
Ore this solidity and compound masse  
With heared visage, as against the doome  
Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,  
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,  
See what a grace was seated on this browe,  
Lipserion curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,  
A combination, and a forme indeede,  
Where euerie God did seeme to set his seale  
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,  
Heere is your husband like a mildew'd eare,  
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,  
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,  
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?  
You cannot call it lone, for at your age  
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement  
Would step from this to this, fence sure youe haue  
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence  
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre  
Nor fence to extacie was nere so thral'd  
But it referu'd some quantity of choise  
To serue in such a difference, what deuil wast  
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true fence  
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blussh?  
Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,  
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax  
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame  
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,  
Since frost it felse as actiue doth burne,  
And reason pardons will.

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

Ham. Nay but to liue  
In the ranck (sweat of an infected bed  
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue  
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,  
These words like daggers enter in my eares,  
No more sweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,  
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,  
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole  
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,  
Save me and houer ore me with your wings  
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

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

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,  
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,  
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,  
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how I'll with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,  
Foordth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,  
Your bedded haire like life in excrements  
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne  
Vpon the heat and flame of thy displemp  
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
His forme and cause comoynd, preaching to stones  
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
Least with this tedious action you convert  
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe  
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

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

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,  
This bodiless creation extracte is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doeth temperately keepe time,  
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse  
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,  
And the matter will reword, which madnesse  
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  
That not your trespass but my madnesse speakes,  
I will but skin and filme the vicerous place  
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within  
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes  
To make them rancker, forgive me this my vertue,  
For in the fatnesse of these purifie times  
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and wooc for leaue to doe him good.

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

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
Assure a vertue if you haue it not,  
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate  
Of habits deuill, is an gell yet in this  
That to the vse of actions faire and good,  
He likewise giues a frock or Liurey  
That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easines  
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:  
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either the deuill, or throwe him out  
With wonderous poteny: once more good night,  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
Be blessing beg of you, for this same Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleased it so

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

*Ger.* What shall I doe?

*Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,  
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,  
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,  
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,  
Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to rouell all this matter out  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him knowe,  
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,  
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,  
No, in dispiight of fence and secrecy,  
Vnpege the basket on the houses top,  
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,  
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,  
And breake your owne necke downe.

*Ger.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath  
And breath of life, I have no life to breath  
What thou hast sayd to me.

*Ham.* I must to *England*, you knowe that.

*Ger.* Alack I had forgot.  
Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,  
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,  
They beare the mandar, they must sweepe my way  
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,  
For tis the sport to haue the enginer  
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard  
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,  
And blowe them at the Moone: o'tis most sweete  
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans  
and Guildensternes.*

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

*Ger.* Bestow this place on vs a little while.  
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

*King.* What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

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

*King.* O heauy deede!  
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,  
His libertie is full of threates to all,  
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,  
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?

It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence  
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt  
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,  
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,  
But like the owner of a foule disease  
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede  
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

*Ger.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,  
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore  
Among a minerrall of mettals base,  
Shows it selfe pure, a weeper for what is done.

*King.* O *Gertrard*, come away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,  
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede  
 We must with all our Maiestie and skill  
 Both countenance and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guildenstern*  
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,  
 Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,  
 And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,  
 Goe seeke him out, speake sayre, and bring the body  
 Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,  
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,  
 And let them know both what we meane to doe  
 And whats vntimely doone,  
 Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,  
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanke,  
 Transports his poynted shot, may misse our Name;  
 And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,  
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, and others:*

*Ham.* Safely stowd, but loſt, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?  
 O heere they come,  
*Ros.* What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?  
*Ham.* Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.  
*Ros.* Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,  
 And beare it to the Chappell.  
*Ham.* Doe not belecue it,  
*Ros.* Beleuee what.  
*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides  
 to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should be made by  
 the sonne of a King.  
*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge my Lord?  
*Ham.* I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his  
 authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he  
 keeps them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be  
 last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but quee-  
 ling you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.  
*Ros.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.  
*Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauish speech steeps in a foolish care.  
*Ros.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs  
 to the King.

Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the  
 body. The King is a thing.  
*Gyl.* A thing my Lord.  
*Ham.* Of nothing, bring me to him: *Exeunt.*  
*Enter King, and two or three.*  
*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,  
 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,  
 Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,  
 Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,  
 VVho like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,  
 And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed  
 But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and cuen,  
 This suddaine sending him away must seeme  
 Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,  
 By desperat aplyance are relieu'd  
 Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.*

*King.* How now, what hath befallne?  
*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord  
 VV e cannot get from him.  
*King.* But where is hee?  
*Ros.* Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.  
*King.* Bring him before vs.  
*Ros.* How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*  
*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?  
*Ham.* At supper.  
*King.* At supper, where.  
*Ham.* Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine consu-  
 tion of phisitique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely  
 Empereur for dyet, we eat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our  
 selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begget is but varia-  
 ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.  
*King.* Alas, alas.  
*Ham.* A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, &  
 eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.  
*King.* *King.* VVhat doost thou meane by this?  
*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse  
 throughly

The Tragedie of Hamlet

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him in other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this decede for thime especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerey grieue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'affociats tend, and euery thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

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

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother : Come for England. Exit.

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speede aboard, Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night, Away, for euery thing is sealed and done That els leans on th'affayre, pray you make hast, And England, if my loue thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may giue thee fence, Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to vs, thou may'st not coldly set Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full By Letters congruing to that effect The present death of Hamlet, doe it England, For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,

Prince of Denmarke.

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

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, Tell him, that by his lycence Fortinbrasse Craues the conueyance of a promised march Ou'er his kingdome, you know the randeuous, If that his Maiestie would ought with vs, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbrasse.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir, Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition, We goe to gaine a litle patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it; Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisoned.

Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets VVill not debate the question of this straw, This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace, That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you I straight, goe a litle before. How all occasions doe informe against me,



The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her;

Genr. Shee is importunate,

Indeede diſtract, her moode will needes be purti'd.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would ſhe haue?

Genr. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares  
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,  
Spurnes enuioſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt  
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,  
Yet the vnſhaped uſe of it doth moue  
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
And botch the words vp fir to their owne thoughts,  
Which as her wincles, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,  
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought  
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnſhappily.

Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhee may ſtrew  
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,  
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. \*To my ſicke ſoule, as ſinnes true nature is,  
Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,  
'So full of artleſſe ieaſouſie is guilt,  
'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpyl'd.

Oph. Where is the beauious Maieltie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia?

ſhee ſings.

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

Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, may pray you marke,  
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a graſgreene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.

Song.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

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

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the ground did not go  
With true loue ſhowers.

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

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

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

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

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe, and dapt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Qyoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother

shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile, Come

my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

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

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

death, and now behold, o Gertraud, Gertraud,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonia death: and we haue done but greenly

In huggar mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or mere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepe himselfe in cloudes,

Prince of Denmarke,

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare

With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,

Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraigne

In eare and eare: o my deare Gertraud, this

Like to a murdering peece in many places

Giues me superfluous death.

*A noise within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

King. Attend, where is my Swifflers, let them guard the doore,

What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his list

Eates not the flats with more impietous haif

Then young Laertes in a riotous head

Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choose we, Laertes shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*

O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

King. The doores are broke,

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King,

Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause Laertes

That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

L.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Quee.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demaund his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead, Ile not be iugled with,  
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit  
I dare damnation, to this poyn I stand,  
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reueng'd  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall slay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the worlds:  
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,  
They shall goe farre with little.

*King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty  
Of your deere Father, I'll writin your reuenge,  
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe  
Winner and looser.

*Laer.* None but his enemies,

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,  
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why now you speake

Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,  
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,  
And am most fencibly in griefe for it,  
It shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce  
As day dooets to your eye.

*A noise within.*  
*Enter Opbeia.*

*Laer.* Let her come in.

How now, what noise is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teates seauen times salt  
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,  
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight,  
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,  
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Opbeia*,  
O heavens, ist possible a young maids wits  
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

*Opb.* They bore him bare-faste on the Beere,  
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doue.

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade reuenge  
It could not moouue thus.

*Opb.* You must sing a downe a downe,  
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,  
It is the falsse Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.  
*Opb.* There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember,  
and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.  
*Opb.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you,  
& heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,  
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dase, I would  
giue you some Violets, but they wither all when my Father dyed,  
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

*Laer.* Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe  
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

*Opb.* And wil a not come againe,

And wil a not come againe,

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

He neuer will come againe,

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians foules,

God buy you.

*Laer.* Doe you this 6 God.

*King.* *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,

Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
And they shall heare and I judge twixt you and me,  
If by direct, or by colaturall hand  
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,  
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours  
To you in satisfaction; but if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule  
To giue it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,  
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,  
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,  
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,  
That I must call' in question.

*King.* So you shall,  
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.  
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio and others.*

*Hor.* VVhat are they that would speake with me?

