THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

As it is now Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
Printed by Andr. Clark, for J. Martyn, and H. Herringman, at the Bell in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at the Blue Anchor in the lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1676.
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 Persons Represented.

Claudius, King of Denmark,
Hamlet, Son to the former King,
Horatio, Hamlet's Friend,
Marcellus, an Officer.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,
Voltimand.
Cornelius.
Laertes, Son to Polonius,
Reynaldo,
Rosencrantz, Two Courtiers.
Guildenstern, Two Courtiers.

Lucianus.
Fortinbras, King of Norway,
O'frick, a fantastical Courtier.
Barnardo, Two Centinels.
Francisco, Two Centinels.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father,

Two Grave-makers,

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark,
Ophelia, in love with Hamlet.
THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Bar. Who's there?

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

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now stroke 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?

Horo. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Ligemen to the Dane.

Fran. Good night.
The Tragedy of

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?
Hor. A piece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Hor. What has this thing appear'd again to night?
Bar. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but a phantastie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dread'd sight 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.
"Hor. 'Twill not appear.
Bar. Sit down a while,
And let us once again afford your ears
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. 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.
Hor. Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it Horatio.
Hor. 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.
Hor. 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 phantastie?

What
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

What think you of it?

_Hor._ I could not believe this,
Without the sens'ble and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

_Mar._ Is it not like the King?

_Hor._ As thou art to thy self:
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.
"So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle.
"He smote the sleyed Poll-ax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

_Mar._ Thus twice before, and at the same hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our wath.

_Hor._ 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 impress of Ship-wrights, whose fore task
'Does not divide the Sunday from the Week?
'What might be toward, that this sweaty hafe
'Makes the night joyn't labor 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 Fortinbras of Norway,
'Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,
'For (to this side of our known World esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
'Which he stood feiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
'Against the which a moiety competent
'Was gaged by our King, which had returned
'To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
'Had he been Vanquisher: as by the same compact,
'And carriage of the Articles design,
'His fell to Hamlet: now sir, young Fortinbras
'Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,
The Tragedy of

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt up a lift of lawless resolutes,
' For food and diet to some enterprise
' That hath a stomack in't, which is no other
' As it doth well appear unto our state,
' But to recover of us by strong hand
' And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his Father lost: , and this I take it
Is the main motive of our preparations,
' 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.
' Hor. A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.
' In the most high and flourishing state of Rome,
' A little ere 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 Neptune's Empire stands,
' Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,
' And even the like precurse of fierce events,
' As harbinger preceding still the Fates
' And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
' Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated
' Unto our Climatures and Countrymen.

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

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partisan?
Hor. Do if it will not stand.

Bar. 'Tis
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong being so majestical,
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 founding throat
Awake the god of Day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hyes
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 Saviours birth is celebrated,
'This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
'And then they say no Spirit dares flir 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, Gertrude the Queen,
Council, as Polonius, and his Son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brothers 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
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 Sisiter, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointrefs to this Warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
"With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
"With mirth in Funerall, and with dirge in Marriage,
"In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to Wife, nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along (for all our thanks)
"Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
"Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
"Or thinking by our late dear brothers death
"Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,
"Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
"He hath not fail'd to poffter 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 Nephews 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,
"Ambaftadors to old Norway,
"Who have no further personal power
"Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
"Of these delated Articles allow.
"Farewel, and let your hafte commend your duty.
"C or. V b. 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 it thou beg, Laertes?
"That shall not be thy offer, nor 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 wouldst thou have Laertes?

Laer. My dear Lord,
Your leave and favor 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 pardon.

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

Pol. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laborsome 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. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

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

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

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common all that live must die,
Paffing 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 inspiration 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,
' Tis shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
' A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
' An understanding simple and unskilful:
' For what we know must be, and is as common
' As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
' Why should we in our pious opposition
' Take it to heart? 'tis a fault to Heaven,
' A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
' To reason most absurd, whose common theat
' Is death of fathers, and who still hath 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 cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest Courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.

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

Ham. I shall in all my 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,

Repealing Earthly thunder: Come away. [Flourish, Exeunt all,

Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt, [but Hamlet.

Thaw and resolve it felt into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst self slaughter!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world?

'Tis
'Tis an unweeded Garden,
That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely: 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 used to hang on him,
As if increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month,
Let me not think on't, Frailty thy Name is Woman,
"A little Month: or e'r those Shoes were old,
"With which she followed my poor Fathers 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 Fathers 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'le 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?
We'll teach you here to drink e'r you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.
Ham. I prethee do not mock me fellow Student.
I think it was to my Mothers 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 yesternight.

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.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and Barnardo, on their Watch,

"In the dead vat and middle of the night

Been thus encountered: 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 walkt

By their opprest and fear surprized eyes

Within this Truncheons length, whilst they distill'd

Almost to jelly with their fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me

They did impart in dreadful secrartie,

And I with them the third night kept the Watch.

Whereas they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes: "I knew your Father,

"These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. 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 found it shrank in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. 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?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What? Lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A Countenance more in forrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or Red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his Eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like: Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell on hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grizled?

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers 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 light,
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'lle visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour.

Ham. Your loves as mine to you; Farewel. [Manet Hamlet.

My Fathers Spirit in Arms, all is not well
I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:
Till then fit still my Soul, foul deeds will rise,
Though all the Earth o'whelm them from Mens Eyes. [Exit.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sifter.

