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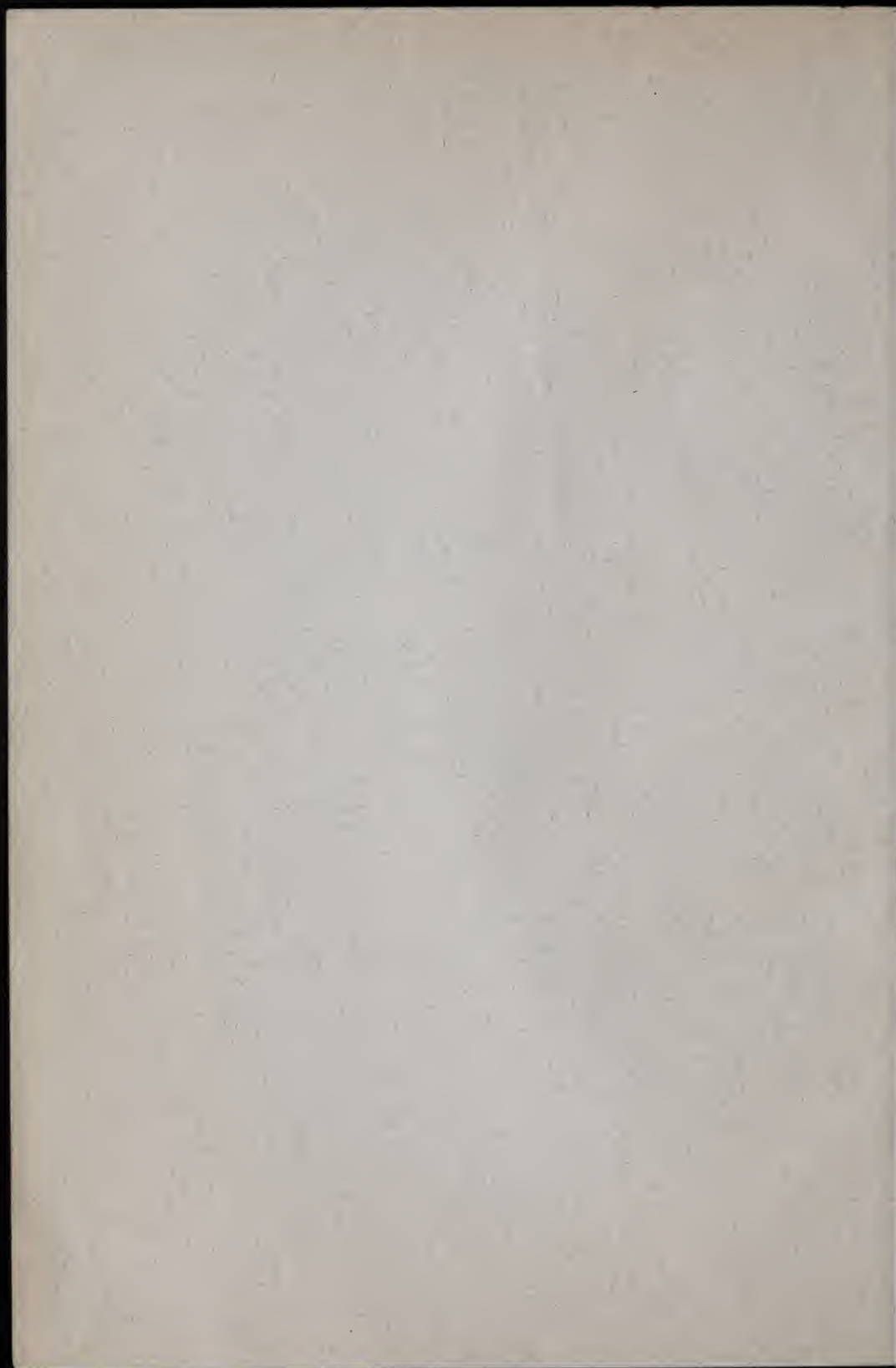
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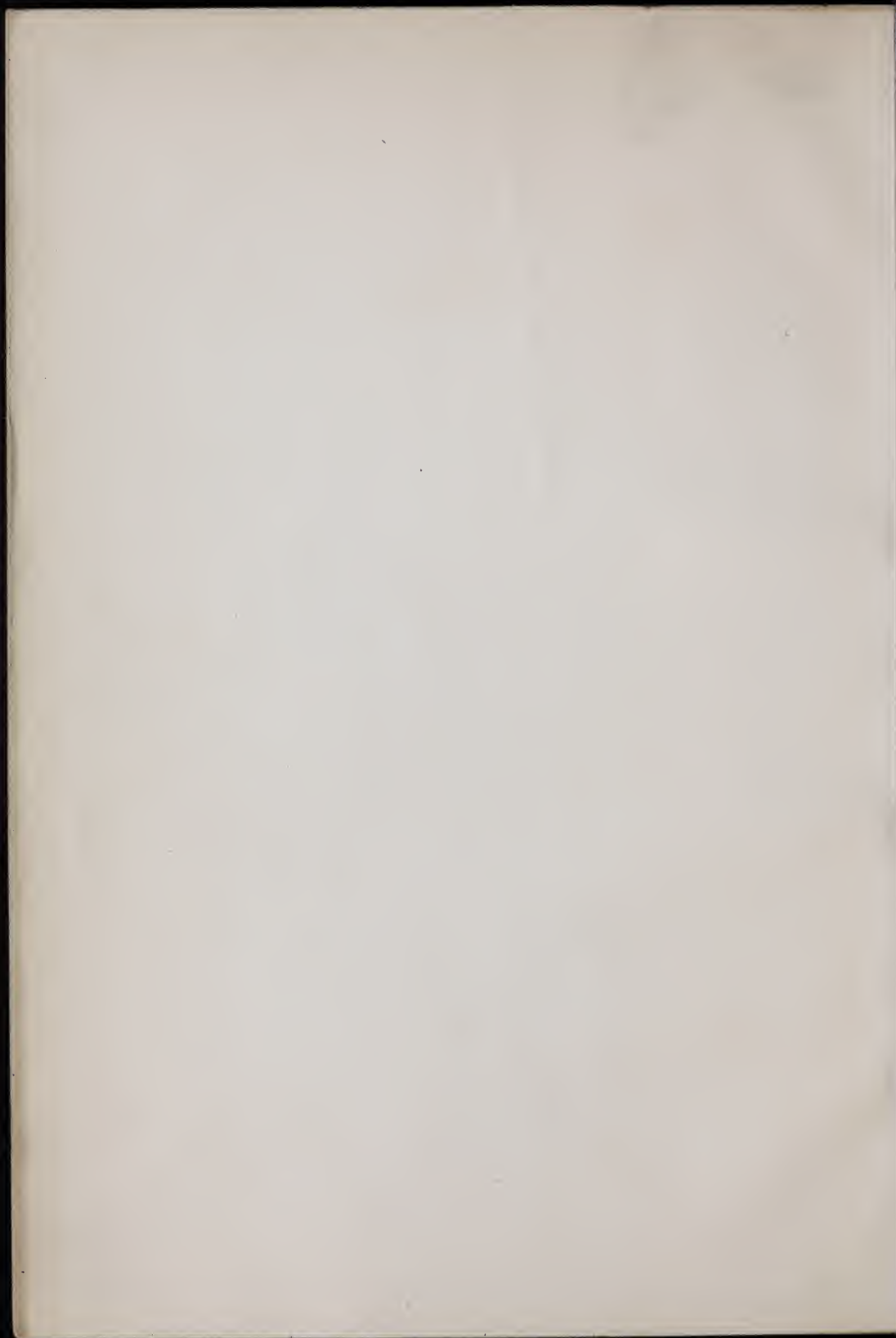
Received, May, 1873.

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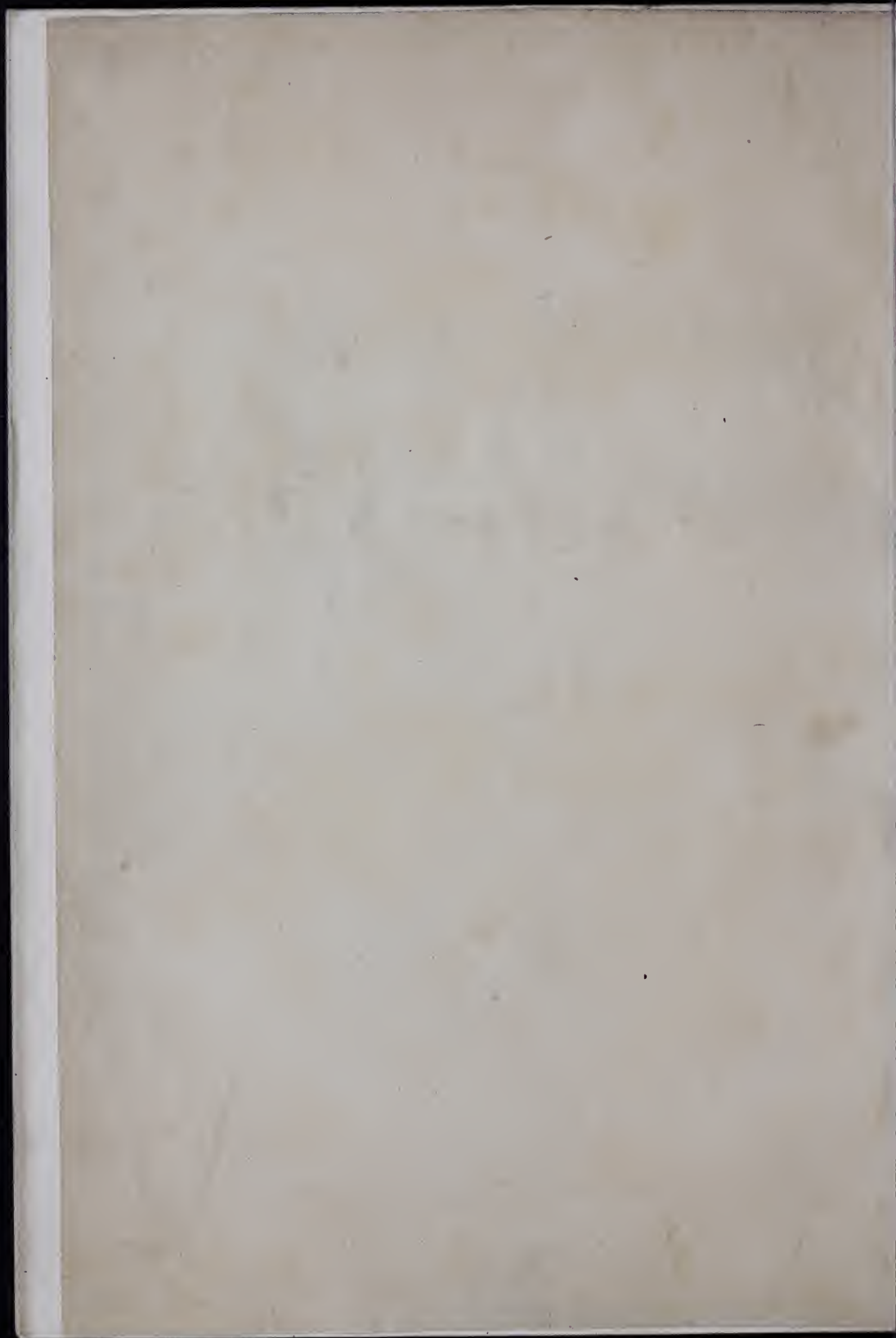
Both the Plays in this vol.
are Duplicates, but both the
other copies are unbound.

This vol. may be kept, &
one of the other Duplicates, be
rejected. —

Perhaps some other combination
Binding suspended in the meantime.

3 I find but one Dupl.
/ Hamlet, 1703 Clap. / Whelan's?
Separately. The Particulars —

* 17. 1703.



MACBETH,

A

TRAGEDY:

With all the

ALTERATIONS,

AMENDMENTS,

ADDITIONS,

AND

NEW SONGS.

As it is now Acted at the Dukes Theatre.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *A. Clark*, and are to be sold
by most Booksellers, 1674.

Barton

151472

May, 1873.

YEAR 1873

ENT 70

NOTICE TO

The Argument.

Duncan, King of the Scots, had two principal men, whom he employed in all matters of importance, Macbeth and Banquo, these two travelling together through a Forrest, were met by three Fairy Witches (*Weirds* the Scots call them) whereof the first making obeysance unto Macbeth saluted him, Thane (*a Title unto which that of Earl afterwards succeeded*) of Glammiss, the second Thane of Cawdor, and the third King of Scotland: This is unequal dealing, saith Banquo, to give my Friend all the Honours, and none unto me: To which one of the *Weirds* made answer, That he indeed should not be a King, but out of his Loins should come a Race of Kings that should for ever rule the Scots. And having thus said, they all suddenly vanished. Upon their Arrival to the Court, Macbeth was immediatly created Thane of Glammiss; and not long after, some new Service of his requiring new Recompence, he was honoured with Title of Thane of Cawdor. Seeing then how happily the Prediction of the three *Weirds* fell out in the former, he resolved not to be wanting to himself in fulfilling the third; and therefore first he killed the King, and after by reason of his Command among the Soldiers and Common People, he succeeded in his Throne. Being scarce warm in his Seat, he called to mind the Prediction given to his Companion Banquo: Whom hereupon suspected as his Supplanter, he caused him to be killed, together with his Posterity: Flean one of his Sons escaped only with no small difficulty into Wales. Freed as he thought from all fear of Banquo and his Issue, he built Dunfinan Castle, and made it his ordinary Seat: And afterwards on some new Fears, consulted with certain of his Wizards about his future estate, was told by one of them that he should never be overcome, till Birnam Wood (being some miles distant) came to Dunfinan Castle; and by another, that he should never be slain by any man which was born of a Woman. Secure then as he thought from all future dangers, he omitted no kind of Libidinous Cruelty for the space of 18 Years, for so long he tyrannized over Scotland. But having then made up the measure of his Iniquities, Macduff the Governour of Fife associating to himself some few Patriots (and being assisted with ten thousand English) equally hated by the Tyrant, and abhorring the Tyranny, met Birnam Wood, and taking every one of them a Bough in his hand (the better to keep them from discovery :) marching early in the morning towards Dunfinan Castle, which they took by Scalado. Macbeth escaping was pursued by Macduff, who having overtaken him, urged him to the Combat, to whom the Tyrant half in scorn returned this answer: That he did in vain attempt to kill him, it being his Destiny never to be slain by any that was born of Woman. Now then, said Macduff, is thy fatal end drawing fast upon thee, for I was never born of Woman, but violently cut out of my mothers Belly: Which words so daunted the cruel Tyrant, though otherwise a valiant man and of great Performances, that he was very easily slain; and Malcolm Conner, the true Heir, seated in his Throne.

The Persons Names.

<i>King of Scotland,</i>	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
<i>Malcolm his Son, Prince</i> }	
<i>of Cumberland,</i> }	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Donalbain,</i>	<i>Mr. Cademan.</i>
<i>Lenox,</i>	<i>Mr. Medbourn.</i>
<i>Rofs,</i>	
<i>Angus,</i>	
<i>Macbeth,</i>	<i>Mr. Batterton.</i>
<i>Banquo,</i>	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
<i>Macduff,</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Monteth,</i>	
<i>Cathnes,</i>	
<i>Seymor and his Son,</i>	
<i>Seaton,</i>	
<i>Doctor,</i>	
<i>Flean Son to Banquo,</i>	
<i>Porter, Old man, two Murderers,</i>	
<i>Macbeth's Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Batterton.</i>
<i>Macduff's Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Long.</i>
<i>Her Son,</i>	
<i>Waiting Gentlewoman,</i>	
<i>Ghost of Banquo,</i>	<i>Mr. Sanford.</i>
<i>Hecate,</i>	
<i>Three Witches,</i>	
<i>Servants and Attendants.</i>	

ACT,

ACT, I. SCENE, I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* **W**hen shall we three meet again,
 In Thunder, Lightning, and in Rain?
 2. When the Hurly-burly's done,
 When the Battle's lost and won.
 3. And that will be e're set of Sun.
 1. Where's the place?
 2. Upon the Heath.
 3. There we resolve to meet *Macbeth*.... [*A shriek like an Owl.*

All. Paddock calls!
 To us fair weather's foul, and foul is fair
 Come hover through the foggy, filthy Air. [*Ex. flying.*
 Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbine and Lenox, with Attendants
 meeting Seyton wounded.

King. What aged man is that? if we may guess
 His message by his looks, he can relate the
 Issue of the Battle!

Malc. This is the valiant *Seyton*;
 Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
 To save my liberty. Hail, Worthy Friend,
 Inform the King in what condition you
 Did leave the Battle?

Seyton. It was doubtful;
 As two spent swimmers, who together cling
 And choak their Art: the merciless *Mackdonald*
 (Worthy to be a Rebel, to which end
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Swarm'd thick upon him) from the Western Isles:

With Kernes and Gallow-glasses was supply'd.
 Whom Fortune with her smiles oblig'd a while ;
 But brave *Macbeth* (who well deserves that name)
 Did with his frowns put all her smiles to flight :
 And Cut his passage to the Rebels person :
 Then having Conquer'd him with single force,
 He fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin ! Worthy Gentleman !

Seyton. But then this Day-break of our Victory
 Serv'd but to light us into other Dangers
 That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise ;
 Produc'd our hazard : for no sooner had
 The justice of your Cause, Sir, (arm'd with valour)
 Compell'd these nimble Kernes to trust their Heels ;
 But the *Norweyan* Lord, (having expected
 This opportunity) with new supplies
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Generals, *Macbeth*
 And *Banquo* ?

Seyton. Yes, as sparrows Eagles, or as hares do Lions ;
 As flames are heighten'd by access of fuel,
 So did their valours gather strength, by having
 Fresh Foes on whom to exercise their Swords :
 Whose thunder still did drown the dying groans
 Of those they slew, which else had been so great,
 Th' had frighted all the rest into Retreat.
 My spirits faint : I would relate the wounds
 Which their Swords made ; but my own silence me.

King. So well thy wounds become thee as thy words :
 Th' are full of Honour both : Go get him Surgeons.

[*Ex. Cap. and Attendants.*]

Enter Macduff.

But, who comes there ?

Malc. Noble *Macduff* !

Lenox. What haste looks through his eyes !

Donal. So should he look who comes to speak things strange.

Macd. Long live the King !

King. Whence com'st thou, worthy *Thane* ?

Macd. From *Fife*, Great King ; where the *Norweyan* Banners
 Darkned the Air ; and fann'd our people cold :

Nor-

Norway himself with infinite supplies,
 (Assisted by that most disloyal *Thane*
 Of *Cawdor*) long maintain'd a dismal Conflict,
 Till brave *Macbeth* oppos'd his bloody rage,
 And check'd his haughty spirits, after which
 His Army fled: Thus shallow streams may flow
 Forward with violence a while; but when
 They are oppos'd, as fast run back agen.
 In brief, the Victory was ours.

King. Great Happiness!

Malcol. And now the *Norway* King craves Composition.
 We would not grant the burial of his men,
 Until at *Colems-Inch* he had disburs'd
 Great heaps of Treasure to our Generals use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
 Our confidence: pronounce his present Death;
 And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.
 He has deserv'd it.

Macd. Sir! I'll see it done.

King, What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* has won——*Exeunt*.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches flying.

1 *Witch*. Where hast thou been, Sister?

2. Killing Swine!

3. Sister; where thou?

1. A Sailor's Wife had Chesnuts in her lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd; give me quoth I;

Anoint thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cry'd,

Her Husband's to the *Baltick* gone, Master o'th' Tyger,

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a Rat without a tail

I'll do, I'll do, and I will do.

