SHAKSPEERE'S

HAMLET:

THE SECOND QUARTO,

1604,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVAIL, M.A.,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. GRIGGS, HANOVER STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.
TO

THE GREAT STATESMAN AND PATRIOT
OF THE VICTORIAN TIME,

William Ewart Gladstone,

THIS REPRODUCTION OF THE GREAT WORK OF

THE GREAT DRAMATIST
OF THE ELIZABETHAN TIME

IS (THO WITHOUT HIS LEAVE ASKT)

DEDICATED.

F. J. F.

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 2.]
FOREWORDS TO QUARTO 2, 1604.

§ 1. Q2 the real Hamlet; is worth more than F1.
§ 2. Causes of the omissions in Q2, F1, p. v, and xviii.
§ 3. Superstitions about the Revenge

§ 1. The second Quarto of Hamlet has never yet had justice done it by the Shakspeare-reading public of England. Folk, when hearing or reading the play, do not consciously acknowledge, or, as a general rule, know, that it was the Second Quarto that first gave Hamlet to them and to the world. Even many Shakspeare-students do not carry in their minds the greater worth of the Second-Quarto as compar’d with the First-Folio copy of the play. For this, Shakspeare editors are mainly to blame. They have not mark’t by stars at the side, as Mr Furness has so wisely done in his admirable new Variorum Lear (III. vi, IV. ii, &c.), the passages due solely to the Quarto, and not in the Folio.¹ But on looking at the lines contained in one, and not in the other, the comparator sees at once the greater importance of the Quarto; for it alone contains the long last soliloquy of Hamlet, IV. iv. 32—66, in which Shakspeare makes Hamlet specially reveal to us his character² for the third time, and face his want of duty to his father, his delay in the accomplishment of his almost-forgotten vow to “sweep to his revenge,” and his

¹ Modern editors also absurdly leave out the old editors’ stars (*) showing the fresh lines put into 2 and 3 Henry VI. that were not in The Contention and True Tragedy; and their inverted commas (‘’) showing the lines changed.
² I am aware that the two leading members of the firm of Pigwibrock and Co. have lately printed what they are pleased to call their opinions, that Hamlet’s soliloquies—his communings with himself in moments of calm reflection—are not to be taken as his and Shakspeare’s explanations of his character to us. But such porcine vagaries are of no worth.
powerlessness to account to himself even, for his so often putting-off
the thing he had to do,—winding up with that characteristic touch,

‘from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth,’

no act yet. Against this self-revealing passage in the Quarto is to
be set only, in the Folio, i. the lines II. ii. 244—276, “Let me
question,” to “I am most dreadfully attended,” in which Hamlet
draws out Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and confirms his evident
suspicion that their visit to him was not of their own suggestion,
and in which he declares that “there is nothing either good or bad,
but thinking makes it so,” and says—

“O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selke
a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad
dreames.” . . . . “A dreame it selke is but a shadow,” &c.

2. the bit of talk between Hamlet and Horatio before Osric’s
coming, in V. ii. 68—81 (“To quit him,” to “who comes heere?”),
which was evidently left out of the Quarto by accident, but which
contains the line “The interim’s mine, and a mans life’s no more.”
These two Folio passages are but little beside the Quarto Soliloquy
of IV. iv, as regards the character of Hamlet.

The only other passage special to the Folio, of greater length
than a line or two,1 is II. ii. 352—379 (“How comes it,” to “his
load too”), in which Shakspere, thro Rosencrantz’s and Hamlet’s
mouths, has a slap at the rival company of the Children of the
Queen’s Revels at the Blackfriars,2 who, in the Burbages’ let-out
theatre, were taking Shakspere’s audience away from the Globe,
where his and the Burbages’ own company played.

Against this passage, and the few occasional lines and half-lines
that belong to the Folio only,3 are to be set the Qo. i. Hamlet’s long

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1 This of Laertes is the best:
Nature is fine in Lone, and where ’tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues. IV. v. 161-3.

2 Their license is dated 30 Jan. 1603-4.

3 See the > at pages 15, 34, 35, 36, 40, 42, 50, 51, 54, 60, 64, 68, 74, 76,
77, 79, 84, 85, 95, 96, 98, 99 below, when not marking Stage-directions.
§ 1. Q₂ BETTER THAN F₂. § 2. OMISSIONS OF Q₂ AND F₂.

speech about drunkenness, I. iv. 17—38, and his reflection on that vice, in which he first warns us how the “ore-growth of some complexion, the stamp of one defect” will make “his vertues . . . pure as grace (and) infinite as man may vndergoe,” “take corruption from that particuluer fault . . . to his owne” ruin;—2. His reflections on ‘That monster Custom,’ III. iv. 160-5, 167—170; 3. His denouncing of his ‘two Schoolefellows’ and his resolve to hoist ‘the enginer’ ‘with his owne petar,’ III. iv. 201-9; 4. much of Hamlet’s talk with Osric, V. ii. 112—149; 5. Horatio’s likening of the coming of the Ghost to the apparitions in Rome “a little ere the mightiest Iulius fell,” I. i. 108—125; 6. Claudius’s talk to Laertes on the dangers of putting-off, in which Hamlet’s character is again aimed at, IV. vii. 115—124; and the other short passages, lines, or words starrd on pages 8, 20, 29, 30, 38, 52, 53, 62 (on madness), 67, 68 (fish, worm, king), 72, 79, 80 (Claudius and Laertes), 81, 94, 95. That Quarto 2 of Hamlet is more important than Folio 1, both for the character of Hamlet and the play itself, is a fact that does not admit of question. Follows, that it best represents Shakspere’s original—which I suppose to be a revision of the first sketch of his Hamlet misrepresented by Quarto 1, 1603.

§ 2. That most, if not all, of the omissions of Quarto 2 were accidental, and due to the copier or printer, is certain in some cases, and almost certain or probable in all. That the most important omissions from the Folio were due to cuts, made either by Shakspere or his fellow-actors, is certain from the nature of them. The play was very long, and the philosophizings of Hamlet on Drunkenness and Custom, of Claudius on Delay, of Horatio on Apparitions, would naturally be cut out; while the stage-difficulty of bringing Fortinbras and his army in in IV. iv. is so great, that no modern Manager will try it.¹ And even if the army were but ‘four or five most vile and ragged foils’ in Shakspere’s day, the manager of his company may well have thought that a fourth Soliloquy from Hamlet was too

¹ Mr Irving cuts the scene out. One can forgive this more easily than his chopping off the fifth Act of the Merchant of Venice with its lovely starlight scene, and brilliant fun of the ring.
much of a good thing for an impatient public accustomed to plays lasting for two hours, or a little more.

§ 3. Except upon compulsion, I cannot consent to hand over to the unknown writer of the unknown old Hamlet so much of the plot and detail of Shakspeare’s play as is involved in Messrs Clark and Wright’s supposition that in Q1 “Shakespeare’s modifications of the [old] Play had not gone much beyond the second Act.” If this is the true account of the Hamlet we possess, then let us at once confess that—allowing for the evident misrepresentation which Q1 contains of its original—the credit of three-fifths of the character of Hamlet, and about one half of the working out of it, belong to the author of the old Hamlet. Let us give up the imposture of talking of Shakspeare’s Hamlet and Hamlet, play and man; let us acknowledge Mr Blank as the true designer of both, and look on Shakspeare only as his toucher-up and completer. For, what have we in Q1 after Act II? Not only Claudius and Gertrude’s interview with Guildenstern, Rosencrantz, and Polonius; but Hamlet’s mention of his “speech,” and advice to the Players; his character of Horatio, and request to him to mark the King in the one scene that comes near the murder of Hamlet’s father; Hamlet’s calf chaff of Polonius;

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1 Clarendon-Press Hamlet, 1873, p. x.  
2 I had at first written here “Ophelia’s being set to meet Hamlet—from the prose Historie—but (the misrepresentation of) Hamlet’s ‘To be or not to be;’ Ophelia’s return of his presents, his reproaches of her—nunnery-doors-shut, face-paintings, no-marriages, &c.—her lament over him; Claudius’s assertion that Love is not the cause of Hamlet’s disease; Hamlet’s sarcasm against Polonius—fishmonger, weak bant, crab, &c.—and the latter’s ‘How pregnant his replies are;’ the coming of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, and Hamlet’s forcing their confession that they were sent for; the coming of the Players; Hamlet’s fresh sarcasms against Polonius; his welcome of the Players; his getting ‘the rugged Pirbus’ speech out of one; his comments on players; his Hecuba soliloquy, and resolve to test Claudius by the murder of Gonzago.” But on sending my proof to Mr Aldis Wright in the country, he said it partly misrepresented or misunderstood him; and I see that I mistook the point at which he ended Act II. of Q1. His words include the “To be or not to be,” Act III. sc. i. of Q2, in Act II. of Q1. Granted. But take up the Facsimile of the First Quarto, and read from page 54 to the end. See how much of the real Hamlet is in its “not-much-modified” pages, and then think how much of him must have been in his original in the first two Acts of the old Revenge Hamlet—get the proportion of what belonged to him in Acts I. and II. from the proportion of him that exists in the slightly modified Acts III, IV, V,—and then ask yourself if you care to give up three or four fifths of the Hamlet you know, for the sake of a theory you don’t need, and which is undoubtedly wrong.
§ 3. All Shakspeare's main lines of Q are in Qv.

the dumb show, "myching Mallico," &c.; the sub-play; its sudden break-up; Hamlet's sarcastic chaff after it, and "I'll take the Ghost's word;" the summons of him to his Mother by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and his brilliant exposure of them; his cloud-and-camel chaff of Polonius; his exhortation to himself to be cruel, not unnatural; Claudius's prayer; Hamlet's resolve to kill him, and then not to do it; Hamlet's interview with his Mother, and killing Polonius (from the Historie); his reproaches of her, the two pictures, his cleaving her heart in twain; the appearance of the Ghost, his exhortation to Hamlet to remember his death, and yet comfort his widow; her not seeing the Ghost, and suggesting that it was Hamlet's madness; Hamlet's pulse proof that it was not madness; his exhortation to his Mother to forbear to-night, and after, his Uncle's bed; his resolve to bury Polonius; Gertrude's account of Hamlet's doings, to Claudius; the latter's resolve to send him with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz to England; Hamlet's report of where Polonius's corpse and its 'certaine company of politicke worms are'; Claudius's sending Hamlet to England, that his death may follow; the entry of Fortinbras and his Soldiers; Claudius's and Gertrude's talk over Hamlet's departure; her news of Ophelia's madness; Ophelia's entrance and songs; Laertes's coming; his denunciation of Claudius, and lament over Ophelia, on the latter's second entry; her rue and rosemary, violets, owl, and baker's daughter; her Valentine's day, 'And drest the chamber doore, 'Yong men will doo't,' &c.; Laertes's agreement with Claudius; Horatio's receipt of Hamlet's letter saying how he'd dispos'd of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz; Claudius's scheme for the fencing-match, and Laertes's adoption of it; Gertrude's account of Ophelia's drowning; the Gravediggers' discussion of her death, with the Carpenter and Grave-maker's joke; the Gravedigger's song; Hamlet's talk with Horatio and him about the lawyer's skull, the woman's grave, the tanner's corpse, Hamlet's father, and his own and Englishmen's madness, Yorick, his lips and jests, the lady's painting, Alexander's smell and Caesar's clay; Ophelia's funeral; Laertes's
§ 8. Q1, IN ITS MAIN LINES, IS SHAKSPERE’S ONLY.

denouncing of the Priest, and leap into the grave; Hamlet's following him and ranting, partial apology, and expression of sorrow to Horatio; Osric's proposal of the fencing-match, with the 'cariages,' &c.; Hamlet's acceptance of it, and foreboding of ill; his madness-apology to Laertes; the match; Gertrude's drinking the poisoned cup; Laertes's 'Ile hit you now;' the change of foils (Rapiers), the mutual wounds, the Queen's 'the drinke,' and death; Laertes's confession, and warning to Hamlet; Hamlet's killing of the King, and forgiveness of Laertes; his charge to Horatio to forego self-slaughter, and live to clear his memory; then Hamlet's death; Fortinbras's arrival; Horatio's demand for a scaffold that he may tell the story of the tragedy; and Fortinbras's charge to bear Hamlet to his grave, "For he was likely, had he liued, To a prou'd most royall."