Laer. My necessaries are embark't, farewel,
And Sifter, as the Winds give benefit
And convey in assitant, " Do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that?

Laert. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in Blood,
A Violet in the Youth, a 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 crescant does not grow alone,
" In Thews and Bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
" The inward service of the Mind and Soul
" Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
" And now no foil nor cautel doth bemarch
" The virtue of his Will; but you must fear
His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own.
He may not, as inferior persons do,
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 Body
" 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 los't your honour may sustaine,
If with your credulous Ear you hear his Songs,
" Or los'e your Heart, or your chaste Treasure open
" To his unmaisterd importunity
Fear it Ophelia, fear it my dear Sifter,
" And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire:
The chariest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the Infant of the Spring.
Too oft before their Buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels though none else near.

Ophe. I shall th' 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 wreaks not his own reed.

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.

Pol. 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 charater: 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't, unfledg'd courage: beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee:
Give every man thy Ear, but few thy Voice;
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgment:
Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,
But not express in fancy; rich, not 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 loseth 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.

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

Ophel. So pleafe you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well be thought.

'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 perilous 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'n these Tenders for true pay,
Which are not Sterling: Tender your self more dearly,
Or (not to crack the wind of the 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. In 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 Woodcocks; 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 tak't for Fire: from this time
“Be something scantler of your Maiden presence,
“Set your intreatments 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 flander 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.

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. { A flourish of Trumpets and Guns.
What does this mean my Lord?
Ham. The King doth walk to night, and takes his rowse,
“Keeps wassell, 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 achievements, 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 chuse his origin.
"By their o'r-growth of some complexion,
"Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason;
"Or by some habit that too much o'r-leavens
"The form of plausible 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 cenfore take corruption
"From that particular fault: the dram of Ease
"Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
"To his own scandal.

Hor. Look my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
"Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell,
"Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
"Thou com'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 hearded in death
"Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulchre,
"Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'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?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartiment did desire
To you alone.

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

Hor. No, by no means.

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

Hor. Do not my Lord.

Ham. Why? What shall be the fear?

I do not value my life:

[Enter Ghost.]
And for my soul what can it do to that,
Being a thing as immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

"Hor. What if 't tempt you toward the Floods, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful border of the Cliff,
"That betters o're his Base into the Sea,
And there assume some other form,
"Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madness? "Think of it,
"The very place puts toys of desperation
"Without more motive, into every Brain,
"That looks to many fadoms to the Sea,
"And hears it roar beneath.

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

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artery in this Body
As hardy as the Nemean Lions Nerve:
Still I am call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

Hay, 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


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 sulphurous 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 Fathers Spirit,

Doom'd
The Tragedy of

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 burn’t 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,
Like quills upon the fearful porcupine:
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,
Like quills upon the fearful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh, and blood: lift, lift, O lift,
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghos. Revenge his soul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghos. 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 flye to my revenge.

Ghos. I find thee apt;
"And dullest should it thou be than the fat weed
That roots it self in ease on Lethe’s wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this: Now Hamlet hear,
’Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden
A serpent flung 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?

Ghos. 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 virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? And to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine: but virtue, as it never will be mov’d

Though
"Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven,
"So but though to a radiant angle link't,
"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 juyce 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 Quicksilver it courses through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth possess
"And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome Blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter bark't about
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome Cruft
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
"Of life of Crown, of Queen at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my Sin,
"Unmuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
"No reckoning made, but sent to my account
"With all my imperfections on my head.
"O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
If thou haft nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the Royal Bed of Denmark be
A couch for Luxury and damned Incert.
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 Gloworm shews the Morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:
Farewell, 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 Registres 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 safer matter; yes by Heaven.
O most pernicious Woman!
O villain, villain, smiling villain!
My Tables, Meet it is I set 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.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heavens secure him.
Ham. So be it.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come and come
Mar. How is't my noble Lord?
Ham. O wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reveal it.
Hor. 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.
Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is, and for my own poor part
I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and windy words, my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

Yes faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by St. 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 requelt.

Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will.

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

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

"Mar. We have sworn my Lord already.

"Ham. Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.

[Ghost cries under the Stage.]

Ghost. Swear.

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

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique, then we'll shift our ground:
Come 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 Pioneer, 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 dreamt of in your Philosophy: But come,
Here as before; never, so help you mercy,
(How strange or odd so'ere 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
The Tragedy of

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 lift to speak, or there be, or if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know ought of me, this you must swear.
“No 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 ever I was born to set it right!
Nay come, let’s go together.

A c t I I. S c e n e I.

Enter Polonius with his Man.

“Pol. Give him this Money, and these two Notes, Reynaldo.

“Reynaldo. I will my Lord.

“Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo.

“Reynaldo. Before you visit him to make inquiry

“Of his behaviour.

“Reynaldo. My Lord I did intend it.

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

“Enquire me first what Danzers are in Paris,

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

“What company, at what expense: and finding

“By this encompassment and drift of question.