*Genl.* Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers.*

*Say.* God blesse you sir,

*Hor.* Let himi blesse thee to.

*Say.* A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came  
fro th'Embassador that was bound for England, if your name be Ho-  
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* Horatio, when thou shalt haue over-lookt this, giue these fel-  
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee  
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue  
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled  
valour, and in the grapple I boarded them, on the instant they got  
cleere of our shipp, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt  
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to  
giue a tarme for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and  
let me knowe thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest see death,  
for wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the boord of the matter, these good fellows  
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencrans* and *Guydenisterne* hold they  
course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

*So that thou knowest thou Hamlet.*

*Hor.* Come I will you way for these your letters,  
And doo'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 scale,  
And you must put me in your hart for friend,  
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,  
That he which hath your noble father slaine  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appeares: but tell mee  
Why you proceede not against these feates  
So criminall and so capital in nature,  
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdom, all things els  
You mainly were stir'd vp.

*King.* O for two speciall reasons  
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,  
But yet to mee thir strong, the Queene his mother  
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,  
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,  
She is so conclud to my life and soule,  
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere  
I could not but by her, the other motiue,  
Why to a publique count I might not goe,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Conuert his Giuets to graces, so that my arrowes  
Too slightly tymbred for so loued Arm'd,  
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,  
But not where I haue ay'm'd them.

*Laer.* And so haue I a noble father lost,  
A sister driuen into desprat termes,  
Whose worth, if prayes may goe backe againe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke  
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,  
And thinke it pashime, you shortly shall heare more,  
I loued your father, and weloue our selfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maestie, this to the Queene;

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,  
They were giuen me by *Cladius*, he receiued them  
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them; leaue vs.  
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,  
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first  
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine  
returne.

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

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,  
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,  
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,  
It warms the very sickness in my hart  
That I liue and tell him to his teeth  
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,  
As how should it be so, how otherwise,  
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned  
At the King at his voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him  
To an *Explot*, now ripe in my deuise,  
Under which he shall not choofe but fall:

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,  
And call it accident.

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

King. It falls right,  
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,  
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualinc  
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts  
Did not together plucke such envie from him  
As did that one, and that in my regard  
Of the vnworthiest siede.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,  
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes  
The light and carelesse lincry that it weares  
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes  
Importing health and grauenes; two months since  
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,  
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,  
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant  
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,  
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,  
As had he beene incorp'st, and demy natur'd  
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,  
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks  
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed

And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,  
And gaue you such a masterly report  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your Rapier most especiall,  
That he cride out 't would be a sight indeed

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation  
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppoſd them; fir this report of his  
Did Hamlet to enuonem with his enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and beg  
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you.  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* Laertes was your father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,  
A face without a hart?

*Laer.* Why aſke you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,

And that I ſee in paſſages of prooſe,

Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,

There liues within the very flame of loue

A kind of weeke or ſnuſe that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,

For goodnes growing to a pluriſie.

Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

We ſhould doe when we would: for this would changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,

And then this ſhould is like a ſpend thirſts fiſh,

That hurts by eaſing; but to the quick of th' vicer,

Hamlet comes back, what would you vnderſtake

To ſhowe your ſelfe indeede your fathers ſonne

More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeede ſhould muſther ſanctuarie,

Reuendge ſhould haue no bounds: but good Laertes

Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your chamber,

Hamlet return'd, ſhall knowe you are come home,

Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praife your excellence,

And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame

The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together

And waſher oſe your heads; he being reſiſte,

Moſt generoſly and free from all continuing.

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not perufe the ſoyles, ſo that with eaſe,  
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe  
A ſword vnbatred, and in a pace of praſtiſe  
Requite him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,

And for purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword,

I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck

So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,

Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,

Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue

Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death

That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point

With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes

May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould ſaile,

And that our drift looke through our bad performance,

Twere better not aſſayd, therefore this proiect,

Should haue a back or ſecond that might hold

If this did blaſt in prooſe; ſoft let me ſee,

Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,

I hate, when in your motion you are hore and dry,

As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preſard him

A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,

If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,

Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noiſe?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So ſalt they follow; your Siſters drown'd Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd, o where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brooke

That ſhowes his horry leaues in the glaſſy ſtream,

Therewith fantaſſique garlands did the make

Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daiſes, and long Purples

That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name,

But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them;

There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious flouer broke,  
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
And Marmeide like awhile they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature native and indewed  
Vnto that element, but long it could not be  
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,  
Pald the poore wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our trick, nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,  
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,  
I haue a speech a fire thataine would blase,  
But that this folly drownes it. Exit.