Now, I ask, is all this due to the author of the old Hamlet? Are the conception, the design and 'lines,' the incidents and characters after Act II, which the misrepresentation of Q1 necessitates in its original,—are all these to be set down to the unknown Maker of the old Hamlet? Is he the author of the continual Shaksperean thoughts and words throughout Q1, after Act II? Is Shakspere indebted to him for his Hamlet, far more than he was to the author of the Troublesome Raigne for his King John? Is Shakspere the creator of the Hamlet we know, or only his painter and glazier? I, for one, decline to believe, on present evidence, in the overwhelming debt that Shakspere would owe to Mr Unknown, if the original of Q1, after Act II, were his, or mainly his, and not, in design and thought, almost wholly Shakspere's own.¹ I refuse to recognize any other light but that of Shakspere's genius shining through the horn and wires of the dull lantern of Q1. I believe that the opposite view has arisen from its holders having just compard the words, and not the thoughts, of Q1 as it stands, with Q2, without having tried to re-create the real original that the botchery and manglings of Q1

¹ Dr Br. Nicholson has well said of the suggestion that the "cinkapase of feasts" and "warne clowne" lines in Q1 (p. 36-7) were taken from the older Hamlet, "This is merely an unsupported and ... a ludicrous attempt at explaining their after absence. There is not the slightest authority, proof, or probability for this view" (N. Sk. Soc. Trans. 1880, p. 49).
§ 3. "HARDLY A TRACE OF SHAKESPEARE" INDEED!

represent. In that original I see, or believe I do, Shakspere’s first conception and ‘lines’ of his immortal play; a conception founded on the prose story and the old drama, but owing to them nothing but some material.

The Old-Hamleters either refuse to see, or are too blinded by their theory to see, that the question is one to be decided mainly by conception of character; and accordingly the Cambridge editors put forth with the utmost serenity the assertion that "in the First, Third, and Fourth Scenes [of Act III. in Q1] there is hardly a trace of Shakespeare." You turn to your Q1 Facsimile, pp. 43-7, 57-66, and you find, tho often in misreported words, all the main lines of Shakspere’s deathless creations of Hamlet, Claudius, Ophelia, Gertrude, in the same scenes of the completed play. What! hardly a trace of Shakspere in the conceptions and thoughts of Hamlet in his actors-speech, Horatio’s character, jokes after the play? None in that sublime picture of the penitence of Claudius? None in the imagination penetrant that made Hamlet refuse to kill him? None in the irony and pathos of the interview with Ophelia? None in her son’s wringing of Gertrude’s heart? Good heavens! The pages are alive with Shakspere. His mind and art, and none but his, designd the characters and inspired the thoughts, there set down in faltering words, mistaken phrase; the voice is Jacob’s voice, tho the hands are Esau’s. Let everybody with eyes, ears, and brains read the pages, and judge for himself.¹

¹ I do not admit that the "great mystery" is settled by shouting that it is, and holding up an accidentally coinciding "sallied" on the prongs of a dung-fork.

² Clarendon Press Hamlet. Preface, p. x. The assertion above almost equals Mr Hudson’s statement that when Hamlet (among other things) accepted Claudius’s proposed fencing-match with Laertes, he was "consciously doing the best that can be done in his situation" to revenge his father’s murder. School Hamlet, 1879, p. 27.

³ I find that this "hardly a trace of Shakespeare" comes naturally from the writer who sneers at "sign-post criticism," and holds that the function of the educator of young folk in Shakspere is simply to look out words for them in Cotgrave, &c. (which they could quite easily do for themselves), and not to help them in the higher part of their work, the appreciation of Shakspere’s characterization and dramatic and poetic power (Clarendon Press Lear, p. xviii). Men who dub our school the "sign-post" one, who write inane and feeble allegories to show that labourers at Shakspere should remain mere labourers, and never strive to become gardeners, much less, scientific botanists (Mem. on Hamlet, p. 75); must not be surprised if we call their school the "woodenhead" one, and treat it with the contempt it deserves, when it steps outside the province which it has
§ 4. WHY SHAKESPEARE REVISD HIS FIRST SKETCH OF HAMLET.

But "the work of Shakespeare [is mixt] with that of an inferior artist." Of course, with that of the several misreporters from whose notes or fancies Q1 was got together; but even these don't so obscure Shakspere's design—of his first sketch—of his play and its characters, that it can't be seen and recogniz'd as his.

§ 4. That Q1 does represent, or misrepresent, Shakspere's first sketch of his great Play I still believe. While admitting that the "vital changes of character,¹ name, scene, speech and phrase" which I named in Q1 Forewords, pp. v-vi, may possibly be due to Shakspere's misreporters, I hold that they are not. The conception of Hamlet is essentially one of Shakspere's Third Period. Before 1601-2 the subject would not have taken real hold of him. When it did, he (in my belief) wrote his first Hamlet,—on his own lines, and not on those of the old Henslowe or "Revenge" Hamlet.—The blurr'd image of that first Hamlet we have in Q1. The play was acted, and laid aside. Then in 1603 came James I. with his Danish Queen, and appointed Shakspere's company "The King's Players." On March 15, 1603-4, Shakspere himself—clad perchance in the 4½ yards of red cloth given him for the occasion²—may have witnessed "The Magnificent Entertainment: Given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London,"³ for which Dekker and Ben Jonson wrote the speeches and Device-Poems, and for which

"close to the side of [S. Mildred's Church in the Poulterie] a Scaffold was erected; where (at the Citties cost) to delight the Queene with her owne country Musicke, nine Trumpets, and a Kettle Drum, did very sprightly and actuely sound the Danish March."⁴

wisely declared that it is alone fit for. And I say thus while yielding to no one in respect and gratitude for the admirably careful work of the leading members of the Labourer or Woodenhead school in their own province.

¹ I ought to have noted too the leaving out of Claudius's "adulterous fault," Q1, p. 43, in his repentance-speech.
² N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1877-9, p. 168.
³ Dekker's Works, 1873, l. 267.—Arber's Transcript, iii. 258.
⁴ That the Trumpets and Drums playd it between V. ii. 235-6 of Hamlet, Q2, p. 95, I do not doubt.
§ 4. THE CHANGES MADE IN Q, BY SHAKESPEARE.

So a Danish play would have been in place in 1604, after the plague had ceased; and even if Shakspere's own genius had not made him re-work his first Hamlet, his fellows' demands would have made his Company revive his play, and Nicholas Ling would have been eager to publish it. How admirably the work was done, in outcutting, inputting, developing, and refining, every reader of Q1 realises for himself as he goes thro' it, and compares it with his knowledge of the, receiv'd text from Q2 and F1: I need not set down all the items here. But some must be noted.

First, the change of the names Corambis and Montano into Polonius and Reynaldo, which has so puzzled a late critic (if he may be so call'd) that he has declar'd it "inexplicable," though "we regard the edition of 1603 as a first sketch." But few readers can be so dense as not to see that, on revising his first sketch, Shakspere may have fancied one pair of names better than the other, and that when, in 1604, he was probably writing Othello, in which he used the name Montano, he'd be sure to take it out of Hamlet.

2. The markt cutting out of the sneers at the Clown in III. ii, sc. ix, l. 33-43 of Q1. These seem aimed at some special Clown; doubtless the clown of Shakspere's company, Will Kemp, a known extemporisator and grimacer (p. xvii). Kemp had left the company, and gone abroad. He had return'd by Sept. 1601 (Sloane MS. 414,

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1 I believe in occasions for plays, as Essex's 1601 rebellion and fate for Julius Caesar, and James I's witchcraft notions for Macbeth.
2 The Council's letter to the Lord Mayor of London, and the Magistrates of Middlesex and Surrey, directing them to allow the King's (Shakspere's), Queen's and Prince's Companies "publickly to exercise their plays in their several usall howses," is dated April 9, 1604. Lepold Sh. Introd. p. evil.
3 Memoranda on Hamlet, p. 39.
4 He also put in Francisco and Bernardo for the '2 Centinels' of Q1, and Osric for its 'braggart Gentleman'. I have already (p. vii, Q1) quoted one of the Montano lines as special to Q1, and claim'd the passage it belongs to as Shakspere's. Here it is, with the Q2 and F1 lines after it:—

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne, And this same mony with my blessing to him, And bid him ply his learning good Montano.

Q2. (p. 25). Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.
[F1. (p. 259). Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.]

Q2. Pol. Give him this mony, and these notes Reynoldo.
[F1. Polon. Give him his mony, and these notes Reynoldo.]}
leaf 56), and by the winter of 1602 had rejoined the company.1 Staunton, Nicholson and others have believed that Kemp was hit at in Q1. He may well have been; but when the 1601, or early 1602, play was revised in 1604, and Kemp was dead, or had again a fellowship in their cry of players, the sneers would naturally go out. As naturally, the sneers against the "ayrie of Children, little Yases" would be brought in, against the newly licenst Revels-Children at Blackfriars, tho—by some accident due to copier or printer, or more probably some fear of Ling or Shakspere's Company that the sneers might lead to trouble with the Lord Chamberlain—the cut at the Children did not appear till the Folio of 1623. Of the 'cinkapase' and 'warne Clowne' lines, Dr Nicholson says, "so far as my poor knowledge of style goes, they [or the lines they represent] are Shakespear's." That is what I have always said. And that Shakspere cut out of his first Sketch the original of these lines, and wrote those in Q2 and F1 for them, I do not doubt. (See p. xv below.)

3. The changes of character from Q1 to Q2. The main ones I have mentiond in my Forewords to Q1 and alluded to above. But this subject is so capitally treated by Mr C. H. Herford, in his forthcoming Harness Prize-Essay for 1880, on the First Quarto of Hamlet, (Smith and Elder,) that I need only refer to his words, and quote a few of them. Of those differences between Q1 and Q2 "which arise from a changed dramatic intention, a modification in the design, as well as an improvement in the drawing of a character," Mr Herford says:—

"Scarce one of the principal actors is without some feature which deviates from the more consummate limning of Q2, and yet is such as only the studious pencil . . . could produce. To begin with I. The Queen. Her fundamentally different attitude towards Claudius has often been pointed out. The veil which in Q2 is studiously made to conceal the precise measure of her complicity in the murder, is abruptly rent in the earlier version. She pointedly declares

I swere by heaven
I never knew of this most horrid murder (xi. 92, 3).

1 See Dr Nicholson's Paper in N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1880-2, part 1, and the Return from Parnassus, IV. v.
In Q2, Hamlet . . . can exact merely the passive comradeship of silence and modesty, not the active complicity of contrivance and daring” (that he does in Q1), in which “in various ways a more intimate relation is suggested between Hamlet and his mother. She is more closely bound to him in affection, and the moral gulf which parts them is less profound.

II. The King . . . The first Quarto exhibits him in various respects deficient in the majesty which . . . unquestionably clothes him in the second. . . . The guilt of the King is distinctly greater in Q1 . . . Upon the whole, the King of the later version is, by a variety of refined touches . . . enlarged in kingly dignity and elevation . . . He falls more short of the complete hypocrite, condescends with more difficulty and restraint to practise cunning kindness where he hates; has less low-born facility in playing a false part, and betrays himself more readily by the laboured ingenuity of his language. These are touches of the high art which allows no contrast to be too absolute; which relieves the unvaried shadows of the younger painter with subtle half-lights, and tones down his glaring whites with delicate shade.

III. Hamlet . . . Consider the heightened reserve which in Q2 belongs to his relation to Claudius . . . (the change of) Hamlet’s mental attitude towards the supernatural. The mystery of Hamlet’s hesitation has been . . . found in theological doubt. Such ground as there is for (this) view is found certainly in the later rather than in the earlier version. . . . Quite typical is the substitution for

“For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,” in Q2, of this in Q1: “For in that dream of death when we awake.”

To the later Hamlet the future world lies, in truth, in the uncertain light of dreams: his predecessor imagines it with the greater realism of the waking world. Very significant, from this point of view, are the two lines omitted in Q2:

And borne before an everlasting judge
. . . . . . . . . at whose sight
The happy smile, & the accursed [are] damn’d.