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

“Then your particular demands will touch it,

“Take you as ’twere some distant knowledge of him,

“As thus, I know his Father, and his Friends,

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

“Reynaldo. 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
"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. But my good Lord.
"Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
"Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
"Marry Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of Wit.
You laying these slight fullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd with working,
Mark you your party in converse, he you would found;
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The Youth you breath of guilty, be asur'd
He cleshes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase or the addition
Of Man and Countrey.
"Rey. Very good my Lord.
"Pol. And then Sir does he this, he does: What was I about to say?
By the Mafs I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?
"Rey. At cleshes in the consequence.
"Pol. At cleshes in the consequence; I marry,
He cleshes 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 windless flses, and with essays by as,
By indireets 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. Farewel. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Ophb. O my Lord my Lord, I have been so affrighted.
Pol. With what?
Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Cloflet,
Prince Hamlet with his Doublet all unbrae'd,
No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,
Ungarterd, and down gyved to his Ankle,
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous
As if he had been sent from Hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy Love?
Oph. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrif 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 triad he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He raised a figh to piteous 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 extatic of Love,
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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 coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but bespew my jealoufie;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion:—Come, go with me to the King,
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome, good Rosencraus and Guildenstern,
Besides, that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, to call it;
Sith nor the 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 near 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 Kings remembrance.

King. Both your Majesties
Might by the Soveraign power you have over us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

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

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks Guildenstern, 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.

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 trial 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 Embassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast
Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

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

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

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sit him: welcome my good friends:
Say Voltemand; what from our brother Norway?

Vol. Moft fair return of greetings and desires:
Upon our first he sent out to suppress
His Nephews levies, 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 falsely born in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' affray of Arms against your Majesty:
Whereon old Norway overcome with joy
Gives him three-score thousand Crowns in annual fee,
And his Commission, to employ those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the Pollack,
With an entreaty 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-taken labor,
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home. [Exeunt Ambassadors.]

'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.
The Tragedy of

I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise. [Read.

To the Celestial and my soul's 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 awhile, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the Stars are fire,
Doubt that the Sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyar,
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon
my groans; but that I love 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 my young Mistrefs thus I charg'd:
Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy sphere,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his refort,
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.
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, [Exit King and Queen.
I'll board him presently. Oh give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my Lord?
Ham. I Sir, to be honest, as this World goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my Lord.
Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good
killing 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 it.
Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my Daughter, yet he
knew me not at the first but said I was a fish-monger, he is far gone;
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 Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all which Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down, for your self Sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

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

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that's out of the air; how pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which "reason " and "fancy" 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 anything 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 honored 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 waste, or in the middle of her favors.

"Guil. Faith, her privates we.

"Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a trump-

"pet."

"What news?

Ros. None my Lord, but the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doom's-day near: sure your news is not true.

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

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

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you, "and sure, dear Friends, my thanks are too dear a half peny;" were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation?
tion? come, come, deal justly with me; come, come, nay speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

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

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

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

Ros. What say you?

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

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrefie to the King and Queen moul't no feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, forgone all custom of Exercises; "and indeed, it goes so heavily " with my disposition," that this goodly frame the Earth seems to me a sterl promontory; this most excellent canopy the Air, look you, this brave or-changed Firmament, this majestical Roof fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pe-

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

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

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target, the Lover shall not high prank, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

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 ducats a piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

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

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

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

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you Guil. den stern, and you too, at each ear a heater, that great baby as you fee 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 Monday morning 'twas then indeed.

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

Ham. My Lord I have news to tell you: when Roslius 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 Afs.

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 Plautus too light for the law of wit and the 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?

Pol. What
Pol. What follows then my Lord?

"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 abridgement comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome Masters, welcome all, "I am glad to see "thee well, welcome good friends; ", Oh old friends! why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last, com'rt thou to beard me in Den-
mark? What my young Lady and Mistri's! my Lady your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a Chopine, I wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crackt within the ring: Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't "like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech "strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate Speech.

Player. What Speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once; but it was never ac-
ed, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleaded not the Million, 'twas a caviary to the general, "but It was as I re-
ceived it and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in "the top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, fct "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 wholesome as sweet, and by very "much more handsome than fine's", one Speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas Æneas talk'd to Dido, and thereabout of it especially when he "speaks of Priamus 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 begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he "whose sable Arms, 
Black as his purpose did the night resemble, "When he lay couched in the ominous horse, "Hath now his dread and black complexion smeard "with Heraldry more dismal head to foot: "Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt "With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons, "Bak d and embaited with the parching streets, "That lend a tyrannous and a damned light "To their Lords murder, roafted in Wrath and Fire, "And thus of e-ci'd with coagulate gore, "With Eyes like Carbenikes, the hellith Pyrrhus "Old Grandfire 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 match,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls.

"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
'Stoops to his Bafe, 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,
"Like 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 rouzed Vengeance sets him new a work,
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 ftrumpet! "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.

Pla. But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames,
A clout upon that Head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
About her lank and all o're-teamed Loins,
A Blanket in the alarm of Fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom stept,
'Gainst Fortunes state would Treason have pronounced:
"But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbs,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milk 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 escape whipping? use them after your own honor and dignity, the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

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

Play. I my Lord.

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

Pol. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him not.

My good friends, I le leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsenour. [Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ref. Good my Lord.

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

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so 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 stuting
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
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 metled raskal, peak
Like Jobn-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 of my beard, and blows it in my face,
"Twekes me by th' nofe, 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,
"Remorseles, treacherous, lecherous, kindles villain.
"Why what an as I? this is most brave,
"That I the son of a dear father murthered,
"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, dialion, 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 murther though it have no tongue will speak
"With most miraculous organ." I'll have these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Uncle: I'll observe his looks,
"I'll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
"I know my course." The Spirit that I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, "yea and perhaps
"Out of my weaknesses and my melancholy,
"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.