2. I'll give thee a wind.

1. Thou art kind.

3. And I another.

1. I my self have all the other.

And then from every Port they blow;

From all the Points that Sea-men know.

I will drain him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 My charms shall his repose forbid,
 Weary-sen-nights nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, waste, and pine.
 Though his Bark cannot be lost,
 Yet shall be Tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

2. Shew me, shew me

1. Here I have a Pilor's thumb

Wrack'd, as homeward he did come ! [A Drum within.

3. A Drum, a Drum :

Macbeth does come.

1. The weyward Sisters hand in hand,

Posters of the Sea and Land

Thus do go about, about

Thrice to thine,

2. And thrice to mine ;

3. And thrice agen to make up nine.

2. Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo with Attendants.

Macb. Command ; they make a halt upon the Heath.—

So fair, and foul a day I have not seen !

Banq. How far is't now to *Soris* ? what are these
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ?

That look not like the Earths Inhabitants,

And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you things

Crept hither from the lower World to fright

Th' Inhabitants of this ? You seem to know me

By laying all at once your choppy-fingers

Upon your skinny lips ; you shou'd be women,

And yet your looks forbid me to interpret

So well of you.—

Macb. Speak, if you can, what are you ?

1 Witch. All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane of Glamis* ;

2. All hail, *Macbeth*, Hail to thee *Thane of Cawdor*.

3. All hail, *Macbeth*, who shall be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, what makes you start ? and seem to dread

Events which sound so fair ? I th' name of Truth

Are you fantastical ? or that indeed

Which outwardly you shew ? My noble Partner,

You

You greet with present Grace,
 And strange prediction
 Of noble Fortune, and of Royal hope;
 With which he seems surpriz'd: To me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of Time,
 And tell which grain will grow, and which will not,
 Speak then to me; who neither beg your favour,
 Nor fear your hate. ———

1. Hail!

2. Hail!

3. Hail!

1. Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, thou shalt ne're be one.

So all Hail *Macbeth* and *Banquo*. ———

1. *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all Hail. ——— [Exeunt,

Macbeth. Stay! you imperfect Speakers! tell me more;

By *Sinel's* death I know I am *Thane of Glamis*?

But how of *Camdor*, whilst that *Thane* yet lives?

And, for your promise, that I shall be King,

'Tis not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be *Camdor*: say from whence

You have this strange Intelligence, or why

Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way

With such prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ha! gone! ———

Banq. The earth has Bubbles like the water:

And these are some of them: how soon they are vanish'd!

Macb. --- Th' are turn'd to Air; what seem'd Corporeal

Is melted into nothing; would they had staid.

Banq. Were such things here as we discours'd of now?

Or have we tasted some infectious Herb

That captivates our Reason?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane of Camdor* too, went it not so?

Banq. Just to that very tune! who's here?

Enter *Macduff*.

Macd. *Macbeth* the King has happily receiv'd

The news of your success : And when he reads
 Your pers'nal venture in the Rebels fight,
 His wonder and his praises then contend
 Which shall exceed : when he reviews your worth,
 He finds you in the stout *Norwegian*-ranks ;
 Not starting at the Images of Death
 Made by your self : each Messenger which came,
 Being loaden with the praises of your Valour,
 Seem'd proud to speak your Glories to the King ;
 Who, for an earnest of a greater Honour,
 Bad me, from him, to call you *Thane of Cawdor* :
 In which Addition, Hail, most noble *Thane* !

Banq. What, can the Devil speak true ?

Macb. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives !

Why do you dress me in his borrowed Robes ?

Macd. 'Tis true, Sir ; He, who was the *Thane*, lives yet ;

But under heavy judgment bears that life
 Which he in justice is condemn'd to lose,
 Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*,
 Or did assist the Rebel privately ;
 Or whether he concurr'd with both, to cause
 His Country's danger, Sir, I cannot tell :
 But, Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have over-thrown him.

Macb. *Glamis* and *Thane of Cawdor* !

The greatest is behind ; my noble Partner !

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings ?
 When those who gave to me the *Thane of Cawdor*
 Promis'd no less to them.

Banq. If all be true,

You have a Title to a Crown, as well
 As to the *Thane of Cawdor*. It seems strange ;
 But many times to win us to our harm,
 The Instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 And tempt us with low trifles, that they may
 Betray us in the things of high concern.

Macb. Th'have told me truth as to the name of *Cawdor*, [*aside*.
 That may be Prologue to the name of King.
 Less Titles shou'd the greater still fore-run,
 The morning Star doth usher in the Sun.

This strange Prediction in as strange a manner
 Deliver'd : neither can be good nor ill,
 If ill ; 'twou'd give no earnest of success,
 Beginning in a truth : I'm *Thane of Cawdor* ;
 If good, Why am I then perplex with doubt ?
 My future blifs causes my present fears,
 Fortune, methinks, which rains down Honour on me,
 Seems to rain bloud too : *Duncan* does appear
 Clouded by my increasing Glories : but
 These are but dreams.

Banq. Look how my Partner's rap'd !

Macb. If Chance will have me King ; Chance may bestow
 A Crown without my stir.

Banq. His Honours are surprizes, and resemble
 New Garments, which but seldom fit men well,
 Unless by help of use.

Macb. Come, what come may ;
 Patience and time run through the roughest day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth* ! we wait upon your leisure.

Macb. I was reflecting upon past transactions ;
 Worthy *Macduff* ; your pains are registred
 Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
 Let's hasten to the King : we'll think upon
 These accidents at more convenient time.

When w'have maturely weigh'd them, we'll impart
 Our mutual judgments to each others breasts.

Banq. Let it be so.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come Friends ——— [Exit.

Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbine, Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet ?
 Or are they not return'd, who were employ'd
 In doing it ?

Malc. They are not yet come back ;
 But I have spoke with one who saw him die,
 And did report, that very frankly he
 Confess'd his Treasons, and implor'd your pardon ;
 With signs of a sincere and deep repentance.
 He told me, nothing in his life became him
 So well, as did his leaving it. He dy'd
 As one who had been study'd in his Death,

Quitting

Quitting the dearest thing he ever had,
As 'twere a worthless trifle.

King. There's no Art
To find the minds construction in the face :
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Macduff.

O worthy 'st Cozen !
The sin of my Ingratitude even now
Seem'd heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That all the wings of recompence are slow
To overtake thee : would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine : I've only left to say,
That thou deserv'st more than I have to pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe you,
Is a sufficient payment for it self :
Your Royal part is to receive our Duties ;
Which Duties are, Sir, to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants ; and when we expose
Our dearest lives to save your Interest,
We do but what we ought.

King. Y'are welcome hither ;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
Still to advance thy growth : And noble *Banquo*,
(Who hast no less deserved ; nor must partake
Less of our favour) let me here enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart ;

Banq. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My joys are now
Wanton in fulness ; and wou'd hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Kinsmen, Sons, and *Thanes* ;
And you, whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our Estate upon
Our Eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland* : nor must he wear
His Honours unaccompany'd by others,
But marks of nobleness, like Stars, shall shine
On all deservers. Now we'll hasten hence

To *Enverness* : we'll be your guest, *Macbeth*,
 And there contract a greater debt than that
 Which I already owe you.

Macb. That Honour, Sir,
 Out-speaks the best expression of my thanks :
 I'll be my self the Harbinger, and bless
 My Wife with the glad news of your approach.
 I humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor* — } *Macbeth going out, stops, and speaks
 whilst the King talks with Banq. &c.*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland* ! that is a step
 On which I must fall down, or else o're-leap ;
 For in my way it lies. Stars ! hide your fires,
 Let no light see my black and deep desires.
 The strange Idea of a bloody act
 Does into doubt all my resolves distract.

My eye shall at my hand connive, the Sun
 Himself should wink when such a deed is done —

King. True, Noble *Banquo*, he is full of worth ;
 And with his Commendations I am fed ;
 It is a Feast to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcom :
 He is a matchless Kinsman —

[Exit.]

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and Lady Macduff, Lady Macbeth
 having a Letter in her hand.*

[Exeunt.]

La. Macb. Madam, I have observ'd since you came hither,
 You have been still disconsolate. Pray tell me,
 Are you in perfect health ?

La. Macd. Alas ! how can I ?
 My Lord, when Honour call'd him to the War,
 Took with him half of my divided soul,
 Which lodging in his bosom, lik'd so well
 The place, that 'tis not yet return'd.

La. Macb. Methinks
 That should not disorder you : for, no doubt
 The brave *Macduff* left half his soul behind him,
 To make up the defect of yours.

La. Macd. Alas !
 The part transplanted from his breast to mine,
 (As 'twere by sympathy) still bore a share
 In all the hazards which the other half

C

Incurr'd,

Incurr'd, and fill'd my bosom up with fears.

La. Macb. Those fears, methinks, should cease now he is safe.

La. Macd. Ah, Madam, dangers which have long prevail'd
Upon the fancy ; even when they are dead
Live in the memory a-while.

La. Macb. Although his safety has not power enough to put
Your doubts to flight, yet the bright glories which
He gain'd in Battel might dispel those Clouds.

La. Macd. The world mistakes the glories gain'd in war,
Thinking their Lustre true : alas, they are
But Comets, Vapours ! by some men exhal'd
From others blood, and kindl'd in the Region
Of popular applause, in which they live
A-while ; then vanish : and the very breath
Which first inflam'd them, blows them out agen.

La. Macb. I willingly would read this Letter ; but
Her presence hinders me ; I must divert her.
If you are ill, repose may do you good ;
Y'had best retire ; and try if you can sleep.

L. Macd. My doubtful thoughts too long have kept me waking,
Madam ! I'll take your Counsel. --- [*Ex. La. Macd.*]

La. Macb. Now I have leisure, peruse this Letter.
His last brought some imperfect news of things
Which in the shape of women greeted him
In a strange manner. This perhaps may give
More full intelligence. [*She reads.*]

Reads. They met me in the day of success ; and I have been told they
have more in them than mortal Knowledge. When I desired to questi-
on them further ; they made themselves air. Whilest I entertain'd
my self with the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who
call'd me Thane of Cawdor : by which Title, these weyward Sisters
had saluted me before, and refer'd me to the coming on of time ;
with, Hail King that shall be. This have I imparted to thee, (my
dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose thy rights of
rejoycing, by being ignorant of what is promis'd. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd : yet I fear thy Nature

Has too much of the milk of humane kindness
 To take the nearest way : thou wouldst be great :
 Thou dost not want ambition : but the ill
 Which should attend it : what thou highly cover'st
 Thou cover'st holily ! alas, thou art
 Loath to play false ; and yet would'st wrongly win !
 Oh how irregular are thy desires ?
 Thou willingly, Great *Glamis*, would'st enjoy
 The end without the means ! Oh haste thee thither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thy ear :
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 Thy too effeminate desires of that
 Which supernatural assistance seems
 To Crown thee with. What may be your news ?

Enter Servant.

Macb. Ser. The King comes hither to night.

La. Macb. Th'art mad to say it :

Is not thy Master with him ? Were this true,
 He would give notice for the preparation.

Macb. Ser. So please you, it is true : our *Thane* is coming ;
 One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
 Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his Message.

La. Macb. See him well look'd to : he brings welcome news.
 There wou'd be musick in a Raven's voice,
 Which should but croke the entrance of the King
 Under my Battlements. Come all you spirits
 That wait on mortal thoughts : unsex me here :
 Empty my Nature of humanity,
 And fill it up with cruelty : make thick
 My bloud, and stop all passage to remorse ;
 That no relapses into mercy may
 Shake my design, nor make it fall before
 'Tis ripen'd to effect : you murdering spirits,
 (Where ere in sightless substances you wait
 On Natures mischief) com, and fill my breasts
 With Gall instead of Milk : make haste dark night,
 And hide me in a smoak as black as hell ;
 That my keen steel see not the wound it makes :
 Nor Heav'n peep through the Curtains of the dark,
 To cry, hold ! hold !

C 2

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis* ! worthy *Cawdor* !
Greater than both, by the all-Hail hereafter ;
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
My present posture ; I already feel
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest Love,

Duncan comes here to night.

La. Macb. When goes he hence ?

Macb. To morrow as he purposes.

La. Macb. O never !

Never may any Sun that morrow see.

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters to beguile the time.

Be chearful, Sir ; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue : Look like the innocent flower,

But be the Serpent under 't : He that's coming

Must be provided for : And you shall put

This nights great bus'ness into my dispatch ;

Which shall to our future nights and days

Give sovereign Command : we will with-draw,

And talk on't further : Let your looks be clear,

Your change of Count'nance does betoken fear.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbine, Banquo, Lenox,
Macduff, Attendants.*

King. This Castle has a very pleasant seat ;
The air does sweetly recommend it self
To our delighted senses.

Banq. The Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting *Martin* by his choice
O this place for his Mansion, seems to tell us,
That here Heavens breath smells pleasantly, No window,
Buttrice, nor place of vantage ; but this Bird
Has made his pendant bed and cradle where
He breeds and haunts. I have observ'd the Air,
'Tis delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see our honoured Hostess,
By loving us, some persons cause our trouble ;
Which still we thank as love : herein I teach

You

You how you should bid us welcome for your pains,
And thank you for your trouble.

La. Macb. All our services
In every point twice done, would prove but poor
And single gratitude, if weigh'd with these
Obliging honours which
Your Majesty confers upon our house ;
For dignities of old and later date
(Being too poor to pay) we must be still
Your humble debtors.

Macd. Madam, we are all joyn'tly, to night, your trouble ;
But I am your trespasser upon another score.
My Wife, I understand, has in my absence
Retir'd to you.

La. Macb. I must thank her : for whilst she came to me
Seeking a Cure for her own solitude,
She brought a remedy to mine : her fears
For you, have somewhat indispos'd her, Sir,
She's now with-drawn, to try if she can sleep :
When she shall wakè, I doubt not but your presence
Will perfectly restore her health.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor* ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,
And his great love (sharp as his spur) has brought him
Hither before us. Fair and Noble Lady,
We are your Guests to night.

La. Macb. Your servants
Should make their Audit at your pleasure, Sir,
And still return it as their debt.

King. Give me your hand.
Conduct me to *Macbeth* : we love him highly,
And shall continue our affection to him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were well when done ; then it were well
It were done quickly ; if his Death might be
Without the Death of nature in my self,
And killing my own rest ; it wou'd suffice ;
But deeds of this complexion still return
To plague the doer, and destroy his peace :

Yet let me think ; he's here in double trust.
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the Deed : then as his Host,
 Who should against this murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the sword my self. Besides, this *Duncan*
 Has born his faculties so meek, and been
 So clear in his great Office ; that his Virtues,
 Like Angels, plead against so black a deed ;
 Vaulting Ambition ! thou o're-leap'st thy self
 To fall upon another : now, what news ?

Enter L. Macbeth.

L. Macb. H'has almost suppd: why have you left the chamber ?

Macb. Has he enquir'd for me ?

L. Macb. You know he has !

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business :
 H'has honoured me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which should be worn now in their newest glos,
 Not cast aside so soon.

L. Macb. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd your self ? has it slept since ?
 And wakes it now to look so pale and fearful
 At what it wish'd so freely ? Can you fear
 To be the same in your own act and valour,
 As in desire you are ? would you enjoy
 What you repute the Ornament of Life,
 And live a Coward in your own esteem ?
 You dare not venture on the thing you wish:
 But still wou'd be in tame expectance of it.

Macb. I prethee peace : I dare do all that may
 Become a man ; he who dares more, is none.

L. Macb. What Beast then made you break this Enterprize
 To me ? when you did that, you were a man :
 Nay, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere ; and yet you wish'd for both ;
 And now th'have made themselves ; how you betray
 Your Cowardize ? I've given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me :
 I would, whilst it was smiling in my face,

Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash't the brains out, had I so resolv'd,
 As you have done for this.

Macb. If we should fail : —

L. Macb. How fail ! —

Bring but your Courage to the fatal place,
 And we'l not fail ; when *Duncan* is asleep,
 (To which the pains of this days journey will
 Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
 I will with wine and wassel so convince ;
 That memory (the centry of the brain)
 Shall be a fume ; and the receipt of reason,
 A limbeck only : when, in swinish sleep,
 Their natures shall lie drench'd, as in their Death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 His spongy Officers ? we'l make them bear
 The guilt of our black Deed.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only ;
 For thy undaunted temper should produce
 Nothing but males : but yet when we have mark'd
 Those of his Chamber (whilst they are asleep)
 With *Duncan's* blood, and us'd their very daggers ;
 I fear it will not be, with ease, believ'd
 That they have don't.

L. Macb. Who dares believe it otherwise,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamours loud
 After his death ?

Macb. I'm settled, and will stretch up
 Each fainting sinew to this bloody act.
 Come, let's delude the time with fairest show,
 Fain'd looks must hide what the false heart does know.

ACT, II. SCENE, I.

Enter Banquo and Fleame.

Banquo. **H**OW goes the night, Boy ?
Fleame. I have not heard the Clock,

But

But the Moon is down.

Banq. And she goes down at twelve.

Flea. I take't 'tis late Sir,

[*Ex. Fleam.*]

Banq. An heavy summons lies like lead upon me ;
Nature wou'd have me sleep, and yet I fain wou'd wake :
Merciful powers restrain me in these cursed thoughts
That thus disturb my rest.

Enter Macbeth and Servant.

Who's there ? *Macbeth*, a friend.

Banq. What, Sir, not yet at rest ? the King's a-bed ;
He has been to night in an unusual pleasure :
He to your servants has been bountiful,
And with this Diamond he greets your wife
By the obliging name of most kind Hostess.

Macb. The King taking us unprepar'd, restrain'd our power
Of serving him ; which else should have wrought more free.

Banq. All's well.

I dream'd last night of the three weyward Sisters
To you they have shewn some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;

Yet, when we can intreat an hour or two,
We'll spend it in some wood upon that business.

Banq. At your kindest leisure.

Macb. If when the Prophecie begins to look like truth
You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.

Banq. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still
Keeping my bosom free, and my Allegiances dear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. The like to you, Sir.

[*Ex. Banquo.*]

Macb. Go bid your Mistress, when she is undrest,
To strike the Closet-bell and I'll go to bed.
Is this a dagger which I see before me ?
The hilt draws towards my hand ; come, let me grasp thee :
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still ;
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or, art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the brain, oppress'd with hear.
My eyes are made the fools of th'other senses ;

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still,
 And on thy blade are stains of reeking blood.
 It is the bloody business that thus
 Informs my eye-sight ; now, to half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams infect
 The health of sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Heccate's* Offerings ; now murder is
 Alarm'd by his nights Centinel : the wolf,
 Whose howling seems the watch-word to the dead :
 But whilst I talk, he lives : hark, I am summon'd,
 O *Duncan*, hear it not, for 'tis a bell
 That rings my Coronation, and thy Knell.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. That which made them drunk, has made me bold ;
 What has quenched them, hath given new fire to me.
 Heark ; oh, it was the Owl that shriek'd ;
 The fatal Bell-man that oft bids good night
 To dying men, he is about it ; the doors are open,
 And whilst the surfeited Grooms neglect their charges for sleep,
 Nature and death are now contending in them.

*Enter Macbeth.**Macb.* Who's there ?

La. Macb. Alas I am afraid they are awak'd,
 And 'tis not done ; the attempt without the deed
 Would ruine us. I laid the daggers ready,
 He could not miss them ; and had he not resembl'd
 My Father, as he slept, I would have don't
 My Husband.

Macb. I have done the deed, didst thou not hear a noise ?

La. Macb. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry,
 Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?*La. Macb.* Now.*Macb.* Who lies i'th' Anti-chamber ?*La. Macb.* *Donalbain.**Macb.* This is a dismal sight.*La. Macb.* A foolish thought to say a dismal sight.