In the ‘dream’ light of Q2 these suggestions of a theological scheme are barely hinted at as “the dread of something after death,” and the “other ills we know not of.” . . . One other passage bears a similar note. His dying words in Q1—‘heaven receive my soul’—are replaced in Q2 by that brief sentence, ‘the rest is silence’ . . .

In the second place there are in Q1 traces slight yet distinct of that Hamlet of Saxo and the Hystorie, who is at least as much concerned to recover his inheritance as to avenge his father… In the third place, the keen susceptibility of conscience which marks Hamlet in both versions, is in the latter exalted in a few passages into an almost feminine tenderness of heart.”
Passing over Mr Herford's remarks on the diminution in Q₂ of extravagances of Hamlet's thought in Q₁, the increase of his profound contemplativeness, the lessening of his apparent madness, the improvement of dramatic propriety in action and speech in Q₂, and in the structure of the play, I take a few words of Mr Herford's on "the changes which are rather poetical than dramatic":—

"There are numerous verses in Q₁ which, though omitted or altered in Q₂, are of a beauty beyond the capacity of a printer's hack, and which connect the context by a perfectly natural link, yet such as no one of rude taste would think of supplying if he did not find it. Here and there Q₂ omits a line of a somewhat too daring fancy..."

The Jewell that adorn'd his features most
Is filch'd and stolen away: his wit's bereft him. V. 40.

... parts away
Silent as is the midtime of the night. V. 49...

The following is of a bolder type, not unlike the early vein of Shakspere's fancy—

_Laertes:_

awhile I strive
To bury quiet within a tomb of wrath
Which once unhears'd, all the world shall hear
Laertes had a father he held dear."

The evidence from the changes of single words is to the same effect. For these, and arguments from other grounds, I refer again to Mr Herford's able Essay. And I hope the reader of it will conclude with me,—and Mr H.'s main argument, against his later concession (unexpected and unneeded, as I think),—that Q₂ is a revision by Shakspere of his original draft of the play represented, or misrepresented, by Q₁.¹

§ 5. It is a little odd—or rather, it is quite consistent with our opponents' usual perversity—that the relation of Q₁ to F₁ should be taken to establish the proof that Q₁ was not a first sketch, when,

¹ "It is unfortunate that the aesthetic feeling which will chiefly influence a man in his appreciation of a work of art, should be precisely that one which is least communicable. To believe that the first quarto is an early sketch, appears to me an overwhelming necessity." W. H. Widgery, Harness Prize-Essay on _Hamlet_ Q₁, 1880.
§ 5. Q1, AND F4, REASONS FOR CHANGE OF CHILD-ACTOR LINES. XV

look at fairly, it demonstrates that Q1 does represent that first sketch. For, allowing for mutual omissions, F4 and Q2 are one.

The chief passage in question is that about the child-actors. And I say that the words in Q1 may fairly be taken to represent the shortly-expressed opinion of Shakspeare when the child-actor nuisance (as he and his company would think it) was in its earlier stage in 1601-2. By 1604 it had developed; a license had been granted to a new set, the Queen's Revels' Children, to play at the Blackfriars,—'twas adding insult to injury to have them there,—and Shakspeare accordingly, in 1604, broke out into the long and special complaint printed in the Folio of 1623, but written, I believe, for the revised text of 1604, tho left out of the print of it by design¹ or accident. Here is the 1601-2 passage, and part of the 1604 one, from Q2 and the Folio:—

Q1, 1603. Shakspeare's first Sketch.

Ham. How comes it that they travell.

Do they grow restie?

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yea faith my Lord, noudelie caryes it away.

For the principall publike audience that came to them, are turned to private players,

And to the humour of children.

Q2, 1604: part of Shakspeare's Recast.

Ham. How chances it they travaile?

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the means of the late innuasion.²

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

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their endeavours keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt fort': these

¹ I believe in the design, as, the Children being the Queen's, the King's Players might well not wish their cuts at their rivals to be in print.

² The License to the Revels' Children, 30 Jan. 1603-4, to play at the Burbages' Theatre, the Blackfriars, which “was leased out to one Evans, that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queens Majesties Children of the Chappell.” But when the Burbages afterwards bought back their lease, they placed there “men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c.—The Burbage family's Memorial to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, in my Gervinus Introduction, p. xxxviii, note 3—and so stopt the Children nuisance, at the Blackfriars at least.
are now the fashion, and so be-ratled
the common Stages (so they call them)
that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid
of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come
thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who
maintains 'em? how are they escoted?
and so on as in the received text, up to
II. ii. 380.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rossin. I that they do my Lord,
Hercules and his load too.

[Q2, again.] Ham. It is not very
strange, for my Uncle is King of Den-
marke, and those that would make
mouths at him while my father liued,
&c. [Q2, p. 37; F1, p. 262-3.]

The next important lines are the follow-
ing, which our opponents,
mistaking the value of an often-happening accident, the leaving-out
of a line, rashly fancy prove that Q1 is not a first sketch:

Q1, 1603. Q2, accidentally leaving
out a line. F1, with the left-out line in.

The lover shall sigh gratis. The Lover shall not sigh
The clowne shall make gratis, the humorous man
them laugh shall end his part in
That are tickled in the peace, and the Lady
lungs, or the blanke shall say her minde free-
verse shall halt for't they; or the black verse

And the Lady shall have shall halt for't. What
leave to speake her players are they? II. ii.
minde freely. viii. 85-8,

Cor. The king rises, lights Oph. The King rises.
ho. Exeunt King Oph. The King rises.
and Lords. Ham. What, frightened with
false fires?

Ham. What, frightened with
false fires?

Que. How fares my Lord? Qua. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give me the play. Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some light, King. Give me some Light.
away. Away.


Exeunt all but Ham. Exeunt. Manet Ham-
& Horatio. 

Then let the stricken deer
Deere goe weep. IIII. 277-282, p. 54.

Deere goe weep. —p. 268, col. 2.

Isn't it perfectly clear that Q2 has, in both cases,—as it so often
has, in V. ii. 251, and nos. on p. iv—accidentally left out a line that
§ 5. A FIRST SKETCH. § 6. THIS EDITION. NOTE ON WILL KEMP. XVII

was both in the First Sketch of 1601-2 (pr. 1603) and the Recast of 1604, Q2, which line is preserved in the Folio printed from the Play-copy of the 1604 MS.1 I conclude then, that the relation of Q1 to the Folio, as well as to Q2, and the deliberate changes afterwards made in names and characters, in the dramatic structure of the play, in the greater refinement of persons, the greater depth of thought, the higher poetic beauty, all join in proving that Q1 represents, or misrepresents, Shakspere’s First Sketch of Hamlet.

§ 6. The following Facsimile of Q2 is from the Duke of Devonshire’s copy of the original. All the Duke’s Kemble Quartos have, I believe, had their pages cut down and mounted, which accounts for some of the headlines (p. 77), catchwords (pp. 78, 38), and signatures (p. 36) being cut off. The numbers outside the rules are those of Act, scene, and line, in the Globe edition. Those lines in Q2 and not in F1 are starrd (*) ; those Q2 lines that are altered in F1 are daggerd (†). When Q2 has not 1 or more lines that are in Q1, a > is put at the point where they are wanting. I meant to have market near the inside rules the scene and line-nos. of Q1, and distinguish all the fresh and altered lines, but the proofs I expected did not come to me for the purpose.

Note on Will Kemp, p. xi. Chalmers, in his ‘Farther Account of the Early English Stage,’ Variorum Sh. 1821, iii. 490, believes that Kempe died of the plague in 1603, and was buried at St. Saviour’s Southwark: “1603, November 2d. William Kempe, a man” was buried, as the parish Register says. Of Kempe’s character, Chalmers says that he,

“like Tarleton, gained celebrity, by his extemporal wit; whilst, like other clowns, Kempe raised many a roar by making faces, and mouths of all sorts.” [Compare “blabbering with his lips,” Q1, ix.

1 See more striking instances overleaf.
2 “In the Cambridge comedy, called The Return from Parnassus, Kempe is introduced personally, and made to say: “I was once at a Comedy in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts, ON THIS FASHION.”—The Cambridge wit, we see, considered Kempe as a proper comedian to raise laughter by making mouths on this fashion. When Burbidge has instructed a student how to act properly, and tells him:—“You will do well after
39, p. 37.] "... He appears, from the quarto plays of Shakespere to have been the original performer of Peter in Romeo and Juliet, in 1595; and of Dogberry in Much Ado About Nothing, in 1600."

(Mr J. P. Collier (Lives of Actors, p. 117) has, I am told, quoted evidence from some City-archives that Kempe was alive in 1605, but whether Dr Ingleby, &c., have examind the document, I do not know.)

Note to p. xvi, xvii. The accidental omissions of Q2. Mr P. A. Daniel reminds me to quote these instances, in which the eye of the copier of Q2, as he workt on, or its printer, caught the second Recoveries and Armes instead of the first:

Shakespere's MS, as copied for F1. Q2, with a line accidentally left out.

with his Fines, his double Vouchers, with his fines, his double vouchers,
his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his his recoveries
Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine [no gap in Q2]
to have his fine pate full of fine

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Clo. A was the first that euer bore
Armes. Armes.

Other. Why he had none. [no gap in Q2]

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how Ile put another question to thee...

dost thou understand the Scripture? V. i. 37—other question to thee... p. 84.

hee digge without Armes? Ie put another question to thee...

Fol. p. 277, col. 1.

Mr Daniel kindly sends me four more of the eight passages not found in Q2, but which he and I "believe to have been omitted from that version, and not added in F1".

"5. II. ii. 215-16. "I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter." The words underlined are not found in Q2, but it seems clear that they were accidentally omitted; their absence destroys the sense of the passage by making Polonius say that he will leave Hamlet with Ophelia when Ophelia is not present. The copyist or compositor jumped from the first him to the second, and missed the words between them.

a while;" Kempe takes up the student thus: "Now for you; methinks you should belong to my tuition; and your face, methinks, would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of peace: mark me." And then, Kempe goes on, to represent a foolish mayor; making faces, for the instruction of the student."
6. II. ii. 244—276. Thirty-three lines absent here, from “Let me question more” to “I am most dreadfully attended.” I take this to be an omission on the part of Q2; but I can’t prove it. Hamlet compares Denmark to a prison, etc. It seems all one with the rest of the discourse between him and Ros. and Guil.

7. IV. ii. 32-33. “Hide fox, and all after.” Last words of the scene. Quite possibly a little accidental omission on the part of Q2.

8. V. ii. 68—80. Thirteen lines absent. Hamlet is made thereby to break his speech in the middle of a sentence, so that the first part becomes meaningless. As this part then—lines 68 to 70—can only be accounted for as an accidental omission on the part of Q2, so may all the other absent lines—71 to 80—of this passage.

These eight passages [four plus the ‘sere,’ child-actors, ‘armes’ and ‘Recoveries’ bits] comprise all that is absent from the Q2, some 85 lines in all.

The omissions in the Folio, counting only passages of more than one line, amount to 218 lines—omissions of a word or a word or two, sometimes absolutely necessary to the sense, are extremely numerous.”

The more the matter is gone into, the more plain will it be that no argument against the first Sketch of Hamlet can be drawn from F1, and the more clear will it be that Q2 and F1 are copies from one original, the revised MS. of 1604.

1 The main instances in Mr Hill-Phillipps’s oddly patchy and dodge-about Memoranda on Hamlet, are dealt with on p. xvi, and ix note 1, above. P.S. My attention having been only just called to the same writer’s assertion that the f of Shakspeare’s third signature to his Will is “the well-known and accepted contraction for es.” There cannot be a doubt on this point”: I say at once that this statement is sheer nonsense. As in the second signature to his Will, Shakspeare ran his k into his long straight f, and made a loop top to it, so in his third signature he ran his 4 into his long curvd f which he us’d in the signature to his Blackfriars mortgage, and made it look, to hasty, untrained men, something like one of the forms of the contraction for final es. But no real manuscript man could be taken-in by such a form, which, if genuine, would turn the signature into our “William Shak’s pear,” “the pear of William Shak.”
Characters in the First Quarto of
Hamlet, 1603,
in the order of their Appearance.