[Exit.
ACT.
Act III. Scene I.

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

King. AND 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.
 Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
"When we would bring him on to some confession
"Of his true estate.
 Queen. Did he receive you well?
 Ros. Most civilly.
 Guild. 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 beseech me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.
 King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To hear him so inclin’d:
Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
And urge him to these delights.
 Ros. We shall my Lord.
 King. Sweet Gertrud leave us two,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he as ’twere by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her father and myself,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing and unseen

[Exeunt Ros. and Guild.]
We may of their encounter judge,
' And gather by him as he is behav'd.
If 't 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 honors.

Ophel. Madam, I wish I may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here whilest we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd; "read on this
' 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 cheek beautified with plaistring art,
' Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
' Than is my deed to my most painted word:
' O heavy burden!"

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The 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,
Devourly to be wish'd, to die to sleep,
To sleep perchance to dream, 'tis 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 mans contumely,
The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,
The infolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
Whenas 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 fly to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards,
And thus the healthful face of Resolution
Shews sick and pale with Thought:
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn 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 compos'd
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 dis-
course 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 ho-
nesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the force of honesty can tran-
slate Beauty to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now
the time gives it proof. I did love you once,

Ophel. Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.

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

Ophel.
Ophel. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not born me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my back than I have thoughts to put them in, 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 Nunnery? 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:

Farewel.

Ophel. O help him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy Dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunnery, farewel. 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, farewel.

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, you 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 me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunnery go. 

Ophel. O what a noble mind is here o'rethrown!

The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, Eye, Tongue, Sword, Th' expectation and Rofe 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 Mufick vows; Now fee that Noble and most Sovereign Reason Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune and harsh, That unmatcht form and stature of blown youth Baffled with extatic, O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, fee what I see!

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections o' 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 melancholy sits on brood,

And
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

And I doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus let 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 origin 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 a’ alone intreat him
To show his grief; “let her be round 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 find him, or confine where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madness in great ones must not unwatch’d go.

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

“Ham. Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you
smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our
Players do, I had as lieve the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor
do not saw the Air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gent-
ly; for in the very-torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind
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 ro-
buttous Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable
of nothing but inexplicable dumb shew; and noise: I would have
such a fellow whip for o’re-doing Termagant, it out-Herods
Herod, pray you avoid it.

Pla. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be
your tutor; suit 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 Play-
ing, whose end both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold as’twere
G
that's for now and here the

I hear that others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely,

that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of

Christian, Pagan, nor man, 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

villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that

"ufes 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. (them?)

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

Ros. I, my Lord. [Exeunt those two.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Horat. Here my Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'r my conversation met withal.

Horat. 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 clothe 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, doest 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 fortunes buffets and rewards

Halt ta'n with equal thanks: and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commedled

That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger.
"To found what flops she please: " give me that man,
That is not passions Slave, and I will wear him
In my hearts 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 Fathers 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 Ghet that we have seen,
"And my imaginations are as foul
"As Vulcan’s filthy: " 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.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousen Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent i’ faith,

Of the Chameleon’s 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. It was a brute part of him to kill fo Capital a Calf there.

Be the Players ready?

Ros. ’I my Lord, they wait upon your patience.

Get. 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 lye in your lap?

Ophe. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country-matters?
"Ophel. I think nothing, my Lord.
"Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between Maids legs.
"Ophel. What is, my Lord?
"Ham. Nothing.
Ophel. You are merry, my Lord.
Ham. Who I?
Ophel. I my Lord.
Ham. Your only Jig-maker, what should a man do but be merry: for look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two hours.
Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.
Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of fables: O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a Great Man's memory may outlive 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 follow.

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, he seeing him asleep leaves him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crown, kissets it, pours poisons 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, seem to condole with her, the dead Body is carried away, the Poisoner woes the Queen with Gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What means this, my Lord?
Ham. It is munching Mallico, it means mischief.
Ophel. Belike this Shew imports the Argument of the Play.

"Ham. We shall know by this Fellow. [Enter Prologue.

The Players cannot keep, they'll shew all straight.
Othel. Will he shew us what this Shew meant?
Ham. I, or any Shew that you will shew him, he not ashamed to tell you what it means.
Ophel. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the Play.
Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
Ophel. 'Tis brief, my Lord.
Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Carr gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moons with borrow'd 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'r 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 kisles me in Bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break:
Purpole is but the Slave to memory,
Of violent birth and poor validity;
Which now like fruits unripe flicks on the Tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be;
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
"The violence of either grief or joy;
Their own enaftures 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 hollow Friend doth try,
"Directly sensons him his Enemy.
"But orderly to end where I begun,
"Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
"That our devices still are overthrown:
"Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed
But thy thoughts dye when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor Earth to me give 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 laiting thrite, [Ham.]If he should
If once I Widow be, and then a Wife. ]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 mishance 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 it?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.
King. What do, you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse trap, martyr how ? tropically. This Play is
the image of a murder done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name,
his Wife Baptista, you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work,
but what of that ? your Majesty and we shall have free souls, it
touches not us; let the galled de winch, our withers are un-
wrung. This is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King. [Enter Lu-
Ophel. You are as good as a Crowns, my Lord,

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
If I could see the puppets 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 seafon, 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 life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him 'tith 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 strucken 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 forest

of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with

provincial Roses on my raz'd shoes, get me a fellowship in a

City of Players?