Macb. There is one did laugh as he securely slept,
 And one cry'd Murder, that they wak'd each other.
 I stood and heard them ; but they said their Prayers,

D

And

And then address themselves to sleep again.

La. Macb. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, Heaven bless us, the other said, *Amen* :
As they had seen me with these Hang-mans hands,
Silenc'd with fear, I cou'd not say *Amen*
When they did say, Heaven bless us.

La. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But, wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen* ?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

La. Macb. These deeds shou'd be forgot as soon as done,
Lest they distract the doer.

Macb. Methoughts I heard a noise cry, sleep no more :
Macbeth has murder'd sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care ;
The death of each days life ; tir'd labours bath ;
Balm of hurt ; minds great natures second course ;
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

La. Macb. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house.
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more ; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

La. Macb. Why do you dream thus ? go get some water
And cleanse this filthy witness from your hands.
Why did you bring the daggers from the place ?
They must be there, go carry them, and stain
The sleepy Grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then with looking on it, shall I do ?

La. Macb. Give me the daggers, the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted Devil : with his blood
I'll stain the faces of the Grooms ; by that
It will appear their guilt.

[*Ex. La. Macbeth.*
[*Knock within.*

Macb. What knocking's that ?
How is't with me, when every noise affrights me ?
What hands are here ! can the Sea afford
Water enough to wash away the stains ?

No, they would sooner add a tincture to
The Sea, and turn the green into a red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macbeth. My hands are of your colour ; but I scorn
To wear an heart so white. Hearn, [Knock.]

I hear a knocking at the Gate : to your Chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed.

Your fear has left you unmann'd ; heark, more knocking.
Get on your Gown, lest occasions call us,
And shews us to be watchers ; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [Exit.]

Macb. Disguis'd in blood, I scarce can find my way.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking, wou'd thou could'st. [Exit.]

Enter Lenox and Macbeth's Servant.

Lenox. You sleep soundly, that so much knocking
Could not wake you.

Serv. Labour by day causes rest by night.

Enter Macduff.

Len. See the noble *Macduff*.
Good morrow my Lord, have you observ'd
How great a mist does now possess the air ;
It makes me doubt whether't be day or night.

Macd. Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my
Window, and I cou'd scarce see farther than my breath :
The darkness of the night brought but few objects
To our eyes, but too many to our ears.
Strange claps and creakings of the doors were heard ;
The *Screech-Owl* with his screams, seem'd to foretel
Some deed more black than night.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is the King stirring ?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to attend him early ;
I have almost slip'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you.

Macb. The labour we delight in, gives ;
That door will bring you to him.

Macd. I'll make bold to call ; for 'tis my limited service. [Ex. Macd]

Len. Goes the King hence to day ?

Macb. So he designs.

Len. The night has been unruly :
Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down ;
And, as they say, terrible groanings were heard ith' air :
Strange screams of death, which seem'd to prophesie
More strange events, fill'd divers,
Some say the Earth shook.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot recollect its fellow.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Oh horror ! horror ! horror !
Which no heart can conceive, nor tongue can utter.

Macb. } What's the matter ?
Len. }

Macd. Horror has done its worst :
Most sacrilegious murder has broke open
The Lord's anointed Temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb. What is't you say ; the life ?

Len. Meaning his Majesty.

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and behold a sight
Enough to turn spectators into stone.
I cannot speak, see, and then speak your selves :

Ring the Alarum-bell. Awake, awake, *Ex. Macb. and Len.*
Murther, Treason ; *Banquo, Malcom, and Donalbain,*
Shake of your downy sleep, Death's counterfeit ;
And look on Death it self ; up, up, and see,
As from your Graves, rise up, and walk like spirits
To countenance this horror ; ring the Bell. *[Bell rings.]*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

La. Macb. What's the business, that at this dead of night
You alar'm us from our rest ?

Macd. O, Madam !

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition in a womans ear
Would do another murther.

Enter Banquo.

Oh *Banquo, Banquo,* our Royal Master's murther'd !

La. Macb. Ah me ! in our house ?

Banq. The deed's too cruel any where, *Macduff ;*

Oh,

Oh, that you could but contradict your self,
And say it is not true.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing in't worth a good mans care;
All is but toys, Renown and Grace are dead.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Donal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stop'd; the very source of it is stop'd.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Malc. Murder'd! by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all stain'd with blood:
So were their Daggers, which we found unwip'd,
Upon their Pillows. Why, was the life of one,
So much above the best of men, entrusted
To the hands of two, so much below
The worst of beasts?

Macb. Then I repent me I so rashly kill'd e'm.

Macd. Why did you so?

Macb. Who can be prudent and amaz'd together;
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
Th' expedition of my violent love
Out-ran my pausing reason: I saw *Duncan*,
Whose gaping wounds look'd like a breach in nature,
Where ruine enter'd there. I saw the Murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their Daggers
Being yet unwip'd, seem'd to own the deed,
And call for vengeance; who could then refrain,
That had an heart to love; and in that heart
Courage to manifest his affection?

La. Macb. Oh, oh, oh.

[*Faints.*]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why are we silent now, that have so large
An argument for sorrow?

Donal. What should be spoken here, where our Fate may rush
Suddenly upon us, and as if it lay

Hid in some corner ; make our death succeed
The ruine of our Father e're we are aware.

Macd. I find this place too publick for true sorrow :
Let us retire, and mourn : but first,
Guarded by Vertue, I am resolv'd to find
The utmost of this business.

Banq. And I.

Macb. And all.

Let all of us take manly resolution ;
And two hours hence meet together in the Hall
To question this most bloody Fact.

Banq. We shall be ready, Sir. [*Ex. all but Malc. and Donalb.*

Malc. What will you do ?

Let's not consort with them :
To shew an unfeelt-sorrow, is an office
Which false men do with ease.

I'll to *England*.

Donal. To *Ireland* I'm resolv'd to steer my course ;
Our separated fortune may protect our persons
Where we are : Daggers lie hid under mens smiles,
And the nearer some men are allied to our blood,
The more, I fear, they seek to shed it.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim : then let's to horse,
And use no ceremony in taking leave of any.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth.

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Seaton. I can remember well,
Within the compass of which time I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this one night
Has made that knowledge void.

Len. Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans act,
Threaten'd this bloody day: by th'hour 'tis day,
And yet dark night does cover all the skie,
As if it had quite blotted out the Sun.
It's nights predominance, or the days shame
Makes darkness thus usurp the place of light.

Seat. 'Tis strange and unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done ; on Tuesday last,

A Faul-

A *Falcon* tousing in her height of pride,
Was by a mousing *Owl* hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Len. And *Duncan's* Horses, which before were tame,
Did on a sudden change their gentle natures,
And became wild; they broke out of their Stables,
As if they would make war with mankind.

Seat. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Len. They did so,
To th'amazement of those eyes that saw it.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*:

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Len. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain are most suspected.

Len. Alas, what good could they pretend?

Macd. It is suppos'd they were suborn'd.

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the Kings two Sons,
Are stoln away from Court,
Which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

Len. Unnatural still.

Could their ambition prompt them to destroy
The means of their own life.

Macd. You are free to judge
Of their deportment as you please; but most
Men think e'm guilty,

Len. Then 'tis most like the Sovereignty will fall
Upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Len. Where's *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmehill*,
The sacred Store-house of his Predecessors.

Len. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fyfe*:
My Wife and Children frighted at the Alar'm
Of this sad-news, have thither led the way,
And I'll follow them: may the King you go
To see invested, prove as great and good
As *Duncan* was; but I'm in doubt of it.
New Robes nere as the old so easie fit.

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE 3;

SCENE; *An Heath.**Enter Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant.*

La. Macd. Art sure this is the place my Lord appointed
Us to meet him ?

Serv. This is the entrance o'th' Heath ; and here
He order'd me to attend him with the Chariot.

La. Macd. How fondly did my Lord conceive that we
Should shun the place of danger by our flight
From *Everness* ? The darkness of the day
Makes the Heath seem the gloomy walks of death.
We are in danger still : they who dare here
Trust Providence, may trust it any where.

Maid. But this place, Madam, is more free from terror :
Last night methoughts I heard a dismal noise
Of shrieks and groanings in the air.

La. Macd. 'Tis true, this is a place of greater silence ;
Not so much troubled with the groans of those
That die ; nor with the out-cries of the living.

Maid. Yes, I have heard stories, how some men
Have in such lonely places been affrighted
With dreadful shapes and noises. [*Macduff hollows.*

La. Macd. But hark, my Lord sure hollows ;
'Tis he ; answer him quickly.

Serv. Illo, ho, ho, ho.

Enter Macduff.

La. Macd. Now I begin to see him : are you a foot,
My Lord ?

Macd. Knowing the way to be both short and easie,
And that the Chariot did attend me here,
I have adventur'd. Where are our Children ?

La. Macd. They are securely sleeping in the Chariot.

First Song by Witches.

1 Witch. Speak, Sister, speak ; is the deed done ?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago :
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow ;
Nor single : following crimes on former wait.
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.

2 Witch.

2 *Witch*. He will.

1 *Witch*. He shall.

3 *Witch*. He must spill much more blood ;
And become worse, to make his Title good.

1 *Witch*. Now let's dance.

2 *Witch*. Agreed.

3 *Witch*. Agreed.

4 *Witch*. Agreed.

Chorus. We shou'd rejoyce when good Kings bleed.

When Cartel die, about we go,

What then, when Monarchs perish, should we do ?

Macd. What can this be ?

La. Macd. This is most strange : but why seem you affraid ?

Can you be capable of fears, who have
So often caus'd it in your Enemies ?

Macd. It was an hellish Song, I cannot dread.

Ought that is mortal ; but this is something more.

Second Song.

Let's have a dance upon the Heath ;

we gain more life by Duncan's death.

Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,

Having no musick but our mew.

Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,

Upon the Hopper, Stones, and wheel.

To some old Saw, or Bardish Rhime,

where still the Mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about an hollow tree,

A round, a round, a round dance we.

Thither the chirping Cricket comes,

And Beetle, singing drowsie hums.

Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Furs,

To howls of Wolves, and barks of Curs.

And when with none of those we meet,

We dance to th' Echoes of our feet.

At the night-Raven's dismal voice,

Whilst others tremble, we rejoyce ;

And nimble, nimble dance we still

To th' Echoes from an hollow Hill.

Macd. I am glad you are not affraid.

La. Macd. I would not willingly to fear submit :

None can fear ill, but those that merit it.

Macd. Am I made bold by her? How strong a guard
Is innocence? If any one would be
Reputed valiant, let him learn of you;
Vertue both courage is, and safety too. [A dance of Witches.

Enter two Witches.

Macd. These seem foul spirits; I'll speak to 'em.
If you can any thing by more than nature know,
You may in these prodigious times fore-tell
Some ill we may avoid.

1 *Witch.* Saving thy blood will cause it to be shed;

2 *Witch.* He'll bleed by thee, by whom thou first hast bled.

3 *Witch.* Thy Wife shall shunning dangers, dangers find,
And fatal be, to whom she most is kind. [Ex. Witches.

La. Macd. Why are you alter'd, Sir? Be not so thoughtful:
The Messengers of Darkness never spake
To men, but to deceive them.

Macd. Their words seem to fore-tell some dire Predictions.

La. Macd. He that believes ill news from such as these,
Deserves to find it true. Their words are like
Their shape; nothing but Fiction.
Let's hasten to our journey.

Macd. I'll take your counsel; for to permit
Such thoughts upon our memories to dwell,
Will make our minds the Registers of Hell. [Exeunt omnes.

ACT, III. SCENE, I.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. **T**Hou hast it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the three Sisters promis'd; but I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity:
But that my self should be the Root and Father
Of Many Kings; they told thee truth.
Why, since their promise was made good to thee,
May they not be my Oracles as well?

Enter

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Guest, if he had been forgotten,
It had been want of musick to our Feast.
To night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir;
And all request your presence.

Banq. Your Majesty lays your command on me,
To which my duty is to obey.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Banq. Yes, Royal, Sir.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this days Counsel; but we'll take to morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, Great Sir, as will take up the time:
Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I shall not.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cousins are bestov'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their hearers
With strange invention. But, of that to morrow.
Goes your Son vwith you?

Banq. He does; and our time now calls upon us.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot.
Farevell.

[*Ex. Banquo.*]

Let every man be Master of his time;
Till seven at night, to make society
The more vwelcome; vve vvill our selves vvithdraw,
And be alone till supper.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macduff departed frovvnngly, perhaps
He is grovvn jealous; he and *Banquo* must
Embrace the same Fate.
Do those men attend our pleasure?

Serv. They do, and wait vvithour.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

I am no King til I am safely so.
My fears sick deep in *Banquo's* Successors;
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that

Which wou'd be fear'd. He dares do much;
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,
 To act in safety. Under him
 My Genius is rebuk'd: he chid the Sisters
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him. Then, Prophet-like,
 They hail'd him Father to a Line of Kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
 And put a barren Scepter in my hand:
 Thence to be wrested by another's Race;
 No Son of mine succeeding: it's not so;
 For *Banquo's* Issue, I have stain'd my soul
 For them: the gracious *Duncan* I have murder'd;
 Rather than so, I will attempt yet further,
 And blot out, by their blood, what e're
 Is written of them in the book of Fate.

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Wait you without, and stay there till we call. I bid. [*Ex. Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Murth. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. And have you since considered what I told you?

How it was *Banquo*, who in former times

Held you so much in slavery;

Whilst you were guided to suspect my innocence;

This I made good to you in your last conference;

How you were born in hand; how cross;

The Instruments, who wrought with them:

2 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and now let me reason with you:

Do you find your patience so predominant

In your nature,

As tamely to remit those injuries?

Are you so Gospell'd to pray for this good man,

And for his Issue; whose heavy hand

Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and beggar'd

Yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;

As Hounds, and Grey-hounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,

Shoughs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are all
 Call'd by the name of dogs : the list of which
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtil,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous Nature
 Hath bestow'd on him ; and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the list,
 Nor i'th' worst rank of manhood ; say't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Which, if perform'd, will rid you of your enemy,
 And will endear you to the love of us.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
 Whom the vile blows, and malice of the Age
 Hath so incens'd, that I care not what I do
 To spite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
 So weary with disasters, and so inflicted by fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or to lose it.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and though I could
 With open power take him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not ;
 For certain friends that are both his and mine ;
 Whose loves I may not hazard ; would ill
 Resent a publick proces : and thence it is
 That I do your assistance crave, to mask
 The business from the common eye.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord, perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
 Within this hour, at most,
 I will advise you where to plant your selves ;
 For it must be done to night :
 And something from the Palace ; always remember'd,
 That you keep secrecy with the prescribed Father.
Flean, his Son too, keeps him company ;
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than that of *Banquo's* : he too must embrace the fate.

Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves apart.

Both Mur. We are resolv'd my Liege.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight. [Exit Murchs]

Now, *Banquo*, if thy soul can in her flight

Find Heaven, thy happiness begins to night. [Exit]

Enter Macduff, and Lady Macduff.

Macd. It must be so. Great *Duncan's* bloody death

Can have no other Author but *Macbeth*

His Dagger now is to a Scepter grown;

From *Duncan's* Grave he has deriv'd his Throne.

La. Macd. Ambition urg'd him to that bloody deed:

May you be never by Ambition led

Forbid it Heav'n, that in revenge you shou'd

Follow a Copy that is writ in blood.

Macd. From *Duncan's* Grave, methinks I hear a groan

That calls aloud for justice.

La. Macd. If the Throne

Was by *Macbeth* ill gain'd, Heavens may

Without your Sword, sufficient vengeance pay.

Usurpers lives have but a short extent.

Nothing lives long in a strange Element.

Macd. My Countreys dangers call for my defence

Against the bloody Tyrants violence.

L. Macd. I am afraid you have some other end

Than merely *Scotland's* freedom to defend.

You'd raise your self, whilst you wou'd him dethrone;

And shake his Greatness to confirm your own.

That purpose will appear, when rightly scann'd,

But usurpation at the second hand.

Good Sir, recal your thoughts.

Macd. What if I shou'd

Assume the Scepter for my Countreys good?

Is that an usurpation? can it be

Ambition to procure the liberty

Of this sad Realm; which does by Treason bleed?

That which provokes, will justify the deed.

La. Macd. If the Design should prosper, the Event

May make us safe, but not you Innocent:

For whilst to set our fellow Subjects free

From present Death, or future Slavery.

You wear a Crown, not by your Title due,
 Defence in them, is an Offence in you;
 That deed's unlawful, though it cost no Blood,
 In which you'l be at best unjustly Good.
 You, by your Pity, which for us you plead,
 Weave but Ambition of a finer thread.

Macd. Ambition does the height of power affect,
 My aim is not to Govern, but Protect:
 And he is not ambitious that declares,
 He nothing seeks of Scepters but their cares.

La. Macd. Can you so patiently your self molest,
 And lose your own to give your Countrey rest!
 In Plagues what sound Physician wou'd endure
 To be infected for another's Cure.

Macd. If by my troubles I cou'd yours release,
 My Love wou'd turn those torments to my ease:
 I shou'd at once be sick, and healthy too,
 Though Sickly in my self, yet Well in you.

La. Macd. But then reflect upon the Danger, Sir,
 Which you by your aspiring wou'd incur
 From Fortunes Pinnacle, you will too late
 Look down, when you are giddy with your height:
 Whilst you with Fortune play to win a Crown,
 The Peoples Stakes are greater than your own.

Macd. In hopes to have the common Ills redrest,
 Who wou'd not venture single interest.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman, just now arriv'd
 From Court, has brought a Message from the King;

Macd. One sent from him, can no good Tidings bring?

La. Macd. What wou'd the Tyrant have?

Macd. Go, I will hear

The News, though it a dismal Accent bear,
 Those who expect and do not fear their Doom,
 May hear a Message though from Hell it come. [Exit.]

Enter Macbeth's Lady and Servant.

La. Macb. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Ser. Yes Madam, but returns again to night.

La. Macb. Say to the King, I wou'd attend his leisure
 For a few words. [Exit. Ser.]

Where

Where our desire is got without content,
 Alas, it is not Gain, but punishment!
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Then by Destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now my Lord, why do you keep alone?
 Making the worst of Fancy your Companions,
 Conversing with those thoughts which shou'd ha'dy'd
 With those they think on: things without redress,
 Shou'd be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. Alas, we have but scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it,
 She'l close and be her self, whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former Sting.
 But let the frame of all things be disjoyn't
 Ere we will eat our bread in fear; and sleep
 In the affliction of those horrid Dreams
 That shake us mightily! Better be with him
 Whom we to gain the Crown, have sent to peace;
 Then on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless Agony. *Duncan* is dead;
 He, after life's short feaver, now sleeps; Well,
 Treason has done its worst; nor Steel, nor Poyson,
 Nor Foreign force, nor yet Domestick Malice
 Can touch him further.

La. Macb. Come on, smooth your rough brow:
 Be free and merry with your guests to night.

Macb. I shall, and so I pray be you, but still,
 Remember to apply your self to *Banquo*:
 Present him kindness with your Eye and Tongue.
 In how unsafe a posture are our honours
 That we must have recourse to flattery,
 And make our Faces Vizors to our hearts.

La. Macb. You must leave this.

Macb. How full of Scorpions is my mind? Dear Wife
 Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Flean* lives.

La. Macb. But they are not Immortal, there's comfort yet in that.

Macb. Be mercy then, for ere the *Bat* has flown
 His Cloyster'd flight; ere to black *Heccate*'s Summons,
 The sharp brow'd Beetle with his drowsie hums,
 Has rung nights second Peal:

There

There shall be done a deed of dreadful Note.

La. Macb. What is't?