Two Centinels: the second, Barnardo, p. 2.
Horatio, p. 2, 8, 13, 18, 37, 53, 56.
Marcellus, p. 2, 8, 13, 18, 56.
Ghost (of Hamlet’s Father), p. 3, 5, 14, 15, 19, 45.
The King, p. 6, 22, 28, 34, 37, 43, 49, 54, 59, 62.
The Queene, p. 6, 22, 34, 37, 44, 49, 53, 59, 62.

Hamlet, p. 6, 13, 15, 25, 28, 36, 43, 44, 47, 50, 60.
Laertes, p. 6, 11, 50, 54, 59, 62.
Corambis, p. 6, 12, 20, 22, 28, 30, 35, 37, 42, 44.

The two Ambassadors, Cornelia, Voltemar (called ‘Gent.’), p. 6, 23.
Voltemar only, p. 64.
Ophelia, p. 11, 21, 22, 38, 49, 51, 59
(in her coffin).
Montano, p. 20.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, p. 22, 29, 34 (the ‘Lords’, and at 47).
Players, p. 31, 36, 38.

A Dumb Show, the King and the Queene... Then Lucianus, p. 38.
The Prologue, p. 38.
The Duke and Dutchesse, p. 38.
Murderer, p. 40.
Other Lords, p. 37, 59, 62.

Fortinbras, Drumme and Souldiers, p. 49, (with his Traine) 64.

Clowne and an other (the 2 Grave-diggers), p. 55.
A Bragart Gentleman, p. 60.

The Ambassadors from England, p. 64.

Characters in the Second Quarto of
Hamlet, 1604,
in the order of their Appearance.

Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels, p. 2, 11.
Horatio, p. 4, 13, 23, 48, 71, 77, 85.
Marcellus, p. 3, 13, 23, 50.
Ghost (of Hamlet’s Father), p. 3, 5, 19, 20, 25, 63.
Claudius, King of Denmarke, p. 69, 71, 76, 73, 75, 88, 95.
Gertrude the Queene, p. 7, 29, 42, 49, 49, 60, 66, 71, 82, 88, 95.

Cornelius, p. 7, 15, 26, 30, 37, 42, 48, 49, 55, 58, 60.
His Sonne Laertes, p. 2, 24, 74, 78, 88, 95.
Hamlet, p. 7, 18, 20, 34, 44, 47, 59, 60, 68, 70, 85, 92.
Others, p. 77, 82, 77, 77, 79, 95, including Cornelius, and Voltemand, p. 31.
Ophelia, Laertes Sister, p. 24, 28, 42, 49, 71 (mad), 75, 88 (a corpse).
Polonius’s ‘man or two’, including Reynaldo, p. 26.
Rosencraus and Gulydnensterne, p. 29, 35, 42, 48, 50, 55, 57, 66, 68.
The Trumpets, p. 30.
The Players, p. 38, 56; Three of them, p. 47.

A Dumb Show: a King and a Queene, and an other man, p. 51.
Prologue; King and Queene; p. 51.
Lucianus, p. 53.
Lords, p. 42 (see p. 67, 68, 70, 71, 77, 82, 85).
Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, p. 49, and Officers, p. 95.
Fortinbras with his Army, and a Captain, p. 70; with four Captains, a Gentleman, p. 71, 77.
A Messenger, p. 74, 79.
Two Clowns (Grave-diggers), p. 83.
Doctor: a curuish Priest, p. 88.
A Courtier, young Ostrick, p. 94, p. 92, 99.
A Lord, p. 94.


(Only the first entry of every Character in each Scene is set down.)

1 There is no need to make the Actors in the Sub-play the same as those in the ‘Dumb Show’. A travelling company might well have had 7 Actors in it; more probably 7 than 4, in Shakspeare’s day.
2 Other than the two Lords, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, of p. 24, op. p. 59.
3 This implies that there were more than 3: 3 were in the Dumb Show, 4 in the Sub-Play. Allow 5 or 7 for the Company travelling.
THE
Tragical Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.
The Tragedie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Where's there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and unfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. 'Tis now twelve, get thee to bed Francisco,
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe see Horatio and Marcellus,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Horo. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leudgemen to the Dane,
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest fouldiers, who hath relieued you?
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; give you good night.  Exit Fran.
Bar.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A pece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,
Hor. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let belife take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this appasion come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaire your eares,
That are so fortified against our flory,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hor. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Bernardo speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond fame starre thats weastward from the pole,
HAD made his courfe t'llume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes. Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the fame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
Hor. Moft like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that turpfit this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometymes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it fhaues away.
Prince of Danmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.  Exit Ghost.
Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale;
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?
Hor. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norwaiy combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
This strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead houre,
With martall stauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought, to worke I know not
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strik and most obseruant watch
So nightly тоiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And foraine martre, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose forse taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weke,
What might be toward that this sweatey hast
Doth make the night ioynth labourer with the day,
Who lift that can informe mee?
Hor. That can I.
At leaft the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose image euell but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by Fortinbraffe of Norwaiy,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat in which our valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our knowne world eulceled him)
Did lay this Fortinbraffe, who by a seald compast
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

B 2 D i d
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desaigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbrasse
Of vnimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawellese resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomache in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And armes compellatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lotts and this I take it,
Is the mane motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post half and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinkt it be no other, but eno
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 warres.

Hor. A moth it is to trouble the minde eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graues flood tennatlese, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with thaines of fire, and dewes of blood
Disaslers in the sunnes: and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence Neptune Empier stands
Was sicke almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of seare events
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the Omen coming on
Have heavn and earth togethe demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.
Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile croffe it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any found or se of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
Of speake:
Or if thou haft vp hoofed in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, slay and speake, stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Her. Doe it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Her. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiestical
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blows malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.
Her. And then it started like a guilty thing,

Upon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and thrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preuent obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare flurre abraode
The nights are wholesome, then no plamets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.

Enter. So have I heard and doe in part believe it.
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

Vnto young Hamlet; for ypper on my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loves, sitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.

Floris. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gererads be Queene,
Countesse; as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
HamletCumAlis.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in grieue, and our whole Kindombe,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet fo farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wifesl forwrothe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our feloves:
Therefore our sometime Sisler, now our Queene
Thimeriall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdege in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bards
Your better woldomes, which haue freely gone

With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbresse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be difioynte, and out of frame

Colleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faile to pfetur vs with message
Prince of Denmarke.
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selue, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we have here writ
To Norway Uncle of young Fortenbraffe
Who impotent and bedred (carcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein, in that the leuiues,
The lits, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatçh
You good Cornelius, and you Valtermund,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Guing to you no further personall power
To busines with the king, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.
King. We doubt it nothing, harcelty farwell.
And now Luther what the newes with you?
You told vs of some late, what is Luther?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce, what woldt thou begge Luther?
That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,
The head is not more natue to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What woldt thou have Luther?
Lut. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favoure to returne to France,
From whences, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To showe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward France
And bowe them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave, what saies Poland?
Pol. Hath my Lord wrong from me my flouer leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I feald my hard content,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

61 I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.
   King. Take thy faire houre, Laertes, time be thine
   And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
64 But now my Cozin Hamlet, and my sonne.
   Ham. A little more then kin, and lette then kind.
   King. How is it that the cloudes still hang on you.
   Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
68 Queen. Good Hamles cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,
70 Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Secke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st his common all that liues must die.
Pasing through nature to etermitie.
   Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
74 Queen. If it be
VVhy seemes it so particular with thee:
   Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
   Tis not alone my incky cloake could mother
78 Nor customeary suetes of solembe blace
   Nor windie suspension of forst breath
80 No, nor the fruitfull riuers in the eye,
   Nor the delected hanior of the vilage
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of griefe
That can devote me trueely, these indee do seeme,
84 For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passeth shoue
These but the trappings and the suetes of woe.
   King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
88 To gibe these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father loft a father,
90 That father loft, loft his, and the furnuer bound
In filliall obligation for some teame
To doe obsequious sorowre, but to perfecute
In obstinate condolment, is a courte
94 Of impious stubbornes, tis vnamly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
   A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
   An understanding simple and vn schoold
98 For what we knowe must be, and is as common
Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to notice,
Why should we in our present opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to be seen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common the same
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnprevailing woe, and thynke of us.
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of love
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to Schoole in Wittenberg.
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye:
Our chiefest courtier, colin, and our tonne.

Quod. Let not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with us, goe not to Wittenberg.

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

King. Why is a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnfore'd accord of Hamlet
Sits finelling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,
Repkeing earthely thunder; come away. Floris.

Ham. O that this too too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dewe.

Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His cannon against the slaughter, o God, God,
How wary, stille, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the ves of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an unwedded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus

But
The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, say not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this

Hiperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him

As if increas of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie

Like Noe all teares, why she

O God, 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
Then I to Hercules, within a month,

Ere yet the fall of most unrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gaulted eyes
She married, & most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,

It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But brake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatius, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hoa. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatius, or I do forget my selfe.

Hoa. The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I]e change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatius?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hoa. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemie say so,

Nor shall you doe my care that violence
To make it truer of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,

But what is your affaire in Elsomerie?

Welle teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Prince of Denmarke.

Foin. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.
Ham. I pray thee do not mock me fellow student.
I think it was to my mothers wedding.
Foin. Indeed my Lord it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seene that day Horatio,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Foin. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my minde's eye Horatio.
Foin. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like again.
Foin. My Lord I thinke I saw him yeastynight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Foin. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Foin. Season your admiration for a while
With an attend ear till I may deliver
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Ham. For Gods love let me heare?
Foin. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead wall and middle of the night
Beene thus incountered, a figure like your father
Armed at poyn't, exactely Capa't
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them three be walk't
By their opprest and feare surprized eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they dishalt'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secre'te impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had delinierd both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,
Ca These
The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Hem. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch

Hem. Did you not speake to it?

Hem. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selde to motion like as it would speake;

But even then the morning Cock crewe loud, And at the sound it shrank in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Hem. Tis very strange.

Hem. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Hem. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Hem. Arm'd lay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Hem. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Hem. Then sawe you not his face

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

Hem. What look't he frowningly?

Hem. A countenance more inforrow then in anger.

Hem. Pale, or red?

Hem. Nay very pale.

Hem. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hem. Most constantly.

Hem. I would I had beene there.

Hem. It would haue much a mad'd you.

Hem. Very like, stayd it long?

Hem. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hem. Nor when I saw't.

Hem. His beard was grissell'd, no.

Hem. It was as I have seene it in his life

A fable filuer'd.
Prince of Denmark.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

Horo. I wan't it will.

Ham. If it assome my noble fathers person,
He speake to it though hell it felse shou'd gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceal'd this sight
Let it be teneable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well;
Vppon the platforne twixt a leauen and twelve
He vifire you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell,
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then fit still my foule, sone deedes will rie
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. Exit.

Enter Lauren, and Ophelidia sister.

Laev. My necessaries are in barck, farwell,
And sifter, as the windes gue beneft
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Opbe. Doe you doubt that?

Laev. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his famour,
Hold it a fashion, and a roy in blood
A Violer in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and appearance of a minute
No more.

Opbe. No more but so.

Laev. Thinke it no more.

For nature creschant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward servise of the minde and foule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he lones you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth bescurch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatness wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnnalewed persons doe,
Care for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faile he loves you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withal.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you lift his songs
Or loose your hart, or your chaft treasure open
To his vnmasked importunity.
Feare it Oberiis, feare it my deare sister,
And kepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The chariist maide is prodigall enough
If the vnnaske her buttoe to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be distoll'd,
And in the morn and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Beware then, belf safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ober. I shall the effect of this good lesson kepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the step and thorny way to heaven

While a pult, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dallience treads.

And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Locr. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,

Occasion smiles vpon a second leave.

Pol. Yet heere Locris, a bord a bord for shame,
Prince of Denmarke.
The wind fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee.
And these fewe precepts in thy memory.
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried.
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of fleele.
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht viusledg'd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Give every man thy ear, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purfe can by,
But not express in fancy rich not gaudy,
For the apperell oft proclaims the man.
And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and staton,
Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looseth both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of huf bandry;
This above all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing seafeon this in thee.
Ler. Most humbly doe I take my leue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your servant tend.
Ler. Farwell Opheius, and remember well.