"Hora. Half a share.

"Ham. A whole one I.

"For thou dost know O Damon dear,

"This Realm dismantled was

"Of love himself, and now reigns here

"A very very Paacock.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghosts word for a thou-

sand pound. Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha, come some musick, come the Recordors;

"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. With drink Sir?

Guil. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self richer to signify this to the Doctor; for 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 dis eased, 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 struck 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 ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the 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 Recordors.

Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the Proverb is some-
thing musty: oh the Recordors, 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?

Gnil. 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?

Gnil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gnil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Gnil. 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.

Gnil. But these I cannot command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much musick, excellent voice in this little Organ, yet you cannot 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 Weazel.

Pol. It is black like a Weazel.

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.
The Tragedy of

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none,
"My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
"How in my words forever she be hent,
"To give them seals never my soul consent.

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
Hazzard 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.

"Ros. 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 maillie wheel,
"Fixt on the fomnet of the higheft mount,
"To whose huge spokes ten thoufand leffier things
"Are morteift and adjoynd, which when it falls,
"Each finall annexement, petty consequence
"Attends the boiftrous rain, never alone
"Did the King figh, but a general grone.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free footed.

Ros. We will make haste.

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 it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, shoud o're-hear
Their speech; fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

[Exit. O my
O my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven,
It hath the eldest curse upon 't;
A Brothers murder! 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 pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it self with Brothers 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 forrestalled 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 serve my turn? forgive me my foul murther?
That cannot be, since I am still poss'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
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 refts?
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 aslay,
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 Murtherer, 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:

H 2

He
He took my Father grofly, full of Bread,
With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May,
And how his Audits stands, who knows save Heaven?
But in our circumstance 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 season'd 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' incefluous 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 as damn'd and black
"As Hell whereeto it goes: " my Mother stays,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days.

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

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath flood 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 Husbands Brothers 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
Hamlet. Prince of Denmark.


Ham. How now, a Rat dead for a Ducket, dead!

Pol. O I am flain.

Queen. O me, what haft thou done?

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

Queen. O what a rash and bloody deed was 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, intuding Fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findest to be too base 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
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 rhapsody of words, "Heavens face does glow,
" Yeas 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 pretentment of two Brothers;
See what a Grace was seared on this Brow,
Hyperions Curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to the eaten 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.
The Tragedy of

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 leave to feed,
And batter on this Moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day of the blood is tame,
It's humble,
And waits upon the judgment:
Would step from this to this? fene fure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that fene
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,
Nor fene to eftasie was ner fo thrall'd,
But it referv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: "what Devil wasn't
" That thus hath couzen'd you at hoodman-blind?
" Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
" Ears without hands, or eyes, smeling fans all,
" Or but a fickly part of one true fene
" Could not fo mope," Oh shame! where is thy blufh?
Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a Matrons bones
To flaming Youth, let Vertue be as Wax
And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since froft it felf as actively doth burn,
And reafon pardons will.

Queen, O Hamlet, fpeak no more,
Thou turn'tt my very eyes into my soul,
" And there I fee fuch black and grieved spots
" As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank fweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in corruption, "honeying and making love
" Over the nafty Stye.

Queen. O fpeak to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter into mine ears,
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murtherer and a Villain,
A Slave 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 Shelf the precious Diadem ftole:
And put it in his Pocket.

[Enter Ghost.

Ham. A
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That lap'lt in time, and person lets go by
Th'important acting of your dead command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose:
But look, amazement on thy mother sits,
O sleep between her and her liging soul!
Conceit in weakeft bodies, strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' alarm,
Your hair
Starts up and stands on end: O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Left with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Qu. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Qu. 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.

Qu. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodilefs creation eclectric 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 Teft,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Cannot do mother, for love of grace.

Lay.
Lay not that flattering function to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rack 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 compot on the Weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my Virtue
For in the farness of these purifie times,
Virtue it self of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou haft 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 Uncles Bed,
Assume a Virtue 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 easines
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 wondrous potency: Once more good night.

And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you: for this fame Lord
I do repent, but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister,
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him; so again good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind,
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, Good Lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let not the King tempt you to Bed again,
Pinch Wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisles,
Or paddling in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

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 secrecy
"Unpeg the Basket on the houses top,
"Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
"To try conclusions in the basket creep,
"And break your own neck down.

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

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Qu. 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 Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother. [Exit.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. Here's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:

Where is your son?

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

King. What Gertrard, how does Hamlet?

Qu. Mad
The Tragedy of

Qu. 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?

Qu. 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 skil [Enter Ros. and Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern,
Friends both, go joyn with you some further aid,
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him:
Go, seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the Chappel; I pray you hast in this:

Come, Gertrard, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper o're the worlds 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.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely flow'd: what noise? who calls Hamlet?
O'here they come,
**Rof.** What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

**Ham.** Compounded it with duff, whereto it is akin.

**Rof.** Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,

And bear it to the Chappel.

**Ham.** Do not believe it.

**Rof.** Believe what?

**Ham.** That I can keep your counsel and not mine own; besides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication should be made by the Son of a King?