Macb. Be innocent of knowing it, my Dear,
Till thou applaud the deed, come dismal Night
Close up the Eye of the quick-sighted Day
With thy invisible and bloody hand.

The Crow makes wing to the thick shady Grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcast,
Whilst Nights black Agents to their Preys make hast,
Thou wonder'st at my Language, wonder still,
Things ill begun, strengthen themselves by ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Murtherers.

1 Mur. The time is almost come,
The *West* yet glimmers with some streaks of day,
Now the benighted Traveller spurs on,
To gain the timely Inn.

2 Mur. Hark, I hear Horses, and saw some body alight
At the Park gate.

3 Mur. Then 'tis he; the rest
That are expected are i'th' Court already.

1 Mur. His horses go about almost a Mile,
And men from hence to th' *Pallace* make it their usual walk. [*Exc.*]

Enter Banquo and Flean.

Banq. It will be rain to night.

Flean. We must make haste:

Banq. Our haste concerns us more than being wet.
The King expects me at his feast to night,
To which he did invite me with a kindness,
Greater than he was wont to express.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Murtherers with drawn Swords.

1 Mur. *Banquo*, thou little think'st what bloody feast
Is now preparing for thee.

2 Mur. Nor to what shades the darkness of this night,
Shall lead thy wandering spirit. [*Exeunt after Banquo.*]

[*Clashing of Swords is heard from within.*]

Re-enter Flean pursu'd by one of the Murtherers.

Flean. Murder, help, help, my Father's kill'd. [*Exc. running*]

SCENE opens, a Banquet prepar'd.

Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Seaton, Lenox, Lords Attendants.

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down.

F

Seat, Thanks

Seal. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will keep you company,
And play the humble Host to entertain you :
Our Lady keeps her State ; but you shall have her welcome too.

La. Macb. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. Both sides are even ; be free in Mirth, anon
We'll drink a measure about the Table.
There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. Is he dispatch'd ?

Mur. My Lord his Throat is cut : that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of Cut throats ;
Yet he is good that did the like for *Flean*.

Mur. Most Royal Sir, he scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again, I had else been perfect,
Firm as a Pillar founded on a Rock !
As unconfin'd as the free spreading Air.
But now I'm check'd with sawcy Doubts and fears.
But *Banquo's* safe ?

Mur. Safe in a Ditch he lies,
With twenty gaping wounds on his head,
The least of which was Mortal.

Macb. There the ground Serpent lies ; the worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed.
Though at present it wants a Sting, to morrow,
To morrow you shall hear further.

[*Exit. Mur.*]

La. Macb. My Royal Lord, you spoil the Feast,
The Sauce to Meat is cheerfulness.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Let good digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May it please your Highness to sit.

Macb. Had we but here our Countreys honour ;
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present,
Whom we may justly challenge for unkindness.

Seal. His absence Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise ; please your Highness,
To grace us with your company ?

Macb. Yes, Ple sit down. The Table's full

Len. Here is a place reserv'd Sir :

Macb. Where

Macb. Where Sir ?

Len. Here. What is't that moves your Highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. Done what ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it ; never shake
Thy goary Locks at me.

Seat. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

La. Macb. Sit worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth ; pray keep your Seats,
The fit is ever sudden if you take notice of it,
You shall offend him, and provoke his passion,
In a moment he'll be well again.
Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one ; that dare look on that
Which wou'd distract the Devil

La. Macb. O proper stuff :
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the Air-drawn Dagger, which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O these Fits and Starts,
(Impostors to true fear) wou'd well become
A womans story, authoriz'd by her Grandam,
Why do you stare thus ? when all's done
You look but on a Chair.

Macb. Prethee see there, how say you now !
Why, what care I, if thou canst nod ; speak too.
If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back ; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of Kites.

La. Macb. What quite unmann'd in folly ? [*The Ghost descends.*

Macb. If I stand here, I saw it :

La. Macb. Fye, for shame.

Macb. 'Tis not the first of Murders ; blood was shed
E're humane Law decreed it for a sin.
Ay, and since Murthers too have been committed
Too terrible for the Ear. The time has been,
That when the brains weré out, the man wou'd dye ;
And there lie still ; but now they rise again
And thrust us from our Seats.

La. Macb. Sir, your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. Wonder not at me my most worthy Friends,

I have a strange Infirmity ; 'tis nothing
 To those that know me. Give me some Wine,
 Here's to the general Joy of all the Table,
 And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss,
 Wou'd he were here : to all, and him, we drink.

Lords. Our Duties are to pledge it. [*the Ghost of Ban. rises at his*

Macb. Let the earth hide thee : thy blood is cold, (feet.
 Thou hast no use now of thy glaring Eyes.

La. Macb. Think of this good my Lords, but as a thing
 Of Custom : 'tis no other,
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man can dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
 The Arm'd *Rhinoceros*, or the *Hircanian* Tigre :
 Take any shape but that ; and my firm Nerves
 Shall never tremble ; or revive a while,
 And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword,
 If any Sinew shrink, proclaim me then
 The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow.
 So, now I am a man again : pray you sit still.

Ex. Ghost.

La. Macb. You have disturb'd the Mirth ;
 Broke the glad Meeting with your wild disorder.

Macb. Can such things be without Astonishment.
 You make me strange,
 Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such sights,
 And keep the natural colour of your Cheeks,
 Whilst mine grew pale with fear.

Seal. What sights ?

La. Macb. I pray you speak not, he'l grow worse and worse ;
 Questions enrage him, at once good night :
 Stand not upon the Order of your going.

Len. Good night, and better health attend his Majesty.

La. Macb. A kind good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have Blood they say. Blood will have blood.
 Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak.

Augures well read in Languages of Birds
 By *Maggies*, *Rooks*, and *Dawes*, have reveal'd
 The secret Murder. How goes the night ?

La. Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. Why

Macb. Why did *Macduff* after a solemn Invitation,
Deny his presence at our Feast ?

La. Macb. Did you send to him Sir ?

Macb. I did ; but I'll send again,
There's not one great *Thane* in all *Scotland*,
But in his house I keep a *Seruant*,
He and *Banquo* must embrace the same Fate.
I will to morrow to the *Weyward Sisters*,
They shall tell me more ; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst that can befall me :
All Causes shall give way ; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as bad, as to go o're,

La. Macb. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.

Macb. Well I'll in
And rest ; if sleeping I repose can have,
When the Dead rise and want it in the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macduff and Lady Macduff.

La. Macd. Are you resolved then to be gone ?

Macd. I am :

I know my Answer cannot but inflame
The Tyrants fury to pronounce my death,
My life will soon be blasted by his breath.

La. Macd. But why so far as *England* must you fly ?

Macd. The farthest part of *Scotland* is too nigh.

La. Macd. Can You leave me, your Daughter and young Son,
To perish by that Tempest which you shun.
When Birds of stronger Wing are fled away,
The Ravenous *Kite* do's on the weaker prey.

Macd. He will not injure you, he cannot be
Possess'd with such unmanly cruelty :

You will your safety to your weakness owe.

As Grass escapes the Syth by being low.

Together we shall be too slow to fly :

Single, we may out-ride the Enemy.

I'll from the *English* King such Succours crave,

As shall revenge the Dead, and Living save.

My greatest misery is to remove,

With all the wings of haste from what I love.

La. Macd. If to be gone seems misery to you,

Good Sir, let us be miserable too.

Macd. Your Sex which here is your security,
Will by the toys of flight your Danger be. [Enter Messenger.
What fatal News do's bring thee out of breath?

Mess. Sir, *Banquo's* kill'd.

Macd. Then I am warn'd of Death.

Farewell ; our safety, Us, a while must sever :

La. Macd. Fly, fly, or we may bid farewell for ever.

Macd. Flying from Death, I am to life unkind,

For leaving you, I leave my Life behind.

[Exit.

La. Macd. Oh my dear Lord, I find now thou art gone,

I am more valiant when unsafe alone.

My heart feels man-hood, it does Death despise,

Yet I am still a Woman in my eyes.

And of my Tears thy absence is the cause,

So falls the Dew when the bright Sun withdraws.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lenox and Seaton.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret further ; Only I say
Things have been strangely carry'd.

Duncan was pitti'd, but he first was dead.

And the right Valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late :

Men must not walk so late : who can want Sense

To know how monstrous it was in Nature,

For *Malcolme* and *Donalbain*, to kill,

Their Royal Father ; horrid Fact ! how did

It grieve *Macbeth*, did he not straight

In Pious rage the two *Delinquents* kill,

That were the slaves of Drunkenness and Sleep?

Was not that nobly done ?

Seat. Ay, and wisely too :

For 'twou'd have anger'd any Loyal heart

To hear the men deny it.

Len. So that I say he has born all things well :

And I do think that had he *Duncan's* Sons

Under his power (as may please Heaven he shall not)

They shou'd find what it were to kill a Father.

So shou'd *Flean* : but peace ; I hear *Macduff*

Deny'd his presence at the Feast : For which

He lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where

Where he bestows himself?

Seal. I hear that *Malcolme* lives i'th' *English Court*;
And is receiv'd of the most Pious *Edward*,
With such Grace, that the Malevolences of Fortune
Takes nothing from his high Respect; thither
Macduff is gone to beg the Holy King's
Kind aid, to wake *Northumberland*
And Warlike *Seyward*, and by the help of these,
To finish what they have so well begun.

This report

Do's so Exasperate the King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Seal. He did, his absolute Command.

Len. Some Angel fly toth' *English Court*, and tell
His Message e're he come; that some quick blessing,
To this afflicted Country, may arrive
whilst those that merit it are yet alive. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder, Enter three Witches meeting Hecat.

1 Witch. How? *Hecat*, you look angerly.

Hecat. Have I not reason *Beldams*?

Why did you all Traffick with *Macbeth*
'Bout Riddles and affairs of Death,
And call'd not me? All you have done
Hath been but for a Weyward Son:
Make some amends now: get you gon,
And at the pit of *Acharon*
Meet me i'th' morning: Thither he
Will come to know his Destiny.
Dire busines will be wrought e're Noon,
For on a corner of the Moon,
A drop my Spectacles have found,
I'll catch it e're it come to ground.
And that distill'd shall yet e're night,
Raife from the Center such a Spright:
As by the strength of his Illusion,
Shall draw *Macbeth* to his Confusion.

Musick and Song.

Heccate, Heccate, Heccate! O come away;
Hark, I am call'd, my little Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and stays for me.

Sing

Sing within. [Machine descends.]

Come away *Heccate, Heccate!* Oh come away :

Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.

Where's *Stadling* ?

2. Here.

Hec. Where's *Puckle* ?

3. Here, and *Hopper* too, and *Helway* too.

1. We want but you, we want but you :
Come away, make up the Count.

Hec. I will but Noint, and then I mount,
I will but, &c.

1. Here comes down one to fetch his due, a Kiss,
A Cull, a sip of bloud.

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse.
Since th' Air's so sweet and good.

2. Oh art thou come ! What News ?

All goes fair for our delight,
Either come, or else refuse,
Now I'm furnish'd for the flight,
Now I go, and now I fly,

Making my sweet Spirit and-I.

3. Oh what a dainty pleasure's this !

To sail i'th' Air

While the *Moon* shines fair ;

To Sing, to Toy, to Dance and Kifs ;

Over Woods, high Rocks and Mountains ;

Over Hills, and misty Fountains ;

Over Steeples, Towers, and Turrets :

We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits.

No Ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,

No Howls of Wolves, nor Yelps of Hounds ;

No, nor the noise of Waters breach,

Nor Cannons Throats our Height can reach.

1. Come let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

2. But whilst she moves through the foggy Air,
Let's to the Cave and our dire Charms prepare.

Finis Actus III.

ACT

 ACT, IV. SCENE, I.

I witch. **T**Hrice the brinded Cat hath Mew'd.
 2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd,
 Shutting his Eyes against the Wind.

3. *Harpier* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

I Then round about the *Cauldron* go,
 And poyson'd Entrals throw.
 This Toad which under Mossie stone,
 Has days and nights lain thirty one :
 And swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
 We'l boyl in the Inchanted Pot.

All. Double, double, toyl and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and *Cauldron* bubble.

2. The Fillet of a Fenny Snake
 Of Scuttle-Fish the vomit black.
 The Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
 The Wool of Bat, and tongue of Dog.
 An Adders fork, and blind-Worms sting,
 A Lizzard's leg, and Howlets wing,
 Shall like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, &c.

3. The scale of Dragon, tooth of Wolf,
 A Witches Mummy : Maw and Gulf
 Of Cormorant and the Sea Shark,
 The root of Hemlock dig'd i'th' dark.
 The Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 With gall of Goats, and slips of Yew,
 Pluckt when the *Moon* was in Eclipse,
 With a *Turks* nose, and *Tarters* lips ;
 The finger of a strangl'd Babe,
 Born of a Ditch delivered Drab,
 Shall make the Greuel thick and slab.
 Adding thereto a fat *Dutchman's* Chawdron,
 For the ingredients of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, &c.

2. I'll cool it with the Baboons blood,
And so the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Heccate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. Oh well done, I commend your pains,
And every one shall share the Gains.
And now about the *Cauldron* sing,
Like Elves and Fairies in a ring.

Musick and Song.

Hec. **B**Lack Spirits, and white,
Red Spirits and Gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

1 *Witch.* *Tiffin, Tiffin*, keep it stiff in,
Fire-drake *Puckey*, make it lucky:
Liar Robin, you must bob in.

Chor. A round, a round, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1. Here's the blood of a Bat!

Hec. O put in that, put in that,

2. Here's Lizards brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

1. Here's Juice of Toad, here's Oyl of Adder,
That will make the Charm grow madder.

2. Put in all these, 'twill raise the stanch;

Hec. Nay here's three ounces of a red-hair'd Wench.

Chor. *A round, a round, &c.*

2. I by the pricking of my Thumbs,
Know something Wicked this way comes,
Open Locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black and mid-night Hags,
What are you doing?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess.
How e're you come to know it, answer me.
Though you let loose the raging Winds to shake whole Towns,
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down.
Though Castles tumble on their Warders heads;
Though Palaces and towring Piramids
Are swallowed up in Earth-quakes; Answer me.

1. Speak.

1. Speak.
2. Pronounce.
3. Demand.
4. I'll answer thee.

Macb. What Destinie's appointed for my Fate ?

Hec. Thou double *Thane* and King ; beware *Macduff* :

Avoiding him, *Macbeth* is safe enough.

Macb. What e're thou art for thy kind Caution, Thanks.

Hec. Be bold and bloody, and man's hatred scorn,
Thou shalt be harm'd by none of Woman born.

Macb. Then live *Macduff* ; what need I fear thy power ?
But none can be too sure, thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of Thunder.

Hec. Be Confident, be Proud, and take no care
Who wages War, or where Conspirers are,
Macbeth shall like a lucky Monarch Reign,
Till *Birnam* Wood shall come to *Dunsenain*.

Macb. Can Forests move ? the Prophecie is good,
If I shall never fall till the great Wood
Of *Birnam* rise ; thou may'st presume *Macbeth*,
To live out Natures Lease, and pay thy breath
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my heart
Longs for more Knowledge : Tell me if your Art
Extends so far : shall *Banquo's* Issue o're
This Kingdom reign ?

All. Enquire no more.

Macb. I will not be deny'd. Ha ! [Cauldron sinks.]
An eternal Curse fall on you ; let me know
Why sinks that *Cauldron*, and what noise is this ?

1 *Witch.* Appear. 2. Appear. 3. Appear.
Wound through his Eyes, his harden'd Heart,
Like Shadows come, and straight depart.

[A shadow of eight Kings, and *Ban-*
quo's Ghost after them pass by.]

Macb. Thy Crown offends my sight. A second too like the first.
A third resembles him : a fourth too like the former :
Ye filthy Hags, will they succeed
Each other still till Dooms-day ?
Another yet ' a seventh ? I'll see no more :
And yet the eighth appears.

Ha ! the bloody *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And by his smiling on me, seems to say
That they are all Successors of his Race.

Hec. Ay, Sir, all this is so: but why
Macbeth, stand'st thou amazedly :

Come Sisters, let us cheat his heart,
And shew the pleasures of our Art ;
I'll charm the Air to give a sound

While you perform your Antick round. [*Musick. The witches
Dance and Vanish. The
Cave sinks.*

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?
Let this pernicious hour stand
Accurs'd to all eternity.

[*without there.*

Enter Seaton.

Seat. What's your Graces will ?

Macb. Saw you the Wayward Sisters ?

Seat. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Seat. By me Sir ?

Macb. Infected be the Earth in which they sunk,
And Damn'd all those that trust 'em. Just now
I heard the galloping of Horse ; who was't came by ?

Seat. A Messenger from the *English* Court, who
Brings word *Macduff* is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England* ?

Seat. Ay my Lord.

Macb. Time thou Anticipat'st all my Designs ;
Our purposes seldom succeed, unless

Our Deeds go with them.

My thoughts shall henceforth into Actions rise,
The Witches made me cruel, but not wise.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Macduff's Wife, and Lenox.

La. Macd. I then was frightened with the sad alarm
Of *Banquo's* Death, when I did counsel him
To fly, but now alas ! I much repent it,
What had he done to leave the Land ? *Macbeth*
Did know him innocent.

Len. You must have patience Madam.

La. Macd. He had none.

His flight was madness. When our Actions do not,

Our

Our fears oft make us Traytors.

Len. You know not whether it was his Wisdom or his Fear.

La. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his Wife and Children in a place
From whence himself did fly; he loves us not.

He wants the natural touch: For the poor *wren*
(The most diminutive of Birds) will with
The Ravenous *Owl*, fight stoutly for her young ones.

Len. Your Husband, Madam;
Is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the Times; when we are Traytors,
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor,
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent Sea.

Each way, and more, I take my way of you:
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards
To what they were before. Heaven protect you.

La. Macd. Farewel Sir.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. Madam, a Gentleman in haste desires
To speak with you.

La. Macd. A Gentleman, admit him. [Enter Seyton.]

Seyton. Though I have not the honour to be known
To you, yet I was well acquainted with
The Lord *Macduff* which brings me here to tell you
There's danger near you, be not found here,
Fly with your little one. Heaven preserve you,
I dare stay no longer. [Exit Seyton.]

La. Macd. Where shall I go, and whither shall I fly?
I've done no harm; but I remember now
I'm in a vicious world, where to do harm
Is often prosperous, and to do good
Accounted dangerous folly. Why do I then
Make use of this so womanly defence?
I'll boldly in, and dare this new Alarm:
What need they fear whom Innocence doth arm? [Exit.]

} *Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.* }
} *The Scene Birnam Wood.* }

Macd. In these close shades of *Birnam Wood* let us

Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Malcolm. You'l think my Fortunes desperate,
That I dare meet you here upon your summons.

Macd. You should now
Take Arms to serve your Country. Each new day
New Widows mourn, new Orphans cry, and still
Changes of sorrow reach attentive Heaven.

Malc. This Tyrant whose foul Name blisters our Tongues,
Was once thought honest. You have lov'd him well.
He has not toucht you yet.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
And yet *Macduff* may be what I did always think him;
Just, and good.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Malc. Perhaps even there where I did find my doubts;
But let not Jealousies be your Dishonours,
But my own safeties.

Macd. Bleed, Bleed, poor Country.
Great Tyranny, lay thy Foundation sure,
Villains are safe when good men are suspected.
I'll say no more. Fare thee well young Prince;
I would not be that Traytor which thou think'st me
For twice *Macbeths* reward of Treachery.

Malc. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
That many hands would in my Cause be active.
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly Thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Will suffer under greater Tyranny
Than what it suffers now.

Macd. It cannot be.