What I have sayd to you.

Oph. Tis in my memory lockt.
And you your selfe shall kepe the key of it.

Ler. Farwell.

Exeunt Lacertes.

Pol. What if Opheius he hath sayd to you? 

Oph. So please you, someting touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well betheught.

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen private time to you, and you your selfe
Hawe of your audience beene most free and bountious.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

100 Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girl
Unfisht in such perrilous circumstance,

104 Doe you believe his tenders as you call them?

108 Ope. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

110 Pol. Marry, I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie

112 That you have tane these tenders for true pay

Which are not fetering, tender your selfe more dearely

Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase

Wrong it thus) you't tender me a fole.

116 Ope. My Lord he hath importun'd me with louse

118 In honorable fashion,

120 Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.

124 Ope. And hath giuen countenance to his speech

128 My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

132 Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe

136 When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule

140 Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter

144 Giv'n more light then heate, extinct in both

148 Even in their promisse, as it is a making

152 You must not take for fire, from this time

156 Be something scant of your maiden presence

160 Set your intrements at a higher rate

Then a commacd to parle; for Lord Hamlet,

164 Believe so much in him that he is young,

168 And with a larger tider may he walke

172 Then may be giuen you: in fewe Ophelia,

176 Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers

180 Not of that die which their investments howe

184 But meer implorators of vnholie sutes

188 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds

192 The better to be guide: this is for all,

196 I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth
Prince of Denmarke.

Have you so slander any moment pleasure.
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Opes. I shall obey my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudyly, it is very cold.
Hor. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hor. I thinke is lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is strowe.
Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. A flourish of trumpets.
What does this meane my Lord? and soe passes o.
Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his howle.
Keepes watch and the swaggering vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kette drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marry it,
But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honord in the breach, then the observance.
This heavy headed reuere eas and well
Makes vs traduant, and taxed of other nations,
They clip us drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes.
From our achiuements, though perform'd at height
The pitch and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty.
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-growth of some complection
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauifue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Being Nature's liuer, or Fortune's starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the general ceniture take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne candel.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Bet thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a queellionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royall Dane, o answer mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Hauen burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To call thee vp againe. what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuivest thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we foole's of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Hor. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if itsome impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curtous action
It waies you to a more remoued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

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

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

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

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

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That batters ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might deprive you of your soueraigne of reason.
And draw you into madness, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desparation
Without more motive, into every braine
That looks so many sadoms to the sea
And heares it sore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,

Goe on, Ie followe thee.

Mar. You shal not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hor. Be ru'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out

And makes each petty assurance in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerve;
Still am I call'd, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I lay away, goe on, Ie followe thee

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waues desperately with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, its not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke,

Hor. Heauen will direct it.


Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My house is almost come

When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my felse.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ds. Ghost
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghoft.  Pittie me not, but lend thy seruious hearinge
To what I shall vnsfold.

Ham.  Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoft.  So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham.  What?
Ghoft.  I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confinde to fast in fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purged away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prision house,
I could a tale vnsfolde whose lightest word
Would barrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like fars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particulier hairre to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood, lift, lift, & lift:
If thou didst euer thy deare father loue.

Ham.  O God.
Ghoft.  Revenge his foule, and most vnnatural murther.
Ham.  Murther.
Ghoft.  Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnatural.
Ham.  Haft me to know, that I with wings as swift
As mediation, or the thoughts of loue
May swepe to my revenge.
Ghoft.  I find thee apt,
And dulle shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That roote it selfe in eafe on Lethe wharffe,
Wouldst thou not stoure in this; now Hamles heare,
Tis giuen oure, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent slung me, so the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abused: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did slinge thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham.  O my prophetike foule! my Vncle!
Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce thonne to his shamefull lust.
The will of my most seeming virtuous Queene,
O Hamlet, what falling off was there
From me whose love was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, even with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but virtue as it never will be moved.
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven
So but though of a radiant Angel slunk,
Will fort it selfe in a celestial bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, methinks I sent the morning ayre,
Briefer let me be; sleeping within my orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Upon my secure house, thy Nancy flore
With ioyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did pour
The leprose distillment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curl'd like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barcket about
Most Lazaret with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatche,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my finne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnameld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, & horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not.

D 3
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and slie her, fare thee well at once,
The Glowerme shewes the marne to be neere
And gines to pale his vneffectuell fire,
A diew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, earth, what els,
And shall I coupple hell, fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not infiant old,
But beare me swiftly vp, remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seal
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuall fond records,
All fawes of bookes, all formes, all presiures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Unmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman,
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smyle, and smyle, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vnclae, there you are, now to my word,
It is adiew, adiew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.


Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Prince of Denmarke...

Marc. How ill my noble Lord?
Hera. What newes my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hera. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hera. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Marc. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it, But you'll be secret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's never a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hera. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grave
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall point you,
For every man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hera. These are but wilde and whirling words my Lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hera. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betwenee vs
Or enmiftret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and fouldiers,
Give me one poore request.
Hera. What itt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you have seene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but swear't.
Hera. In faith my Lord not I.
Marc. Not I my Lord in faith.
Ham.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

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

Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hee, or viigm, then weele shift our ground:

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can'tt worke it'n earth so fast,

A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,

There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio

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

Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

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

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,)

To put an Antick disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With armes incumbred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing offsome doubtful phrase.

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

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

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Reft, reft, perturbed spirit: to Gentlemen,

With all my loue I doe commend me to you
Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe express his love and friendin to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joyn, & cursed spight
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his men or two.

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

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meeules wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more nearer
Then your particular demaunds will tutch it,
Take you as twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo sir?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'rt he he I meane, he's very wilde,
Achted so and so, and there put on him
What forgettys you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertin.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I or drinking, fending, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Sayst as you may seafon it in the charge,

You
The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to inconcinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breast his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flath and out-brake of a fierc mind,
A faugenes in vnteclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, here's my drift,

† And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight fallies on my sone

†40 As t'were a thing a little foild with working,

†41 Marke you, your partie in concomit, him you would found
Hauing ever scene in the prernominat crimes

44 The youth you breath of guiltie, be affur'd
He closes with you in this consequnce,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

† According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

49 Rey. Very good my Lord.

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

†50 By the maffe I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequnce.

Pol. At closes in the consequnce, I marry,

† He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yeastarday, or the other day,

† Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,

†58 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

I saw him enter such a house of fale,
Videlizer, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,

† Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,

With windlesses, and with aliasies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,

So by my former lecture and advice

\texttt{\textcopyright all}
Prince of Denmarke.
Shall you my sonne, you have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. God buy ye, far ye well,
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.
Rey. I shall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his musique.
Rey. Well my Lord. Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.
Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have beene so affrighted,
Pol. With what ith name of God?
Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my cloister,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his flockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyded to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke so pithious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loute?
Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus oer his brow,
He falls to such pernall of my face
As a would draw it, long styed he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thricke his head thus winting vp and downe,
He rais'd a sight so pithious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulder tum'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

E 2

Pol.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seek the King.
This is the very exacte of love,
Whose violent properties fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat undertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heaven
That doth afflict our natures: I am sorry.
What, haue you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did command
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but巴西 to my jealousie:
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion: come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close, might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter love,
Come. 

Enter King and Queen, Rosencranz and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome deere Rosencranz, and Guildenstern.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you.
The need we haue to vse you did provoke
Our haifie sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, to call it,
Sith nor the exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And fith so naborod to his youth and honor,
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
Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs unknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend yses within our remedie.

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

Ref. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soveraigne power you have of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to entreatie.

Gayl. But we both obey.
And here glue vp our felines in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feetes
To be commanded,

King. Thanks Rosencrantz and gentle GyledenStorne.

Que. Thanks GaydenStorne, and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I beseech you intantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gayl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him,

Que. I Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are loyally returnd.

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

Pol. Have I my Lord t I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trame of policie to sure
As it hath vwd to doe, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacies

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

E.s. Pol.
I be 1 rageus of Enamys

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Germaine he hath found
The head and soure of all your fowles distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our halfe marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say Voievaund, what from our brother Norwey?
Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our firste he sent out to supprese
His Nephews leues, which to him appeard
To be a preparation against the Pollackes,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greed
That to his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was fallly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Forthenbrasse, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receivs rebuke from Norwey, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Uncle neuer more
To giue th'assyll of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old Norwey overcome with joy,
Gives him three score thousand crownes in anuell fea.
And his commissioun to impoy thole fouldiers
So letted (as before) against the Pollackes,
With an entreatie herein further thone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more considered time, wee se read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thank you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. - Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.
Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie shoule be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, nightas, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wall night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishethes,
I will be brefe, your noble fonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What ift but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.
Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vfe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vfe no art,
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectuor comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I have a daughter, hate while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this, now gather and surmise,
To the Celestiall and my soules Idol, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare thow in her excellent white boasone, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt that the bars are fire,
Doubt that the Sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But never doubt I love.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groners, but that I love thee best, thou best believe it, adew.
Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shoune me, (Hamlet)
And more about hath his soletings

As
The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All gien to mine ease.

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

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faigne proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had see ne this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene here thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke.

Or given my hart a workingmute and dumbe,

Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,

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

And my young Mistrie thus I did bespeake,
Lord Hamletis a Prince out of thy flar,

This must not be: and then I preseeripts gaue her
That she should locke her self from her refert,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruities of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a fadnes, then into a falt,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Que. It may be very like

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

That I haue positively said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwisse?

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwisse;

If circumsances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may we trye it further?

Pol. You know sometymes he walkes foure houres together

Here in the Lobby.
Prince of Denmarke.

Quet. So he dooes indeede.
Pol. At such a time, He loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason faine thereon
Let me be no asistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carter.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quet. But looke where falsely the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beeche you both away, Exit King and Queene.
Ile bord him prestently, oh give me leave,
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord ?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Filthmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,
Pol. That's very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
   good kising carrion.Haue you a daughter ?
Pol. I haue my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Summe, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.
Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
   knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Filthmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord.
Ham. Betweene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaughters sir; for the fatericall rogue fayes here, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber,& plumtree gum,& that they haue a plen-
tiffull
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Ham. Into my grave.

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

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

Enter Grunderstern, and Refrancius.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old foole.

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

Refr. God save you sir.

Gryll. My honor'd Lord.

Refr. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooost thou Grunderstern?

Refrancius, good lads how doe you both?

Refr. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gryll. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap.

We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe.

Refr. Neither my Lord.

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

Gryll. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

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

What newes t'

Refr. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;

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

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and true deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not fent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free visitati-

Refr. come, come, deale inufly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gryll. What should we say my Lord ?
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ref. To what end my Lord?

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

Ref. What say you.

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

Guy. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King & Queene mought no feather, I haue of late, but wherfore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forsworn all custome of exercises: and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seams to mee a stetill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orchanging firmament, this maieficall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What piece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and mooing, how express and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world: the paragon of Animales: and yet to mee, what is this Quintelesence of duft: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your finilling, you seeme to say so.

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

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

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

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall have tribute on me, the aduenturous knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not fighe gratis, the humorous Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall stay her minde freely: or the black vette shall hauft for't. What players are they?

Ref. Euen tho'fe you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

343 Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both ways.

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

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

Ref. No indeede are they not.

† 351 Ham. It is not very strange, for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, give twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred ducers a peece, for his Picture in little, 'tis bloud there is something in this more then naturally, if Philosophie could find it out. A Florib.

Guyl. There are the players.

387 Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elizanore; your hands come then, the appertenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment then yours; you are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceased.

388 Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

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

Enter Polonius.

396 Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

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

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

405 Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, you say right sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

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

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz.

Pol. Upon my honor.

424 Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy,

† 416-18 Histroy, Pastorall, Pastorall Comical, Historical Pastorall, scene indecivible.
Prince of Denmarke.

Indemudible, or Poem unlimited. Sence cannot be too heavy, nor Plotetus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Hem. O Iephah Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?
Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?
Hem. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.
Pol. Still on my daughter.
Hem. Am I not the right old Jephah?
Pol. If you call me Jephah my Lord, I have a daughter that I love Hem. Nay that followes not. (passing well.)
Pol. What followes then my Lord?
Hem. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanton will shewe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Hem. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valiant since I saw thee last, com'st thou to hear me in Denmark? what my young Ladie and mistress, by lady your Ladishippe is never to heauen then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a piece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele en't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speeche straite, come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a passionate speeche.