**Rof.** Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

**Ham.** i, Sir, that fends up the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but Iqueezing you, and Spunge you shall be dry again.

**Rof.** I understand you not, my Lord.

**Ham.** I am glad of it: a knavih speech fleeps in a foolish ear.

**Rof.** 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.]

**King.** I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body;

How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe?

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 Rosencraus, and all the rest.**

"**King.** How now? what hath befallen?

**Rof.** Where the dead Body is bellow'd, my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

**King.** But where is he?

**Rof.** Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

**King.** Bring him before us.

**Rof.** Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet. [They enter.]

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

**Ham.** At
Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain invocation of politick worms are e’en at him: “your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots; your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that’s the end.

King. Alas! Alas!

Ham. A man may fiu with the Worm that hath eat of a King. “eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

“King. What dost thou mean by this?

“Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a pro-gres 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 none 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 daily 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 hold’st at ought,

“ As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since
"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 set
"Our Soveraign proceed, which imports at full
"By Letters congruing to that effect
"The present death of Hamlet, do it England,
"For like the Heftick in my blood he rages,
"And thou must cure me till I know 'tis done;
"How e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[Exit.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.
"Fort. Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish King,
"Tell him that by his Licence Fortinbras
"Craves the conveyance of a promis'd 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 fold in Fee.
"Ham. Why then the Pollock never will defend it.
"Capt. Nay, 'tis already garrifon'd.
"Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand 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 dyes. I humbly thank you, Sir.
"Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.
"Ros. Wilt pleafe 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 suit in us us'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 fay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't: Examples gross as Earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such mastis and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with Divine ambition puff'd
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 slain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent Death of twenty thousand men,
That for a phantasie 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. 

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed disturbed 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.

Q. "To my sick soul, as sins 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 bounteous Majesty of Denmark?
Q. How now Ophelia? [Enter Ophelia.]
Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and fluff, and by his fendal shoon.
Q. 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.
O ho.

Q. Nay but Ophelia.
Ophel. Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Q. Alas, look here my Lord.
Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go,
With true love showers.
King. How do you pretty Lady?
Ophel. Well, good did 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,

All in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your window
To be your Valentine.

(doors:"

Then up he rote, and don'd his clothes, and dup't the Chamber

"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
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.
"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?
 Oph. 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 coun-
  sel. Come my coach, good night, Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies, good night, good night.

 King. Follow her clofe, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poison of deep grief, it springs all from her Father's
  death: and now behold O Gertrard, Gertrard,
When sorrows come, they come not 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 unw holsome in thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius death, and we have done but
Obscurely to interr him; poor Ophelia
Divid'd from her self, and her fair judgment,
Without which we are but pictures, or meer beasts.
Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,
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 beggar'd
"Will nothing flick our person to arraign
"In ear and ear:" O my dear Gertrard, this
Like to a murdering piece in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

 Enter Messengers. [A noise within.

 King. Where are my Swifers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?
 Messeng. Save your self, my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his lift
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
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.

"Qu. How cheerfully on the false tail they cry,
O this is counter, you false Danifh Dogs.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The Doors are broke.
Laert. Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laert. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laert. I thank you, keep the Door. O thou vile King,
Give me my Father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laert. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me Bafward,
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot.
Even here between the chast 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 art thus incens'd: let him go to Gertrard,
Speak man.

Laert. Where is my Father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laert. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd 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 thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall play you?
Laert. 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?

Laert. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laert. 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 guiltlesse 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.

Enter Ophelia.

"How now? what noise is that?

"O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times fall
"Burn out the fenle and Virtue of mine eye:

By Heaven "thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!

Dear Maid, kind Sifter, 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.

Laert. Had't 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 falfe Steward that stole his Mafters Daughter.

Laert. This nothing is much more than matter.

Ophel. Th'ere's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you

Love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

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

Ophel. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rue
for you, and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace a
Sundays, you may wear your Rue with a difference; there's a

Daisie I would give you some Violets, but they withered all
when my Father dyed; they say he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laert. 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?

No,
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 touch'd, 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 jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laert. Let this be so.
His means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophee, 'Sword, nor Hatchment o'rr his bones,
No noble right, no 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.

Horat. What are they that would speak with me?
Gen. Sea-fairing men, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.
Horat. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Sailers.

Sail. Save you, Sir.
Sail. There's a Letter for you, Sir, it came from the Ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horat. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him. E're we were two days old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too flow of Sail, we put on a compelled valor, 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

K 2

King
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. Rosencranz and Guildenftern hold their course for England, of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. Hamlet.

Horat. 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.

Laert. It well appears: but tell me Why you proceed not againlt 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 almoft by his looks, and for my self, My Vertue or my Plague, be it either, She is so precious to my life and foul, 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 Graces, so that my Arrows, "Too flightly timbered for so loved arms, "Would have reverted to my Bow again, "But not where I have aim'd them.

Laert. 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 Old Age For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your steps 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 anger, And
And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
I lov'd your Father, and we love our self,
"And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Meff. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Meff. Saylors, my Lord, they say. I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us. [Exeunt.

High and mighty, you shall know I am for naked on your King-
dom: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when
I shall (first asking your pardon) thereunto recount the occasion
of my sudden return.

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

Laert. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked!
And in a Postscript here he says alone,
Can you advise me?