King. Let's follow Gertraud.

How much I had to doe to calme his rage,  
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,  
Therefore lets follow. Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully  
seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-  
ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne  
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offend'd, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the  
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act; & an act hath  
in it branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; shee drown'd her  
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will  
he, nil he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, &  
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of  
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an'r, if this had not bene a gentlewo-  
man, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke  
should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang theselues,  
more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient  
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold  
vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerst me not to the pur-  
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goo to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the  
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallows maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallows dooes well,  
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou  
dooest ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argall,  
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a  
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell,

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil  
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question  
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomeday,  
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a sopp of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract o the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a properie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dirtier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes hath clawed me in his clutch,

Song.

And hath shipped me into the land,  
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see'r, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on'r.

Clow. A pickax and a spade;  
for and a throwding sheet,

Song.

O a pit of Clay for to be made  
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why does he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conuayances of his hands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th' inheritor himselfe haue more, ha.

Hor. Not a lot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hor.

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Hor. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow, Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out on'r sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in'r, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in'r & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will yndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so pickt, that the toe of the peasant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* overcame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

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

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. T will not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee)

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eent with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexton here these many and boy thirty yeeres.



The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?  
*Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corles, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you tom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere,

*Ham.* Why he more then another?  
*Clow.* Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

*Ham.* Whose was it?  
*Clow.* A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?  
*Ham.* Nay I know not.

*Clow.* A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir *Torick's* skull, the Kings lester.

*Ham.* This?  
*Clow.* Een that.

*Ham.* Alas poore *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flafles of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour the must come, make her laugh at that.

*Horatio* tell me one thing.  
*Ham.* What's that my Lord?

*Ham.* Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?  
*Ham.* Een so.

*Ham.* And smelt so pah,  
*Ham.* Een so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base vses wee may returne. *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* I were to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty, and likely hood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vyce weare *Locrine*, & why of that *Lorne* whereto he was conuerted, might they

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they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?  
 Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.  
 O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
 Should patch a wall 't expell the waters flaw,  
 But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
 The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?  
 And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,  
 The cosse they follow, did with desprat hand  
 Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,  
 Couch we a while and marke.

Enter K. Q.  
*Laertes* and  
 the corse.

*Laer.* What Ceremonie els?  
*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.  
*Laer.* What Ceremonie els?

*Dost.* Her obsequies haue been as farre enlarg'd  
 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,  
 And but that great command ore-*swayes* the order,  
 She should in ground vn-sanctified been lodg'd  
 Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
 Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:  
 Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
 Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home  
 Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Must there no more be doone?  
*Dost.* No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
 To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
 As to peace-parted soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,  
 And from her faire and vnpolluted flesch  
 May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,  
 A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
 When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophebia*,  
*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
 I hop't thou shouldst haue been my *Hamlets* wife,  
 I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,  
 And not haue strew'd thy graue.

*Laer.* O treble woe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tennie times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence  
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeth head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose griefe  
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The deuill take thy soule.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,

*King.* Pluck them a sunder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbeare him.

*Ham.* S' wounds shew me what th'owt doe:  
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fall, woo't teare thy selfe,  
Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a *Crocadile*?  
Woo't, doost come heere to whine?  
To sit face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
Cindone her pate against the burning Zone

Prince of Denmarke.

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on him,  
Anon as patient as the female Doue  
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reason that you vse me thus?  
Ilo'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselse doe what he may  
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him,  
and *Horatio*.  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Weele put the matter to the present push:  
Good *Gertrud* set some watch ouer your sonne,  
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,  
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see  
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,  
You doe remember all the circumstance.

*Hora.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,  
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,  
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well  
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs  
Ther's a diuinity that shapen our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vpfrom my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke  
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold  
Their graund commiffion; where I found *Horatio*  
A royall knaury, an exact command  
Larded with many feuerall forts of reasons,  
Importing Denmarke's health, and *Englands* too,  
With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,  
That on the fuperuife no leaure bated,  
No not to flay the grinding of the Axe,  
My head fhould be ftrooke off.

*Hor.* It's poffible?