Malc. Alas, I find my Nature so inclin'd
To Vice, that foul *Macbeth* when I shall rule,
Will seem as white as Snow.

Macd. There

Macd. There cannot in all ranfackt Hell be found
A Devilequal to *Macbeth*.

Malc. I grant him bloody, false, deceitful, malicious,
And participating in some sins too horrid to name ;
But there's no bottom, no depths in my ill appetite,
If such a one be fit to govern, speak ?

Macd. O *Scotland, Scotland*, when shalt thou see day again ?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne,
Disclaims his Virtue to avoid the Crown ?
Your Royal Father
Was a most Saint-like King ; the Queen that bore you,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Hath banisht me from *Scotland*. O my breast !
Thy hope ends here.

Malc. *Macduff* this Noble Passion
Child of Integrity hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. *Macbeth*
By many of these Trains hath sought to win me
Into his Power : And modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeake mine own Detraction. I abjure
The taunts and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my Nature. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countreys to command.
The gracious *Edward* has lent us *Seymour*,
And ten thousand Men. Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
Are subjects for my Wonder, not my Speech,
My grief and joy contesting in my bosom,
I find that I can scarce my tongue command,
When two Streams meet the Water's at a stand.

Malc. Assistance granted by that pious King
Must be successful, he who by his touch,
Can cure our Bodies of a foul Disease,
Can by just force subdue a Traitors Mind,
Power supernatural is unconfin'd.

Macd. If

Macd. If his Compassion does on men Diseas'd
Effect such Cures ; what Wonders will he do,
When to Compassion he adds Justice too ?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Macbeth and Seaton.

Macb. *Seaton*, go bid the Army March.

Seat. The posture of Affairs requires your Presence.

Macb. But the Indisposition of my Wife
Detains me here.

Seat. Th' Enemy is upon our borders, *Scotland's* in danger.

Macb. So is my Wife, and I am doubly so.
I am sick in her, and my Kingdom too.

Seaton.

Seat. Sir.

Macb. The spur of my Ambition prompts me to go
And make my Kingdom safe, but Love which softens me
To pity her in her distress, curbs my Resolves.

Seat. He's strangely disorder'd.

Macb. Yet why should Love since confin'd, desire
To controul Ambition, for whose spreading hopes
The world's too narrow, it shall not ; great Fires
Put out the less ; *Seaton* go bid my Grooms
Make ready ; I'll not delay my going.

Seat. I go.

Macb. Stay *Seaton*, stay, Compassion calls me back.

Seat. He looks and moves disorderly.

Macb. I'll not go yet.

[*Enter a Servant, who
whispers Macbeth.*]

Seat. Well Sir.

Macb. Is the Queen asleep ?

Seat. What makes 'em whisper and his countenance change ?
Perhaps some new design has had ill success.

Macb. *Seaton*, go see what posture our affairs are in.

Seat. I shall, and give you notice Sir.

[*Exit Seaton.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Macb. How does my gentle Love ?

La. Macb. *Duncan* is dead.

Macb. No words of that.

La. Macb. And yet to me he lives.

His fatal Ghost is now my shadow, and pursues me
Where e're I go.

Macb. It cannot be my Dear,

Your

Your Fears have mis-inform'd your eyes.

La. Macb. See there ; Believe your own.

Why do you follow me ? I did not do it.

Macb. Methinks there's nothing.

La. Macb. If you have Valour force him hence.

Hold, hold, he's gone. Now you look strangely.

Macb. 'Tis the strange error of your eyes.

La. Macb. But the strange error of my eyes

Proceeds from the strange action of your Hands.

Distraction does by fits possess my head,

Because a Crown unjustly covers it.

I stand so high that I am giddy grown.

A Mist does cover me, as Clouds the tops

Of Hills. Let us get down apace.

Macb. If by your high ascent you giddy grow,

'Tis when you cast your eyes on things below.

La. Macb. You may in peace resign the ill gain'd Crown.

Why should you labour still to be unjust ?

There has been too much blood already spilt.

Make not the Subjects Victims to your guilt.

Macb. Can you think that a Crime, which you did once

Provok'd me to commit ? Had not your breath

Blown my Ambition up into a Flame

Duncan had yet been living.

La. Macb. You were a man,

And by the Charter of your Sex you shou'd

Have govern'd me, there was more crime in you

When you obey'd my Councils, then I contracted

By my giving it. Resign your Kingdom now,

And with your Crown put off your guilt.

Macb. Resign the Crown, and with it both our Lives.

I must have better Counsellors.

La. Macb. What, your Witches ?

Curse on your Messengers of Hell. Their breath

Infected first my Breast : See me no more.

As King your Crown sits heavy on your Head,

But heavier on my heart : I have had too much

Of Kings already, See the Ghost again.

[Ghost appears.

Macb. Now she relapses.

La. Macb. Speak to him if thou canst.

H

Thou

Thou look'st on me, and shew'st thy wounded breast.
Shew it the Murderer.

Macb. Within there, Ho. [Enter Women.]

La. Macb. Am I ta'ne Prisoner? then the Battle's lost. [Exit.]
[Lady Macbeth led out by Women.]

Macb. She does from *Duncan's* death to sickness grieve,
And shall from *Malcolm's* death her health receive.
When by a Viper bitten, nothing's good
To cure the Venom but a Viper's blood.

Enter Malcolm, Macduff, and Lenox meeting them.

Macd. See who comes here!

Malc. My Countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever Gentle Cousin! welcome.

Malc. I know him now.

Kind Heaven remove the means that makes us strangers.

Len. Amen.

Macd. What looks does *Scotland* bear?

Len. Alas poor Country, almost afraid to know it self.
It can't be call'd our Mother; but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile?
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd, where violent sorrow seems
A modern Extasie: there Bells
Are always ringing, and no man asks for whom;
There good mens lives expire e're they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest grief?

Len. That of an hours age is out of date,
Each minute brings a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Len. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Len. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not quarrel'd at their peace?

Len. No, they were well at peace when I left 'em.

Macd. Be not so sparing of your speech. How goes't?

Len. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy Men that rose into a head,
Which was to my Belief; witness the rather,

For that I saw the Tyrants Power a foot.
Now, is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create Souldiers, and make women fight.

Malc. Be't their Comfort,
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seymour*, and ten thousand men.

Len. Wou'd I cou'd answer this comfort with the like;
But I have words,

That would be utter'd in the desert air,
Where no man's ear should hear 'em,

Macd. What concern they? the general cause,
Or is't a grief due to some single breast?

Len. All honest minds must share in't;
But the main part pertains to you.

Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me.

Len. Let not your ears condemn my tongue for ever,
When they shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. At once I guess, yet am afraid to know.

Len. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Children
Savagely murdered: to relate the manner,
Were to increase the butchery of them,
By adding to their fall the death of you.

Malc. Merciful heaven! Noble *Macduff*
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o're charg'd heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

Len. Your Wife, and both your Children,

Macd. And I not with them dead? Both, both my Children
Did you say, my Two?

Len. I have said.

Malc. Be comforted;
Let's make us Cordials of our great Revenues,
To cure this deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children, nor can he feel
A fathers Grief: Did you say all my Children?
Oh hellish ravenous Kite! all three at one swoop!

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall.

But I must first too feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
 And were most precious to me : Did Heaven look on,
 And would not take their part ? sinful *Macduff*,
 They were all struck for thee ; for thee they fell :
 Not for their own offences ; but for thine.

Malc. Let this give Edges to our Swords ; let your tears
 Become Oyl to our-kindled Rage.

Macd. Oh I could play the Woman with my eyes,
 And brag on't with my tongue ; kind Heavens bring this
 Dire Friend of *Scotland*, and my self face to face,
 And set him within the reach of my keen Sword.
 And if he out-lives that hour, may Heaven forgive
 His sins, and punish me for his escape.

Malc. Let's hasten to the Army, since *Macbeth*
 Is ripe for fall.

Macd. Heaven give our quarrel but as good success
 As it hath Justice in't : Kind Powers above
 Grant peace to us, whilst we take his away ;
 The Night is long that never finds a Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT, V. SCENE, I.

Enter Seaton, and a Lady.

Lady. I Have seen her rise from her bed, throw
 Her Night-Gown on her, unlock her Closer,
 Take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it,
 Afterwards Seal it, and again return to Bed,
 Yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Seat. 'Tis strange she should receive the Benefit
 Of sleep, and do the Effects of waking.
 In this disorder what at any time have
 You heard her say ?

Lady. That Sir, which I will not report of her.

Seat. You may to me ; and 'tis most meet you shou'd.

Lady. Neither to You, nor any one living ;
 Having no witness to confirm my Speech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See here she comes : observe her, and stand close.

Seal. You see her eyes are open.

Lady. Ay, But her Sense is shut.

Seal. What is't she does now ? Look how she rubs her hands :

Lady. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem
Thus washing her hands : I have known
Her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

La. Macb. Yet out, out, here's a spot.

Seal. Hark, she speaks.

La. Macb. Out, out, out I say. One, two : Nay then
'Tis time to do't : Fie my Lord, fy, a Souldier,
And affraid ? What need we fear ? Who knows it ?
There's none dares call our Power to account :
Yet who would have thought the old Man had
So much Bloud in him.

Seal. Do you mark that ?

La. Macb. *Macduff* had once a Wife ; where is she now ?
Will these hands ne're be clean ? Fie my Lord,
You spoil all with this starting : Yet here's
a smell of bloud ; not all the perfumes of *Arabia*
Will sweeten this little Hand. Oh, oh, oh.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Donalbain and Flean, met by Lenox.

Len. Is not that *Donalbain* and young *Flean*, *Banquo's* Son ?

Don. Who is this my worthy Friend ?

Len. I by your presence feel my hopes full blown,
Which hitherto have been but in the Bud.

What happy Gale has brought you here to see
Your Fathers Death Reveng'd ?

Don. Hearing of Aid sent by the *English* King,
To check the Tyrants Insolence ; I am come
From *Ireland* :

Flea. And I from *France*, we are but newly met.

Don. Where's my Brother ?

Len. He and the good *Macduff* are with the Army
Behind the Wood.

Don. What do's the Tyrant now ?

Len. He strongly Fortifies in *Dunfinane* ;
Some say he is Mad, others, who love him less,

Call it a Valiant Fury ; but what e're
The matter is, there is a Civil War
Within his Bosom ; and he finds his Crown
Sit loose about him: His Power grows less,
His Fear grows greater still.

Don. Let's haste and meet my Brother,
My Interest is grafted into his,
And cannot grow without it.

Len. So may you both out-grow unlucky Chance,
And may the Tyrant's Fall that Growth Advance.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Seat. and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports.: Let 'em fly all
Till *Byrnam* Wood remove to *Dunfinane*
I cannot fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme*? What
Are all the *English*? Are they not of Women
Born? And t'all such I am invincible ;
Then fly 'false *Thanes*,
By your Revolt you have inflam'd my Rage,
And now have borrowed *English* bloud to quench it.

Enter a Messenger.

Now Friend, what means thy change of Countenance ?

Mess. There are Ten Thousand, Sir.

Macb. What, Ghosts ?

Mess. No, Armed men.

Macb. But such as shall be Ghosts e're it be Nighr,
Art thou turn'd Coward too, since I made thee Captain ?
Go Blush away thy Paleness, I am sure
Thy Hands are of another Colour ; thou hast Hands
Of Bloud, but Looks of Milk.

Mess. The *English* Force so please you —

Macb. Take thy Face hence.

He has Infested me with Fear ;
I am sure to die by none of Woman born.
And yet the *English* Drums beat an Alarm,
As fatal to my Life as are the Crokes
Of *Ravens*, when they flutter about the Windows
Of departing men.

My hopes are great, and yet methinks I fear ;
My Subjects cry out Curses on my Name,

VWhich

Which like a North-wind seems to blast my Hopes.

Seal. That Wind is a contagious Vapour exhal'd from Bloud.

Enter Second Messenger.

What news more ?

2. Mess. All's confirm'd, my Leige, that was Reported.

Macb. And my Resolves in spite of Fate shall be as firmly.

Send out my more Horse ; and Scour the Country round.

How do's my Wife ?

Seal. Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled
With disturbing Fancies, that keep her from her rest.

Macb. And I, methinks, am sick of her Disease :

Seaton send out ; Captain, the *Thanes* flie from thee :

You'd she were well, I'de quickly win the Field.

Stay *Seaton* Stay, I'll bear you company,

The *English* cannot long maintain the Fight ;

They come not here to Kill, but to be Slain ;

Send out our Scouts.

Seal. Sir, I am gone

[*Aside.*

Not to obey your Orders, but the Call of Justice.

I'll to the *English* Train whose Hopes are built

Upon their Cause, and not on *Witches* Prophecies.

[*Exit.*

Macb. Poor *Thanes*, you vainly hope for Victory :

You'll find *Macbeth* Invincible ; or if

He can be o'recome, it must be then

By *Birnam Oaks*, and not by *English-men*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Malcolme, Donalbain, Seymor, Macduff, Lenox,
Flean, *Souldiers.*

Malc. The Sun shall see us Drain the Tyrants Blood
And Dry up *Scotlands* Tears : How much we are
Oblig'd to *England*, which like a kind Neighbour
Lifts us up when we were Faln below
Our own Recovery.

Seym. What Wood is this before us ?

Malc. The Wood of *Birnam*.

Seym. Let every Souldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him : By that we may
Keep the Number of our Force undiscover'd
By the Enemy.

Malc. It shall be done. We Learn no more than that

The

The Confident Tyrant keeps still in *Dunsmune*,
And will endure a Seige.

He is of late grown Conscious of his Guilt,
Which makes him make that City his Place of Refuge.

Macd. He'll find even there but little Safety;
His very Subjects will against him Rise.
So Travellers, flie to an Aged Barn
For Shelter from the Rain; when the next Shock
Of Wind throws down that Roof upon their Heads,
From which they hop'd for Succour.

Len. The wretched Kernes which now, like Boughs, are ty'd
To forc'd Obedience; will, when our Swords
Have cut those Bonds, start from Obedience.

Malc. May the Event make good our Guess;

Macd. It must, unless our Resolutions fail
They'l kindle, Sir, their just Revenge at ours:
Which double Flame will singe the Wings of all
The Tyrants hopes; depriv'd of those Supports,
He'll quickly Fall.

Seym. Let's all retire to our Commands; our Breath
Spent in Discourse does but defer his Death,
And but delays our Vengeance.

Macd. Come let's go;
The swiftest haste is for Revenge too slow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Macbeth, and Souldiers.

Macb. Hang out our Banners proudly o're the Wall,
The Cry is still, they Come: Our Castles Strength
Will Laugh a Siege to Scorn: Here let them lie
Till Famine eat them up: Had *Seaton* still
Been ours, and others who now Increase the Number
Of our Enemies, we might have met 'em
Face to Face.

[*Noise within.*

What Noise is that?

Ser. It seems the Cry of Women.

Macb. I have almost forgot the Taste of Fears,
The time has been that Dangers have been my Familiars.
Wherefore was that Cry?

Ser. Great Sir, the Queen is Dead.

Macb. She should have Di'd hereafter,
I brought Her here, to see my Victimes, not to Die.

To

To Morrow, to Morrow, and to Morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from Day to Day,
To the last Minute of Recorded Time:
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their Eternal Homes: Out, out that Candle,
Life's but a Walking Shadow, a poor Player
That Struts and Frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury
Signifying Nothing.

[Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy Tongue: Thy Story quickly.

Mess. Let my Eyes speak what they have seen,
For my Tongue cannot.

Macb. Thy Eyes speak Terror, let thy Tongue expound
Their Language, or be for ever Dumb.

Mess. As I did stand my Watch upon the Hill,
I lookt towards *Birnam*, and anon me thoughts
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar and Slave.

Mess. Let me endure your Wrath if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speakst False, I'll send thy Soul
To th' other World to meet with moving Woods,
And walking Forrests;
There to Possess what it but Dreamt of here.
If thy Speech be true, I care not if thou dost
The same for me. I now begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
They bid me not to fear till *Birnam* Wood
Should come to *Dunfinane*: And now a Wood
Is on its March this way; Arm, Arm.
Since thus a Wood do's in a March appear,
There is no Flying hence, nor Tarrying here:
Methinks I now grow weary of the Sun,
And with the Worlds great Glafs of Life were run.

Exeunt.

SCENE. VI.

Enter *Malcolme*, *Seymour*, *Macduff*, *Lenox*, *Flean*, *Seaton*,
Donalbain, and their Army with Boughs.

Malc. Here we are near enough; throw down
Your Leafie Skreens
And shew like those you are. You worthy Uncle
Shall with my Brother and the Noble *Lenox*,
March in the Van, whilst Valiant *Seymour*
And my Self, make up the Gros of the Army,
And follow you with speed

I

Sey.

Sey. Fare well; the Monster has forsook his hold and comes
To offer Battle.

Macd. Let him come on; his Title now
Sits Loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. 'Tis too Ignoble, and too base to Flie;
Who's he that is not of a Woman Born,
For such a one I am to fear, or none.

Enter *Lenox.*

Len. Kind Heaven, I thank thee; have I found thee here;
Oh *Scotland!* *Scotland!* mayst thou owe thy just
Revenge to this sharp Sword, or this blest Minute.

Macb. Retire fond Man, I wou'd not Kill thee.
Why should *Faulcons* prey on Flies?
It is below *Macbeth* to Fight with Men.

Len. But not to Murder Women.

Macb. *Lenox*, I pittie thee, thy Arm's too weak.

Len. This Arm has hitherto found good Success
On your Ministers of Blood, who Murder'd
Macduff's Lady, and brave *Banquo*:
Art thou less Mortal than they were? Or more
Exempt from Punishment? Because thou most
Deserv'st it. Have at thy Life.

Macb. Since then thou art in Love with Death, I will
Vouchsafe it thee.

[*They fight, Lenox falls.*

[*Exit Macb.*

Thou art of Woman Born, I'm sure.

Len. Oh my dear Country, Pardon me that I
Do in a cause so great, so quickly Die.

[*Dies.*

Enter *Macduff.*

Macd. This way the Noife is, Tyrant shew thy Face,
If thou be'st Slain and by no hand of Mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me for't.
I cannot Strike

At wretched Slaves, who sell their Lives for Pay;
No, my Revenge shall seek a Nobler Prey.
Through all the Paths of Death, I'll search him out:
Let me but find him, *Fortune.*

[*Exit.*

Enter *Malcolm*, and *Seymour.*

Sey. This way, Great Sir, the Tyrants People Fight
With Fear as great as is his Guilt.

Malc. See who Lies here; the Noble *Lenox* slain,
What Storm has brought this Blood over our
Rising hopes.

Sey. Restrain your Passion, Sir, let's to our Men,
Those who in Noble Causes fall, deserve

Our

Our Pity, not our Sorrow.
I'll bid some Body bear the Body further hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Macbeth.*

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* Fool and Fall,
On my own Sword, while I have living Foes
To Conquer; my Wounds shew better upon them.

Enter *Macduff.*

Macd. Turn Hell-Hound, Turn.

Macb. Of all Men else, I have avoided Thee;
But get thee back, my Soul is too much clog'd
With Blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no Words, thy Villanies are worse
Then ever yet were Punisht with a Curse.

Macb. Thou mayst as well attempt to Wound the Air,
As me; my Destiny's reserv'd for some Immortal Power,
And I must fall by Miracle; I cannot Bleed.

Macd. Have thy black Deeds then turn'd thee to a Devil.

Macb. Thou wouldst but share the Fate of *Lenox.*

Macd. Is *Lenox* slain? and by a Hand that would Damn all it kills,
But that their Cause perferves 'em.

Macb. I have a Prophecy secures my Life.

Macd. I have another which tells me I shall have his Blood,
Who first shed mine.