Player. What speeche my good Lord?
Hem. I heard thee speake me a speeche once, but it was never act, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleade not the million, 'twas cautioriy to the generall, but it was as I receaved it & others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but calde it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speeche isn't I chiefly loued, 'twas Aeneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priam's slauher, if it line in you memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pirbus like Thiricanian.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, is not so, it beginnes with Piribus, the rugged Piribus, he whose
sable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he ray couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empafted with the parching steecees
That lend a tirannus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish Piribus
Old grand sire Piriam seekes to proceede you.

Ps. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Pley. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command, y nequall matche,
Piribus at Piriam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whisse and winde of his fell sword,
Th'uprnced father falls;
Seeming to seele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious craft
Takes prisoner Piribus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reverence Piriam, seemd i'th ayre to flick,
So as a painted tirant, Piribus flood
Like a newtrail to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the raches stand still,
The bold winds speechesse, and the orbe belowe
As huyf as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Piribus pause,
A rowefd vengeance lets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On Moses Armor forg'd for prooue eterne,
With leffe remorse then Piribus bleeding sword
Now falls on Piriam.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Pol. This is too long.

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

Play. But who, a wo, had scene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefooto vp and downe, threatning the flames
With Bisws rebume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem flood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarume of seare caught vp,
Who this had scene, with tongue in venom fleect,
Gainst fortunes late would treafon haue pronounst ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she as Pirhou make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her hus band limmes,
The instant burft of clamor that she made,
Vnlefe things mortal moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ie haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
haee, let them be well vfed, for they are the abstrack and breve
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you live.

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

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse every man after his de-
sert, & who shall escape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the leffe they deferue the more merrit is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come first,

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrow; dost thou

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563  heare me old friend, can you play the murther of Gavage?
   Play. I my Lord.
†  Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study
a speech of some dodeen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would let
downe and insert in't; could you not?
   Play. I my Lord.
570  Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, I leaue you tell night, you are welcome to Elsin-
ore.
†  Exeunt Pol. and Players.
574  Ref. Good my Lord,  Exeunt.
   Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pestiflent am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
†  Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the village wand,
Teares in his eyes, disfartion in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function sutting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing.
584  For Hecuba.
†  What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
    That he should wepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motie, and that for passion
†  That I haue, he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleare the generall ear with horrid speech,
583  Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very facultyes of eyes and ears; yet I,
594  A dull and mudy mettel raskall peake,
Like Iohn a dreams, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
   Upon whole property and moost deare life,
598  A damn'd detest was made: am I a coward,
   Who calls me villaine, breaks my pate a cross,
600  Pluckes off my beard, and blows in my face,
Twekes me by the nofe, gives me the lie I th thraote
   As deepe as to the lungets, who does me this,
† 604  Hah, s'wounds I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigdon linen'd, and lack gall
Prince of Denmark.

Opb. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunney, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do cunning betwixt earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaves, beleue none of us, goe thy waies to a Nunny. Where's your father?

Opb. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doore be shut upon him, That he may play the foole no where but in his owne house, Farewell.

Opb. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ie glue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calamity, get thee to a Nunny, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunny goe, and quickly too, Farewell.

Opb. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance: goe to, Ie no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will have no more marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunny go. Exit.

Opb. O what a noble mind is here overthrown! The Courtiers, swouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword, The expectation, and Rofe of the faire state, The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme, Th'o.heroud of all observers, quite quite done, And I of Ladies most defet and wretched, That suckt the honny of his musick voyces, Now see what noble and most foueraigne reaason Like sweet bells jangled out of time, and harsh, That unmatcht forme, and figure of bloune youth Blasted with extacie, o woe is mee, Thy beene what I have beene, see what I see. Exit.

Enter G 3
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Louse, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake. though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Vill be some danger, which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus let it downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.

What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I believe the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected love: How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his grieue, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (to please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wifthome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. Extant.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

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

tere a passion to tootens, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would have such a fellow whipt for ome dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-stappe not the modestie of nature: For anything to ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and nove, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressures. Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeue, the censture of which one, muft in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue scene play, and heard others prayde, and that highly, not to speake it prophaneely, that neither haue th’accent of Chrifhians, nor the gate of Christifian, Pagan, nor man, haue fo strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Jornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie fo abominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform’d that indifferentely with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clowynes speake no more then is fet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themelues laugh, to set on some quantitie of baraine fpeculators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that’s villainous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vset it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this pece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guydenferne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften this. Ref. I my Lord. Exeunt they two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter Horatio.

Flora. Heere sweet Lord, at your servis.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iuft a man As ere my conuertation copht withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no renewne hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue liceke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thirst may follow supping; dooist thou heare
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinghuish her election,
Shath feald thee for herfelfe, for thou haft been:
As one in suffering all that suffer nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and bleeft are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commended,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To founed what flop the please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feolest that act a foote,
Euen with the very commend of thy soule
Obserue my Vnkle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennill in one speech,
It is a dammed ghost that we haue seen,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Unkeas flity: give him heedfull note.
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.
Her. Well my lord,
If a steele ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

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

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Prince of Denmark.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent y'faith,

Of the Cameliad dish, I cate the ayre,

Promiferam'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet,

These words are not mine

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You played once i' th' Vniversitie you say,

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

Ham. What did you enaft?

Pol. I did enaft Julius Cæsar, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kild so capitall a calfe there

Be the Players ready?

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

Ger. Come hether my deere Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord,

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lyce betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely figge-maker, what should a man do but be merry? for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, say then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of tables; 9 heavenes, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halve a yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a sufer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for 9 for 9, the hobby horse is forgot.
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The Trumpets sound. Dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen embracing him, and be her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes him downe upon a bank of flowers, she seeing him asleep, leave him: anon comes an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poison in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poesyfer with three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her: she dead body is carried away, the poesyfer woos the Queen with gifts, bee seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts love.

Opb. VVhat means this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Malice, it means mishiefe.

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

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

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Opb. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will shewe him, be not you a ham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it means.

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

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere I bowing to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently,

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ting?

Opb. Tis breafe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirteene times hath Phoebus cart gone round.

Neptune fell wind, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirteene Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelve thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands
Union comutual in most sacred bonds.

Quee. So many tourneys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ere loue be done,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.
Prince of Denmark.

For women sere too much, even as they loute,
And womens sere and loute hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is prove hath made you know,
And as my loute is ciz'd, my sere is so,
Where loute is great, the littlest doubts are sere,
Where little sereas grow great, great loute growes there.

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

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loute must needs be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loute,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruites vnripe flicks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our servues what to our servues is debt,
What to our servues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, grieve, or joy,
Their owne ennuaturs with themselues destroy,
Where joy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greese joy, joy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That even our loutes should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether loute lead fortune, or els fortune loute.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,
I be Tragede of Hamlet

The poore adustunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth lone on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our desines still are overthrownne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband we d,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me give foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,

To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposte that blancks the face of joy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lastling strife,

Ham. If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife, breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leave me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,

And never come mishance betweene vs twoe.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.
Ham. O but thee'll keepe her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but left, payson in lef, no offence t' th world.
King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Moutscrapp, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a marther done in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, is a knauish piece of worke, but what of
that? your Maieistie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gaulded jade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lu-
rianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love
Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Opb. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

Opb. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the crooking Rauen doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing.

Considerat reason els no creature seeing,

Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weeds collected,

Vith Hecate ban thrice blasted, thrice inuested,

Thy natural magicke, and dire property,

On wholesome life vsprips immediately.

Ham. A poftons him i'th Garden for his eslate, his names Gouage,

the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gouages wife.

Opb. The King rifes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights, \[Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.\]

Ham. Why let the frooken Deere goe weep, The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with pro vinciall Roses on my raz'd choses, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh Damon deere

This Realme dismantled was

Of Ione himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very palock.

Hor. You might haue rymed.'

Ham. O good Horatio, lie take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hor. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyshing.

Hor. I did very well note him.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Enter Rosencranz and Guildenstern.

Gusl. Good my Lord, vouesafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gusl. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gusl. Is in his retirement merilous dilempep.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gusl. No my Lord, with choller,
Ham. Your wifedome should thewe it selve more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plange him into more choller.

Gusl. Good my Lord put your discource into some frame,
And stale not so wildly from my affaire.
Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gusl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spire,

hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.

Gusl. Nay good my Lord, this curtezie is not of the right breede, if
it shall pleafe you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Refl. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answere, my witt displeade, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you hall command, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Refl. Then thus the fayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can fo folnish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the hacles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Refl. She desirous to speake with you in her closet ce you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Refl. My Lord, you once did love me,
Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your successe in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. Sir, but while the graffe growes, the proverbe is somewhat mussy, & the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recover the wind of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

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

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you,

Guy. Believe me I cannot,

Ham. I doe beleeve you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying, gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vnber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it will discourse most eloquent musicke, looke you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I command to any vntrance of harmonie, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse and there is much musicke excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, shoud do you think I am easier to be plaied on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

God bleffe you sir.

Enter Polonius.

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

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

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

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easely said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
Oh hart loose not thy nature, let not euery
The soule of Nero enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrityes,
How in my words someter she be shent,
To guie them seales neuer my soule consent.  Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Gyledensterne.

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

Out of his browes.

Gydl. We will our felues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That line and feede vpon your Maiestie,
Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and relts
The lives of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a mastic wheele
Fixt on the fornet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,
Prince of Denmarke.
Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boyfrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall groane.
King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ref. We will haft vs. Excuse Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I le conuay my felle.
To heare the processe, I le warrant theel letax him home,
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage forre you well my Leige,
I le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe.
Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it finels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeft curse vppon,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronge guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double busineses bound,
I stand in pause where I shal first beginne,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it felle with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I le looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can servse my turne, forgive me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still possedt
Of those effectes for which I did the murthers,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May
The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may showe by iustice,
And oft his seece the wicked prize it selue
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To gie in euidence, what then, what refts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O boseme blakke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ie doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I euended, that would be sçand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole soune, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.

Why, this is base and filly, not euended,
A tooke my father grostly full of bread,
Withall his crimes brood blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heavy with him: and am I then euended
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and sealand for his passage?
No.

Up sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incessious pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't,
**Prince of Denmark.**

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soule may be as damned and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother faileth,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. Exit.

*King.* My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. Exit.

**Enter Gertrude and Polonius.**

*Pol.* A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath freend and flood betweene
Much hate and him, Ile silence me euene here,
Pray you be round.

**Enter Hamlet.**

*Ger.* Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?

*Ger.* *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Ger.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge.

You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Help when.

*Pol.* What how helpe.

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

*Pol.* O I am slaine.

*Ger.* O me, what haft thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I knowe not, is it the King?  

**Ger.**
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this.
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitible stuffe,
If damned custome have not braiid it so,
That it be profe and bulwark against fence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers oaths, o such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapistry of words; heavens face dooes glowe
Or this soliditie and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act.
Que. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunderes in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seat on this browe,
Hiperions curlues, the front of towne himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heauie, a kisning hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
Prince of Denmark.
This was your husband; looke you now what followes.
Here is your husband like a mildewed care,
Blustering his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leau-e to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it louse, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this, fence sure you have
Else could you not have motion, but sure that fence
Is appoplect, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere so thrall'd
But it refer'd some quantitie of choise
To ferue in such a difference, what deuill waft
That thus hath cosound you at hodman blind;
Eyes without seeing, feeling without sight.
Eares without hands, or eyes, smeling fancie all,
Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope: o shame where is thy blufh;
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsion ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greened spots
As will leave there their tin'fe.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestred bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making louse
Over the nasty fire.