*Ham.* Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leafore,  
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

*Hor.* I befeech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villaines,  
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,  
They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,  
Deuid a new commiffion, wrote it faire,  
I once did hold it as our ftatiffs doe,  
A bafenelle to write faire, and labour much  
How to forget that learning, but fir now  
It did me yemans feruice, wilt thou know  
Th' effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* I good my Lord,

*Ham.* An earnest conituration from the King,  
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,  
As loue betweene them like the palme might florifh;  
As peace fhould fhll her wheaten garland weare  
And ftand a Comma tweeene their amities,  
And many fuch like, as fir of great charge,  
That on the view, and knowing of thefe contents,  
Without debatement further more or leffe,  
He fhould thofe bearers put to fuddaine death,  
Not fhriuing time alow'd.

*Hor.* How was this feid?

*Ham.* Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,  
I had my fathers fignet in my purfe  
Which was the modill of that Danifh feale,  
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,  
Subfcrib'd it, gaud'th' impreffion, plac'd it fafely,

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day  
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was fequent  
Thou knoweft already.

*Hor.* So *Coyldenferme* and *Refencimus* goe too't.

*Ham.* They are not neere my confcience, their defeat  
Dooes by their owne infinnuation growe,  
Tis dangerous when the bafier nature comes  
Betweene the paffe and fell incenced points  
Of mighty oppofits.

*Hor.* Why what a King is this!

*Ham.* Dooes it not thinke thee ftand me now vppon?  
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,  
Pop't in betweene th' election and my hopes,  
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with fuch cufinage, 'till not perfect confcience?

*Enter a Courtier.*

*Cow.* Your Lordfhip is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

*Ham.* I humble thanke you fir.

Dooft know this water fly?

*Hor.* No my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy ftare is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him;  
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beafts, and his  
crib fhall ftand at the Kings melle, tis a chough, but as I fay, fpa-  
cious in the poffeffion of durt.

*Cow.* Sweete Lord, if your Lordfhippe were at leafore, I fhould  
impart a thing to you from his Maieftie.

*Ham.* I will receane it fir withall diligence of fpirit, your bonnet  
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

*Cow.* I thanke your Lordfhip, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

*Cow.* It is indifferēt cold my Lord indeed.

*Ham.* But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

*Cow.* Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foulcery, as 'twere I can-  
not tell how: my Lord his Maieftie had me fignifie vnto you that a  
has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the manner.

*Ham.* I befeech you remember.

*Cow.* Nay good my Leed for my eafe in good faith. fir here is newly  
com to Court *Larvis*, belieue me an abfolūte conftantmā, full of molt  
excellent

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excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, heeis the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his desinement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenelle, as to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbage, nothing more.

*Cow.* Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Cow.* Sir.

*Hora.* Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

*Cow.* Of *Laertes*.

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

*Ham.* Of him sir.

*Cow.* I know you are not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approue me, well sir.

*Cow.* You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

*Ham.* I dare not coniesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

*Cow.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfollowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Cow.* Rapier and Dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons, but well.

*Cow.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponisue to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had

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done.

*Cow.* The carriage sir are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceitd carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

*Cow.* The King sir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you thre hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answere no?

*Cow.* I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

*Ham.* Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

*Cow.* Shall I deliuer you so?

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

*Cow.* I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

*Ham.* Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

*Hora.* This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* A did sir with his duggie before a suctt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drolly age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hisly collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

*Lord.* My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Offricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Exercises*, that you will take longer time?

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure, if his fitnes speaks; mine is ready: now or whensoever provided I be so able as now.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are coming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hor. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay good my Lord.

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

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

Ham. Not a whit, we desire augury, there is speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,  
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,  
and Laertes.*

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

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,  
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,  
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnished  
With a fore distraction, what I haue done  
That might your nature, honor, and exception  
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,  
What Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from him selfe be tane away,  
And when hee's not himselfe, does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it,  
Who does it then? his madnesse. Ist be so,  
Hamlet is of such chon that is wronged,  
His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemie,  
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,  
Free me so farre that your most generous thoughts  
That I haue shew my owe ore the house

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And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most  
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor  
I stand a loofe, and will no reconciliation,  
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor  
I haue a voyce and president of peace  
To my name vngord: but all that time  
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,  
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager  
frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night  
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young Osrick, cofin Hamlet,  
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue scene you both,  
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Osri. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,

If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:

The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup a Venice shall he throwe

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets*  
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while,*

Ham. Come on fir.

Lær. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Lær. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ofhrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and flut.*

Lær. Well, againe. *Flurish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, fet it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you?

Lær. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertraud* doe not drinke.

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

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

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Lær. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not thinke't.

Lær. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third *Leartes*, you doe but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence

In iure you make a wanton of me.

Lær. Say you so, come on.

Ofhr. Nothing neither way.

Lær. Haue a care now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Of. I aske to the Queene there howe.