Laert. I am lost in it, 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?

Laert. I, my Lord, so you will not o'r-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned,
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 breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laert. 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 ta'en oft since your travel much;
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you thine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him.
"As did that one, and that in my regard.
"Of the unwortheft siege.

Laert. 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 fefled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
"Importing health and graveness: "two months since

Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I have seen my felf, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
Had Witchcraft in't, he grew into his Sear,
And to fuch wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incoors'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave Beast; fo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come fhort of what he did.

Laert. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.


King. The very fame.

Laert. I know him well, he is indeed,
The Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made Confelfion of you,
And gave you fuch a mafferly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier moft 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 fo envenome with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but with and beg
Your fudden coming o'to play with you.

Now out of this.

Laert. 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?

Laert. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
"But that I know love is begain by time,
"And that I fee in paffages of proof,
"Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;"
There lives within the very flame of love,
A kind of Wiek or Snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness growing to a Pleurisy,
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 Fathers Son
More than in words?

Laert. To cut his throat i' th' Church.

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good Laertes,
Keep clofe 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 French-man gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager o' r your heads; he being remifs,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with eafe,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

Laert. 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 Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal; I'll touch my Point
With this Contagion, that if I gait him lightly 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 allay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof: 'tis soft; let me see,
We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunnings,

I have't,
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 prepare'd him
A Chalice for the purpose, whereon but tainting,
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 heel,
So fast they follow your Sister's dround'd, Laertes.

Laert. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growing o'r a Brook,
That hews his hoary Leaves in the Glassie Stream,
Near which fantastick Garlands she did make
Of Crown flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
"That liberal Shepherds give a groser name,
"But our cull'd 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 Trophees and her self
Fell in the weeping Brook, " her Cloaths spread wide,
"And Mermaid like a while they bore her up,
"Which time she chant'd remnants of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own diff'rest,
Or 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.

Laert. Alas! then is she dround'd?

Queen. Drown'd, dround'd.

Laert. 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 blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

King. Let's follow Gertrard;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

][Exit.

][Exeunt.

Act
Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight, the Crownr hath fat on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

Clown. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own defence?

Oth. Why, 'tis found so.

Clown. How can that be, unless she drown'd her self wittingly? Oth. Nay but hear you, Goodman Delver.

Clown. 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 nil he: he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Oth. But is this Law?

Clown. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Clown. Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

Clown. Why, there thou sayest, and the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no ancient Gentleman but Gardeners, Ditchers and Grave-makers, hold they up Adam's Profession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clown. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

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

Clown. 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.

Clown. I like thy wit well, the Gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou dost ill to say L.
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?

Clown. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clown. To't.

Oth. 'Mans I cannot tell.

Clown. 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 makes laft till Doom's-day. Go get thee in and fetch me a Stoop of Liquor.

In Youth when I did love, did love, Methought it was very sweet To contract, 0 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.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. (fense.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier

Clown. But Age with his stealing steps hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the Land,
as if I had never 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 murder: this might be the Pate of a Politician, which this Ass now o'r-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Horat. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good morrow, my Lord, how dost thou, sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones Horse when he meant to beg him, might it not?

Horat. I, my Lord.

"Ham. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and "knockt about the mazer with a Sextons Spade; " here's a fine 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.

Clown. A Pick-Axe 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 quilities, 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 recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine patc 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 inheritour himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. "Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. "I my, Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. "They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that." I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

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

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

Ham. Thou dost Iye in't, to be in't, and say it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Clown. 'Tis a quick Iye Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. 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 piqued, 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?

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

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. 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?

Clown. Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?
The Tragedy of

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark: where I have been Sexton, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie in'th' earth e're he rot?

Clown. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky Coarfses that will scarce hold the lying in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lain you in'th' earth, three and twenty years.

Ham. Whole was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was, who do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, Sir, was Sir Torick's skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor Torick, I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge riles at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss 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 chop-faln? 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.

Horatio. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander lookt on this fashion i'th' earth?

Horatio. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Horatio. E'en so my Lord.

Ham. To what base ules we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung hole.

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No
Ham. No faith, not a jot but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beer barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead and turn’d to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t’xpel 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
Fore-do its own life, ’twas 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?

Doél. Her obsequies have been as far inlarg’d
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o’re-ways 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 sprewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doél. No more:
We should prophan 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 ministring Angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What? the fair Ophelia?

Qu. Sweets to the Tweet, farewell,
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,

Whole
Whose wicked deeds deprived thee of
Thy most ingenuous soul: hold off the earth awhile,
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’ore top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

_Ham._ What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring 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
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.

_Qu._ 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.

_Qu._ 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.

_Qu._ Forbear him.

_Ham._ Shew me what thou’st do,
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt faft, wilt tear thy self,
Wilt drink up Efl, eat a Crocodile?
I’ll do’t; doft 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 Offa like a wart; nay, and thou’lt mouth,
I’ll rant as well as thou.

_Qu._ This is meer madness,
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When firft her golden couplets are disclos’d,
His silence will sit drooping

*Ham.* Hear you, Sir,

What is the reason that 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*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio,* wait upon him. [and *Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,

We'll put the matter to the present pith,

Good *Gertrude,* let 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 Cabin,

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 Denmark's health, and England's too;

"With ho's, such Bogs 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 with.