Macb. None of Woman born can spill my Blood.

Macd. Then let the Devils tell thee, *Macduff*
Was from his Mothers Womb untimely Ript.

Macb. Curst be that tongue that tells me so,
And double Damn'd be they who with a double sence
Make Promises to our Ears, and Break at last
That Promise to our fight: I will not Fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thy self a Prisoner to be led about
The World, and Gaz'd on as a Monster, a Monster
More Deform'd then ever Ambition Fram'd,
Or Tyranny could shape.

Macb. I scorn to Yield. I will in spite of Enchantment
Fight with thee, though *Birnam* Wood be come
To *Dunfinane*:

And thou art of no Woman Born, I'll try,
If by a Man it be thy Fate to Die.

{ *They Fight, Macbeth*
} *falls. They shout within*

Macd. This for my Royal Master *Duncan*,
This for my dearest Friend my Wife,
This for those Pledges of our Loves, my Children.
Hark I hear a Noise, sure there are more
Reserves to Conquer.

[*Shout within*]

I'll as a Trophy bear away his Sword,
To witness my Revenge.

[*Exit Macduff.*
Macb.]

Macb. Farewel vain World, and what's most vain in it, Ambition

[Dies.

Enter *Malcolm, Seymour, Donalbain, Flean, Seaton, and Souldiers.*

Malc. I with *Macduff* were safe Arriv'd, I am
In doubt for him; for *Lenox* I'me in grief.

Seym. Consider *Lenox*, Sir, is nobly Slain:
They who in Noble Causes fall, deserve
Our Pity, not our Sorrow. Look where the Tyrant is.

Seem. The Witches, Sir, with all the Power of Hell,
Could not preserve him from the Hand of Heaven.

Enter *Macduff* with *Macbeths* Sword.

Macd. Long Live *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*, so you are;
And though I should not Boast, that one
Whom Guilt might easily weigh down, fell
By my Hand; yet here I present you with
The Tyrants Sword, to shew that Heaven appointed
Me to take Revenge for you, and all
That Suffered by his Power.

Malc. *Macduff*, we have more Ancient Records
Then this of your successful Courage.

Macd. Now *Scotland*, thou shalt see bright Day again,
That Cloud's remov'd that did Eclipse thy Sun,
And Rain down Blood upon thee. As your Arms
Did all contribute to this Victory;
So let your Voices all concur to give
One joyful Acclamation.

Long live *Malcolm*, King of *Scotland*.

Malc. We shall not make a large Expende of time
Before we Reckon with your several Loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and Kinsman,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
Saw Honour'd with that Title: And may they still Flourish
On your Families; though like the Laurels
You have Won to Day; they Spring from a Field of Blood,
Drag his body hence, and let it Hang upon
A Pinnacle in *Dunfinane*, to shew
To future Ages what to those is due,
Who others Right, by Lawless Power pursue.

Macd. So may kind Fortune Crown your Raign with Peace,
As it has Crown'd your Armies with Success;
And may the Peoples Prayers still wait on you,
As all their Curses did *Macbeth* pursue:
His Vice shall make your Virtue shine more Bright,
As a Fair Day succeeds a Stormy Night.

FINIS Actus V.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark:

As it is now Acted by Her MAJESTIES
Servants.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at the *Dolphin and Crown* in *Paul's Church-
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THE
HISTORY OF

THE
HAMILTON

AND
THE

BY
THE

REV. JOHN

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by
J. JOHNSON, Strand, near St. Dunstons Church
1794.

To the Reader.

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

THE

The Persons Represented.

C laudius King of Denmark, Herald, Son to the former King, Horatio, Hamlet's Friend, Marcellus, an Officer, Polonius, Lord Chamberlain, Voltrmand. Cornelius.	Mr. Crosby. Mr. Betterton. Mr. Smith. Mr. Lee. Mr. Noake.
Laertes, Son to Polonius, Rynaldo. Rosencrans, } two Courtiers, Guildenstern, } Cum aliis.	Mr. Tongg. Mr. Norris. Mr. Cadaman.
Lucianus. Fortinbras, King of Norway, Ostrick, a fantastical Courtier, Barnardo, } two Centinels, Francisco, } Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Two Grave-makers,	Mr. Percival. Mr. Jevan. Mr. Rathband Mr. Floyd. Mr. Medburn. Mr. Undril. Mr. Williams.
Gertrard, Queen of Denmark, Ophelia, in Love with Hamlet,	Mrs. Shadwel. Mrs. Betterton.

I

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE of DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Bar. **W**Ho's there?
Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your
self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane.*

Fran. Good night.

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

Fran. *Barnardo* has my place: good night.

[*Exit. Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A piece of him.

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

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

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantafie,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreadful fight twice seen of us ;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
" That if again this apparition come,
" He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

" *Hora.* "I will not appear.

Bar. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hora. Well, let's down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same Star that's westward from the Pole,
Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven
Where now it burns *Marcellus* and my self,
The bell then beating one.

Enter *Ghost*.

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

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

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

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

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurpest this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalks away.

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

[*Exit Ghost*.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantafie?
What think you of it?

Hora. I could not believe this,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy self:

Such was the very armour he had on,
 When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.
 "So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
 "He smote the fleaded Pollax on the Ice.
 'Tis strange.

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

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

Mar. Pray sit down and tell me, he that knows,
 Why this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subject of the land,
 ' And with such daily cost of brazen Canon,
 ' And foreign Mart for implements of war?
 ' Why such impres of ship-wrights, whose sore task
 ' Does not divide the *Sunday* from the week?
 ' What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 ' Makes the night joynt labour with the day?
 ' Who is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I:

' At least the whisper goes so. — Our last King,
 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by *Fortinbrass* of *Norway*,
 ' Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
 Dar'd the to combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (' For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbrass* who by a seal'd compact,
 Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
 ' Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour :
 ' Against the which a moity competent
 ' Was gaged by our King which had returned
 ' To the inheritance of *Fortinbrass*,
 ' Had he been vanquisher : as by the same compact,
 ' And carriage of the Articles design,
 ' His fell to *Hamlet* : now, sir, young *Fortinbrass*
 ' Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Sharkt up a list of lawless Resolutes,
 ' For food and diet to some Enterprize
 ' That hath a stomach in't, which is no other
 ' As it doth well appear unto our State,
 ' But to recover of us by strong hand
 ' And Terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
 ' So by his Father lost : „ and this I take it
 Is the main motive of our preparations,

The Tragedy of

' The source of this our watch, and the chief head
' Of this Post-haste, and romage in the land.

Bar. I think it be no other but even so:

Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

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

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

[Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again,
I'll cross it though it blast me: Stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.

[He spreads
[his arms.

If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O speak:

Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth;
For which they say your spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it, stay and speak; stop it *Marcellus*.

[The Cock crows.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Bar. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.

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

Bar. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

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

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

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.

' Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 ' Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
 ' This Bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 ' And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
 ' The nights are wholesome; then no Planets strike,
 ' No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
 ' So hallowed and so gracious is that Time.

' *Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
 But look, the Morn in rufflet Mantle clad
 Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill:
 Break we our watch up, and, by my Advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to Night
 Unto young *Hamlet*; perhaps
 This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him.

' Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 ' As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. *Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrard the Queen, Council,*
as Polonius, and his Son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
 To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
 To be contracted in one Brow of Woe:
 Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selves:
 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
 Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
 Have we as 'twere with a defeated Joy,
 ' With an auspicious and dropping Eye,
 ' With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 ' In equal Scale, weighing Delight and Dole,
 Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better Wifdoms, which have freely gone
 With this Affair along (for all our thanks)
 ' Now follows that you know young *Fortinbras*,
 ' Holding a weak supposal of our Worth,
 ' Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death

' Our

The Tragedy of

' Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,
 ' Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 ' He hath not failed to pester us with message,
 ' Importing the surrender of those Lands
 ' Lost by his Father, with all bands of Law,
 ' To our most valiant brother. So much for him,
 ' Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,
 ' Thus much the business is, we have here writ.
 ' To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 ' Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 ' Of this his Nephew's purpose, to suppress
 ' His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
 ' The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 ' Out of his Subjects: And we now dispatch
 ' You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 ' Ambassadors to old *Norway*,
 ' Who have no further personal Power
 ' Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
 ' Of these dilated Articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that and all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewel.

Now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?

' You cannot speak of reason to the *Dane*,

' And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?

' That shall not be my offer, not thy asking.

' The head is not more native to the heart,

' The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

' Than is the Throne of *Denmark*, to thy Father:

' What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear Lord,

Your leave and favour to return to *France*,

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,

To shew my duty in your Coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*,

' And bow them to your gracious leave and favour.

King. Have you your Father's leave? what says *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.

' I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine,

And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.

But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son.

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the Sun:

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common all that live must die,
Passing through Nature to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,
'Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother,
' Nor customary futes of solemn black,
' Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
' No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
' Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
' For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passes shew,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your Father;
But you must know your Father lost a Father:
That Father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, dares express
An impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,
' It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
' A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
' An understanding simple and unschool'd:
' For what we know must be, and is as common
' As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
' Why should we in our peevish opposition
' Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven;
' A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
' To reason most absurd, whose common theme
' Is death of fathers, and who still have cried
' From the first Coarse till he that died to day,
' This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: and let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
' And with no less nobility of love
' Than that which dearest father bears his son

' Do I impart toward you for your intent
 ' In going back to School to *Wittenberg*.
 ' It is most retrograde to our desire,
 ' And we beseech you bend you to remain
 ' Here in the Chear and comfort of our Eye,
 Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*.

I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

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

King. 'Tis a loving and a fair Reply.

Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
 No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
 But the great Canon to the Clouds shall tell,

' And the Kings rowse the Heaven shall bruit again,
 Respeaking Earthly Thunder : Come away. [*Flourish, Exeunt all but*

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt, [*Hamlet*.

Thaw and resolve it self into a dew,

Or that the everlasting had not fixt

His Canon 'gainst self Slaughter !

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this World ?

'Tis an unweeded Garden

That grows to Seed ; things rank and gross in Nature

Possess it meerly ; that it should come thus,

But two months Dead, nay, not so much, not two,

So excellent a King,

So loving to my Mother,

That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven

Visit her Face too roughly :

She us'd to hang on him,

As if encrease of Appetite had grown

By what it fed on ; and yet within a Month,

Let me not think on't, Frailty thy name is Woman,

' A little month : or e're those shooes were old,

' With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,

' Like *Niobe* all Tears, why she ;

' Heaven ! a beast that wants discourse of reason

' Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my father

Than I to *Hercules* : within a month,

' E're yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

' Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,

' She married ! O most wicked speed to post

' With such dexterity to incestuous sheets ;

' It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

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

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

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

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

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that name with you;
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even Sir.)
But what make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To be a witness of your own report
Against your self; I know you are no truant?
But what is your affair in *Elsenour*?

Wee'l teach you here to drink e're you depart.

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

Ham. I prethee do not mock me, fellow student,
I think it was to my Mother's Wedding.

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

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the Funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables.
Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven
E're I had seen that day, *Horatio*.

My Father, methinks I see my Father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds Eye, *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hora. My Lord, I think I saw him yester-night.

Ham. Saw who?

Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hora. Defer your admiration but a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,
This wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
' In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your Father,
And armed exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he wakkt
 By their oppressd and fear surprized Eyes
 Within this truncheons length, whilst they distill'd
 Almost to gelly with their fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me
 They did impart in dreadful secrese,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 Where as they had delivered, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: 'I know your father,
 ' These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hora. My Lord, I did,

But answer made it none: yet once methought
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 It self to motion, as it would speak;
 But even then the morning Cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in hast away,
 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

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

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

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd, My Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O Yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What? lookt he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hora. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: staid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grifled?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I war'nt it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it though hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it require your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves as mine to you; farewell.
My father's Spirit in Arms, all is not well.
I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:
Till then sit still my Soul, foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'whelm them from mens Eyes.

[*Manet Hamlet.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't, farewell,
And sister, as the winds give benefit
' And convey in Assistant, ,, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A Violet in the youth and prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more.

' For Nature cressant does not grow alone,
' In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
' The inward service of the mind and soul
' Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
' And now no soil nor cautel doth besmerch
' The virtue of his will; but you must fear
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.
He may not, as inferiour persons do,
Bestow himself: for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
' And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
' Unto the Voice and yielding of that boy

C

'Whereof

' Whereof he is the head, then if he says he loves you,
 ' It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 ' As he in his particular Act and Place
 ' May give his saying deed; which is no further
 ' Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss you honour may sustain,
 If with your credulous ear you hear his Songs,
 ' Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasurer open
 ' To his unmaistred importunity.
 ' Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear sister,
 ' And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 ' Out of the shot and danger of desire:
 ' The charest maid is prodigal enough,
 ' If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:
 ' Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes;
 ' The canker galls the infant of the Spring
 ' Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 ' And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 ' Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 ' Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
 ' Youth to it self rebels though none else near.

Ophel. I shall the Effect of this good Lesson keep
 About my heart: But good brother
 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whiles like a Libertine,
 Himself the Primrose-path of dalliance treads,
 ' And reaks not his own reed.

[Enter *Polonius*.

Laer. O fear me not;
 I stay too long: "but here my Father comes.
 ' A double blessing is a double grace,
 ' Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame,
 ' The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 ' And you are staid for. There my blessing with thee,
 ' And these few precepts in thy memory
 ' Look thou Character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 ' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
 ' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 ' Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 ' Grapple them unto thy Soul with hoops of steel,
 ' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 ' Of each new hatch'd unledg'd courage: beware
 ' Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 ' Bear't that th' opposer may beware of thee:
 ' Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 ' Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment:

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

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invests you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laertes.*]

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath said to you ?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you : and you your self
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you
 You do not understand your self so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
 What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection ! puh, you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perillous circumstance :
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Ophel. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your self a baby,
 That you have ta'ne these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling : tender your self more dearly,
 Or (not to crack the wind of this poor phrase)
 Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech,
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. I springes to catch Wood-cocks ; I know
 When the Blood burns how prodigally the Soul

Lends the tongue vows, "these blazes, daughter,
 ' Giving more light than heat; Extinct in both,
 ' Even in their promise, as it is a making,
 ' You must not take't for fire: from this time
 ' Be something scatter of your maiden presence,
 ' Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 ' Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
 ' Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 ' And with a larger tedder may he walk
 ' Than may be given you: in few, *Ophelia*,
 ' Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
 ' Not of that dye which their investments shew,
 ' But meer Implorators of unholy suits,
 ' Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 ' The better to beguile: this is for all,
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 Have you so slander any moments leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*,
 Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

Ophel. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hora. I heard it not: it then draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

What does this mean, my Lord?

[*A flourish of Trum-
 [pets and Guns.*

Ham. The King doth walk to night and takes his rowse,
 ' Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up spring reels,
 And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. I marry is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
 ' This heavy-headed revel East and West
 ' Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other nations:
 ' They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 ' Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
 ' From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
 ' The pith and marrow of our attribute:
 ' So oft it chances in particular men,
 ' That for some vicious mole of Nature in them,

' As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 ' (Since Nature cannot choose his origen)
 ' By their o're-growth of some complection,
 ' Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 ' Or by some habit that too much o're-leavens
 ' The form of plauſive manners, that theſe men
 ' Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect,
 ' Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ſtar,
 ' His virtues elſe be they as pure as grace,
 ' As infinite as man may undergo,
 ' Shall in the general Cenſure take corruption
 ' From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
 ' Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
 ' To his own ſcandal.

[Enter Ghost.]

Hora. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!

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

[Beckons.]

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

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

Hora. No, by no means.

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

Hora. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould be the fear?

I do not value my life:

And for my Soul what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as it ſelf?

It

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the floods, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
' That bettels o're his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other form,
' Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? ' think of it,
' The very place puts toys of desperation
' Without more motive, into every brain,
' That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,
' And hears it roar beneath.

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

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

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

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

[*Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He grows desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. To what issue will this come?

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

Hor. Heaven will discover it.

' *Mar.* Nay let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas! poor Ghost.

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

Ham. Speak I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

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

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder.

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

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May flie to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

' And duller shoud'st thou be than the fat weed
 ' That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
 ' Would'st thou not stir in this : ,, now *Hamlet* hear,
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
 A Serpent stung me : so the whole Ear of *Denmark*
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abused : but know thou , Noble Youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Father's heart
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick Soul, my Uncle ?

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 ' With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
 ' O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
 ' So to seduce! ,, won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.
 O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 Imade to her in marriage ? and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine ; ' but virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 ' Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
 ' So vice, though to a radiant angel linkt,
 ' Will sort it self in a celestial bed,
 ' And prey on garbage.
 But soft, methinks I scent the morning air,
 Brief let me be : sleeping in my Garden,
 My Custom always of the Afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me stole
 With juice of cursed Hebona in a Vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leprous distilment, whose Effects
 Hold such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
 The natural gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
 ' And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesom blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant Tetter barkt about
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 ' Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 ' Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
 ' No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 ' With all my imperfections on my head.
 ' O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
 If thou hast Nature in thee bear it not,
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design
 Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
 The Glo-worm shews the morning to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Farewel, remember me.

' *Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
 ' And shall I couple hell? O fie! ,, hold hold my heart,
 And you my sinews grow not instant old,
 But bear me strongly up; remember thee!
 I, thou poor Ghost; whiles memory holds a seat
 In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All Registers of books, all forms and pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling villain!
 My tables, meet it is I sit down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
 At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmark*,
 So Uncle there you are : now to my word,
 It is farewell, remember me.

I have sworn't.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

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

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord ?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hora. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say' you then, would heart of man once think it ?
 But you'll be secret.

Both. As death, my Lord.

Ham. There's never a villain
 Dwelling in all *Denmark*,
 But he's an Arrant knave.

Hora. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave
 To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
 And so without more circumstance at all
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part ;
 You as your business and desire shall point you ;
 For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is ; and for my own poor part
 I will go pray .

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

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
 Yes faith, heartily.

Hora. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is, *Horatio*,
 And much offence too : touching this vision here,
 It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you ;
 For your desire to know what is between us
 O're master't as you may : and now, good friends,
 As you are Friends, Scholars, and Souldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

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

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

The Tragedy of

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

' *Mar.* We have sworn, my Lord, already.

' *Ham.* Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the Selleridge,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*, then we'll shift our ground:
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his Sword.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work i'th'earth so fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove, good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never, so help you mercy,
(How strange or odd so e're I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antick disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbred thus, or head thus shak't,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you must swear,
' So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t'express his love and friendship to you
Shall never fail, let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,
The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight

That

That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Polonius with his Man.

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

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo,*

Before you visit him, to make enquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

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

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

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

What company, at what expence: and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question,

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

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

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

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

Rey. I very well, my Lord.

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

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

Addicted so and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please, marry none so Rank

As may dishonour him, take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

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

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency,

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

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood

Of general assault.

Rey.

' *Rey.* But, my good Lord.

' *Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

' *Rey.* I, my Lord, I would know that.

' *Pol.* Marry, Sir, here's my drift,

' And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

' You laying these flight sullies on my Son,

' As 'twere a thing a little soil'd with working,

' Mark you your party in converse, he you would sound,

' Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

' The youth you breath off guilty, 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, does he this, he does: what was I about to say?

' By the Mass I was about to say something,

' Where did I leave?

' *Rey.* At closes in the consequence.

' *Pol.* At closes in the consequence; I marry,

' He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,

' I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,

' Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

' There was he gaming there, or took in's rowse,

' There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

' I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,

' *Videlicet*, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,

' Your bait of falshood takes this Carp of truth,

' And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

' With windlesses, and with essays of byas,

' By indirec'ts find directions out:

' So by my former Lecture and Advice

' Shall you my Son. You have me, have you not?

' *Rey.* My Lord, I have.

' *Pol.* God buy ye, fare ye well.

' *Rey.* Good, my Lord.

' *Pol.* Observe his inclination in your self.