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

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

Of
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.
Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Save me and houer ove me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alas hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, o say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O steep betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alas how'll with you?
† That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
†† Upon incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarne,
Your bedded hairie like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you convert
My fearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true vellour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our leues.
Prince of Denmarke

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

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilelle creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time.
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teft,
And the matter will reward, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnchnion to your soule
That not your trefpaffe but my madnesse speaks,
It will but skin and filme the vlerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnsene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spred the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgie me this my vertue,
For in the fatnese of these pursie times
Vertue it felse of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou haft clef my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the puter with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Asliue a vertue if you haue it not,
That monstler cuftome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise gives a trock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of ealines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessings beg of you, for this fame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so

To
The Tragedie of Hamlet

174 To punish me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will besowe him and will answer well
The death I gave him; so againe good night
178 I must be cruel only to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
- One word more good Lady.
180 Ger. What shall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you doe,
† Let the blow King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
184 And let him for a pair of reechie kisse,
Or padding in your necke with his damn’d fingers.
† Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I effentially am not in madneffe,
188 But mad in craft, t’were good you let him knowe,
For who that’s but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
190 Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dulpight of fence and secrecy,
Npeg the basket on the houses top,
194 Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou affur’d, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haist sayd to me.
198 Ham. I muft to England, you knowe that.
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
- Tis so concluded on.
- Ham. Their letters feald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fav’d,
204 They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
- For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an’t shall goe hard
208 But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o’tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
Illegue the guts into the neighbour roomes;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. Exit.

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrantz
and Guildenstern.

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

Ger. Below this place on vs a little while.

Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What Gertrud, how dooes Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawes he fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing (frrre,
Whys out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnsteene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threatnes to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be laid to vs, whose providence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To kepe it from divailing, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life; where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madness like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrud, come away,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed.
We must with all our Masefull and skill
Enter Rof. & Guild.

Both countenance and excuse. Ho Gugdensterne,
Friends both, goe joynge you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
Come Gertrard, we let call vp our wiseft friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And what's untimely donee,
* Whole whisper o'er the worlds dyameter,
* As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
* Transports his poysned shot. may misse our Name,
* And hit the woundleffe ayre. o' come away,
My soule is full of discord and difmay.

Exeunt,

Enter Hamlet, Refuerant and others.

Ham. Safely stowyd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?

O here they come.

Rof. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duff whereto tis kin.

Rof. Tell vs where tis that we may take it hence,

Ham. Doe not beleue it.

Rof. Beleue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaille & not mine owne besides
to be demanded of a sponge, what replycation should be made by
the fonne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he
keeps them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue glesand, it is but squee-
Sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Rof. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish care.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.
Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. 

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body, How dangerous is it that this man goes loose, Yet must we put the strong law on him, He's lown'd of the distracted multitude, 

V. Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes, And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed, But nearer the offence to bear all smooth and even, 

This sudden sending him away must seeme Deliberate pause, disposes desperat growne, By desperate apparence are releau'd Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befaine? 

Ros. Where the dead body is belowe my Lord 

V. We cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee? 

Ros. Without my lord, guarde to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. 

They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius? 

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where. 

Ham. Not where he eats - but where a is eaten, a certaine communciation of politike wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, wee fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selves for maggots, your fat King and your leane beggar is but variaable servise, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. V. What dooost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progreffe through.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

through the gats of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, secke him i'th other place your selve, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall note him as you goe vp the Hayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe secke him there.

Ham. A wylslay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety Which we do tender, as we deereely grieue

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selve, The Barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,

Th'sociats tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is't if thou knew'st our purposes.

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

Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,

Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :

Come for England. Exit

King. Follow him at foot, Tempt him with speede abord, Delay it not, lle hauue him hence to night.

Away, for every thing is feald and done That els leanes on th' affayre, pray you make hast,

And England, if my love thou holde st at ought, As my great power thereof may gue thee fence, Since yet thy Ciearice lookes raw and red,

Afer the Danish sword and thy freewe awe

Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set Our foueraigne proccede, which imports at full By Letters conrurging to that effect

The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,

For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
Prince of Denmarke.
And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,
How ere my hopes, my joys will never begin.  Exe.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras
Craues the coneyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rauendous
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will don't my Lord.
For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

Ham. How purpofe sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,

Or for some frontiere?

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

Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garnisht.

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

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To suft in vs vnvid, now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisly on th'event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to fay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such maffe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff,
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Righly to be great,
Is not to shirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how shald I then
That haue a father kild, a mother slayned,
Exciytments of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantastie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine, 8 from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and a Gentleman.

Que. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunit.

Indeede distraft, her moode will needes be pitied.
Prince of Denmarke.

**Ques.** What would she haue?

**Gent.** She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares there's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart, spurnes enuiously at straues, speakes things in doubt, that carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing, yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue.

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it, and botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, which as her winke, and nods, and geslures yeeld them, indeede would make one thinke there might be thought though nothing faire, yet much unhappily.

**Horo.** Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew dangerous conicetures in ill breeding minde, let her come in.

**Enter Ophelia.**

**Ques.** 'To my sicke soule, as finnes true nature is, each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse, so full of artelesse jealousie is guilt, it spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.**

**Oph.** Where is the beauteous Maiestie of Denmarke?

**Ques.** How now Ophelia? shee singes.

**Oph.** How should I your true loue know from another one, by his cockle hat and flasse, and his Sendall shooe.

**Ques.** Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

**Oph.** Say you, nay pray you marke, he is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, at his head a grasseene turph, at his heeles a stone.

**O hoo.**

**Ques.** Nay but Ophelia.

**Oph.** Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountainesnow.

**Enter King.**

**Ques.** Alas looke here my Lord.

**Oph.** Larded all with sweet flowers, which beweep't to the ground did not go song.

With true loue showers.

**King.** How doe you pretty Lady?

**Oph.** Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God beat your table.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentin's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and diong his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed without an oath I'll make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will dout if they come too,

by Cock they are too blame.

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

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

And thou hadst come not 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 thinke they would lay him i' the cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good countsaile. Come my Coach, God night, Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladies god night, god night.

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

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude.

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalions: first her Father flaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remon, the people mudded

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire judgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Left, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

† Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clowde,
Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggered,
Will nothing flick our person to arraigne
In care and care: so my deare Gertrude, this
Like to a murdring pece in many places
Gives me superfluous death. A wise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swyiffer, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Mess. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift
Eats not the flats with more impigious hast
Then young Laertes in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
The cry choose we, Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Que. How cheerfully on the false tralle they cry. A wise within,
O this is counter you false Danish dogges,

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke,
Laer. Where is this King? first stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you, keepe the doore, so thou vile King,
Give me my father,

Que. Calmely good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaims me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaft varnished broue
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause Laertes
That thy rebellion lookes to gyant like?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

Laer. Where is my father ?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be jugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poyn't I stand,
That both the worlds I gue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall slay you ?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
And for my means I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, I'l writ in your reuenge,
That loopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.
Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then ?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repaft them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most senciably in griefe for it,
It shall as louell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. A noys within.
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noys is that ?
Prince of Denmark.

O heate, dry vp my brains, teares seven times falt
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,
By heaven thy madness shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O heauen, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faile on the Beere. Song.
And in his grave rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Douce.

Lear. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not moue thus.
Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheel becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Maiflers daughter.

Lear. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosmary, that's for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitt.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Coelamines, there's Reue for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of grace a Sondayses,
you may weare your Reue with a difference, there's a Daisi, I would
give you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they lay a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thought and afflications, passion, hell it selfe
She turns to fanour and to prettines.

Oph. And will a not come againe, Song.
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cant away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Lear. Do you this o God.

Kng. Learis, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Enter Horatio and others.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

Say. God bless you sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there’s a Letter for you sir, it came frō th’Embassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have our lookt this, give these fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chafe, finding our felues too slow of seake, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instaunt they got cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they have dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldst fie death, I have wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are they
Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, 
Rosencreaus and Gaytenshine hold theyr
course for England, of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Her. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doun'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 acquaintance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you have heard and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life,

Laer. It well appers but tell mee
Why you proceeke not against these feates
So crinnall and so capittall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatest, wisdome, all things els
You mainly were flint'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee that strong, the Queene his mother
Lines almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eryther which,
She is so conclude to my life and soule,
That as the starrt moones not but in his sphire
I could not but by her, the other motyue,
Why to a publicke count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the general gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affections,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his Grous to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slighty symbered for so loued Arm'd,
Woulde have return'd to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue sym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A saver driven into desperat terms,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

End
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufse so flat and dull,
That we can let our heard be shouke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall hear more,
I loved your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

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

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,

They were giuen me by Claudio, he received them

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them: leave vs,

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.

to morrow shall I begge leave to fee your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What shoulde this meane, are all the rest come backe,

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamlets carater. Naked,

And in a postscript heere he says alone,

Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am loth in it my Lord but let him come,

It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I line 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 rule d by me?

Laer. My Lord, so you will not rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned

As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes

No more to undertake it, I will worke him

To an expoyt, now ripe in my deuise,

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And
Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

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

King. It falls right,
You have been talkt of since your travesle much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sedge.

Lear. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and careless fancy that it weares
Then setted age, his fables, and his weeds
Importing health and graueness; two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.

I have seene my selfe, and ther'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his feare,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'it, and demy natur'd
With the brave beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Lear. A Norman waft i

King. A Norman.

Lear. Uppon my life Learowd.

King. The very same.

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

And e'en of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especial,
That he cride out 't would be a fight indeed
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you, the Scritures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you opposd them; for this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuemon with his envy,
That he could nothing doe but with and beg
You sodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Lear. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?

Lear. Why ask ye this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not oune your father,
But that I knowe, love is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of profe,

Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,

There lies within the very flame of love

A kind of wecke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,

For goodnes growing to a plurifie,

Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

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

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,

And then this should be a speed thirfts figh,

That hurst by easing: but to the quick of th'vicer,

Hamlet comes back, what would you vsndertake

To shewe your selue indeede your fathers sonne

More then in words?

Lear. To cut his thraot i' th' Church.

King. No place indeede should murder sanctuarie,

Reuendge should have no bounds: but good Laertes

Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber,

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

Wesle 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 oure your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Prince of Denmark.

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

Lear. I will doo't;
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword,
I bought an vnction of a Moutubanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gell him slighly, it may be death,

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and means
May fit vs to our shape if this should sayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not ayled, therefore this project,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in profe, soft let me see,
Wee'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there, but slay, what noyle?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sifters drownd Laertes.

Lear. Drown'd, O where?

Queene. There is a Willow growes acaunt the Brooke
That showes his horry leaves in the glosy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowres, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards give a grosser name,
But our cull-cold may des doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughes her crotne weedes

M. Clambring
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambringe to hang, an enious fliuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophys and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmade like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresses,
Or like a creature natue and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavily with their drinke,
Pulde the pover wretch from her melodious lay
To mudy death.

Lear. Alas, then she is drownd.
Que. Drownd, drownd.
Lear. Too much of water haft thou pover Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let thame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I have a speach a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it.  

King. Let's follow Gerard,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it fust again,
Therefore let's follow.

Enter two Clownes.

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

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her grave straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnshe she drownd'd herselwe in her owne defence.

Other. Why is said so?

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selwe wittingly, it argues an act, & e an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or alls she drownd her selwe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heere you good man deluer.

Clowne. Give mee leave, heere lyes the water, good, heere stands the man.
Prince of Denmarke.

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

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry it. Crowners queft law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an', if this had not beene a gentlewoman, the should have been buried out a christlian burial.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folk should have countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then theye even Chriften: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that ever bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answeredst me not to the purpoze, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Go to.

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lines a thousand tenants.

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

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

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a grauemaker, the house he makes lasts till Doomesday. Go get thee in, and fetch mee a fwoope of liquer.

In youth when I did lose did louse,

Me throught it was very sweet

To contract the time for a my behowe,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sengs in grawemaking

Hor. Custome hath made it in hym a prorptie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his steeling stipples

Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath thipped me into the land,

as if I had never been such.

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

Hor. It might my Lord.

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

Hor. I my Lord,

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextens spade; here's fine revolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,

for and a throwde sheet

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest it meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cade, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his aication of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recogniances, his fines, his doubtcheres, his recoueries, to baue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouche him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breith of a payre of Indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will scarceley lye in this box, & must th'inhierit himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchement made of sheepe-skinnes?
Prince of Denmarke.