Ham. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Of. How is't, Lær.

Lær. Why sayst thou so, cock to mine owne sprindge *Ofhrick,*

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. Shee founds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare Hamlet,

The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,

Treachery, seeke it out.

Lær. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,

No medicin in the world can doe thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an houres life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie

Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfined,

I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious dammed Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?

Follow my mother.

Lær. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,

Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes, or audience to this act,

Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death

Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,

But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause a right

To the vnatisfied.

Ham. Neuer believe it;

I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile haue it.

O.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name  
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?  
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,  
Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine  
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

*A march  
farre off.*

*Enter Osrick,*

*Off.* Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,  
But I doe propheticke th'ellection lights  
On *Fortenbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse  
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

*Ham.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,  
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Why does the drum come hether?

*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*For.* Where is this fight?

*Ham.* What is it you would see?  
Ifought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death  
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast strook?

*Embaf.* The fight is dismall

And our affaires from *England* come too late,  
The carrion fencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
To tell him the commandment is fulfilled,  
That *King* *Richard* and *Guylenstone* are dead,  
Where should we haue our thanks?

*Ham.* Not from this mouth

Had it the ability to liue to thanke you;  
He neuer gave commandement for their death;  
But since to jump upon this bloody question

You

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*  
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world  
How these things came about; so shall you heare  
Of carnall, bloody and vnnatural acts,  
Of accidental iudgements, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause  
And in this vpphot, purposes misooke,  
Falne on th'innenters heads: all this can I  
Truly deliuer.

*For.* Let vs hast to heare it,  
And call the noblest to the audience,  
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,  
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,  
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

*Ham.* Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,  
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,  
But let this game be presently perform'd  
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance  
On plots and errores happen.

*For.* Let foure Captaines  
Bearing *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,  
For he was likely, had hee bene put on,  
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,  
The souldiers musicke and the right of warre  
Speake loudly for him:  
Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,  
Becomes the field, but heere shoues much amisse.  
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

*Exunt.*

FINIS.

G 2

1711  
The first of the year  
The second of the year  
The third of the year  
The fourth of the year  
The fifth of the year  
The sixth of the year  
The seventh of the year  
The eighth of the year  
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The twenty-fourth of the year  
The twenty-fifth of the year  
The twenty-sixth of the year  
The twenty-seventh of the year  
The twenty-eighth of the year  
The twenty-ninth of the year  
The thirtieth of the year  
The thirty-first of the year

1711

1711



STC 22276. W. Shakespeare. Hamlet. 1604.

Before rebinding by J. Frank Mowery, this work was bound in 1/2 blue morocco and brown paper boards. The leaves had been trimmed and repaired at an earlier time. In gatherings L-O some missing text had been supplied in ink; with the new repairs this is no longer true.

While in sheets it was collated:

$\pi^1$ , B-N<sup>4</sup>, O<sup>2</sup>. (O2 signed G2)

All pairs of leaves were normally conjugate except L1:4. From matching chain lines this would appear to have been conjugate originally.

July 16, 1979

*L. S. Kiersey*

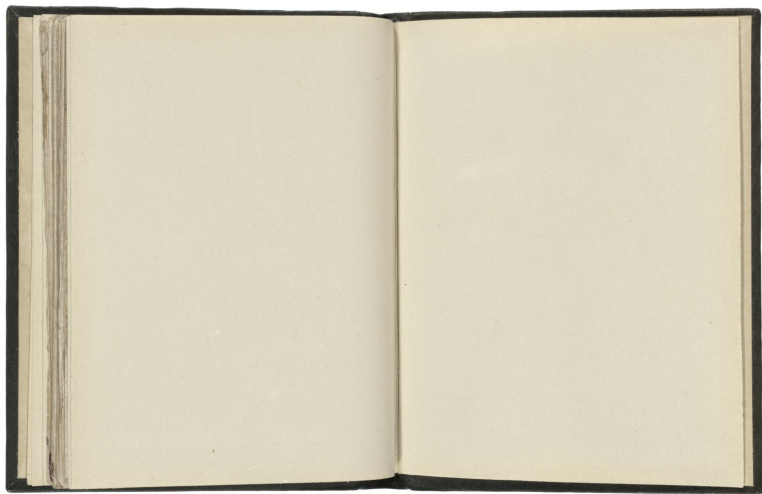
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RECORD OF EXHIBITION

Date	Opening
10/4/79 - 9/6/82	TP
2/18/88 - 4/15/88	F <sub>2</sub>



Ex # 179