' *Rey.* I shall, my Lord.

' *Pol.* And let him ply his Musick.

' *Rey.* Well, my Lord.

[*Exit Rey.* Enter Ophelia.

' *Pol.* Farewell. „ How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophel. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what?

Ophel. My Lord, as I was reading in my closet,
Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
' Ungartred, and down-gyved to his ankle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitious
As if he had been sent from hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Ophel. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

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

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very extasie of love,
' Whose violent property foregoes it self,
' And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
' As oft as any passion under heaven
' That does afflict our natures : I am sorry ;
What ? have you given him any hard words of late ?

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome good Rosencraus and Guildenstern.
Besides, that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke

Our

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

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

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

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

King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildestern*.

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

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

Queen. Amen.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

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

' *King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

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

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

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors.

' My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

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

' He tells me, my dear *Gertrard*, he hath found

' The head and source of all your Son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,

' His father's death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

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

' Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most fair return of greetings and desires:

' Upon our first he sent out to suppress

' His Nephew's lives, which to him appear'd

' To be a preparation against the *Pollack*,

' But better lookt into, he truly found

' It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd

' That so his sickness, age, and impotence

' Was falsly born in hand, sends out arrests

' On *Fortinbrass*, which he in brief obeys,

' Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

' Makes vow before his Uncle, never more

' To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty,

' Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy,

' Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in Annual fee,

' And his commission to imploy those Souldiers

' So levied as before, against the *Pollack*,

' With an intreaty herein further shown,

' That it might please you to give quiet pass

' Through your Dominions for this enterprize,

' On such regards of safety and allowance

' As herein are set down.

King. It likes us well,

' And at our more considered time we'll Read,

' Answer, and think upon this Business:

' Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,

' Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together:

' Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt Embassadors.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time;

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore brevity is the Soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes:

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

Queen. More matter with less art.

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

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

[*Reads.*

To the Celestial and my Souls Idol, the most beautified Ophelia. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; Beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall hear, thus in her excellent white bosom, These &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet, to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are fire,

Letter.

Doubt that the Sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

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

Hamlet

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

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

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so: but what might you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book,
'Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And

And my Young Mistrifs thus I charg'd :
 Lord *Hamlet* is a prince above thy sphere,
 This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 ' Thence to a watch, then into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
 Into the madness wherein he now raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

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

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together
 Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
 Be you and I behind the Arras then,
 Mark the encounter ; if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a State,
 But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

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

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away,
 I'll board him presently. O give me leave.

[*Exit King and Queen.*]

' How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

' *Ham.* Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fish-monger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, to be honest as this world goes,
 Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

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

kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.

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

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

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

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

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

Ham. Into my Grave.

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

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

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

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

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstern*?
Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads, how do you both?

'*Ros.* As the indifferent Children of the earth.

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

'We are not the very button.

'*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe.

'*Ros.* Neither, my Lord.

'*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours.

'*Guil.* Faith in her privates we.

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

What news?

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

Ham.

Ham. Then is Doomf-day near: fure your news is not true.
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?

Rof. To vifit you, my Lord, no other occafion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you,
'And fure dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny: 'were you
not fent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free vifitation? come,
come, deal juftly with me, come, come, nay fpeak.

Guil. What fhould we fay. my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to th' purpofe you were fent for, and there is a
kind of confeffion in your Looks, which your Modesties have not craft
enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have fent for
you.

Rof. To what end, My Lord?

Ham. That you muft teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights
of our fellowfhips, by the confonancy of our youth, by the obligation of
our ever preferred love, and by what more dear, a better propofer and
charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were fent
for or no.

Rof. What fay you?

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

Guil. My Lord we were fent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, fo fhall my anticipation prevent your dif-
covery, and your fecretie to the King and Queen moult no feather: I
have of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, foregone
all cuftome of exercifes, "and indeed it goes fo heavily with my
"difpofition, "that this goodly frame the earth, feems to me a ftiril
promontory; this moft excellent Canopy the Air look you, this brave
o're-hang'd firmament, this Majeftical roof fretted with golden fire,
why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and peftilent congregati-
on of vapours. What a piece of work is man? how Noble in reafon!
how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how exprefs and ad-
mirable! in Action, how like an Angel! in apprehenfion, the beauty
of the World, the paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this
quinteffence of duft? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither,
though by your fmiling you feem to fay fo.

Rof. My Lord, there was no fuch ftuff in my thoughts.

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

Rof. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten
Entertainment the Players fhall receive from you, we met them on the
way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King fhall be welcome, his Majefty fhall have
tribute of me, the adventurous Knight fhall ufe his foil and target, the
lover fhall not figh *Gratis*, the humorous man fhall end his part in peace,
and the Lady fhall fay her mind freely, or the blank verfe fhall halt for't.
What Players are they?

Rof. Even thofe you were wont to take fuch delight in, the Trage-
dians of the City.

Ham.

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

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

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

Rof. No indeed they are not.

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

[*A flourish.*]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

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

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

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

[*Enter Polonius.*]

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you when *Rofinus* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

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

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

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

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

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jeptha*?
What follows then, my Lord?

Ham.

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

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome Masters, welcome all, 'I am glad to see
 'thee well, welcome good friends: 'oh old friend! why thy face is
 'valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*?
 'what my young Lady and Mistriss! my Lady your Ladiship is nearer
 'to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I
 'wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt with-
 'in the ring: Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't like friend-
 'ly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech straight, come
 'give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted,
 or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased not
 the milion, 'twas a Caviary to the general, " but it was as I re-
 'ceived it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the
 'top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set down
 'with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were
 'no Sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter
 'in the phrase that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd
 'it an honest method, as wholsome as sweet, and by very much more
 'handsome than fine; " one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas*
 'talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of *Pri-*
 '*am's* slaughter, if it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see,
 'let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' Hircanian Beast, 'tis not, it be-
 'gins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose sable Arms,
 'Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
 'When he lay couched in th' ominous horse,
 'Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
 'With Heraldry more dismal head to foot:
 'Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
 'With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 'Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
 'That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
 'To their Lord's murder, roasted in wrath and fire,
 'And thus o're-cifed with coagulate gore,
 'With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 'Old granfire *Priam* seeks; so proceed you.

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

Play. Anon he finds him

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

But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls

' Seeming to fell this blow, with flaming top
' Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
' Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear : for loe his Sword,
' Which was declining on the milky head
' Of reverend *Priam* seem'd i'th Air to stick,
' So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
' Lik a neutral to his will and matter,
' Did nothing :

But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the Heavens, the racks stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : so after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With less remorse, than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune ! ' all you Gods
' In general Synod take away her Power,
' Break all the Spokes and Felloes from her Wheel,
' And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
' As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

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

Play. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen !

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down threatning the flames,
A clout upon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o're-teamed loyns,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with tongue in venome steep,
'Gainst fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd :

' But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's limbs,
' The instant burst of clamour that she made,
' Unless things mortal move them not at all,
' Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
' And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's Eyes :
prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed, do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

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

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

Pol. Come sirs.

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

Play. I, my Lord.

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

Play. I, my Lord.

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

[*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

[*Exit.*

Ros. Good my Lord.

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

O what a rouse and pesant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his Soul to his own conceit,

That from her working all the visage wand,

Tears in his Eyes, distraction in's Aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weep for her? what would he do

Had he the motive, and that for passion

That I have? he would "drown the stage with tears,

'And cleave the general Ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,

'Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

'The very faculties of Eyes and Ears; yet I,

'A dull and muddy melted raskal, peak

'Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,

'And can say nothing, no not for a King,

'Upon whose property and most dear life

'A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?

'Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,

'Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,

'Twekes me by the Nose, gives me the Lye i'th' Throat
 'As deep as to the Lungs? who does me this?
 'Hah? s'wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
 But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
 To make oppression bitter, or e're this
 I should have fatted all the region Kites
 With this Slaves Offal: "bloody, bawdy villain,
 'Remorseless, treachrous, lecherous, kindless villain.
 'Why what an Ass am I? this is most brave,
 'That I the Son of a dear Father murdered,
 'Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
 'Must like a Whore unpack my heart with words,
 'And fall a cursing like a very drab, stallion, fie upon't, foh.
 'About my brains, "hum, I have heard
 That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 Been strook so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
 For Murder, though it have no Tongue will speak
 'With most miraculous Organ, "I'll have these Players
 Play something like the Murderer of my Father
 Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
 'I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
 'I know my course. "The Spirit that I have seen
 May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing shape, "yea and perhaps
 'Out of my weakness and my melancholly,
 'As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 'Abuses me to damn me: "I'll have grounds
 More relative than this, the Play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

 A C T III. S C E N E I.

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

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of Conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
 'Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 'With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

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

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question ; but of our demands
 Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime ?

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

Pol. 'Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

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

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*]

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

Queen. I shall obey you :

And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of *Hamlet's* wildness, so shall I hope your Vertues
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your Honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wish it may.

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

' *King.* O 'tis too true :
 ' How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Conscience !
 ' The harlots check beautied with plastring Art,
 ' Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 ' Than is my deed to my most painted word :
 ' O heavy burden !

[Enter Hamlet.

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

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them: to die to sleep
 No more : and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish't, to die to sleep,
 To sleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
 Must give us pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When as himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ?
 But that the dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose born
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make cowards,
 And thus the healthful face of resolution
 Shews sick and pale with thought :
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph, in thy Orizons
 Be all my sins remembred ?

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

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed to re-deliver,

I pray you now receive them.

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

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

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophel. What means your Lordship?

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

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

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

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

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

Ophel. I was the more deceived.

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

Ophel. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the Fool no where but in's own house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O help him you Sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou do'st Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy dowry, be
thou as Chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not scape calumny, get
thee to a Nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, Marry a fool,
for wise-men know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a
Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly Powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: Nature hath
given you one face, and you make your selves another, y u Jig and
Amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath
made

made me mad; I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are Married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunnery go. [Exit.

Ophel. O what a Noble mind is here o'rethrown!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword,
Th' expectation and Rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched.
' That suckt the honey of his Musick vows;
Now see that Noble and most Sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatcht Form and Stature of blown Youth
Blasted with Extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[Exit.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lack form a little,
Was not like Madness, there's something in his Soul
O're which his melancholly fits on brood,
And I doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus set down: he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expel
This something fetled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating,
Puts him thus from Fashion of himself,
What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well:

But yet I do believe the Origen and Commencement of it,
Sprung from neglected Love: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother alone intreat him
To shew his grief; "let her be found with him,"
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if she find him not,
To *England* send him, or Confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madness in great ones must not unwatcht go.

[Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

' *Ham.* Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you,
' smoothly

smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as live the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw the Air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent-tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it smoothness: O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for o're-doing *Ter-magant*, it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

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

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

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

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. And the *Queen* too, and that presently.

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

Ros. I, my Lord.

[*Exeunt those two.*]

Ham. What ho, *Horatio*?

[*Enter Horatio.*]

Hora. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

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

Hora. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter, For what advancement may I hope from thee That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits

To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?
 ' No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd pomp,
 ' And crook the pregnant hinges of the Knee
 ' Where thrift may follow fawning, do'st thou hear?
 Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her Election,
 Sh'ath seal'd thee for her self: for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
 ' A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 ' Haste ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those
 ' Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commedled
 ' That they are not a Pipe for fortune's finger,
 ' To sound what stop she please: ' give me that man
 That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, I, in my heart of hearts
 As I do thee. Something too much of this:
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death;
 I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
 Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
 Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
 Do not it self discover in one Speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
 ' And my imaginations are as foul
 ' As *Vulcan's* stithy: " give him heedful note,
 For I mine Eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our Judgments joyn
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord,
 If he steal ought the whilst this Play is playing
 And, scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*.

Ham. Excellent i' faith,

Of the Cameleons dish I Eat the Air,
 Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

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

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

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

Ham. What did you Enact?

Pol. I did Enact *Julius Caesar*. I was kill'd i'th' Capitol,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capital a Calf there.
Be the Players ready?

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

Gert. Come hither my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

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

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Opbel. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Opbel. I think nothing, my Lord.

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

Opbel. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Opbel. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Opbel. I, my Lord.

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

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

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

The Trumpets sound.

Dumb shew follows.

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

Opbel. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching Mallico, it means mischief.

Opbel. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

[*Enter Prologue*]

The Players cannot keep, they'l shew all straight.

Opbel. Will he shew us what this shew meant?

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

Opbel. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poësie of a Ring ?

Ophel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As womans Love.

Enter King and Queen.

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

Queen. So many journies may the Sun and Moon
 Make us again count o're e're love be done :
 But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
 So far different from your former State,
 That I distrust you ; yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.
 For women fear too much, even as they Love,
 ' And womens fear and love hold quantity,
 ' Either none, in neither ought, or in Extremity.
 Now what my love has been, proof makes you know,
 And as my love is great, my fear is so :
 Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear ;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

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

Queen. O confound the rest !
 Such Love must needs be Treason in my breast,
 In second Husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first :
 The instances that Second marriage move,
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of Love :
 ' A second time I kill my Husband dead,
 ' When second Husband kisses me in bed.

[*Ham.* That's
 [Wormwood.

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

' Their

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

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

[*Ham.* If she should
 break it now.]

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Madam how like you this Play ?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument ? Is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.

King. What do they call the Play ?

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

[*Enter Lucianus.*]

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

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love
 If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophel. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine Edge.

Ophel. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your Husbands. "Begin Murtherer, 'leave thy
'damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for
'revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, and no Creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected
With *Hecats* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome lifts usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' Garden for his Estate, his name's *Gonzago*,
the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon
how the Murtherer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Queen. How fares, my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Hora.*

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled go Play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleep,
Thus runs the World away. "Would not this Sir, and a forrest of fea-
'thers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn Turk with me, with provincial
'Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a Fellowship in a City of Players

Hora. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I

'For thou do'st know O *Damon* dear

'This Realm dismantled was

'Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here

'A very very Peacock.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound.
Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talking of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come some Musick, come the Recorders,
'For if the King likes not the Comedy,
'Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
'Come, some Musick.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good, my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. I Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham.

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self Richer to signifie this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, And start not so wildly from my business.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother in most great Affliction of Spirit hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good, my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers Commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration? impart.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her Closet e're you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother; have you any further trade with us?

Rof. My Lord, you once did Love me.

Ham. And do still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof. Good, my Lord, what is the cause of your distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your Succession in *Denmark*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham.

Ham. I beseech you.

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

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

Guil. But these cannot I Command to any utterance of Harmony, I ave not the Skill.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by;
They fool me to the top of my bent. "I will come by and by;
'Leave me, friends.

'I will say so. By and by is easily said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out
Contagion to the World: now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such business as day it self

Would quake to look on: soft, now to my mother,

O heart lose not thy Nature! let not ever

The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Bosom!

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

'My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.

'How in my words soever she be silent,

'To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range; therefore prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to *England* shall along with you,

The terms of our Estate may not endure

Hazzards so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his brows.

Guil. We will our selves provide;

Most Holy and Religious fear it is
To keep those many Bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Rof. The single and peculiar life is bound
' With all the Strength and Armour of the mind
' To keep it self from Noyance, but much more
' That Spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
' The lives of many: the cefs of Majesty
' Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
' What's near it with it: or it is a massie wheel,
' Fixt on the Somnet of the highest mount,
' To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things
' Are morteis'd and adjoyn'd, which when it falls,
' Each small annexment, petty Consequence
' Attends the boiftrous rain, never alone
' Did the King sigh, but a general groan.

King. Arm you I pray you to this speedy Voyage,
For we will Fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free footed.

Rof. We will make haste.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Enter Polonius.

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

[*Exit.*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
O my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven,
It hath the Eldest curse upon't;
A brother's Murther: pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pawse where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in Prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled e're we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up:
My fault is past: but oh! what form of Prayer

Can

Can serve my turn? forgive me my foul Murther?
 That cannot be, since I am still possess
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
 May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
 ' In the corrupted currents of this World
 ' Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence: what then? what rests?
 Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed Soul! that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged! help Angels, make assay,
 Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with strings of steel
 Be soft as sinews of the new born-babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

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

King. My words flie up, my thoughts remain below,

[*Exit.*

Words

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

[*Exit.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

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

[*Enter Hamlet.*

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

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended,

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so,

You are the Queen, your Husband's brother's Wife,
And would it were not so, you are my Mother.

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

Ham. Come, come, and sit down, you shall not budge,
You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the utmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help.

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

Pol. O I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

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

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

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

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. I, Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,

I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou findest to be too busie is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace sit you down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

' If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

' That it be proof and bulwark against Sense.'

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

Ham. Such an Act

H

That

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

Queen. Ay me, what Act!

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

When the compulfive ardure gives the charge,
 Since froft it felf as Actively doth burn,
 And reafon pardons will.

Queen. O Hamlet fpeak no more,
 Thou turn'ft my very Eyes into my Soul,
 ' And there I fee fuch black and griev'd fpo-
 ' As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
 In the rank fweat of an inceftuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, " Honeying and making Love
 ' Over the nafty ftye.

Queen. O fpeak to me no more,
 Thefe words like Daggers enter in mine Ears ;
 No more, fweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A murtherer and a villain,
 A flave that's not the twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
 A cut-purfe of the Empire and the rule,
 That from a fheff the precious Diadem ftole:
 And put it in his pocket.

- [Enter *Ghost.*

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

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide ?
 That lap'ft in time, and perfon lets go by
 Th' important Afting of your dread command ? O fay !

Ghost. Do not forget : this vifitation
 Is but to whet thy almoft blunted purpofe.
 But look, amazement on thy Mother fits,
 O ftep between her and her fighing Soul !
 Conceit in weakeft Bodies ftrongeft works.
 Speak to her *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady ?

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

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
 His form and caufe conjoyn'd, preaching to ftones
 Would make them capable ; do not look upon me,
 Left with this piteous Aftion you convert

My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it steals away,
My Father in his habit as he liv'd,

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

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Musick: it is not madness
That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Cannot do. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your Soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption mining all within
Infects unseen: confess your self to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
' And do not spread the compost on the weeds
' To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
' For in the fatness of these pursie times
' Vertue it self of vice must pardon beg,
' Yea curb and woe for leave to do him good.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to my Uncle's bed,
Assume a vertue if you have it not. Once more good night.
' That monster custom, who all Sense doth Eat,
' Of habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,
' That to the use of Actions fair and good
' He likewise gives a frock or livery
' That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
' And that shall lend a kind of easiness
' To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
' For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
' And master the Devil, or throw him out
' With wonderous potency: Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest
I'll blessing beg of you: for this same Lord
I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister,
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him; so again good night.
 I must be cruel only to be kind,
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
 One word more, good Lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
 Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
 And let him not for a pair of réechy kisses,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know;
 For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of Sense and Secrifie
 Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
 Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
 To try the conclusions in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

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

Queen. Alack I had forgot,
 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's Letters seal'd, and my two School-fellows,
 Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery; let it work,
 For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
 Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
 And blow them at the Moon: O 'tis most sweet
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.
 This man will set me packing,
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:
 Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
 Is now most still, most Secret, and most grave,
 Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
 Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, Mother.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. **T**Here's matter in these Sighs, these profound Heaves,
You must Translate, 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your Son ?

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

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

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

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us had we been there,
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this Bloody Deed be answered ?
It will be laid to us, whose Providence
Should have restrain'd
This mad Young-Man : but so much was our Love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madness like some Ore
Among a mineral of metal base,
Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrard* come away,
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch
But we will Ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, *Guildenstern*,
Friends both, go joyn with you some further Aid,
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet hath he drag'd him,
Go seek him out, speak fair and bring the Body
Into the Chapel ; I pray you hast in this :
Come, *Gertrard*, we'll call up our wisest friends,

[*Enter Ros. and Guild.*

And

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whose whisper o're the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank
' Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,
' And hit the woundless Air: O come away,
' My Soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stow'd: what noise? who calls *Hamlet*?
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is a-kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel and not mine own; besides, to
be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the Son of
a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. I Sir, that sokes up the King's Countenance, his rewards, his au-
thorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps
them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swal-
lowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you,
and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a Knavish speech sleeps in a Foolish ear.