Hor.  I my Lord, and of Calues skinner to
Hor.  They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in
that, I will speake to this fellow, Whoes grewe's this sirra?
Clow.  Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.
Ham.  I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.
Clow.  You lie out out sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I
doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.
Ham.  Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead,
not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.
Clow.  Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.
Ham.  What man doost thou digge it for?
Clow.  For no man sir
Ham.  What woman then?
Clow.  For none neither
Ham.  Who is to be buried in't?
Clow.  One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.
Ham.  How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or
equisocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord Heraus, this three yeeres I
have tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the noe of the
peasant comes to neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How
long haft thou been Graue-maker?
Clow.  Of the dayes i' th yere I came too't that day that our last king
Hamlet overcame Fortembras.
Ham.  How long is that since?
Clow.  Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that
very day that young Hamlet was borne: hee that is mad and sent into
England.
Ham.  I marry why was he sent into England?
Clow.  Why because a was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if
a doo not, tis no great matter there.
Ham.  Why?
Clow.  Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad
Ham.  How came he mad?
Clow.  Very strangely they say.
Ham.  How strangely?
Clow.  Fayth cene with losing his wits.
Ham.  Upon what ground?
Clow.  Why heere in Denmarke: I have been Sexten heere man
and boy thirty yeeres.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?
Clown. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we have many poochie coshes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yere, or nine yere. A Tanner will last you nine yere.

Ham. Why he more then another?
Clown. Why sir, his hide is so tane with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, here's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23 yeeres.

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

Clown. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renith on my head once; this fame skull sir, was sir Toricky skull, the KingsINF.

Ham. This?
Clown. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Toricky, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Here hang those lyppes that I have kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopingaine. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fav'our the must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doost thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hor. Een fo.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hor. Een fo my Lord.

Ham. To what base vies wee may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till a find it flopping a bunghole?

Hor. To were to consider too curiouse too consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a lot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereeto he was converte, might they
Prince of Denmark.

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

Lae. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is Latrées a very noble youth, marke.

Lae. What Ceremonie els?

Do&. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayne the order,
She shoulde in ground vsanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buxiall.

Lae. Must there no more be doone?

Do&. No more be done,

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

Lae. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should I have been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy grave.

Lae. O treble woe
The Tragedie of Hamlet

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

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

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'lt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatue rath, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Ques. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpone this stage
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Ques. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantitie of loue

Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Ques. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't wepe, woo't fight, woo't fall, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile?

Ile doo't, doo'lt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Singling his pate against the burning Zone

Make
Prince of Denmarke.

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

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

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

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. and Horatio.

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present pusti:
Good Gerward let some watch ouer your sonne,
This grue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime sereus vs well
When our deep plots doe pull, & that should learne vs
Ther's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My fea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
The Tragedie of Hamlet

My swears forgetting manners to unfold
Their grand commission, where I found Horatio
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and England to,
With how much bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the supperile no featrure bated,
No nor to proey the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be stroke off.

Hor. I'll possible?

Ham. Heeres the commision, read it at more leasure,

But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuiled a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our fathers doe,
A bafensle to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans service, wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As love betweene them like the palme might flourisht
As peace should fill her wheaten garland weare
And fland a Comma betweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seald?

Ham. Why even in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signes in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seal,
Folded the wreit vp in the forme of th'oother,

Subscribe it, gau'th impression, plac'd it safely,
Prince of Denmarke.

The changling never known: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hara. So Gylfdenstere and Rupenrass goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Bytwene the pale and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposits.

Hara. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not thinke thee stand me now upon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in bytwene thee election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cuflnage, it's not perfect conscience.

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thank you sir.

Doost know this water fly?

Hara. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
Crib shall stand at the Kings meafe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
Dous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
Impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right, vfe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

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

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soulter, as t'were I can-
ot tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
Has laied a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
Com to Court Letters, believe me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most

N2 excellent
The Tragedie of Hamlet

excellent differences, of very lofty society, and great showing; indeed to speake settingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his deinition suffers no perdiction in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dose the arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yau neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the vericie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such deearth and rarenesse, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cours. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

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

Cours. Sir.

Ham. If not possable to understand in another tongue, you will too' sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cours. Of Laertes.

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

Ham. Of him sir.

Cours. I know you are not ignorant.

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

Cours. You are not ignorant of what excellencie Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellencie, but to know a man well, were to knowe himselfe.

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

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cours. Rapier and Dagger.

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

Cours. The King sir hath waggard with him fix Barbary horseys, against the which hee has impaund as I take it fix French Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponisue to the hils, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ham. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had
Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cwor. The carriage sir are the hangers.

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

Cwor. The King sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen paffes betweene your selfe and him, he shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshipp would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere not?

Cwor. I mean my Lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

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

Cwor. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Cwor. I commend my duty to your Lordshipp.

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

Ham. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a fuctt is, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drostly age dothes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hasty collection, which carries them through and through the most prophan and trenowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Offricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he desires to know if your pleisure hold to play with Lertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleisure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

272 Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.
   Ham. In happy time.
275 Lord. The Queene desires you to use some gentle entertainment
   Laertes, before you fall to play.
280 Ham. Shee well instructs me.
   Hor. You will loose my Lord.
284 Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene
   in continuall practise, I shall winne at the odds; thou would'st not
   thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.
288 Hor. Nay good my Lord.
   Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gamgining, as
   would perhaps trouble a woman.
292 Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forshall their
   repair their hether, and say you are not fit.
296 Ham. Not a whit, we define augury, there is speciall providence in
   the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, his not to come, if it be not to come,
   it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readiness is all,
   since no man of ought he leauers, knowes what is to leau be times,
   let be.
   A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cusdian,
   King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
   and Laertes.

298 King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.
   Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
   But pardon not as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
240 And you must needs have heard, how I am punnisth
   With a fore distraction, what I haue done
   That might your nature, honor, and exception
   Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
244 Was Hamlet wronged. Laertes? neuer Hamlet.
   If Hamlet from him selfe be fane away,
   And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
   Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it,
   Who dooes it then? his madness. Ist be so,
   Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
250 His madnesse is poore Hamlet's enimie,
252 Let me disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
   Free me fo farre in your most generous thoughts
254 That I haue shot my arrowe ote the house.
Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

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

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.
Glue vs the foiles.

Lear. Come, one for me.

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

Lear. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Glue them the foiles young Otricke, colin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weaker side.

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

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

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

Ofr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the flooples of wine vpon that table
If Hamlet glue the first or second hit,
Or quitt in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an Vsice shall he throwe.
Richer then that which fourse succesfive Kings
In Denmarke Crowne haue worene : give me the cups,
And let the kettell to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come beginne. Trumpets
And you the judges bear a wary eye. the while.

Ham. Come on sir.

Lear. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Lear. No.

Ham. Judgement.


Lear. Well, againe.

Flourish, a piece goes off.

King. Stay, give me drink, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Herees to thy health : give him the cup.

Ham. Ite play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you ?

Lear. I doe confess.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hees fat and scant of breath.

Heree Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carewes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude doe not drinke.

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

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

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

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Lear. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Lear. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Come for the third Learst, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Lear. Say you so, come on.

Offr. Nothing neither way

Lear. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe

Offr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

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

Offr. How fit Learst ?

Lear. Why as a woodcock to mine owne spindge Offr.
Prince of Denmarke.

I am infully kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

Kng. Shee founds to see them bleed.

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

The drinke the drinke, I am poysned.

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

Treachery, secke it out.

Later. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,

No medicin in the world can doe thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an hours life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Unbated and enuenom'd, the foule practisfe

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

Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,

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

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

All. Treason, treason.

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

Ham. Hearn thou incestious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?

Follow my mother.

Later. He is infully servued, it is a poysnon tempered by himselfe,

Exchange forgiuenssfe with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me.

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

I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes, or audience to this act,

Had I but time, as this fell sergent Death

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

But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right

to the vnjustified.

Ham. Neuer believe it;

I am more an antick Romaine then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O
The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god Horatio, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leave behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? A marke a farre off.

Enter Ofrick.
Off. Young Fortenbraffe with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of England giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I die Horatio,

The potent ppyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England;
But I doe prophesie th'ellection lights
On Fortenbraffe, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrences more and lesse
Which have solicited, the rest is silence.

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

Enter Fortenbraffe, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?
Hor. What is it you would see?

If sought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily haft strock?

Emb. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That Rosencraus and Guyldensterne are dead,
Where shouold we have our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth

Had it th'ability of life to thank you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since so iump upon this bloody question

You
Prince of Denmarke.
You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnall, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vsphere, purposes miflooke,
Falne on th'innenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorowe I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth invite me,
Here. Of that I shall have also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voice will drawe no more,
But let this fame be pretetted perform'd
Euen while mens minde are wide, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a soouldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To have prov'd most toyall: and for his passage,
The soouldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere thoughs much amisse.
Goe bid the soouldiers shoote. Extunt.

FINIS.

G 2
SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

EXECUTED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF

F: J. FURNIVALL, ESQ., M.A., CAMB.,

Founder and Director of the New Shakspere Society,

BY

MR. W. GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOT-LOITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE.

Every genuine student of Shakspere has always desired to own those Quartos of his Master's Plays and Poems which are the necessary foundations of the Text of so many of his greatest productions in the first three periods of his work. Not only in importance next to the FIRST FOLIO, but even above it, for some Plays, and for all the Poems, stand the first or second QUARTOS, from which, or completed copies of which, certain Plays in that Folio were printed; and every true and faithful worker at Shakspere's text must want to have in his own hand, under his own eye, and as his own, trustworthy facsimiles of these truest representations of the poet's own manuscript. Till now this has been practically impossible. Mr. Ashbee's hand-traced facsimiles, issued by Mr. Halliwell at five guineas each, could be afforded by only some thirty subscribers. But what then cost five guineas, without any information as to the Quartos purchased, will now be buyable, in a new form, for six shillings, with the addition of a critical Introduction to the text by a competent Shakspere scholar. It is hoped that all students and lovers of our great poet will at once come forward to support this new scheme, and render its success certain and speedy.

With the approval of the Committee of the New Shakspere Society, and the co-operation of its leading Editors, its founder, Mr. Furnivall, has undertaken to superintend the issue of a series of photo-lithographic Facsimiles of all the most important Shakspere Quartos, to be executed by Mr. W. Griggs, of Elm House, Hanover Street, Peckham, whose long experience as working photo-lithographer to the India Office, enables him to guarantee the entire faithfulness of his reproductions. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Henry Huth, the Trustees of the British Museum, the Master and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Curators of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, have most kindly allowed their book-treasures to be photographed. Already 18 Plays have been taken, and others will be put in hand at once. The first four Quartos now ready are the two Hamlets, 1503 & 1604, with Introductions by Mr. Furnivall, and the two Mids. Nights Dreams, 1600, (Fisher & Roberts) with Introductions by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth. The fifth, Loves Labor's Lost, 1598, will be ready in July and the remainder will follow rapidly.

To make the Facsimiles more handy to work with, numbers for pages, Acts, Scenes, and lines, will be added outside the rules which enclose the Facsimiles of the text. The Facsimiles will be half-bound in calf, in Roxburghe style, and will be 6s. a piece to Subscribers. The price of each will be raised to 10s. 6d. after its publication.

A list of the Facsimile Quartos to be issued, follows. It is believed that from six to eight can be produced every year till the list is exhausted. Then, other rare valuable books can be reproduced.
First List of Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles.

Photo-lithographed by W. Griggs.


2 Mid. Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher & Roberts.) Now ready.

Love's Labours Lost. 1598. Will be issued in August.

2 Merch. of Venice. (Roberts & Heyes.)

Merry Wives. 1602.

2 Othello. 1622, 1630.

3 Richard II. 1597, 1608, 1634.

Richard III. 1597.

Henry IV. 1st part. 1598.

Henry IV. 2nd part. 1600.

2 King Lear. 1608, 1608.

Troilus & Cressida. 1609.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Titus Andronicus. 1600.

Venus & Adonis. 1593.

Lucrece. 1594.

3 Romeo & Juliet. 1597, 1599 & undated.

2 Henry V. 1600, 1608.

Much ado about Nothing. 1609.

Sonnets & Lover's Complaint. 1609.

Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.

Contention, 1594, & True Tragedy, 1595, (for Henry VI.)

Taming of a Shrew. 1594.

The Troublesome Raigne. (for K. John.) 1591.

The Famous Victories. (for Henry V.) 1598.
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Austin 1993