*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.* Be*
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The Tragedy of

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?

Horat. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful Tributary,
As love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
" And stand a Comma 'tween their amities,
" And many such like, as, Sir, of great charge,
That on the view of these contents,
Without debateament further more or less
He should those Bearers put to sudden death,
" Not thriving time allow'd.

Horat. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant:
I had my Fathers 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' impreffion, plac'd it safely,
The Changeling never known, now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was frequent,
Thou know'st already.

Horat. So Guildenhorn and Rofencrantz went to it.

Ham. They are not near my Conscience, their defeat
Does by their own infinuation grow;
" Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
" Between the Pas and fell incenfied Point
" Of mighty Oppofites.

Horat. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think you, fland me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Stept in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,

Enter a Courier.

And with such cozenage, is't not perfect Conscience?

Court. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir,

Horat. No,
Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him; he hath much land and fertile, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's Meis; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all 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 fusty and hot, for my complexion.

Court. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very hot.

Ham. Nay, good my Lord, for my ease. Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes, believe me, an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great show: 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 refinement suffers no loss in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th' arithmetic of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick fail; but in the very of extolment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenes, as to make true direction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Court. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

Court. Sir.

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

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Court. Of Laertes?

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

Ham. Of him, Sir,

Court. I kow 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 fix Barbar} Horses, against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, fix French Rapiers and Poniards, with their Affigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and fo: 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?

Horat. I knew you must be edified by the Margin e're you had done.

Court. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrafe would be more German to the matter, if we could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be Hangers till then: but on, fix Barbar} Horses against fix French Swords, their Affigns, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the French Bett 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 tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Court. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

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.

Horat. This Lapwing runs away with the Shell on his head.

Ham. "He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he buckt it;" thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know, the droffie Age dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of misty Collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and renowned Opinions; and do but blow them to their tryal, the bubbles are out.

Enter
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young O'srick, 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.

Horat. 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 wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Horat. Nay, good my Lord.

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

Horat. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it, I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

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

A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with Cussion,

King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers, and Laertes.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I have done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows, And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd With a fore distraction; what I have done That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet; If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it: Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged, His madness is poor Hamlet's Enemy; Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot my Arrow o’r the House,  
And hurt my Brother.

_Laert._ 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 Precedent of peace  
“T o my name ungord, 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 Brothers Wager  
Frankly play.

Give us the Foils.

_Laert._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ I’ll be your Foil, Laertes, in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall like a Star i’ th’ darkeft night

Appear.

_Laert._ You mock me, Sir.

_Ham._ No, on my honour.

_King._ Give them the foils, young Oftrick: Cousin Hamlet,  
You know the wager.

_Ham._ Very well, my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the odds o’th’ weaker side.

_King._ I do not fear it, I have seen you both,  
But since he is better, we have therefore odds.

_Laert._ This is too heavy, let me see another.

_Ham._ This likes me well, these foils have all a length?

_Oftr._ I, my good Lord.

_King._ Set me the Hoops 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 Denmark 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.

_Ham._ Come on, Sir.

_Laert._
Laert. Come, my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laert. No.
Ham. Judgment.
Laert. Well again. Flourish, a Piece goes off.
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?
Laert. I do confess'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. Gertrude, Do not drink.
Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysfon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laert. My Lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laert. And yet 'tis 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.
Laert. Say you so? Come on.
Oflr. Nothing neither way.
Laert. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again.
Oflr. Look to the Queen there, Ho.
Horat. They bleed on both sides; how is't, my Lord?
Ofl. How is't, Laertes?
Laert. Why, as a Woodcock in my own Sprindge, Oflrick.
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swounds 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 lock'd,
Treachery, seek it out.
Laert. It is here, Hamlet; thou art slain,

M. 3
The Tragedy of
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 envenom'd, the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me; so here I lye
Never to rise again: thy Mother's poyfon'd,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom'd too! then venom to thy work.
All. Treafion! Treafion!
King. O yet defend me, Friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou inceftuous Dane,

"Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my Mother.

Laert. "He is justly serv'd, it is a poyfon temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgivenes with me, Noble Hamlet,
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

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 Arreft) O I could tell you;
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liv'lt, report me and my Cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horat. 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 flanding thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Abfent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my Story: what warlike noife is this?

Enter Ostrick.

Ostr. Young Fortinbras with Conquest come from Poland,
Th' Ambaffadors of England give this warlike Volley.

Ham. O, I dye, Horatio,
The potent poyfon quite o'r-grows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the News from England,
But I do prophesie the Election lights

On
On Fortinbras; he has my dying Voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrences more and less
Which have solicited: the rest in silence.

Horat. Now cracks a noble heart, good night, sweet Prince,
And Choruses of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Horat. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe or wonder, case your search.

Fort. "This quarry cries on havock: "O proud death,
What Fear is toward in thine infernal Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strook.

Ambass. The fight is dismal,
And our Affairs from England come too late,
The ears are sensèd that should give us hearing.

To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencraus and Guildenstern are dead,

Where should we have our thanks?

Horat. 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 plac'd to publick view,
And let me speak to th' 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 th' Inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fortin. 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.

Horat. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while mens minds are wild, left 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 passagé,
The Souldiers Musick and the Rights of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here fhews much amifs.
"Go bid the Souldiers Shoot."

F I N I S.