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

' *Ham.* The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body:
' the King is a thing.

Guil. ' A thing, my Lord?

' *Ham.* Of nothing, "bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and two or three.

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

Enter

The Tragedy of

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

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

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

[They enter.]

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper; where?

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

King. Alas! Alas!

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

King. What do'st thou mean by this?

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

King. Where is Polonius?

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

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

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

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for England:
Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

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

Come, for England.

King. Follow him.

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

[Exit.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

' *Fort.* Go, Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
 ' Tell him that by his license *Fortinbras*
 ' Craves the conveyance of a promised march
 ' Over his Kingdom ; you know the rendezvous,
 ' If that his Majesty would ought with us
 ' We shall express our duty in his eye,
 ' And let him know so.

' *Capt.* I will do't, my Lord.

' *Fort.* Go softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

' *Ham.* Good Sir, whose powers are these ?

' *Capt.* They are of *Norway*, Sir.

' *Ham.* How propos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

' *Capt.* Against some part of *Poland*.

' *Ham.* Who commands them, Sir ?

' *Capt.* The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

' *Ham.* Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
 ' Or for some frontier ?

' *Capt.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 ' We go to gain a little patch of ground
 ' That hath in it no profit but the name,
 ' To pay five duckets, five I would not farm it,
 ' Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
 ' A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

' *Ham.* Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.

' *Capt.* Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

' *Ham.* Two thousand Souls, and 20000 duckets
 ' Will not debate the question of this straw ;
 ' This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 ' That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
 ' Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ref. Wil't please you go, my Lord ?

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

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge ? What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and God-like reason
 To fust in us unus'd : now whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
 A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward : I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't : examples gros as earth exhort me,
 Witnesses this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The eminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain ? O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

[*Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrud, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,

Indeed distracted, and deserves pity.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears
 There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
 That carry but half Sense, her speech is nothing,

Yet

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection, "they yawn at it,
 ' And botch the words up fit to their own-thoughts,
 ' Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 ' Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 ' Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[*Enter Ophelia.*

Queen. To my sick Soul, as sin's true nature is,
 ' Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
 ' So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 ' It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Denmark*?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia*?

[*She Sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true Love know from another one?

By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sendal shoon.

Queen. Alas! sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you mark.

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

[*Song.*

O ho.

Queen. Nay but, *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

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

[*Song.*

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Baker's daughter:
 we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it
 means, say you this.

To morrow is *S. Valentine's-day*

[*Song.*

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

' Then up he rose and dond his cloathes, and dupt the Chamber-door,
 ' Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty, *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Indeed without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
 By gis and by Saint Charity,
 alack and fie for shame,
 Young men will do't if they come to't,
 by cock they are to blame.

The Tragedy of

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

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

King. How long hath she been thus?

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

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

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

O this is the Poison of deep grief, it springs all from her father's death:

And now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions: first, her father slain,
Next, your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsom in thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius's* death, and we have done but
Obscurely to interr him; poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her self and her fair Judgment,
Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in Secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not whispers to infect his Ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,

'Wherein necessity of matter begger'd
'Will nothing stick our person to arraign
'In ear and ear: "O my dear *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdering-piece in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise within.*

Enter Messengers.

King. Where are my Swiflers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save your self, my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
O're-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the World were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chuse we *Laertes* for our King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King.

'*Queen.* How chearfully on the false tail they cry,
'O this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs.

[*A noise within.*

Enter

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

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

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrard*, do not fear our person,
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason dares not reach at what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me, *Laertes*,
Why thou are thus incens'd: let him go, *Gertrard*,
Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Devil,
'Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
'I dare Damnation,' to this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the Worlds:
And for my means I'll Husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

King. Will you in revenge of your
Dear father's death destroy both friend and foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To this, good friends, thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican
Relieve them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,

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

[A noise within.]

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
'How now? what noise is that?
'O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
'Burn out the Sense and Vertue of mine eye:
By Heaven" thy madnes shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of *May!*
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia!*
O Heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortal as a sick man's life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier,
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my Dove.

[Song.]

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a down, a down,
And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you Love re-
member, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

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

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

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it self
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophel. And will he not come again,
'And will he not come again?

[Song.]

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,
And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.

King. *Laertes* I must share in your grief,
Or you deny me right; go but a part.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,
'Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours

To you in satisfaction ; but if not
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall joyntly labour with your Soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speak with me ?

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

Hora. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the World
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

[*Enter Saylor.*]

Say. Save you, Sir.

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

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

Hamlet.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

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

Laer. It well appears : but tell me

Why

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

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mess. Saylor, my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

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

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

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character. Naked!
And in a postscript here he says alone,

Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in't, my Lord ; but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

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

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

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

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

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

Laer. What part is that, my Lord ?

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

Laer. A Norman was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed

The gem of all the Nation.

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

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

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

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not Love your Father,
' But that I know Love is begun by time,
' And that I see in passages of proof,
' Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;
' There lives within the very flame of Love
' A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
' And nothing is at a like goodness still;
' For goodness growing to a pleurisie,
' Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
' We should do 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-thrift-sigh,
' That hurts by easing: " but to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?

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

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

A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll Anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,

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

[*Enter Queen.*

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

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

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

Laer. Alas! then is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her Custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; "when these are gone
'The woman will be out." Adieu, my Lord,
I have a fire that fain would blase,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrud*;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.

Clow. **I**S she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks
her own salvation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner
hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own de-
fence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point,
if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three
branches, it is to Act, to do, and to perform, or all; she drown'd her
self wittingly.

Oth. Nay but hear you, goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good; here stands the man,
good; if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will he nill
he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown
him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death,
shortens not his own life.

Oth. But is this Law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners Quest-Law.

Oth. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman
she should have been buried without Christian burial.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pittty that great folk
should have Countenance in this World to Drown or Hang themselves
more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no Accident Gentleman
but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adam's* pro-
fession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow.

Clow. He was the first that ever bore arms.

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

Oth. Go to.

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

Oth. The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

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

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

Clow. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Mafs I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker, the houses he maks last till Doomsday. Go get thee in, and fetch me a stoop of liquor.

In youth when I did love, did love,

[*Song.*

Methought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing a meet:

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

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

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the dainter sense.

Clow. But age with stealing steps

[*Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped into the Land,

as if I never had been such.

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

Hora. It might, my Lord.

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

Hora. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sexton's Spade; " here's a fine

revo-

revolution, and we had the trick to see't; did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

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

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

Hora. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. 'Is not Parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hora. 'I, my Lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. 'They are sheep and calves, which seek out assurance in that. "
I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, firrah?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clow. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

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

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Horatio* this three years I have took notice of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

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

Ham. How long is that since?

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

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

Clow. Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' Earth e're he rot?

Clow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky coarces that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th' earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'en that:

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kist I know not how oft: where be your jibes now, your Jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt on this fashion i'th' Earth?

Hora. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hora

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so:

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King.
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life, 'twere of some estate:
Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her Obſeqies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrant; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o're-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified been lodg'd:
For charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles ſhould be thrown on her,
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt their no more be done?

Doct. No more:

We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt
A miniſtering Angel ſhall my Siſter be
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What? the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweet to the ſweet, farewel,
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlet's* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy moſt ingenuous Senſe: hold off the earth a while,

[Enter King,
Queen, La-
ertes, and
the Coarſe.]

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

Ham. What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. Perdition catch thee.

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

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
 Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theam?

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

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

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

Queen. This is meer madness,
 And thus a while the fit will work on him;
 Anon as patient as a female Doe,
 When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.

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

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

[Exit Hamlet
[and Horatio.

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

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

Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your son,

This Grave shall have a living monument,

' An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,

' Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

Hora. Remember it my Lord?

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

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,

My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,
Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact command,

' Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
' Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
' With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life;
' That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
' No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hora. Is't possible.

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

Hora. I beseech you.

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

Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

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

Hora. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant :
I had my father's Signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* Seal,
Folded the Writ up in the form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans* went to't.

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

Hora. Why what a King is this !

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Stept in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cosenage, i'st not perfect conscience? [*Enter a Courtier.*]

Court. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir,
Doest know this water flie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him ; he
hath much land and firtle, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the King's mess ; 'tis a chough, but as I say spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt.

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

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

Court. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Court. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very foultry and hot, for my complection.

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

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Court. Nay good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th'arithmetick of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail? but in the verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who else would trace him, his umbrage nothing more.

Court. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

Court. Sir.

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

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court. Of *Laertes*?

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

Ham. Of him Sir.

Court. I know you are not ignorant.

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

Court. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

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

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

Ham. What's his weapon?

Court. Single Rapier.

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

Ham. What call you the carriages?

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

Court. The carriages Sir are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry

carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, six *Barbary* horses against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

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

Ham. How if I answer no?

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

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

Court. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Court. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

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

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

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

Enter a Lord.

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

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

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

Ham. In happy time.

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

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

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

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

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

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I will forestall their repair

pair hither, and say you are not fit.

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

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

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

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who doe, it then? his madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, "but in my terms of honour
'I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by some elder Masters of known honour
'I have a voice and president of peace
'To my name ungor'd: but all that time"
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it

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

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night
Appear.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No on my honour.

King. Give them the foils, young *Ostrick*: cousin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager.

King. Very well my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
But since he is better we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foils have all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

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

[*Trumpets*
[*the while.*

Ham. Come on Sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

[*Drums, Trumpets, and Shot,*
[*Flourish, a Piece goes off.*

Laer. Well again.

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

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

Come, another hit, what say you ?

Laer. I do confes't.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.

Here *Hamlet*, take my Handkerchief, wipe thy brows :
The Queen salutes thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* do not drink.

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

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

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

Queen. Come let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

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

Laer. Say you so ? come on.

Ostr.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens't.

Ham. Nay come again!

Ostr. Look to the Queen there ho.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is't my Lord?

Ostr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock in mine own sprindge *Ostrick*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed!

Queen. No no the drink, the drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,
The drink the drink, I am poisoned.

Ham. O villain! ho let the door be lockt,
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hours life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand,
Unbated and evenom'd, the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me; so here I lie
Never to rise again: thy mothers poison'd,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point evenom'd-too, then venom to thy work.

All. Treason, treason.

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

Ham. Here thou incestuous *Dane*,

' Drink off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother.

' *Laer.* He is justly serv'd, it is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewell.
You that look 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) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never believe it.
I am more an antick *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man
Give me the cup, let go, I'll have't:

O *Horatio* what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me ?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
 To tell my story : what warlike noise is this ?

[*A march afar off.*

Enter Ostrick.

Ostr. Young *Fortinbras* with conquest come from *Poland*,
 Th' *Embassadors of England* give this warlike volley.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
 The potent poison quite o'regrows my spirit ;
 I cannot live to hear the news from *England*,
 But I do prophesie the Election lights
 On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice,
 So tell him, with th' occurrents more and less
 Which have solicited : the rest in silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
 And choires of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why does the drum come higher ?

Enter Fortinbras with the Embassadors.

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hora. What is it you would see ?

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search ?

Fort. " This quarry cries on havock : " O proud death,
 What feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloodily hast strook ?

Embass. The sight is dismal,
 And our affairs from *England* come too late,
 The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing.
 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
 That *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* are dead,
 Where should we have our thanks ?

Hora. Not from his mouth.
 Had it th' ability of breath to thank you,
 He never gave commandment for their death.
 But since so apt upon this bloody question
 You from the *Pollack Wars*, and you from *England*
 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 High on a Stage be placed to publick view,
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you hear
 Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
 And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
 Fall'n on the inventors heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

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

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

Fort. "Let four Captains
 Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
 For he was likely had he been put on,
 T'have prov'd most Royal: and for his passage,
 The Souldier's Musick and the Right of War
 Speak loudly for him.

Take up the Bodies; such a fight as this
 Becomes the Field, but here shews much amis.
 "Go bid the Souldiers Shoot.

[*Exeunt.*]

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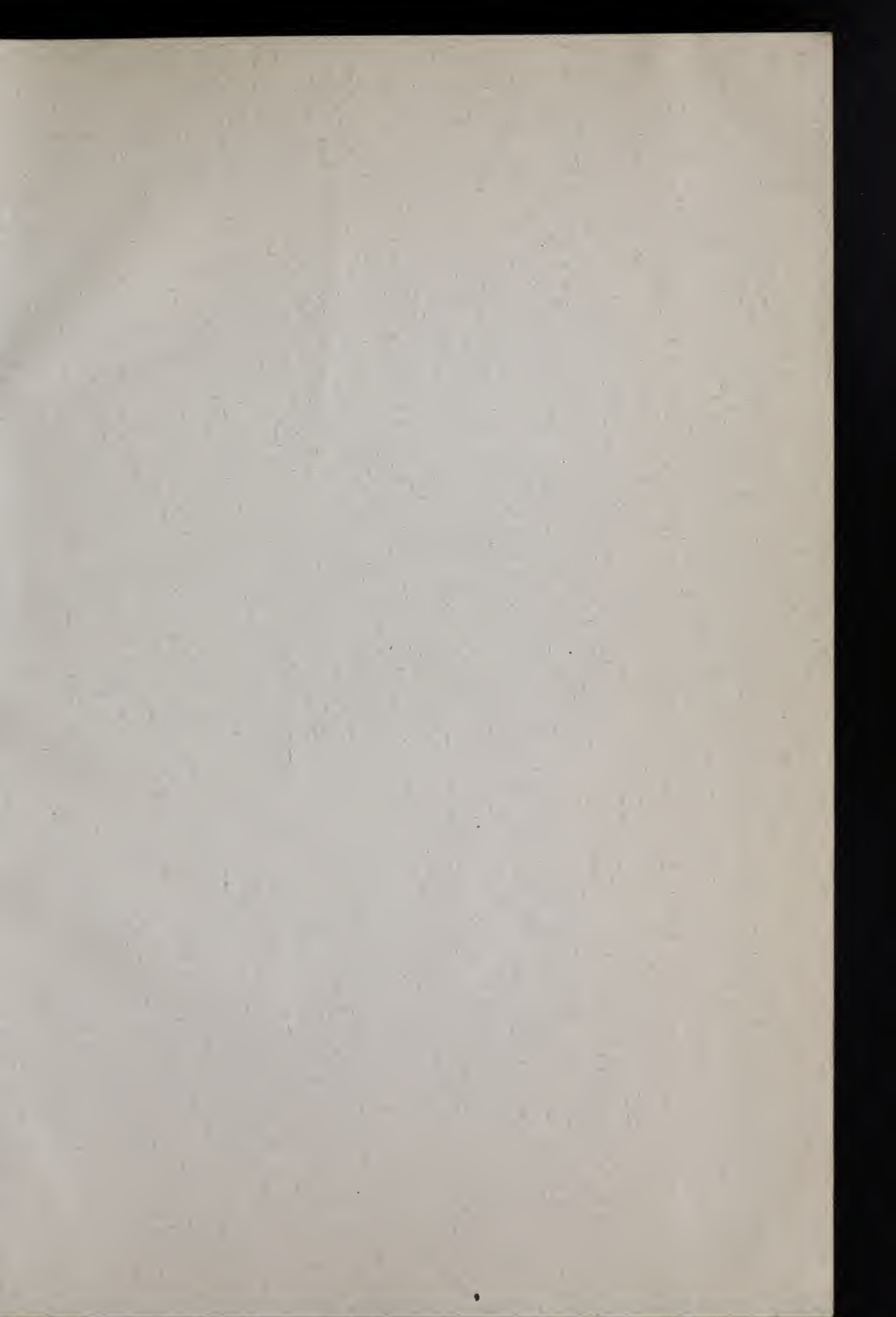
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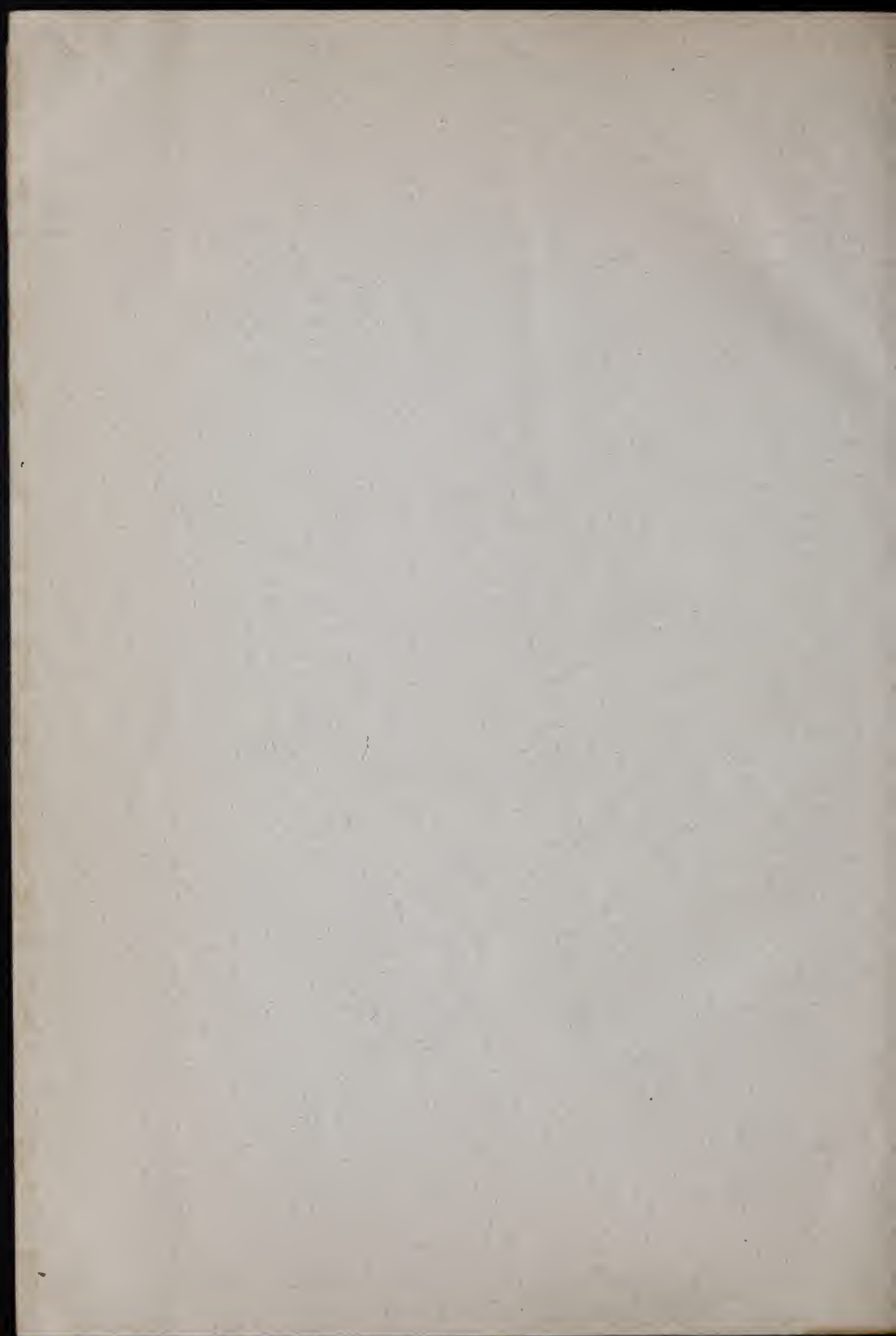
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